

# Marvel Manifestor

## Chapter 81 - 81 – Breaking Into the Estate

Lucas moved in a blur, cutting down three vampires in one clean sweep.

As Skye vaulted over the wall behind him, the trio regrouped and began working their way through the manor grounds toward the looming stone tower. Any vampire that crossed their path didn't live long enough to regret it. Above them, Frank and Whistler's gunfire provided perfect cover, their timing impeccable.

When the three reached the far side of the estate, the tower finally came into full view—an ancient structure built entirely from rough-hewn stone, centuries old, now bathed in the eerie glow of floodlights.

"Where are you guys?" Lucas murmured through his comms.

"We're in position," came Natasha's calm voice. "Surrounding the perimeter. No one gets out alive."

"Copy that," Lucas replied. "Wait for my signal."

He raised his gaze toward the distant ridge and flashed a hand sign.

Frank, peering through his sniper scope, caught the signal and shifted his aim toward one of the mansion's upper windows.

Pfft—!

The silenced rifle spat fire. The windowpane shattered with a sharp crack that echoed through the quiet estate.

In an instant, a dozen vampires darted toward the noise, converging on the shattered glass.

Before they could even peer inside— thup thup thup!—several more suppressed shots followed. The vampires burst into ash mid-stride.

"Enemy attack!!" one of them roared, his voice booming across the entire manor.

"Damn it!" Lucas swore under his breath. "What kind of vampire is this? Since when did they learn Shaolin Lion's Roar?! What's next—Iron Head Kung Fu? Diamond Leg Strike?!"

The ambush had failed. Subtlety was over.

"Guess we're doing this loud," he growled, gripping his sword tighter.

"I told you this infiltration plan was garbage," Natasha's teasing voice crackled through the comms. "Whose bright idea was this again? It's got more holes than Swiss cheese."

Silence filled the channel. Everyone knew exactly who'd come up with the plan.

Lucas.

Back when they'd planned it, he'd been so confident—so convincing—that he'd even promised, "If this fails, I'll do a handstand and play basketball."

"Hey," Frank's gravelly voice came through, "who wants front-row seats to a handstand dunk?"

"I do," Natasha said immediately, her tone full of mock delight. "Basketball's my favorite sport."

"This isn't the time for jokes!" Lucas barked, his pride taking a hit. "Blade's still inside!"

He could already hear the smirks through the comm line. Of all the times to prove them wrong—this was not it.

"I knew agreeing to this was a mistake," Matt muttered, then leapt forward into the fray.

Gunfire erupted— bang bang bang!—as Frank and Whistler abandoned stealth and charged through the manor gates. Once the element of surprise was gone, there was no point hiding.

Skye took cover behind a stone archway. She couldn't match the vampires' speed, so she waited, building up her energy.

Vrrrrmm—!

The shockwave burst outward like a thunderclap. Every vampire within range was instantly torn apart, their bodies scattering into dust and ash.

Still, she had no way to go on the offensive. Natasha's training had sharpened her reflexes—her eyes could now track vampire movements—but her body simply wasn't fast enough to follow through. By the time she reacted, they were already on top of her.

Lucas stayed close but didn't intervene much. She had chosen to fight, and she needed to learn to survive on her own. The world they lived in offered no mercy.

Bang!

The blue glow of the Judicator flared from his gun barrel—three vampires' heads exploded in sequence.

A perfect triple shot.

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Meanwhile, inside the tower, a far darker scene was unfolding.

Deacon Frost stood at the center of a massive ritual platform, surrounded by ten chained vampire elders. Silver bindings dug into their flesh, burning through their pale skin as they struggled weakly.

Below the dais stood a black stone coffin, upright and ancient. From the cracks in its surface seeped rivulets of fresh blood.

"At long last!" Frost's voice boomed through the chamber. "The rot of the old order ends tonight! A new era will rise from this blood! I will become the Vampire King—no... the Vampire God! Blood God, descend upon me!"

He threw his arms wide, laughing maniacally as the crowd of vampires howled and shrieked like wild beasts.

The air itself began to thrum as the ritual drew closer to its climax—the moment the moon reached its zenith.

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Outside, Lucas and the others pushed toward the tower, cutting their way through wave after wave of vampires.

But no matter how many they killed, more poured in from every direction. Even Frank's ammunition was running low.

When his last magazine clicked empty, he tossed the rifle aside and drew a pair of silver-edged combat knives. "Lucas! You got any magic left?" he shouted, slashing a vampire across the neck.

Lucas called out to the onion-like familiar fighting beside him, vaulted onto its back, and shot into the air.

"Clear the area!" he roared.

The others dove for cover. Lucas braced himself midair, his coat whipping in the wind.

"—Sin of the Fallen!—"

He pulled both triggers.

Before him, a burning blue hexagram flared into existence. Bullets poured through it like a torrential storm, raining down in sheets of silver fire.

Ratatatatatatata—!

In the blink of an eye, the courtyard was blanketed in lead and light. Every vampire caught in the downpour was shredded to ash before they could scream.

Then came the final surge—Lucas fired once more into the sigil.

BOOM!

The glowing hexagram slammed into the ground, detonating in a massive explosion that shook the entire manor. When the dust cleared, a ten-meter-wide crater blazed with a smoking blue pentagram, every vampire inside it completely vaporized.

This was Sin of the Fallen in its full form—the version he hadn't been able to unleash back at the museum.

The ground around them was littered with smoking ashes, but more vampires were already closing in.

Lucas's team was exhausted, backs to the wall—

When suddenly, a blinding light flared overhead, washing the entire estate in white.

Ratatatatatatata—!

Gunfire thundered as waves of black-clad agents stormed the manor grounds, rifles blazing.

S.H.I.E.L.D. reinforcements had arrived.

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## Chapter 82 - 82 – The Blood God Descends

At that same moment, an arrow tore through the night sky and buried itself into a cluster of vampires. The shaft exploded midair, bursting into a cloud of shimmering silver dust that corroded everything it touched. Within seconds, every vampire nearby clutched their throats and disintegrated into ash.

Up on the hillside, Barton stood firm, longbow in hand. He drew another arrow from the quiver strapped across his back, nocked it smoothly, and released. Each shot struck true, followed by another silver blast that turned the battlefield into a glittering storm of death.

Beside him lay four or five black crates filled with sleek, silver-edged arrows—at least a hundred by the look of it.

Down below, Natasha led the charge, both pistols blazing. Silver-coated bullets poured out in relentless streams; every pull of the trigger claimed another vampire's life. The Black Widow lived up to her name—quick, deadly, and merciless.

"You guys really pulled out all the stops," Lucas called over the gunfire, his tone half teasing. "Looks like your one-eyed boss finally opened the budget, huh?"

Natasha smirked between bursts of gunfire. "Fury's wanted these bloodsuckers wiped out for years. The only thing stopping him was that ridiculous peace treaty. But since they broke it first—well, now we have every reason to burn them to the ground."

Silver bullets whined through the air, punching through the shrieking undead.

"Your timing's perfect," Frank said, picking up another rifle. "These vamps must be half of New York's damn population."

"Then we hold them here!" Whistler barked, pumping his shotgun. His face was tight with worry. "You three—get inside that tower and stop Deacon Frost! If we're too late, Blade's as good as dead!"

