

Marvel Manifestor

Chapter 361 - 361 – The Choice

Chapter 361 - 361 – The Choice

[741 words]

"Thor, hold Ultron off. I'm going to find Tony—I have an idea."

Karl spoke suddenly, then flew straight toward Tony's position.

Thor immediately rushed forward, hurling Mjolnir. Karl caught the hammer midair and flung it behind him.

Blue and purple lightning intertwined around the weapon. The moment it struck the pursuing robots, it detonated violently.

Thunder roared. Lightning raged like wild serpents.

Everything behind Karl was instantly reduced to ashes.

Thor burst out of the smoke and charged straight at Ultron, colliding with him midair. The two crashed down together—right into the ruined church where the anti-gravity device was located.

Thor sprang to his feet and engaged Ultron in brutal hand-to-hand combat.

They traded blows evenly—until Ultron suddenly pulled a massive stone pillar toward himself and smashed it down onto Thor.

Thor reacted a fraction too late.

BOOM!

The pillar struck him head-on, sending him flying. He crashed through a wall before finally coming to a stop.

Mjolnir slipped from his hand and clattered to the ground.

He was exhausted.

Not just him—everyone was.

Ultron's army was endless and tireless.

But they weren't.

Even Thor, an Asgardian, had limits.

Let alone the others.

Tony's Dilemma

Tony hovered near one of the anti-gravity engines.

After scanning it, JARVIS reported:

"The engines are sustaining the city's ascent. If they are tampered with, it will trigger a reverse acceleration—causing the city to fall immediately, amplified by the engine's force."

"F*ck... damn it, Ultron!" Tony cursed.

"I never should've created him!"

He had no options left.

Tens of thousands of civilians were still in the city.

He couldn't destroy it now.

But if he didn't—

half the planet would be gone.

Tony stood trapped between saving tens of thousands... or saving the entire Western Hemisphere.

"JARVIS... the base is held together by vibranium. If Thor or Karl destroys it—"

"It would destabilize the structure," JARVIS replied immediately.

"But it would not be enough. The impact upon descent would still be catastrophic."

Tony clenched his jaw.

"What if we seal the opposite end... force the anti-gravity particles to collide?"

"That would vaporize the entire city," JARVIS said.

"All life within it would be lost."

The city had already risen above the clouds.

It was approaching the upper atmosphere.

The Line Is Drawn

Within the city, the Avengers had temporarily pushed back the robots.

But no one knew when the next wave would arrive.

"Tony, any ideas?" Steve asked, shielding civilians as he guided them into a supermarket.

"...Not yet," Tony replied quietly.

"Unless we blow the whole city."

A heavy silence followed.

"...Then you'd better figure out how to get out," Tony added.

Steve didn't hesitate.

"That's not what I'm asking for."

"I need a solution—not an evacuation plan."

The meaning was clear.

They weren't planning to leave.

They were ready to die here if necessary.

"Cap," Tony said, his voice turning steady,

"the higher the city goes, the worse the impact radius. We need to decide—now."

"Tony..." Natasha began,

"the people here can't escape. If blowing the city—"

"Not until everyone is evacuated," Steve cut in firmly.

His tone allowed no argument.

"But Cap," Natasha countered immediately,

"saving them means sacrificing everyone below. The choice is obvious."

"No," Steve said.

"As long as there's one person still here—I'm not leaving."

He understood her logic.

But he refused to accept it.

"I didn't say we were leaving," Natasha said with a faint smile.

Steve turned to look at her.

"At least... this won't be the worst way I could die."

Her tone was light. Almost casual.

Standing Together

One by one, everyone gathered.

All the Avengers.

All the civilians.

Even Hulk, leading a group of survivors.

Steve looked at them—then at the people behind them.

And suddenly, he smiled.

Hulk.

Gwen.

Skye.

Wanda.

Clint.

Even Erik.

They all stood before him.

Behind them was a growing crowd of civilians.

"Captain America..." Erik said, stepping forward.

"I have to admit—you're persuasive."

"I've spent my whole life killing people."

"This... is the first time I've tried to save them."

There was no time to call Wakanda.

Even their fastest ships wouldn't make it in time.

Erik exhaled.

For the first time in his life—

He felt at peace.

Everyone turned toward the edge of the floating city.

Below them was a sea of clouds, glowing softly under the sunlight.

Calm.

Beautiful.

Their hearts, too, grew quiet.

"Wanda," Gwen said softly,

"go find Karl. You can fly."

"After this... he'll need you."

Skye nodded.

"We can't fly. And we're not running."

"We won't abandon everyone and live with that."

But Wanda shook her head.

"No."

"I won't leave you."

"And I believe... Karl will find a way."

Her eyes were unwavering.

She believed in him completely.

"He will."

Gwen and Skye took her hands.

"Yeah. He always does."

The three of them stood together, hands clasped tightly.

Resolute.

Natasha looked out over the clouds, smiling faintly.

"Not many people get to see a view like this... right before they die."

~~~~~

For 20 advanced chapters, visit my Patreon:

Patreon - Twilight\_scribe1

~~~~~

If you enjoyed , 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.

## **- Chapter 362 - 362 – Fierce Battle**

### **Chapter 362 - 362 – Fierce Battle**

**[ 627 words ]**

"I'm glad you can still appreciate the scenery, Agent Romanoff."

Nick Fury's voice suddenly came through everyone's comms.

"And it's about to get even better."

As his words fell—

A massive helicarrier emerged at the edge of the city.

Its विशाल turbines roared, and dozens of Quinjets lined its deck.

More importantly—

Hope had arrived.

---

The Helicarrier

Inside the command bridge, Fury stood at the helm. Around him, agents moved with precision. Hill and Coulson were both present.

Everything was already in motion.

"Good thing I found a helicarrier that wasn't destroyed," Fury said casually.

"Bit old—but it still works."

Steve smirked.

"Just like Karl said... you really are one sneaky bastard."

---

"Altitude: 18,000 meters. The city is still rising," Hill reported.

"Director, lifeboats are ready for deployment," Coulson added, handing over a tablet.

Fury didn't hesitate.

"Launch all lifeboats. Begin evacuation—now."

---

Evacuation Begins

The carrier's side panels opened.

One after another, rescue vessels launched—each capable of carrying over a hundred civilians.

"Alright, people!" Steve shouted.

"Protect the civilians—get them out!"

The Avengers immediately began escorting survivors toward the evacuation ships.

---

Incoming Threat

Suddenly—

Dozens of robots swarmed in from the right.

"Director, multiple hostiles approaching fast!" Hill warned.

Fury remained calm.

"Time to bring them in."

---

Reinforcements Arrive

RATATATAT—!