"Give me the serum," Lucas ordered, reaching out. Whistler handed over a small vial of blood-red liquid.

"I'll take Frank and Matt inside," Lucas continued. "Skye, you stay here and stick with Natasha."

Skye nodded reluctantly. She wanted to follow Lucas, but she knew she wasn't ready. Against vampires of this level, she'd only slow them down.

Frank checked his weapons one last time, stuffing silver-dust grenades into his coat and slinging an ammo belt across his chest. Matt snapped his twin batons together, forming a single long staff—perfect for both movement and echolocation.

"Onion! Clear the path!" Lucas shouted.

"Chiu-chiuuu!"

The birdlike creature screeched as it raced over, talons kicking up dust.

"That way!" Lucas pointed toward the tower.

"Chiu—!"

With another shrill cry, Onion's body shimmered, generating an invisible force field around itself. It slammed forward like a runaway freight train, plowing through the battlefield. Every vampire in its path was either shattered by impact or shredded by the pulsing energy that surrounded it.

"Stay close!" Lucas yelled, sprinting in Onion's wake. Frank and Matt followed without hesitation.

The creature tore through the manor grounds, leaving chaos in its wake. Vampires were flung aside like rag dolls, limbs torn, bodies pulverized. Within moments, Onion had carved a straight path all the way to the tower's base.

Lucas's team stopped at the foot of the structure, where the air buzzed with eerie energy. There weren't many guards here—most vampires allowed into the tower were high-ranking members already inside, waiting to witness the ritual.

"I'll draw Frost's attention," Lucas said, handing Matt the vial of serum and a small bottle filled with crimson liquid. "Find Blade and give him this."

Matt uncapped it slightly and sniffed. His senses told him immediately—it was blood. Not ordinary blood, either.

Blade might be a half-vampire, but blood was still the fastest way to restore his strength.

The three split up—Lucas climbed onto Onion's back again and launched himself toward the heart of the tower.

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Midnight struck. The moon climbed high above the clouds, glowing a deep, unsettling crimson. A beam of red light burst from the heavens, piercing straight into the tower's summit.

"The time has come!" Deacon Frost raised his arms high, his voice thundering through the chamber. "My brothers! The age of vampires is reborn!"

Around him, vampires howled and roared, eyes blazing red in the moonlight.

The crimson beam crawled along the ancient sigils carved into the tower's walls, flowing like liquid blood. Each of the ten vampire elders had been chained precisely beneath those runic channels, forced into a position where their heads tilted upward, eyes wide with terror.

Hummmm—

The red glow surged through the patterns, converging at the elders' brows.

Then came the sound—sizzle, hiss!—like hot iron pressed against flesh. Screams of agony tore through the chamber as the ten elders convulsed violently.

They had become the offering.

Below, the black stone coffin began to bleed. Thick, dark blood flowed from its seams, trickling along grooves that snaked up the tower walls.

Moments later, a single drop of blood welled at each elder's brow. Those ten drops joined the glowing sigils, merging and spreading like veins of molten fire.

Their bodies began to melt—flesh dissolving, bones crumbling—until nothing remained but drifting ash.

The blood they released climbed upward, joining the flow from the coffin, swirling together at the tower's peak into a single, massive crimson droplet.

Deacon Frost lifted his face to it, spreading his arms in exultation.

This was the moment he had lived for—the culmination of every sacrifice. The deaths of his followers, the collapse of his coven—none of it mattered. Once he became the Blood God, he would rule the world. All vampires would kneel.

Drip—

The blood fell, striking him square between the brows. It sank into his flesh, forming a pulsing sigil before vanishing beneath his skin.

"ARRRRGHHHHHHHH!"

Frost's scream echoed like a thunderclap. His entire body turned scarlet, skin bubbling and peeling away as a layer of pale, flawless flesh emerged beneath it.

"ROAAAARRR!!!"

With a monstrous bellow, his pupils split into vertical slits, glowing gold like a dragon's. A pair of enormous batlike wings tore through his back, unfurling in a spray of blood. His ears elongated to sharp points, and jagged bone spurs erupted from his elbows like twin blades.

The pale sheen of his new skin gleamed with a metallic blue tint—hard as steel.

The sheer pressure of his power filled the chamber, making the very walls tremble. His thirst, his rage, his hunger—all magnified a thousandfold. His golden eyes flared crimson.

"Power..." he rasped. "This... this is true power!"

He drove a fist downward into the stone platform beneath him.

BOOOOOOM!

The impact was like a bomb going off. The entire upper half of the tower disintegrated into rubble, collapsing toward the base—toward the black coffin below.

And standing directly beneath it were Frank and Matt.

They had searched the tower from top to bottom, only to find no trace of Blade. The coffin had been their last hope.

Now, with a mountain of debris raining down, they couldn't even get close—let alone see what lay within.

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## **Chapter 83 - 83 – Duel with the Blood God**

As the rubble crashed down, the ancient stone coffin split open. Inside lay Blade—his body shriveled and pale, every drop of blood drained away, his life stolen to feed the newborn Blood God.

Frank reacted instantly, rushing forward to catch him before he collapsed. Blade's arms and legs were riddled with open wounds that still oozed dark blood, showing no sign of healing.

"Give him the blood in that vial—now! He's on the edge of death!" Matt shouted. His sharp hearing picked up Blade's faint, faltering heartbeat.

Frank uncorked the small bottle and tilted it to Blade's lips. The half-vampire's fangs shot out on instinct, shattering the glass. The blood spilled into his mouth, and at once, his body convulsed.

Blade's eyes snapped open. His pupils dilated, and the wounds across his body sealed shut in seconds.

"Ahhh—!" he roared, his entire body trembling as the blood raced through him, veins glowing faintly red. Within moments, all traces of injury vanished.

"Haa... you two really know how to make an entrance," he gasped, catching his breath. "A few more seconds and I'd have been a corpse."

The sensation of warmth flooding back into his limbs, of his heart pounding again—it was intoxicating. The memory of having his blood drained dry made him shudder.

Frank handed him his sword—its silver edge gleaming—and six specially-designed serum darts.

"Lucas is up there alone," Matt said grimly. "We have to move—now." His senses could already feel the storm of energy raging above, where Lucas was facing Deacon Frost.

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At the top of the tower, the newly reborn Blood God reveled in his strength. Red energy rippled around him like living flame.

Then—

"You look like hell," Lucas's voice rang out lazily. He leaned against a shattered column, sword resting casually on his shoulder. "All that power, and this is what you turned into? You think you're some kind of cosmic egghead?"

Deacon Frost's golden eyes snapped toward him, narrowing in fury.

"Insolent insect... I know who you are. The Daywalker's little pet. No matter—both of you die tonight!"

Lucas smirked. "Please. You got the power-up, but none of the style. Where's your 'Egg-blade,' huh? All bark, no badass."

He twirled the Ultimate Divine Blade in a flourish, its azure edge humming as he pointed it skyward—directly at the floating Blood God.

"Come on then, god-boy. Let's see what all the fuss is about."

"Wretched mortal!" Frost's hands flared crimson. Two curved blades of solidified blood materialized in his grasp, glowing like molten iron. With a snarl, he dove toward Lucas like a streak of red lightning.

Lucas met the charge head-on, slashing upward. Steel and blood collided, sparks scattering in a shower of light.

The impact rang through the chamber. Lucas twisted his blade, shoved Frost's twin sabers aside, and kicked upward—his boot connecting with Frost's chin in a clean arc.

But Frost vanished mid-air, reappearing behind him in a blur of speed. His twin blades slashed horizontally, aiming to cut Lucas clean in half.

At the last instant, Lucas spun in midair, one foot landing squarely on Frost's blade. Using it as leverage, he pivoted—then brought his sword down in a vicious overhead strike.

Frost growled and raised both sabers to block, but Lucas shifted again, planting his sword against a wall for momentum—

**BANG!**

The blue muzzle flash of the Judicator pistol split the air. The bullet tore through one of Frost's leathery wings, blowing a ragged hole through the membrane. Blackened edges smoked where the silver-infused round had burned through.

Lucas landed lightly on his feet.

Frost hissed in pain, his wing already regenerating, the damaged flesh knitting back together. The smoking wound sealed as though time itself reversed.

He glared at the gun in Lucas's hand. Even through the haze of rage, he could sense its danger.

Lucas didn't hesitate—three rapid shots.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Frost's body blurred, weaving through the bullets like a phantom, his speed doubling as he shot forward. He was on Lucas in an instant.

There was no time to aim. Lucas ducked back, but Frost was faster.

CLANG!

Their weapons collided again, the clash echoing like thunder. Sparks flew as Lucas struggled against Frost's unnatural strength.

"Fine," Lucas muttered. "Let's see how you handle this."

At point-blank range, he pulled the trigger again—three more times. The silver bullets tore through Frost's abdomen, exploding inside him. The Blood God staggered back, his torso shredded open, internal organs exposed.

If not for his spine, he would've been cut in half.

Frost roared and retreated, clutching the wound as countless crimson tendrils erupted from his flesh, stitching the gaping hole closed.

Lucas's eyes narrowed. The healing was fast—but not instant.

He raised his sword, green wind swirling around the blade. "Your move, 'god.'"

The air split apart.

"Wind Rend!"

A storm of spectral claws exploded outward, raking across Frost's body. Each slash carved deep grooves into his flesh, shredding him into ribbons. Blood fountained from every wound, splattering across the ruined chamber.

When the attack ceased, Frost was barely standing—his body a mangled mess of blood and torn muscle, wings in tatters.

And yet... he laughed.

"Ha... hahaha! You think this can kill the Blood God?" His voice twisted into a shriek. "Foolish mortal—you cannot destroy what is divine! I am eternal!"

Lucas frowned, lowering his sword slightly. "You talk too much."

In one clean motion, he stepped forward and swung.

Blue light flashed.

The Ultimate Divine Blade sliced through Frost's neck with a whisper. Lucas landed behind him, sword leveled forward, not a drop of blood on the blade.

For a heartbeat, silence.

Then—a thin red line appeared across Frost's throat. Blood began to seep out... then gushed, raining in a crimson halo.

But his head didn't fall.

Lucas's brow furrowed. He had felt the clean separation. The blade had cut through. Yet Frost's head stubbornly clung to his shoulders.

So this was the Blood God. Tough enough to withstand a killing strike from the Ultimate Blade itself.

Frost's laughter grew louder, more deranged.

"What's wrong, little insect? Weren't you so proud a moment ago? Can't even take my head?"

He dragged his claws across the wound. Blood threads spilled from his fingers, weaving across the gash like stitches until it sealed completely.

In seconds, the wound was gone—only faint crimson lines remained, pulsing with divine light.

The Blood God smiled.

"Didn't I tell you? I am immortal."

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## Chapter 84 - 84 – The Zodiac Meteor

Though Deacon Frost's neck had fully regenerated, the rest of his mangled body still hadn't healed completely – and Lucas saw that weakness instantly.

"What's the matter, almighty Blood God?" Lucas sneered, turning toward Frost with a mocking glint in his eyes. "Not healing so fast anymore, huh?"

Then he tilted his head slightly. "Don't you feel... something new on your back?"

At that, Frost stiffened. He glanced over his shoulder—only to freeze. Six syringe-like tubes were buried deep in his flesh, each one pumping a glowing green liquid into his bloodstream.

"This... this is—"

Before he could finish, his skin began to boil—literally. Steam rose off his body as blisters erupted across his flesh. The once-regenerating wounds split open again, blood spilling like a ruptured dam.

Frost's monstrous body convulsed, his face twisting in agony.

And a few meters away, Blade stood silently, holding an empty black case in one hand, his cold eyes locked on his oldest enemy.

"So... it was you..." Frost croaked.

BOOM!

His words dissolved into a wet explosion. His body swelled grotesquely, then burst apart like an overinflated balloon. Blood and flesh rained across the chamber.

Lucas grimaced slightly at the mess. "Damn... that serum works better than advertised."

He sheathed his weapon and glanced at Blade, who finally let out a deep, weary breath.

Years of pursuit—finally over. Deacon Frost was gone.

Relief washed over Blade's face, mixed with a strange emptiness. When a hero loses his greatest enemy, all that's left is silence.

But there was no time for reflection. Outside, countless vampires still roamed, and who knew when the next Frost would rise?

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When Lucas and the others emerged from the tower, the battlefield outside was almost quiet. SHIELD agents had already wiped out most of the vampires.

With overwhelming firepower and silver ammunition, the creatures never stood a chance. Though a few agents had fallen, the victory was absolute.

Seeing Lucas's group approach, Natasha strode over. "It's done? Frost's dead?"

Lucas nodded. "Yeah. He's finished."

Natasha didn't waste a second. "Good. Then we clean up the rest—no survivors."

As SHIELD forces pushed forward, Lucas's eyes drifted back toward the towering ruins of the manor. He frowned.

Deacon Frost was ambitious, yes—but he wasn't unique. Every species had its monsters, its dreamers of domination. Kill one, and another would always rise.

This tower—this ritual site—was too dangerous to leave standing. The runes, the blood altar... someone would try to use them again.

It all had to go.

And Lucas didn't trust SHIELD, not for a second. Whatever they told themselves, they were here for more than "containment." The mysterious glyphs carved into that stone—he could tell Fury's people wanted them.

But Lucas knew better. SHIELD had been rotting from the inside for years. Hydra's influence ran deep—too deep.

He couldn't let any of them have what was in that tower.

"Everyone, out of the manor!" Lucas shouted suddenly, his voice carrying through the comms.

Natasha's eyes widened. "Oh no. He's doing it again."

Coulson swore under his breath. "Not that trick again."

The last time Lucas had said something like this, he'd erased an entire desert monster off the map.

"Everyone move!" Coulson ordered immediately. "Clear the area! Leave the vampires!"

Agents scrambled to evacuate, dragging the wounded with them. Within minutes, Lucas stood alone inside the ruined manor, surrounded by scattered corpses.

He raised his arms slowly. His eyes ignited—burning with an orange-red flame.

"Zodiac Meteor."

His voice rumbled like distant thunder.

Magic surged through him, the air crackling with unbearable pressure.

Above the manor, the sky twisted. Space itself warped into a swirling black vortex nearly thirty meters wide. Even in the night, it was visible—a gaping hole in the heavens.

Then came the weight.