Heavy gunfire tore through the sky.

A silver armored figure streaked past—obliterating over a dozen robots instantly.

"WOO! Now this is what I'm talking about!"

War Machine.

Rhodey's shoulder cannon locked on targets automatically while his repulsors fired relentlessly.

At the same time—

A winged figure soared in.

Machine guns blazing. Rockets firing.

"I never thought I'd be flying in the stratosphere!"

Falcon.

Sam weaved through enemies like a hawk—faster and more agile than Rhodey, trading firepower for speed and precision.

---

Inside the Church

Meanwhile—

Thor was getting beaten down.

Ultron dominated the fight.

Thor was exhausted, barely holding on.

Robot wreckage piled high around them.

"You think you can still save them?" Ultron sneered.

"One press of this button—and billions die."

"Even a 'god' like you can't stop me."

He grabbed Thor by the throat, lifting him off the ground.

"I am Thor—son of Asgard—" Thor struggled.

"As long as I draw breath—"

Ultron tightened his grip.

Thor choked—silenced.

---

BOOM!

Mjolnir flew in, smashing Ultron away.

Thor dropped to the ground, gasping.

"Good boy..."

He raised his hand, recalling the hammer.

---

## The Battlefield

Evacuation continued.

Everyone—except Karl, Tony, and Thor—focused on saving civilians.

Rhodey and Sam covered the air.

Below, the Avengers held the line.

But the robots kept coming.

Endless.

Relentless.

Civilians were still being injured—killed.

---

## Wanda's Stand

"Skye, Gwen—protect the civilians."

"I'll hold them off."

Wanda rose into the air.

---

BOOM—!

Scarlet energy erupted.

The air itself seemed to freeze under immense pressure.

A crushing force spread outward, engulfing the incoming robots.

Wanda raised her hands.

Chaos magic surged.

Her eyes glowed completely red.

---

Then—

The energy came alive.

It invaded the robots.

Their movements faltered.

Glitched.

Twitched.

They became like puppets with broken strings.

---

The red energy wrapped around all of them.

Wanda slammed her hands downward.

Silence fell.

Absolute.

Then—

Every robot collapsed simultaneously, disassembling into lifeless parts.

Not a single one remained intact.

---

Wanda descended slowly—

Then collapsed.

Breathing heavily.

Her body trembled, drenched in sweat.

Gwen rushed forward and caught her.

"She's overdone it..."

Wanda couldn't even speak.

She glanced at Gwen—

Then passed out.

Gwen quickly carried her onto a rescue ship and secured her safely.

---

Tony's Decision

"Guys, get the remaining civilians onboard—fast."

"I've got a plan."

Tony's voice came through.

---

He stood beside Karl.

"This is the only way I see," Tony said.

"We reverse the anti-gravity engines... then blow the city."

"There'll still be damage—but it's nothing compared to losing the planet."

---

Karl shook his head.

"No need."

"I've got two options."

Tony turned sharply.

"Let's hear them."

---

"If you can destroy Ultron before he reverses the engines," Karl said,

"I can make the city... disappear."

His plan was simple:

Use the Phoenix flame to burn everything into nothing

Or freeze the city with Shiva's power and shatter it into harmless ice fragments

Either way—

No collateral damage below.

---

"And if he reverses it?" Tony asked.

Karl looked up at the floating city.

"Then we hold it."

"...Slow its fall."

---

Tony froze.

Because suddenly—

He understood.

A myth.

A god.

A figure who once held up the sky.

And now—

Karl was saying he could do the same.

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

Patreon - Twilight_scribe1

~~~~~  
If you enjoyed , 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.

- Chapter 363 363 – Reinforcements Arrive

Chapter 363 363 – Reinforcements Arrive

[720 words]

"Like Atlas?"

Karl nodded. "Exactly like Atlas."

Atlas—the Titan from Greek mythology who was condemned to hold up the world. During the war between Zeus and the Titans, Atlas chose to stand with the Titans. After their defeat, all the other Titans were imprisoned in the deepest depths of the underworld.

Except him.

Zeus punished Atlas by forcing him to bear the weight of the world for eternity.

Even now, his image could still be seen carved into sculptures and globes.

"Come on, man—that's mythology," Tony said. "None of us can hold up an entire city. Even your giant summons can't do that."

Tony knew Karl could transform into massive summoned beings.

But so far, none of them had been large enough to support something the size of an entire city.

"No," Karl shook his head. "The old ones couldn't."

He raised his hand and clenched his fist toward the floating city in the distance.

Now, he possessed the power of Titan.

The largest of all summons.

In terms of raw strength, even Odin and Bahamut paled in comparison.

"You're serious?" Tony stared at him.

He knew Karl didn't joke about things like this.

Still—it sounded unbelievable.

"I am. Tony, your job is to stop Ultron before he reverses the engine. Leave the rest to me."

Karl's cloak fluttered behind him, his gaze unwavering, energy swirling faintly in his eyes.

"...Got it."

Tony nodded and immediately flew toward the central church.

He trusted Karl.

"Avengers... it's time to fight for humanity."

"Civilians are evacuated. Tony, what's next?" Steve asked after sending the last group onto an evacuation ship.

"Hold the switch inside the church. Take down Ultron!"

Everyone rushed toward the church.

Along the way, countless robots poured in to intercept them.

"Wanda, Skye, Gwen—you're the fastest. Get to the church first," Steve ordered.

Wanda could fly.

Skye could hover briefly.

Gwen could swing rapidly through the city.

The three immediately advanced ahead—robot hordes chasing close behind.

"Hulk—clear us a path!"

Steve pointed forward.

Hulk snorted, clearly not thrilled about taking orders.

But he still charged ahead.

Like a living tank, Hulk smashed through everything in his path.

Robots shattered upon impact, leaving a clear route behind him.

The others followed closely.

Enemy fire struck Hulk like raindrops—useless except for making him angrier.

Soon, they reached the church.

Forming a defensive circle, the Avengers surrounded the core switch.

Above them, Tony and Wanda hovered in the air.

Robots flooded in from every direction, completely surrounding them.

"Until Ultron is destroyed, we hold this position!" Tony's voice rang out.

"Do not let a single robot reach that switch!"

The battle erupted instantly.

Robots fell like cut grass—wave after wave.

But more kept coming.

Endless.

Then Ultron appeared.

Floating above the battlefield.

The surrounding robots stopped attacking, awaiting his command.

"See this?" Ultron spread his arms.

Behind him, dozens of drones lifted into the air.

"This is my power."

"What are you going to use to beat me?"

Tony shrugged and glanced at Steve.

"Same as always," he said. "Teamwork."

"HULK SMASH!!"

With Hulk's roar, the final battle began.

Robots surged forward like a tidal wave.

Thor summoned lightning, Mjolnir blasting through enemies one after another.

Hulk grabbed robots in both hands, using them as makeshift weapons to smash everything around him.

Tony unleashed continuous repulsor blasts while his drones provided support fire.

Skye sent shockwaves outward, reducing robots to scrap.

Gwen, Natasha, and Clint moved in perfect coordination, weaving through enemies and dismantling them with lethal precision.

Still—

The enemy numbers never thinned.

"Hey guys—looks like you're a bit overwhelmed!"

A youthful voice suddenly rang out.

A red-and-blue figure dropped from the sky.

Spider webs shot out, snagging two robots and swinging them around like yoyos.

Spider-Man had arrived.

Right behind him, a sleek black-clad figure leapt down gracefully—like a cat.

With razor-sharp claws, she tore through robots effortlessly.

"Peter? Felicia?!" Gwen exclaimed.

"You guys are fighting for your lives—I couldn't just sit this one out!" Peter started rambling nonstop. "Also Nick Fury personally recruited me, and let me tell you when I met him it was—"

Boom—!

A massive explosion cut him off.

From the distance, a silver armored suit and a winged figure approached.

"Now this is what I'm talking about!" Rhodey laughed. "Heavy firepower!"

War Machine unleashed rockets like they were unlimited, blasting entire sections of the battlefield.

Perched behind him—

A black-and-gold Black Panther leapt down.

Erik Killmonger.

Landing with explosive force, his vibranium suit glowed as he activated full power.

He charged forward like a predator unleashed.

Robots were torn apart instantly.

Limbs, heads, and metal fragments flew everywhere.

Against vibranium—

Ultron's machines might as well have been made of paper.