A crushing gravitational force pressed down over the entire estate. The earth groaned, stones cracked, and the few vampires still standing collapsed to their knees.

Some tried to flee, but the SHIELD perimeter outside cut them down before they got far.

The vortex darkened, and a blinding light shone from within. A massive meteor, wreathed in golden fire, emerged slowly—its surface glowing like molten rock.

Thirty meters across, descending like divine judgment.

All across the nearby streets, people stopped and stared. Phones rose to the sky, recording what looked like the end of the world.

"Holy—he's summoning a meteor! By hand!" Hawkeye gawked from the distant hilltop, jaw practically on the ground.

"Last time it was a sand monster," Coulson muttered, unable to tear his eyes away. "This time, it's a meteor. How much power does this guy even have?"

At SHIELD headquarters, Nick Fury sprang to his feet, gripping his old pager tightly. His one good eye was wide with tension.

"Don't make me call her... Don't make me do it," he muttered. "But if anyone can stop him, it's her. She faced down a Kree warship... she can stop one man. She has to."

Back at the manor, the meteor's descent grew faster. The pressure was unbearable now—like a mountain pressing on everyone's chest. Even outside the blast zone, SHIELD agents were collapsing, overwhelmed by the invisible gravity.

And then—

**BOOM!**

The impact tore the night apart.

A wave of blinding fire and earth rolled outward, flattening everything for hundreds of meters. Trees snapped like twigs, the shockwave leveling what little remained of the manor.

When the dust finally cleared, silence fell.

Where the grand estate had stood, there was only a crater—six or seven meters deep, scorched black at the bottom. No walls. No tower. Not even a scrap of debris remained.

Only ash and dust.

The agents stared, stunned into silence.

SHIELD operatives exchanged uneasy glances, but the undercover Hydra agents among them—those who saw Lucas not as a threat but as a sign—looked upon him with something else entirely.

Terror.

And worship.

As if they had just witnessed a god step down from the heavens.

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## Chapter 85 - 85 - Targeted

In a shadowed corner where no one was watching, a man in a black suit quietly adjusted his tactical glasses — the same model used by Coulson. Through the lens, every frame of Lucas summoning the Zodiac Meteor and its fiery descent was perfectly recorded.

Far away, in a heavily fortified stronghold buried in endless snow, a man wearing a monocle sat motionless before a massive screen. The cold blue light of the video flickered across his face as he stared, entranced.

"Marvelous... absolutely marvelous..."

A faint tremor ran through his voice — half awe, half madness.

"What overwhelming power... this is divine grace itself! That young man... he will be the key to our future. We must obtain him!"

He rewound the footage, again and again, freezing the frame at the moment when Lucas stood with arms outstretched beneath the falling meteor, like a god descending upon the world.

"No matter the cost," he whispered hoarsely, leaning close to the screen, "we will have him."

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Meanwhile, Lucas stood before the ruins, gazing over the cratered wasteland. Only when he confirmed that nothing strange remained did he turn toward the others.

"Why are you all staring at me like that? Do I have something on my face?"

He checked his shirt and sleeves — perfectly fine.

"Lucas..." Natasha finally spoke, her tone caught between awe and disbelief. "Are you... even human?"

The question hung heavy in the air.

Their unease wasn't unfounded. If today Lucas could summon a thirty-meter-wide meteor with ease, what about tomorrow? A hundred meters? A thousand? A single gesture could level a city — who could feel safe around that?

"What kind of question is that? You're the ghost! Your whole family's ghosts!"

Lucas rolled his eyes, exasperated. "Seriously, what's wrong with you people?"

Coulson muttered under his breath, "If I didn't know you better, I'd have hauled you to the lab already... for dissection."

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With the crisis over, the cleanup was naturally left to S.H.I.E.L.D. It wasn't their first time handling a mess of this scale. Lucas, Natasha, Barton, and Frank all returned with Blade to his safehouse.

"So," Frank asked, rare initiative showing on his usually stony face, "what's next for you, Blade?"

Blade leaned back on the couch, beer in hand, finally looking relaxed.

"New York's vampires are dealt with, but there's still activity elsewhere. I heard Atlanta's crawling with them – thinking of heading there."

Natasha smiled faintly. "Our Director still wants to recruit you, you know."

Blade shook his head. "No thanks. Your merry little boy band isn't my thing. But if you run into more bloodsuckers, I'll help."

Natasha sighed. "You guys all rehearsed this, didn't you? Every one of you refuses us the same way."

The room broke into laughter. Even Frank — the eternal iceberg — cracked a grin.

"We just don't want to be leashed," Frank said calmly. "Once you let officials or billionaires control you, you stop being heroes — you become their blades. And those blades... eventually turn on the people we're supposed to protect."

Natasha nodded slowly. "You're not wrong."

Even Barton gave a silent nod of agreement.

They all knew the truth — they'd done their share of shadow ops, taken lives without knowing who or why. Tonight, for once, they weren't agents or vigilantes. Just people — comrades who had survived hell together, drinking, laughing, and pretending the world was normal.

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By the next morning, the safehouse was a battlefield of empty bottles and groans.

Even the legendary Black Widow and Hawkeye were suffering from hangovers.

After saying their goodbyes, everyone went their separate ways.

The female doctor was quietly recruited by S.H.I.E.L.D. — no surprise there. A mind capable of crafting an anti-vampire serum under those conditions was far too valuable to let go.

As for Lucas, his agency didn't even open for business that day. Both boss and employee were still passed out. Only Moguri the little creature was awake, half-asleep and blowing snot bubbles behind the counter.

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Just as Lucas drifted deeper into his nap, his phone buzzed incessantly. He groggily answered.

"Kid, that little stunt you pulled last night was impressive," Tony Stark's teasing voice drawled through the speaker. "When are you coming over so Uncle Tony can study that meteor of yours?"

Lucas rubbed his temple. "Study what? I'm exhausted, Tony. Either get to the point or let me sleep."

"Oooh, look at you — all grown up and staying out late, huh? Need Uncle Tony to introduce you to a few premium models?"

"Go to hell," Lucas grumbled, and hung up before Stark could finish.

Tony blinked at the dead line, then scowled.

"That brat hung up on me? Me, Tony Stark?! Jarvis, warm up the car — I'm dragging that kid out of bed myself!"

Moments later, his beloved limited-edition Audi roared out of the garage, a full chef team packed in behind him.

By the time he reached Lucas's apartment complex, it was already noon. The office door was still shut tight.

Tony sighed dramatically. "Seriously? I've been up for hours and this kid's still asleep?"

Losing patience, he marched straight in after getting Lucas's room number from the building manager.

Bang bang!

"Kid! Rise and shine!" Tony shouted, pounding on the door like a hooligan.

The commotion drew out half the building's tenants.

But when they saw Tony Stark himself standing there, they instantly lit up — snapping photos, asking for autographs.

Because really, who in America didn't know Iron Man?

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## **Chapter 86 - 86 – The Big Green Guy**

The pounding on the door was so loud it woke the neighbor – Skye – from next door.

"You can't wake up someone who's pretending to sleep, Mr. Stark," she sighed, walking over with a key in hand.

She unlocked Lucas's door and pushed it open. "When he's asleep, not even the sky falling will wake him up. He says he's sealed by the blanket, and we just have to wait until the seal lifts itself."

Skye sounded helpless — as if she'd said this too many times before. Aside from her and Gwen, no one could wake Lucas up once that so-called 'seal' was in place. Well... except Helen — Lucas and Gwen's mom — the first person ever to forcibly break the blanket seal.

Sure enough, Lucas was fast asleep. Tony marched straight in and, with zero hesitation, yanked the blanket off. If this kid wanted to play sealed cocoon, Tony Stark was going to unseal him himself.

"Ahhhh!"

Skye let out a shriek, covering her face with both hands. She had no idea Lucas slept completely naked.

Through the gaps between her fingers, she risked a peek — and instantly turned crimson. Lucas's lean but sculpted frame was on full display — not bulky like Western athletes, but every muscle clearly defined. Her eyes flickered downward and—

Yeah, she was definitely blushing now.

Tony blinked, dumbfounded for half a second. Then, unexpectedly, he grinned. "Huh. Didn't peg the kid for a fellow enthusiast. Naked sleeper – just like me. I knew we were kindred spirits."

Click.

A gun barrel suddenly pressed against Tony's forehead – the cold metal of the Punisher gleaming under the light.

"Whoa, hey! Easy there, buddy!" Tony threw up his hands instantly. "It's me! Tony Stark! You might wanna watch where you're pointing that thing – it doesn't have eyes, you know!"

He stepped back, hands raised in surrender. That black muzzle staring him down made his heart pound like crazy. If he hadn't known better, he'd think he was about to become the world's first man ever shot for pulling off a blanket.

If Tony had realized that weapon couldn't actually hurt him at all, he'd have been in his suit blasting away already.

Hearing Tony's voice, Lucas finally stirred. He blinked groggily, then froze when he realized half the building – including Skye – was staring at his very naked self.

"Crap!!"

He grabbed the blanket and covered himself in a panic, tossing the gun aside.

Tony turned to Skye with a smirk, then back to Lucas. "Come on, kid, no need to be shy. We're all friends here. Look at me and Pepper – perfectly natural!"

Tony was delighted – another similarity! Both of them had complicated dynamics with their assistants.

"Get out!" Lucas barked, glaring. "I'm getting dressed. You people seriously planning to just stand there?"

He lifted the gun again for emphasis. Everyone except Tony wisely retreated into the living room.

Tony leaned closer, whispering conspiratorially, "So, when are you planning to make a move on that cute assistant of yours? You know, if you're nervous, Uncle Tony's got plenty of experience – and contacts."

Lucas shot him a look that could kill, saying nothing as he pulled on his clothes.

He knew what Tony meant — but there was also Gwen. In his past life, he'd been terminally single; now, he had no idea how to juggle a love triangle.

Tony just grinned as Lucas disappeared into the bathroom. He wandered around the apartment, hands in his pockets, examining the décor.

"Not bad. From the outside, this place looked ancient, and from the inside — yup, even older. Very consistent. Need me to send a renovation team? Guarantee a full transformation."

The place was styled in European retro chic — the exact opposite of Tony's futuristic, tech-saturated taste.

"No thanks," came Lucas's muffled voice from the shower. "I like it this way. The neighbors do too. No need to mess with it."

Tony rolled his eyes. "Yeah, the neighbors — probably as antique as the furniture."

He sat down on the couch, patting the armrest. "But I'll give you this — this sofa's incredible. Where'd you get it? I should just buy the whole company and have them make one just for me."

The suede cushions were unbelievably soft.

Lucas, of course, couldn't tell him it came from his system. So he ignored him and kept showering.

Tony shrugged. Whatever. He was Tony Stark — if he wanted something, he got it. A sofa company? Consider it bought.

---

"By the way," Lucas asked when he came out, toweling his hair dry, "who are all those people you brought with you?"

"Oh, them?" Tony pointed casually toward the kitchen. "My chef team. International lineup — French, Italian, Japanese. I skipped breakfast, so I figured I'd come over and share a meal."

Lucas blinked. "You brought chefs just to eat with me?"

"Of course! And also so they could study your recipes. I still dream about those dishes I had here last time."

Lucas sighed. "They can't learn it."

"Why not?"

"Because," he said with a straight face, "magic."

And technically, it was true. His ingredients were supplied by the system, and his dishes came from his cooking skill – no traditional recipe involved.

Tony slumped, disappointed. So much for daily gourmet meals. Still, he had to admit – nothing compared to Lucas's cooking.

"Fine, fine. You guys can go," Tony told the chefs with a wave. They packed up and left, leaving him to enjoy the feast Lucas whipped up.

By the time Tony put his fork down, the plates were empty – and he looked like he might explode.

"Were you starving?" Lucas asked, wide-eyed. "Pepper not feeding you these days?"

"Shut it," Tony said, wiping his mouth elegantly with a napkin. "Your food's just too damn good. Lost control for a second."

"Want a job as my private chef? Name your price."

"Forget it," Lucas snorted. "I'm the owner of a detective agency – and a shareholder in your company, by the way. Why would I work for you? You want to eat, just come over."

Tony chuckled. "Fair enough, business partner."

Then he leaned back, pulling out his phone. "Oh, right. You see the news today?"

Lucas looked up. "What news?"

"A big green guy just tore through Columbia University."

He grinned. "Guess the Hulk's out of the bag."

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## **Chapter 87 - 87 – Chaos in Chinatown**

"Hmm? A big green guy?"

"That's right," Tony said, leaning back casually. "From what I saw, about three or four meters tall. The army even ordered a batch of high-frequency sonic cannons from Stark Industries to catch him—but he still got away in the end."

Lucas frowned. So the Hulk has appeared already.

He immediately had Skye pull up that morning's news. Sure enough, the footage showed Hulk rampaging across the university campus—smashing tanks, throwing jeeps, and finally leaping away with Betty in his arms, all while fending off General Ross's forces.

Lucas didn't pay it too much attention. He knew how this story went: Hulk would eventually take down Abomination and slip away unscathed. That battle would happen all the way over in Queens' Chinatown, far from his agency—no reason to worry about it reaching here.

"You're Iron Man," Lucas said with a raised brow. "Didn't feel like joining the fun?"

Tony snorted. "Oh, I wanted to. But I can't stand that old turtle Ross. That guy and those idiots in Congress tried to force me to hand over the Mark armor—then he even teamed up with the army to pressure me. I'd rather see the big green guy smash his face in."

Typical Tony—his petty streak was showing again. As far as maturity went, he still had a long road ahead as a 'hero'.

After eating and drinking his fill at Lucas's place, Tony finally left when Pepper called. Before going, he made sure to take a lunchbox full of leftovers for her—the same dishes as noon, of course.

Another lazy day drifted by. Lucas and Skye were both sprawled across the sofa like corpses. Skye had recently started learning from Lucas how to be a professional slacker, though she wasn't quite at his level yet—she was only lightly salted.

Days passed uneventfully. Natasha dropped by a few times, bringing updates about the Hulk. S.H.I.E.L.D. was very interested in him, of course—Nick Fury already had the green giant on his preliminary Avengers list—and they wanted to get a sample of his blood for research.

Meanwhile, Gwen's school had gone on break. Peter and Felicia came back with her, too. This time, Peter even introduced Felicia to Aunt May. The old lady was so happy she nearly levitated on the spot—she'd never imagined her shy, awkward nephew could land such a stunning girlfriend.