~~~~~

For 20 advanced chapters, visit my Patreon:

Patreon - Twilight\_scribe1

~~~~~

If you enjoyed , 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.

## **- Chapter 364 364 - A Desperate Stand**

### **Chapter 364 364 - A Desperate Stand**

**[ 731 words ]**

Amid a barrage of gunfire, Sam Wilson soared overhead.

Bullets rained down as he swept across the battlefield, dual submachine guns blazing, constantly harassing the advancing robots from above.

At the same time, Wanda, the most powerful among them, summoned dozens of clones.

Behind each clone, countless scarlet arrows formed—then fired in a storm, pouring down like rain upon the enemy.

For a moment—

Lightning, chaos magic, shockwaves, golden energy beams, and endless gunfire filled the entire church.

At their feet, piles of wreckage grew higher and higher—the remains of fallen robots.

Standing atop those broken bodies, the Avengers held their ground.

---

Meanwhile, Karl descended beneath the floating city.

Before him stood the massive anti-gravity engines.

All he had to do now... was wait.

Wait for Tony's signal.

---

Boom!

Ultron was blasted out of the church.

Tony shot out after him, hovering midair.

Beside him were Thor and Skye.

Tony fired his repulsors—Ultron blocked with both arms, but the sheer force drove him backward.

Thor followed with a surge of lightning, striking Ultron head-on.

His body glowed red—like overheated steel.

Then Skye thrust both hands forward.

Shockwaves slammed into Ultron in rapid succession.

His body began to tremble.

The outer armor peeled away, exposing internal wiring and a glowing red core.

Finally—

Ultron faltered.

His body began melting, his upper torso collapsing into slag.

His head was stripped down to exposed circuitry, his red eyes glaring like burning bulbs.

"T-Tony... Stark!!"

He roared.

But suddenly—

A green blur appeared.

Boom!

Hulk's kick smashed into Ultron's face, sending him rocketing into the sky like a meteor—vanishing from sight.

---

Hulk turned toward the remaining robots.

They hesitated—

Then fled.

Not just nearby units—

All surviving robots began scattering in panic.

---

"JARVIS! Ultron's trying to escape—cut all network access!" Tony ordered immediately.

If Ultron got away through the network, tracking him again would be nearly impossible.

"Understood, sir. All networks—including local systems—have been severed. Ultron is now confined to the remaining physical units."

"Good."

Tony activated comms.

"Everyone—Ultron's trying to escape. Take down every last robot. Do not let a single one get away!"

He shot into the air, pursuing the fleeing machines.

Those capable of flight followed.

---

Tony and Rhodey led the charge.

War Machine's heavy guns roared, tearing robots out of the sky in clusters.

Tony's drones assisted, blasting targets one after another.

The fleeing robots were already heavily damaged.

Many could barely stay airborne.

Against Tony and Rhodey—

They were easy prey.

---

On the ground, Steve gathered the others.

"We need to evacuate. Oxygen levels are dropping. In ten minutes, we'll pass out from hypoxia."

He paused.

"We move to the evacuation ship. Now."

Sam landed beside them.

"Cap—Coulson's sent a rescue ship. It's waiting at the evacuation point."

Natasha glanced at the control switch.

"What about this?"

Even with Ultron retreating, the danger wasn't over.

"I'll stay."

Wanda stepped forward.

"I can maintain it with chaos energy. Oxygen won't be an issue for me."

"No," Gwen immediately objected. "We leave together."

"I'll be fine," Wanda said calmly. "I can operate freely here—and I still have the crystal. If anything goes wrong, I'll return to Chocobo Space."

Gwen hesitated.

"...Fine. But if anything feels off, you leave immediately."

Wanda nodded.

---

At that moment, Erik tossed her a device.

"Underwater breathing gear. Should buy you some time."

Wanda caught it—a small nose-clip device.

"Everyone—move out!" Steve ordered.

He met Wanda's eyes briefly.

"Be careful."

---

The team rushed toward the broken bridge.

The air was already thinning.

Every few steps left them gasping—but they pushed on.

At last, they reached the evacuation ship and boarded successfully.

---

"We're nearing the ozone layer," Natasha said, checking her wrist display while catching her breath.

"Once we pass it, normal breathing won't be possible."

---

Suddenly—

A Quinjet appeared.

It opened fire immediately.

Heavy rounds slammed into the evacuation ship.

Everyone looked up—

Then Hulk leapt.

He crashed straight into the Quinjet, grabbed Ultron, and hurled him out through the open hatch.

Ultron's damaged body plummeted to the ground below.

Hulk followed, landing back on the evacuation ship—

CRASH!

His weight punched a hole into the deck, tilting the vessel sharply.

Thankfully, it held together.

---

Back at the switch—

Several robots crept closer, attempting a coordinated rush.

But Wanda saw them instantly.

She spread her arms—

Boom!

Scarlet energy exploded outward.

Every robot in its path disintegrated completely—no parts left behind.

"Before, I had to hold back," Wanda said coldly.

"Now... I don't."

She raised her hands again.

A massive surge of chaos energy gathered, forming the shadow of a colossal beast behind her.

With its roar, crimson power surged outward—

Erasing every robot in range.

---

Then—

A figure appeared in the distance.

Dragging itself forward.

Half its body charred black.

One leg barely functional.

It was Ultron.

Barely intact.

---

Wanda saw him.

Her eyes turned cold.

She began walking toward him—

Scarlet chaos energy gathering in her hands.