That evening, Lucas was slouched on the couch watching TV, while Skye and Gwen were in the corner wrestling with Moguli. They'd decided to give the creature a bath—treating it completely like a house pet.

Moguli did not appreciate it. With two swings of its little staff, it blasted both girls into a panic, sending them running in circles as chaos erupted across the office.

Lucas was still watching his show with a smirk when his phone rang.

"Hey, buddy, get to Chinatown—emergency!"

Tony's voice on the other end was nearly drowned out by the sound of explosions and screaming.

"Chinatown?" Lucas sat up. Great. That could only mean one thing—the Hulk versus Abomination battle had begun.

"What's going on?" he asked.

"Two giant freaks are tearing the whole place apart! I'm trying to hold them off, but it's getting ugly—get over here, fast!"

"Got it. On my way."

Lucas hung up and quickly told Gwen and Skye what was happening. Naturally, both of them insisted on coming along.

He had no choice but to bring them—but the flying onion would only let him ride. Gwen, however, transformed into Ghost-Spider and swung off toward Chinatown, while Skye hailed a cab.

Then, out of nowhere, Natasha appeared.

"Hey, Lucas! Come with me—Chinatown's a mess. We need you!"

Lucas blinked. Really? They're treating me like S.H.I.E.L.D. personnel now? What a joke. I don't take orders from them.

He ignored her, told Skye to go with Natasha instead, then mounted the onion and shot into the sky. Gwen had already vanished into the skyline, her white figure darting between buildings.

Natasha turned to Skye. "What's going on with them?"

"Heading to Chinatown," Skye replied. "Tony Stark called Lucas for backup."

Natasha's eyes lit up. "Well, talk about luck. Get in the car—we're going too!"

---

Meanwhile, in Chinatown, chaos ruled. Abomination was roaring Hulk's name, smashing through buildings and vehicles like they were made of cardboard. Tony was zipping through the air, blasting repulsor beams to draw its attention, but the monster's thick hide regenerated faster than he could inflict damage.

Worse, with so many civilians in the area, Tony couldn't use heavy weaponry. He had to rely on his palm cannons, trying to buy time.

In a circling Black Hawk helicopter, Bruce Banner stared grimly at the destruction below.

"Bruce, don't go," Betty pleaded, clutching his arm, tears in her eyes. "You finally got away from the Hulk."

"No, Betty," Bruce said quietly. "I have to. He became that because of me. I'm responsible."

He looked at her one last time. She could see the decision in his eyes and started to sob.

Ross sat behind them, silent. Everything happening below—the monsters, the chaos—it was all the result of his project. He'd wanted to create an army of supersoldiers for the military, but instead, he'd made monsters. The perfect soldier, it seemed, was still just Captain America—and no one else.

Bruce closed his eyes, taking a deep breath. For years, he'd avoided the Hulk, even considered ending his life to escape it. But now... now he needed that power more than ever.

He waited for the change—but nothing happened. It was as if the Hulk had disappeared. Deep down, though, he knew that wasn't true. The Hulk was still there—silent, but watching.

"I'm sorry, Betty," he said softly.

Betty's face crumpled. "No—Bruce!"

Before she could stop him, Bruce stepped out of the helicopter.

Her scream echoed through the night as Ross caught her, preventing her from jumping after him.

BOOM!

Bruce hit the street like a meteor, blowing a crater into the asphalt.

"Ballsy move, buddy," Tony muttered through his comms. "I never said you had to jump from a helicopter!"

Then—

"RRAAAHHHH!!!"

A thunderous roar split the air. A massive green figure exploded from the crater, leaping skyward before slamming a kick straight into Abomination's face.

The monstrous brute flew like a ragdoll, crashing headfirst through a concrete wall. The building crumbled into dust.

"Hulk! You finally showed up!"

Abomination staggered out of the rubble, grinning savagely. He'd waited too long for this. Tonight, he was going to prove to the world—

That Abomination, not Hulk, was the strongest monster alive.

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## Chapter 88 - 88 - Hulk

BOOM!

Abomination shot forward like a cannonball, his massive fist slamming toward the Hulk.

Hulk caught the blow mid-swing, muscles bulging like steel cables, and countered with a roar and his own punch.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Each strike was an explosion, raw power against raw power—no defense, no hesitation—just two raging beasts unleashing everything they had.

Hovering above, Tony could only stare, stunned. So that guy who fell from the sky... was this green monster?

The battle between Hulk and Abomination was a disaster in motion. The entire street was being torn apart. Civilians fled in panic while the military—cold and unfeeling—sealed off the area, pointing their rifles not at the monsters, but at the terrified people trying to escape.

Tony's face darkened behind his helmet. He fired a repulsor blast and blew up a tank.

"What the hell are you doing?! Pointing your guns at civilians—is that your job? You cowards hide from monsters but turn your weapons on the innocent? And you dare call yourselves soldiers?!"

His voice boomed through the suit's external speakers, echoing across the chaos. The soldiers froze. Tony Stark's reputation within the military-industrial complex carried more weight than any of their commanders.

A helicopter descended slightly—General Ross leaned out with a megaphone.

"I'm General Ross! I'm in command here, Tony Stark!"

Tony's face twisted with disgust the moment he recognized him.

"General Ross, pointing your guns at civilians? Looks like your career's about to end right here."

Ross wasn't intimidated. He was the military itself—his word was law.

"Tony Stark, this is a restricted military zone. Leave immediately or I'll consider it an act of hostility against the United States Army."

The threat dripped with self-righteous arrogance.

Tony laughed, the sound cold and sharp. "Save your political crap, Ross. You see those two monsters out there? That's the result of your little experiments. Hope you like military tribunals."

He pointed toward the clashing giants.

"That's classified military research," Ross barked. "You're out of line! I repeat—this area is under military lockdown. Civilians and unauthorized personnel, leave immediately!"

At his command, soldiers turned their guns on Tony's armor.

Tony actually laughed harder. "You've gotta be kidding me."

Then—CRASH!

A shadow fell from the sky. Hulk landed hard, flattening a tank beneath him.

Panic exploded among the crowd. People screamed and scattered. The soldiers, in blind terror, opened fire.

"Pull up! Pull up!!"

Ross shouted to the pilot, but before the helicopter could climb, a dark blur leapt onto it—Abomination. He yanked down hard, dragging the aircraft toward the ground.

The warning siren blared. The helicopter spun out of control, falling fast.

"Damn it, Ross!"

Tony cursed, firing his thrusters. A repulsor blast slammed into Abomination, knocking him clear of the chopper.

"Hold on!" he shouted, catching Betty with one arm and Ross by the collar with the other. He rocketed them both out just before the helicopter hit the ground.

BOOM!

The explosion lit the night sky.

Tony dropped Ross roughly onto the street without even glancing his way.

"You damned tin can! I'll tear you apart!" Abomination roared, charging again.

Tony turned to Betty. "You're Betty, right? I need you to calm that big green guy down. Leave the ugly one to me."

Without looking back, he fired another repulsor shot that sent Abomination staggering.

Betty's eyes welled with tears, but she nodded. She knew she was the only one who could reach Bruce.

Tony took off, firing mini-missiles as he flew, keeping Abomination at bay.