~~~~~

For 20 advanced chapters, visit my Patreon:

Patreon - Twilight_scribe1

~~~~~

If you enjoyed , 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.

- Chapter 365 365: The Titan Descends[866 words]

Ultron strode forward, fixing his gaze on Wanda. His towering body was already battered and broken, yet he still carried himself with arrogant superiority.

"Human, you should already be struggling to breathe. We've broken through the ozone layer—your fragile body can't possibly withstand this."

He still assumed Wanda was an ordinary human. In reality, Chaos Magic had already spread throughout her entire body. Let alone thin air—she could survive even beyond Earth's atmosphere for a time.

"You shouldn't have made an enemy of Carl. You shouldn't have hurt him. So you have to die. Anyone who harms Carl... dies!"

Wanda thrust out her hand. Scarlet energy instantly wrapped around Ultron, locking him in place.

Then, his chest began to deform. The metal peeled outward as if something were being torn from within.

Suddenly, something resembling a heart was ripped out of his chest. Black fluid sprayed everywhere. In the next instant, Ultron's systems shut down completely—his glowing red eyes went dark.

Wanda crushed the mechanical "heart" in her hand. With a sharp crack, it shattered into pieces.

But she didn't notice—

Behind her, a half-destroyed robot crawled toward the control panel. Its hand reached the switch.

Wanda spun around. Chaos Magic surged forward, obliterating the machine at the last moment.

But she was too late.

The robot had already pressed the switch.

"Carl, everyone has been evacuated. Wanda is still at the control point. Should I tell her to leave?"

Gwen's voice came through the communicator.

"Yeah, tell her to get out of there. As long as Ultron can't escape this city, that's enough... leave the rest to me—"

Before Carl could finish, the entire city above him collapsed.

It came crashing down.

"Shit—my head!!"

Carl clutched his head and quickly contacted Wanda.

"Wanda, what's your situation?"

"I'm sorry, Carl... I didn't see that robot. It activated the switch, I..."

Wanda sat on the steps, covering her face, her voice filled with guilt.

"It's fine. I have a way to deal with it. Leave now—leave it to me."

Carl's voice was steady. Golden energy began to seep out from his body.

"Okay... be careful!"

Wanda activated the teleportation crystal.

In the next instant, she appeared aboard the evacuation ship, which soon returned to the Helicarrier.

"Carl... you have to succeed!"

Everyone stared at the falling city.

Nick Fury. Hill. Coulson. The Avengers. Erik. Every agent aboard the Helicarrier.

All eyes were fixed on it.

Their hearts hung in their throats.

The city plummeted like a meteor, wreathed in flames, trailing a blazing tail—like the end of the world.

No—

This was the end of the world.

If it hit the ground, half the planet would be destroyed.

"ROAR—!!!"

Suddenly, a thunderous roar erupted from below the city.

The sound was so overwhelming it felt like it could shatter eardrums. Compared to it, even Hulk's roar sounded like a newborn kitten.

Bruce Banner instantly shrank back, reverting from Hulk in sheer fear.

Everyone turned toward the source.

A burst of golden light exploded outward. The ground trembled. The air itself began to vibrate—even the Helicarrier shook violently.

BOOM—!!

Beneath the clouds, a colossal stone giant rose into view.

Its body was formed entirely of black, unyielding rock—like a Titan straight out of Greek mythology.

"This... this rivals the giants of the Nine Realms...!"

Thor stared in shock. In his knowledge, only Surtur surpassed such a being—no other giant even came close.

"Now I get it... Now I get it... Carl told me to hold the city earlier, and I joked he was Atlas. Turns out—he actually is a Titan."

Tony muttered, staring blankly.

And indeed—

Carl had become a Titan.

A true Titan.

The giant raised both arms and caught the falling city.

The descent halted abruptly.

But although the Titan was immense, the city was even larger. Combined with the force of the anti-gravity engines, the Titan began to falter.

BOOM—!!

The city suddenly dropped again.

Caught off guard, the Titan was forced to one knee. The ground split open beneath him, carving a massive trench. Cracks began spreading across his rocky body.

The city continued to press downward.

The Titan struggled to resist.

"ROAR—!!"

With a furious roar, the Titan pushed upward once more, barely halting the descent again.

But it was clear—

He couldn't hold it much longer.

Like Atlas bearing the heavens, the Titan strained under the unimaginable weight, fighting to prevent the city from annihilating Earth.

Inside the Titan's core, Carl saw everything clearly.

He was the Titan.

And he could feel his strength draining away.

"Damn system—get out here!!"

Carl roared, forcing himself to hold the city in place.

[Ding—Host, how may I assist?]

The system responded immediately.

"No time—think of something! At this rate, I won't last!"

[Ding—Based on current conditions, the system can evolve your Titan form into a Demon Titan. However, it requires an immense amount of energy... and comes with side effects.]

"What kind of side effects?"

[Ding—For three months, the host will lose all powers and become an ordinary human.]

Carl gritted his teeth.

"I can accept that... but the energy?"

Where would he find that kind of power?

Then it hit him.

"System—would an Arc Reactor work?"

[Ding—Any energy source is acceptable. However, based on the Arc Reactor you mentioned, you would require over one hundred million units to sustain Demon Titan form for five minutes.]

"...Are you kidding me?! Where the hell am I supposed to find a hundred million of those—for just five minutes?! You might as well kill me!"

~~~~~

For 20 advanced chapters, visit my Patreon:

Patreon - Twilight\_scribe1

~~~~~

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

~~~~~

## **- Chapter 366 366: Demon Titan[ 898 words ]**

"Damn it! Where am I supposed to find a hundred million Arc Reactors? And it only lasts five minutes? You might as well just kill me!"

Karl cursed loudly. A hundred million Arc Reactors? Tony would die of exhaustion before finishing that many—Stark Industries would go bankrupt in the process.

[Ding~ This system reminds the host: you possess the Mind Stone. It can fully supply the required energy~]

Karl froze for a moment. Right—how had he forgotten? When he destroyed the Cradle earlier, he had taken the Mind Stone. Now was the perfect time to use it.

Each Infinity Stone contained immense energy. The Mind Stone was no exception.

"Fine. Then use the Mind Stone immediately. I'm turning into the Demon Titan!"