Betty made her way to the wrecked tank where Hulk crouched, trembling with fury, eyes glowing red.

"Bruce... please. Stop."

She reached out and gently touched his massive hand.

And it worked. The redness in Hulk's eyes faded. He looked at Betty, and in that gaze there was no rage—only warmth.

The green slowly began to recede. His breathing slowed. His form started to shrink.

But then—

BOOM!

Tony hit the ground hard, Abomination slamming him down and stomping twice on the armor.

"HULK!! Fight me!! Let's see who's stronger!!"

Abomination's roar was a challenge.

At that sound, Hulk's calm shattered. His rage surged like wildfire, muscles swelling, eyes going blood-red again.

"RAAAHHH!! HULK!!"

He charged, bellowing, straight toward Abomination.

"Bruce, no! BRUCE!!" Betty screamed, but the Hulk was gone—only the monster remained.

"Damn it!" Tony spat, deploying a compact missile launcher from his gauntlet and firing a rocket straight at Abomination.

BOOM!

The blast hit just as Hulk closed in, sending both titans flying.

"Ah, crap," Tony muttered. "Now I've pissed both of them off."

And he was right. The next second, Hulk and Abomination both turned on him. What followed was less a fight and more a beating—one he barely survived thanks to his flight thrusters.

On the ground, Ross—ever the fool—gave the worst possible order.

"Fire! Kill them both!"

Gunfire erupted. Bullets pinged harmlessly off the two giants' hides, doing nothing but making them angrier.

And that, of course, was Ross's true talent—making everything worse.

Hulk and Abomination turned on the army, ripping through tanks and soldiers like paper. The street turned into hell.

Civilians had nowhere to run. Screams filled the air.

Then—BANG! BANG!

Two sharp gunshots echoed. Both monsters staggered as green blood sprayed from their wounds.

Lucas dropped from the sky, riding Onion, smoke still curling from the muzzle of his weapon—the Judicator.

Two clean shots, and he'd actually pierced their hides.

Ross's eyes widened, greed and awe flashing in them as he stared at the weapon.

A white-and-black figure swung down from above—Gwen, landing gracefully beside Lucas.

"Help evacuate the civilians," Lucas said, reloading smoothly. "When Natasha gets here, tell her to call the one-eyed bastard. And make sure this brain-dead idiot—" he jerked his chin toward Ross "—stays the hell out of my way."

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## Chapter 89 - 89 - All-Out Battle

"Help evacuate the civilians. When Natasha gets here, tell her to contact the one-eyed bastard immediately—and make sure this brain-dead idiot doesn't get in the way."

Lucas pointed straight at General Ross. The implication was obvious.

Ross's face darkened, his temper about to explode—until Lucas raised his gun and pressed the barrel directly to his forehead.

"Say one more word," Lucas said, his tone flat and cold, "and I'll blow your head off."

His gaze was as merciless as a blade, as if he were already staring at a corpse.

Ross swallowed hard. He could feel it—Lucas wasn't bluffing.

And Lucas truly wasn't. The only reason Ross was still breathing was because Lucas hadn't switched from his rifle to his sword.

"Don't!"

Betty rushed over, stepping in front of Ross before Lucas could move again.

Lucas lowered the Judicator, not sparing Ross a single glance.

That was when Natasha arrived—followed by a squad of S.H.I.E.L.D. agents in black tactical gear. Even Barton was with her.

"Help evacuate the crowd. And keep an eye on that idiot."

Lucas's tone was clipped and commanding.

Natasha nodded sharply. She immediately took over, declaring the site under S.H.I.E.L.D. control and ordering her team to seal every exit, keeping all civilians out.

Then—thwip!—a web shot cut through the air.

Spider-Man swung into view, landing lightly on a streetlight amidst the wreckage of Chinatown.

"Hey, uh—what's going on here?" Peter asked, wide-eyed at the devastation.

"This isn't the time for questions. Help evacuate people, then get over here and back me up."

Lucas barked the order and sprinted straight toward the raging Abomination and Hulk.

The two monsters had already healed from their wounds and turned their fury on him.

"Damn insect! You actually hurt me!" Abomination bellowed, charging forward.

Lucas met him head-on, his blade flashing like silver lightning. With one twist of his sword, he carved deep into Abomination's arm—the flesh split open, blood spraying, bone and sinew laid bare.

Without slowing, the sword's tip drove straight through Abomination's chest, piercing him clean from front to back.

"ARGHHHH—!"

Abomination howled in agony. Green blood poured from the gaping wound, his vision blurring as he fell to one knee.

But even on his knees, he refused to give in. The rage inside him boiled hotter than ever, demanding release.

"ROOOOAAARR!!"

Before Lucas's eyes, the wound sealed shut—flesh knitting, blood vanishing—leaving behind only a faint scar. His regeneration was absurd, even greater than Deacon Foss's.

"Die, insect!!"

Abomination lunged, grabbing Lucas by the ankle and hurling him through the air like a ragdoll.

The wind roared in Lucas's ears. He twisted midair but couldn't regain control. The concrete wall loomed closer—

Then thwip-thwip! Two lines of web shot across the air, weaving a massive net in an instant. Lucas slammed into it, the web's elasticity absorbing his momentum.

He flipped free and landed smoothly, sword in hand.

Two figures—one in red and one in white—dropped from the sky beside him. They landed silently, catlike.

"Hey, buddy!" Peter's voice rang out before his feet even touched the ground. "You're ugly as hell, you know that? That puke-yellow skin tone—terrible choice. You should try red, man! Classic, stylish, says confidence. Take notes!"

His mouth ran like a machine gun, each word sharper than the last.

Beside him, Gwen didn't say a thing. Compared to Peter, she looked positively normal.

"Damn bugs! I'll rip that mouth off your face!" Abomination snarled, stomping down and launching himself forward like a rocket. The pavement cracked under his step.

To most eyes, he was a blur. But to Peter and Gwen—blessed with inhuman reflexes—it was slow motion.

Peter dodged lightly, firing two webs straight into Abomination's eyes. Then, in a single acrobatic flip, he landed on the monster's broad back, yanking the web-lines like reins.

BOOM—BOOM—BOOM!

Abomination rampaged blindly, crashing into walls, cars, and lampposts as he tried to throw Peter off. His vision was nothing but sticky white web.

Meanwhile, Hulk barreled toward Lucas.

The pure, childlike creature had lost himself to fury again. To Hulk, Lucas was no longer an ally—he was the enemy who shot him. And enemies had to be smashed.

"Go help the Spider duo. I'll handle Hulk."

Lucas didn't hesitate. He fired a single shot at Hulk, forcing him to block instinctively and halt his charge.

Gwen nodded, then turned and fired webs at Abomination, using the momentum to deliver a powerful midair kick straight into his jaw.

"HULK!!!"

Hulk roared, blood spurting from the hole that Lucas's shot had blown through his palm. His rage skyrocketed. He swung a colossal hand down, intent on crushing Lucas.

Lucas darted aside, green wind swirling around him. Energy gathered in his palm and coalesced into spectral claws, which snapped forward and clamped onto Hulk's arm.

With a sharp twist—

BOOM!

Hulk's massive frame was thrown to the ground. Four more energy claws materialized, pinning him in place like chains.

The Hulk roared, muscles straining, the sheer power of his struggle cracking the pavement beneath him. The claws began to flicker under the force.

Lucas waved his hand again, summoning more claws that bound Hulk tighter, sealing him in place. But Hulk's rage—and his strength—only kept growing.

Across the street, Abomination wasn't faring nearly as well.

Peter and Gwen fought like a perfect team—his strength matching Abomination's, her agility keeping him off balance. Together, they overwhelmed him.

Layer upon layer of webbing wrapped around Abomination's body. Each time he tore one, five more replaced it. Before long, he was completely cocooned, only his head sticking out, the rest of him glued to a wall.

Every time he twitched, Gwen added another layer, expression calm and efficient.

At her feet lay the empty shells of at least ten web cartridges—all spent on one monster.

Peter strolled up, hoisting a car over his shoulder like it was a toy.

"Think this'll finish him off?" he asked casually, grinning beneath his mask.

Gwen gave the car and the cocooned Abomination a calculating look, as if she were running the math in her head.

Then—BOOM!

A red-and-gold suit of armor dropped from the sky, thrusters sputtering, armor scarred and scorched.

"I say," Tony's voice came through the helmet speaker, "it's worth a shot."

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## Chapter 90 - 90 – The Dust Settles

"Whoa—Mr. Stark! Iron Man! You're my idol! Can I get an autograph?"

Peter's excitement was off the charts the moment he saw Tony—so much so that he almost threw the car he was still holding.

"Hey—hey! Easy there, kid! You're holding a car, remember? I'd rather not die flattened under my own fan."

Tony quickly backed up, hands raised in alarm.

"It's like this, Mr. Stark! I was planning to smash this guy with it. What do you think? Wanna try it yourself?"

Peter rambled so fast his words tumbled over one another. He even offered Tony the chance to "test out" what it felt like to crush someone with a car.

Tony's helmet faceplate couldn't hide the long line of exasperation forming on his brow. This kid's either sleep-deprived or insane.

Meanwhile, Abomination's struggling was growing more and more violent, the thick web cocoon creaking under the strain. Gwen was working frantically to patch the tearing gaps.

"Would you two lunatics shut up already?!" she snapped. "He's about to break free over here!"

Neither of them seemed remotely aware of the situation—one holding up a car, the other in a damaged suit of armor, chatting like they were on a coffee break.

Tony cleared his throat. "Alright, pajama boy, toss that car at his face. I'll take it from there."

Peter grinned under the mask, nodded, and with a smooth heave sent the car soaring through the air—straight toward Abomination's head.

"CURSED INSECT!!!"

Abomination's muffled roar shook the walls. The webbing around him began to rip apart, strands snapping like steel wires under strain.

"JARVIS, route all power to the chest arc reactor."

"Understood, sir. Power levels are stable. You may fire at will."

The car struck home with a deafening crash—and in that same instant, Tony's chest reactor flared to life.

A blazing beam of energy erupted forward, striking the airborne vehicle dead center. The heat was enough to melt steel and vaporize concrete.

BOOOOOOM!

The explosion swallowed the street. Flames rolled skyward, glass shattered for blocks around, and even the nearby buildings shook as if the ground itself had turned to thunder.

Every eye turned toward the blast—including General Ross, who stood surrounded by S.H.I.E.L.D. agents.

"No! No, you can't do that! Damn you, Tony Stark!" Ross shouted, face red with fury. "That was U.S. military property! You're destroying government assets—you're committing treason!"

He was trembling with rage and disbelief. His "masterpiece," his precious supersoldier, had just been obliterated. Along with it went his research, his funding, his future—and his reputation.

Chinatown lay in ruins, and the blame would all land squarely on him. His general's insignia might as well already be stripped from his shoulders. If he was lucky, he'd be exiled to some godforsaken outpost overseas.

Tony ignored him. He ran a scan over the smoking crater—no life signs detected. Only then did he relax.

Abomination was gone for good.

But Hulk was far from calm. The explosion had reignited his fury, his skin pulsing with energy, eyes glowing crimson with rage.

"HULK!! Can you stop for one second?" Lucas shouted, stepping forward. "Don't make me pull out my big move on you!"

Hulk was like an uncontrollable child—a massive, furious, impossible-to-reason-with child. Logic and words meant nothing to him. He was pure instinct, pure anger.

And the only language he understood was power.

Hulk tore free from the last vestiges of his bindings, slamming his fists into the ground in a frenzy. Cracks spidered across the street like shattered glass.

"ROOOAAARR!!"

With a roar that shook the heavens, he charged—each step demolishing cars, storefronts, and chunks of pavement.

"You asked for it, Hulk!"

Lucas's Divine Armament flew from his hand, spinning through the air like a comet. It arced once, gleaming with power—and shot straight for Hulk's chest.

Hulk swung to swat it aside—only to have the blade pierce through his shoulder cleanly, the impact sending him crashing to the ground with a thunderous boom.

"Zodiac Meteor Shower!"

Lucas spread his arms wide. Ten black vortices appeared in the air around him, swirling like miniature black holes.

From within them emerged blazing red meteors, each one seething with destructive energy.

In the crowd, Ross froze mid-breath, eyes wide in shock and—disturbingly—gleeful excitement.

"This... this power..."

His mind raced. Lucas's strength dwarfed both Hulk and Abomination combined. If only he could harness it—study it—control it. Imagine a whole army of such super-soldiers under his command!

The thought consumed him. He'd already begun scheming how to use "national security" as leverage—to coerce Lucas into compliance. If necessary, he could threaten his family, his friends—whatever it took.

Natasha, watching him, instantly read the malice in his eyes. Disgust twisted her features.

This bastard never learned. Even now, he was plotting to leash a monster stronger than any bomb.

But beneath that disgust was genuine concern—not for Ross, but for Lucas. She knew Lucas's soft spots: his friends, his loved ones. If Ross dared to touch them, he'd unleash a storm that would burn the world.

She pulled out her comm and contacted Nick Fury immediately, reporting everything Ross's expression had betrayed.

Fury believed her without hesitation. No one in S.H.I.E.L.D. read people better than Natasha Romanoff. When she said someone was planning something—she was always right.

"Motherf—! That damned warmonger," Fury snarled over the comms. "How the hell is he still breathing after Chinatown? He's really planning to screw with Lucas? Does he want his grave dug up?"

There were lines you didn't cross. Even Fury knew that. Ross, blinded by arrogance, clearly didn't.

"Natasha," Fury ordered, voice low and lethal, "tell that bastard if he lays a single finger on Lucas, he'd better prepare for his entire family to go down with him."

He hung up immediately and dispatched agents to guard George's family around the clock. If Ross so much as made a move, Fury would have him buried before Lucas even found out.

Natasha relayed the warning word for word to Ross. Her tone was cool, deliberate. "Don't even think about it. If you make a move on Lucas, no one in America will be able to save you. Not even Tony Stark will stand with you then. Your only way out will be death."

Ross merely scoffed. To him, America threatened others—no one threatened him.

Natasha's final words were icy: "Then do as you will—and die by your own hand."

She turned away, disgusted. Some people were born to dig their own graves.

Above them, the sky flared crimson.

Dozens of blazing meteors tore through the clouds, screaming toward the earth—each one locked onto the roaring, green giant below.

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