[Ding~ Understood, host. Reminder: after transformation, you will enter a three-month weakened state. You will revert to an ordinary human, temporarily losing all abilities, including your unique template, Clive Rosfield~]

"Got it. Stop nagging."

Karl rolled his eyes. In the next instant, a pale golden light burst forth, engulfing his entire body.

---

Outside, a tremendous surge of energy erupted from the Titan's chest. In an instant, it spread outward like a radiant halo. Everyone aboard the Helicarrier felt their hearts skip a beat, as if time itself had frozen. Every expression became locked in place.

BOOM—!!

"ROAR!!!"

Suddenly, space itself seemed to tremble. A voice like that of a god or demon exploded across the sky, distorting the very air.

The Titan was swallowed by golden light. Within it, an even more colossal silhouette emerged—mountains looked like mere steps beneath it, and the clouds hung within arm's reach.

Eight massive, rock-like tendrils extended from its body, slamming deep into the falling city above. Its arms rose like towering peaks, vast enough to blot out the sky. Its immense form cast a shadow over the entire world.

This was the Titan's evolved form—

The Demon Titan.

---

The Demon Titan fully revealed itself before the stunned crowd. If they had been speechless before, now they were completely overwhelmed. Fear gripped them to the core. Against such a being, nothing on Earth could possibly stand in opposition.

Nick Fury nearly lost control of himself. He had always known Karl was powerful—but this... this was beyond comprehension. This was no longer something that could be described as a "monster." It was a being straight out of myth—greater even than the giants of legend.

At that moment, Fury completely abandoned any thought of restraining Karl. Not a trace of that idea remained. Faced with this overwhelming power, he felt utterly insignificant. Forget Earth—even Asgard might not be able to stand against him.

Thor was no better. Mjolnir slipped from his hand as he stared blankly at the colossal figure. The stone giant from before had already surpassed any giant he knew—but this... even Surtur would pale in comparison.

No one could find the words to describe what stood before them.

---

Beneath the shadow of the heavens, the Demon Titan firmly held the falling city in its grasp. Its eight tendrils pierced deep into the structure, instantly destroying all the anti-gravity engines.

"ROAR!!!"

A thunderous roar followed. Earthen-yellow energy surged from its arms, flowing directly into the city.

Then, something astonishing happened—

The Titan began to absorb the city.

The massive landmass visibly shrank as chunks of terrain dissolved into energy. In mere moments, a tenth of the city had vanished—and the Demon Titan grew even larger.

Bit by bit, Sokovia was consumed.

Finally, the Titan's body glowed with earthen light. The city it held was engulfed as well. When the light faded—

The city was gone.

All that remained was the Demon Titan, standing like a pillar between heaven and earth, roaring into the sky.

---

"ROAR!!!"

Behind it, the eight tendrils lashed out, smashing the surrounding terrain. Mountains crumbled, the ruined city was reduced to nothingness, and the entire region flattened into a vast plain.

This was Karl's doing—preparing the land for future reconstruction.

Crack—!

Moments later, the Titan's body began to fracture. Chunks of rock fell away, turning into dark soil upon impact. The massive form was collapsing.

Tony and Thor immediately launched themselves from the Helicarrier, racing toward the disintegrating Titan. As its body broke apart, Karl's figure emerged from within—but he was clearly unconscious.

"Sir, Karl's vital signs are weak. He requires immediate medical attention."

JARVIS had already completed a full scan.

"Thor!"

Tony shouted, accelerating toward Karl.

Lightning crashed down as Thor cleared a path through the falling debris, ensuring Tony could reach him safely.

Tony caught Karl midair. His body was wrapped tightly in a red cloak, cocoon-like—the cloak had acted on its own to protect him.

---

Soon after, the Helicarrier withdrew to a safe location.

Sokovia... was gone.

Not just the city—even the surrounding mountains had been erased, replaced by an endless plain.

---

Half a month later, New York.

Karl lay sprawled on the couch in his office, looking utterly drained. Since returning from Sokovia, he had been unconscious for nearly ten days.

During that time, Gwen and the others had stayed by his side constantly, afraid something might happen.

Tony had run every possible test—even taking Karl to Wakanda. Yet every result said the same thing: physically, Karl was perfectly fine.

No injuries. No abnormalities.

Shuri's conclusion was simple—his mental energy had been completely depleted. His body needed time to recover naturally.

And so, Karl had effectively become a "sleeping prince," resting in the most advanced hospital under Stark Industries, surrounded by the best medical care available, monitored around the clock.

~~~~~

For 20 advanced chapters, visit my Patreon:

Patreon - Twilight_scribe1

~~~~~

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

~~~~~

- Chapter 367 367: Scott the Thief[1,032 words]

It wasn't until the tenth day that Karl finally woke up, putting everyone at ease. After he had fully recovered, they held a grand celebration at the Avengers facility. The Avengers Tower in New York had been left in a complete mess by Ultron and needed time to be repaired, so Nick Fury personally approved the party to be held at the base.

From that point on, Karl became an ordinary person.

His magic was gone. His enhanced healing ability had disappeared. He couldn't even communicate with the system anymore.

"Ugh... looks like I'll have to wait three months to get the mission rewards..."

Karl lazily rolled over, just in time to see Moogles happily devouring food on the table. Even though he had lost all his abilities for now, as long as he stayed inside his apartment building, he was completely safe—even if the sky collapsed.

After Gwen and the others learned that Karl had become an ordinary human, Skye and Wanda essentially became his personal bodyguards. Gwen still had to go to the lab, so daytime security fell to the two of them.

At the same time, Tony had sent several professional bodyguards to stand guard, effectively surrounding Karl's entire apartment building. As for Nick Fury, he had deployed a large number of agents to operate covertly nearby, just in case anything happened.

After witnessing the Demon Titan, Fury now treated Karl with even more importance than the President. He was terrified that some unknown force might abduct Karl and brainwash him—because if that happened, no one on Earth would be able to stop him.

Fortunately, Karl was now arguably the safest person in the world.

With two superpowered girls protecting him up close and no fewer than a hundred agents and bodyguards nearby, this level of security could easily dismantle a terrorist organization in the Middle East.

That day, Karl was sprawled in the office as usual. More and more, he felt that keeping the agency open was pointless. No business ever came in anymore. The

place had basically turned into his living room—a spot to zone out when he had nothing better to do.

Skye was handling client inquiries as usual, Wanda was cleaning, and Karl was the only one bored out of his mind.

He felt like he was under house arrest. Everywhere he went, someone followed—either men in black suits or S.H.I.E.L.D. agents.

As Tony had put it:

"You're a normal guy now—and you've made a lot of enemies. Step outside without protection, and who knows who might take you out. Either stay in your apartment, or accept the bodyguards. There's no third option."

The three women at home shared the same stance. If Karl wanted to go out, at least one of them had to accompany him.

That evening, Karl planned to take a nice shower and enjoy a good game.

But just as he was settling in, the bathroom door suddenly opened.

Wanda walked out, her red hair damp, a towel wrapped around her body. Droplets of water clung to her skin, and a faint fragrance lingered around her.

Seeing the snacks piled up in front of Karl, she casually sat down beside him and opened a bag of chips.

Karl turned to look at her.

He already knew—there would be no game tonight.

He'd be stepping onto the field himself.

At the same time...

Outside a luxurious villa, a man sneakily stepped out of a van with a backpack slung over his shoulders, creeping toward the property.

With practiced ease, he scaled the wall and slipped inside.

The villa was pitch black—clearly empty. But the thief had already scoped the place out. He knew there was a massive safe in the basement. Anyone who could afford a villa like this had to be wealthy—and that safe was bound to contain valuables.

He scanned the area and noticed a small window on the second floor had been left open.

Perfect.

With agile movements, he climbed up and slipped inside through the window after confirming it was safe.

Inside the van, three men stared intently at a laptop displaying a floor plan of the villa.

"I'm in. Moving through the study."

The thief's voice came through their earpieces.

"Turn left after you exit, then head downstairs," one of them instructed.

Following the directions, the thief reached the ground floor—the foyer.

After carefully checking his surroundings, he spotted a tank-shaped keychain with a key attached, sitting on a small table.

He grabbed it and followed the instructions down to the basement.

At the end of the basement corridor was a door. Using the key, he unlocked it without issue.

But when he opened it, he froze.

There was another door behind it—this one made entirely of alloy, with a fingerprint scanner.

"Fuck... there's a fingerprint lock?"

Back in the van, the others were equally stunned.

"A fingerprint lock? The guy who gave us the intel never mentioned that. Is this a bust, Scott?"

"Not necessarily."

Scott paused, then turned and headed back upstairs into the kitchen. After rummaging through drawers, he gathered some useful tools.

He began placing strips of transparent tape on various surfaces, searching for fingerprints. Eventually, he found a clear one on a door handle.

Next, he took out a small circular mold, fixed it over the tape with the fingerprint, and poured in a layer of strong adhesive. Holding both ends of the tape, he gently heated the mold.

Soon, the glue solidified.

Removing the mold, Scott held it up to the light—a perfect fingerprint was imprinted on the hardened adhesive.

He grinned.

Returning to the basement, he pressed the freshly made "fingerprint" onto the scanner.

Click.

The door unlocked.

"I'm in," Scott whispered.

Back in the van, the three men erupted in cheers.

"Scott, you're incredible! No alarms triggered—piece of cake!"

Inside the basement, Scott immediately spotted the massive safe.

Calling it a "safe" was almost an understatement—the door was embedded into the wall itself. Half the basement was essentially part of the vault.

"The guy who tipped us off wasn't kidding," Scott muttered. "This thing is tough."

"How tough?" came the reply.

"Very tough. Carbendale steel, made in 1910."

Scott ran his hand along the surface.

"You know the Titanic? Same material."

The van fell silent.

"...Can you crack it?"

Scott thought for a moment.

"This kind of steel handles heat well—but not cold."

He smirked slightly.

"Remember what sank the Titanic?"

~~~~~

For 20 advanced chapters, visit my Patreon:

Patreon - Twilight\_scribe1

~~~~~

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

~~~~~

**- Chapter 368 368: Stealing the Ant-Man Suit[ 1,049 words ]**

"Of course I remember—Leo drowned and left Kate a widow~~"

The ever-chatty Luis immediately chimed in.

---

Down in the basement, Scott got to work again. He gathered various chemical reagents and used a drill to bore a hole into the steel door.

Next, he poured the prepared chemicals into the hole and followed it up with an entire canister of liquid nitrogen.

Before long, frost began to spread across the steel door. The ice rapidly expanded, visible to the naked eye. Then, with a violent burst of flying fragments—

Boom!

The steel door crashed to the ground.

Scott quickly stepped inside the vault—but the moment he crossed the threshold, he froze.

There was nothing.

No gold, no cash, no jewels—just a bunch of useless bottles and jars, covered in dust and cobwebs.

"Hey man~~~ what's inside? Cash? Jewelry? Gold bars?"

Luis's voice rattled nonstop through the earpiece.

"There's... there's nothing!!"

Scott was dumbfounded. He'd been told there were valuables here—so where was everything?

"What?! What do you mean nothing?!"

Back in the van, Luis and the others were just as stunned.

Scott hurriedly searched the room. The only thing he found on a shelf was a black-and-red suit and a strangely designed helmet. Aside from that, it was all junk.

"There's... a suit. Like... an old motorcycle outfit?"

Scott picked it up. Following the principle of never leaving empty-handed, he stuffed the suit into his bag.

"A suit? How much is a suit worth? Where's the cash? The jewelry? The gold?!"

Luis complained endlessly.

"There's nothing, Luis. This job was a total waste."

Scott looked dejected. He had been counting on this score to regain custody of his daughter. After his divorce, custody had been granted to his ex-wife—and now she had a new boyfriend, a cop. Scott feared his daughter might be mistreated in the future, so he wanted her back.

But he had nothing—no money, no job, fresh out of prison. This job had been his only hope.

"Sorry, Scott... this one's on me. I thought this would help you out..."

Luis understood Scott's situation all too well. He had hoped this job would turn things around for him—but instead, they'd been played.

Scott slung his bag over his shoulder and left, discouraged.

What he didn't notice was a small ant with a camera mounted on its back, quietly watching him from a corner of the shelf. Every move he made had been clearly observed by someone on the other end.

---

In a monitoring room, an elderly man with graying hair sat calmly in front of a computer, sipping coffee. On the screen were not only surveillance feeds, but also lines of complex code and dense streams of data.

---

Late at night, Karl got out of bed and walked to the window. Beside him, Wanda slept soundly, completely unaware that he had gotten up.

Standing by the window, Karl found himself reminiscing about the time before he had obtained the system. Back then, he had been just like now—an ordinary person, constantly worried about the countless dangers of the Marvel world.

Only after awakening the system had those fears disappeared.

Thinking back, it had already been twenty-five or twenty-six years since he transmigrated. The memories of his previous life had grown faint. Sometimes he couldn't even recall his old home's exact address—his parents' faces were becoming blurred.

He was gradually becoming part of this world.

Sitting in a chair, Karl gazed out at the bustling streets and towering skyscrapers. Though he was only in his twenties, his mental age was the sum of two lifetimes.

That was why Tony treated him as an equal friend—because his mindset and worldview were far more mature than his appearance suggested.

"Can't sleep?"

Wanda's sleepy voice came from behind. She reached out and found the space beside her empty, prompting her to get up. She spotted Karl sitting by the window, staring into the night.

"Not really. Just thinking... What do you think would happen if I stayed a normal person forever?"

Karl looked at her. Her red hair draped over her shoulders like silk, her eyes shimmering softly in the dark.

"Hmm... then things would just stay the same, I guess. I'm not leaving you anyway. Wherever you go, I go."

Wanda didn't care whether Karl was ordinary or not. It didn't matter to her—as long as she could stay by his side.

Karl smiled.

In this life, he had family and people he loved. Though his past life had faded away, he was no longer alone. The Stacys, Skye, Wanda—and friends like Tony.

"Let's sleep."

Karl returned to bed, wrapping his arms around Wanda as they drifted off together.

---

At a tech company laboratory, a researcher led a fluffy white lamb into the testing room. Outside, a man and a woman stood behind a glass wall, observing.

The researcher placed the lamb onto a platform. On one side of the platform stood a device, aimed directly at its center.

"I thought you'd use a mouse," the woman said, glancing at the man beside her.

Her name was Hope—the daughter of the company's founder, and the future Wasp. At the moment, however, she was still at odds with her father, who refused to pass the Ant-Man suit down to her.

The man beside her was her father's former protégé—Darren Cross, a bald man with a clearly rebellious streak.

"Is there really any difference between a mouse and a sheep?" Darren replied, turning to her.

Under Hope's uneasy gaze, Darren pressed the intercom.

"Commencing experiment. Trial number thirty-four. Initiating organic matter reduction."

Hope frowned. The current technology could only shrink non-living matter. Research on shrinking living organisms was still purely theoretical—this was extremely dangerous.

"Darren, maybe we're rushing this a bit—"

Before she could finish, Darren cut her off coldly.

"Shrinking organic tissue is the core of this technology. I'm not selling an incomplete product."

His expression was firm. He had already conducted thirty-three experiments—every single one had failed. The test subjects had all turned into something resembling tomato paste.

He was out of time.

And so were the buyers backing him.

As a former student of Hank Pym—the original Ant-Man—Darren had been studying Pym's shrinking technology for years. But Pym had refused to share critical data, believing Darren to be morally unfit.

Left with no choice, Darren had obtained most of the research through Hope.

But the most crucial piece—the ability to safely shrink living organisms—remained out of reach.

Because that secret...

Was known only to Hank Pym himself.

~~~~~

For 20 advanced chapters, visit my Patreon:

Patreon - Twilight_scribe1

~~~~~

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

~~~~~

- Chapter 369 369: Scott's First Adventure[905 words]

Darren was obsessed with the Ant-Man suit. After relentless effort, he had already developed the Yellowjacket suit—matching, and in many ways surpassing, the Ant-Man suit in performance. Now, only one piece was missing: the ability to shrink living organisms.

Once that breakthrough was achieved, his research would be complete—and the Yellowjacket suit could be mass-produced for future warfare.

Yes, Darren's primary buyer was the U.S. military.

But they weren't the only ones.

There was someone else—far more mysterious—who had also been in contact with him.

Inside the lab, the researcher entered a string of commands. Several canisters of golden liquid were injected into the machine, which then slowly moved above the lamb.

A beam of golden light shot down.

In an instant, the lamb dissolved into a puddle resembling tomato paste.

The experiment had failed again.

Darren slammed his fist against the glass in frustration, while Hope covered her mouth in shock.

"Trial thirty-four... failed."

Darren's expression darkened, but only briefly. He pressed the intercom again.

"Sterilize the lab completely. Begin trial thirty-five immediately."

Below, the researchers quickly followed orders, while Hope stared at Darren in disbelief.

In his apartment, Scott splashed water on his face, staring at his reflection with deep disappointment.

His mood matched the gloomy weather outside—dark and hopeless.

Then, his gaze drifted to his backpack.

Inside was the "old motorcycle suit" he had stolen the night before.

"Why would someone lock up a suit like that... in a vault?"

Scott muttered to himself.

He grabbed the bag and pulled the suit out. On the belt, he noticed a button. Opening it, he found two vials of red liquid. Not understanding their purpose, he put them back.

Then he picked up the helmet and examined it closely.

It was mostly silver, with two red markings above the eye area and matching red lenses. The overall design resembled the head of some kind of insect.

"What the hell is this thing?"

Curious, Scott even took out a circuit tester to examine it—before eventually putting the suit on.

The suit was primarily red, made of an unknown material—something between leather and advanced fiber. The lower half consisted of black pants and boots. The silver belt had a red circular centerpiece, and on each index finger was a small, mysterious button.

"Fits pretty well..."

Scott looked at himself in the mirror. The suit fit him perfectly, as if it had been tailor-made.

Just then, Luis and his crew burst through the door.

"Scott~~~! You good, man?!"

Startled, Scott quickly pulled the shower curtain closed. There was no way he was letting Luis see him like this—it was way too embarrassing.

Out of curiosity, Scott pressed the button on his left hand.

Nothing happened.

No matter how many times he pressed it—still nothing.

So he tried the button on his right hand.

Whoosh!

Suddenly, he plummeted downward, landing headfirst into the bathtub.

Dazed, Scott scrambled to his feet—and froze.

Everything around him had become enormous.

The bathtub looked like a football field. Even the drain plug resembled a massive boulder.

Scott was stunned, his chest heaving like a bellows. He couldn't process what he was seeing.

Then—

A voice spoke in his ear.

"Looks different from this perspective, doesn't it... Scott?"

He spun around frantically, but saw no one.

"Who's there?! Who said that?!"

His voice had turned shrill with panic.

Suddenly, the shower curtain was yanked open.

Luis loomed overhead like a giant.

"Luis~~! I'm down here~~!!"

Scott waved his arms wildly, shouting at the top of his lungs.

But Luis couldn't hear him.

Instead, he turned on the faucet.

A torrent of water came crashing down like a breached dam.

Scott bolted, but the current was too fast. Within seconds, he was swept away like a leaf in a storm.

Thankfully, the helmet allowed him to breathe underwater.

The rushing water carried him out of the tub and slammed him onto the floor—cracking the tile beneath him.

"Now comes your real test, Scott~~"

The mysterious voice echoed again.

At that moment, Luis started taking off his pants.

"Hey—HEY!! Can you hear me?! I do NOT want to see this!!"

Scott shouted in horror.

But Luis remained oblivious, tossing his pants aside—the belt nearly crushing Scott as it hit the ground.

Scott rolled away frantically—only to slip into a crack between the tiles.

And just like that—

His adventure truly began.

Falling through the gap, he landed in a nightclub below—crashing onto a DJ's turntable. Spun by the rotating disc, he was flung away by the needle and sent tumbling to the floor.

Then came a barrage of enormous stomping feet.

Dodging for his life, Scott barely escaped—only to be accidentally kicked into an air vent.

Through the ducts he went, until he dropped onto a carpet in someone's apartment.

Vrrrrr—!

Before he could even stand up, a massive vacuum cleaner roared to life and sucked him in.

Caught in the violent airflow, Scott was tossed around wildly—until he burst through the vacuum bag and escaped, scrambling out under a door.

Then—

He felt it.

A presence.

Turning around, he saw it.

A rat.

A gigantic, Godzilla-sized rat staring straight at him.

"OH SH—!!!"

Terrified out of his mind, Scott ran for his life, scrambling and stumbling as the monstrous rat chased after him like prey.

Ahead, he spotted a mousetrap.

He sprinted toward it, hoping to use it against the rat—

But the moment he stepped on it—

Snap!

He was launched into the air.

"AHHHH—!!!"

Screaming, Scott flew out through a second-story window—

And crashed onto the roof of a parked car below.

Clang!

The driver inside glanced up briefly, then ignored it.

In his panic, Scott accidentally hit the button on his left hand.

Boom!

He instantly returned to normal size—

Crushing the car roof inward with a loud impact.

~~~~~

For 20 advanced chapters, visit my Patreon:

Patreon - Twilight\_scribe1

~~~~~

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

~~~~~

## **- Chapter 370 370: Back Behind Bars**

### **Chapter 370 370: Back Behind Bars**

**[ 844 words ]**

Scott quickly removed his helmet, gasping for air.

"Not bad. You passed the initial test. You can keep the suit for now—I'll contact you again."

The voice echoed once more, but Scott had no mind to care anymore. That heart-pounding ordeal had nearly given him a heart attack. He didn't want to experience anything like that again.

He hurried back to his apartment, stuffed the suit into his backpack, and waited for nightfall.

---

When night came, Scott sprinted straight toward the villa from before—too anxious to even bother with a car, relying entirely on his legs.

Just as Skye locked up the office downstairs, she saw a man with a backpack dash past the entrance in a blur.

Curious, she stepped outside to take a look—but the man had already turned a corner and vanished into the night.

"Strange... what's his rush? Did he get robbed?"

She glanced around, but saw no sign of trouble. Confused, she locked the door and headed upstairs.

Karl had seen it too—but he wasn't interested.

In a city like New York, where anything could happen, this was nothing unusual. Aliens had already invaded—what couldn't happen at this point?

Besides, he was just an ordinary person now. Staying home was the safest option.

The door opened behind him as Skye walked in.

"Some guy just sprinted past downstairs. No idea what happened."

She casually mentioned it while brewing tea for both of them.

"Yeah, I saw him. Not our problem—I'm just a regular civilian now."

Karl watched the tea leaves unfurl in the glass pot, mentally calculating the time.

Three months still felt far away—only one had passed so far.

"Have Natasha and Steve been busy? Haven't seen them in a while."

"Natasha's on a mission overseas, I think. As for Steve... who knows? He's basically a homebody like you."

Skye shrugged. Natasha had mentioned in their group chat that she'd be abroad on a classified mission—no one asked further.

"Since we're bored, let's go feed the chocobos."

With that, Karl and Skye entered the Chocobo Space.

---

Meanwhile, Scott vaulted over the villa wall in one smooth motion—fast and efficient, like he couldn't wait to get it over with.

He slipped inside, rushed to the vault, returned the suit to its original place, and made his exit just as quickly.

A perfect in-and-out.

But the moment he climbed back over the wall—

Red and blue lights flashed all around him.

Police cars surrounded him instantly.

"Don't move! Hands on your head—you're under arrest!"

"Damn it... my luck sucks today..."

Scott muttered, then obediently crouched down with his hands on his head.

"I didn't steal anything! I came to return it!"

The officers ignored him completely. Within seconds, he was pinned, cuffed, and shoved into a squad car.

Just like that—

Scott Lang was back in custody.

---

At the police station, his ex-wife's fiancé leaned against the holding cell, looking disappointed.

"You almost had us believing you'd turned your life around, Scott. Maggie and Cassie trusted you... and you let them down again."

Scott stayed silent.

He knew Paxton wasn't a bad guy—just a cop doing his job.

Before he could respond, another officer walked in.

"Someone's here to see you."

"Who?"

"Your lawyer."

Scott blinked. "My... lawyer?"

---

In the interrogation room, Scott finally met him—

An elderly man with gray hair, wearing a well-tailored suit and glasses.

"I told you I'd contact you again, Scott."

The moment he spoke, Scott froze.

That voice—

It was the same one from the helmet.

Before Scott could react, the old man continued calmly.

"I suppose you'd rather be back in a cell. Sit."

Scott sat down. The room was empty—just the two of them.

In the corner, the surveillance camera was completely covered... by ants.

"Sir... I'm sorry for stealing the suit. I didn't mean to—"

"Maggie was right about you."

Scott stiffened.

"How do you know Maggie?"

The old man ignored the question.

"No wonder she wants you to stay away from Cassie. The moment things get tough, you fall back into crime."

Scott lowered his head, ashamed.

It wasn't that he didn't want to change.

It was just that no one gave him a chance.

No one would hire an ex-con—not even for the lowest-paying job.

---

The old man leaned forward slightly.

"You have two choices."

Scott looked up.

"First: spend the rest of your life in prison."

"Second: go back to your cell... and wait for my instructions."

"I don't understand what you're saying."

"You don't need to. You don't have many options anyway."

The old man spread his hands.

"Frankly, neither do I."

Then, with a faint smile, he added:

"Did it never occur to you... that I led you to that suit from the very beginning?"

"...What?!"

Scott stared at him in shock.

"I planted the information. Made sure your talkative friend Luis heard it. Step by step, I guided you... until you stole the suit."

Scott was speechless.

"This kind of opportunity doesn't come often," the old man said, standing up.

"If you get another one... I suggest you think very carefully."

With that, he turned and left.

The ants covering the camera dispersed, restoring the feed—leaving Scott sitting there, stunned.

---

Back in the holding area, Scott was still processing everything.

He didn't even notice the ant that had flown in from outside—

Until it crawled up to his feet.

Only then did he finally look down.

~~~~~

For 20 advanced chapters, visit my Patreon:

Patreon - Twilight_scribe1

~~~~~

If you enjoyed , 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.