

## Spider-Man 151

Chapter 151: War!

"Need any help?" Steve asks as he and Peggy stroll into the room.

"Yeah, feel like kicking some blue alien a\*s?" Peter responds excitedly.

"Are they really alien? I mean they could be metahumans, right? Like James..." He asks in confusion as he points to Logan.

"I told you to stop calling me that!" Logan yells gruffly from across the room. "I don't have those memories anymore."

"You two know each other?" Peter asks as he was out of the loop.

"Yeah, he was a member of the Howling Commandos, James Howlett. He, Bucky, and I fought against Hydra and the Nazis together." Steve pauses for a moment as he remembers the sad loss of his best friend, Bucky.

Peggy senses his dampening mood and places a reassuring hand on his shoulder, which seemed to snap Steve out of his funk.

"James was the only man in my unit that could keep up with me. I thought that it was just amazing genetics and training at the time, but now I know he's a metahuman." Steve says as he smiles over at Logan, who grunts and looks the other way.

"I see..." Peter says as he looks over at Logan and chuckles to himself. "Well, don't worry about Logan. He may seem all gruff and uncaring, but he's a big softy on the inside. He'll warm up to you soon enough. Just keep pestering him and he'll give up."

Hearing this, Logan couldn't help but sigh in annoyance.

"I'll keep that in mind." Steve says with some renewed vigor.

"Please don't..." Logan mutters to himself, but those with enhanced hearing picked it up clearly.

Especially, Steve who flashed a big smile at his old friend's attitude.

"You may not remember, but you haven't changed." He says as he looks at Peter. "So, they are aliens, right?"

"Yep, our satellites picked up their arrival." Peter explains as he continues, stopping Steve from asking another question. "And before you ask, no we don't have the object they're looking for..."

After quickly bringing the two love birds up to speed, Peggys nods her head and speaks up.

"Yeah, we should attack as quickly as possible." Peggy agreed with Peter's reasoning.

"I'm usually not for throwing the first punch, but I agree as well." Steve follows after his lover.  
"Besides, as you said, containing all fighting outside the planet will save countless lives."

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With the extra nudge from Peggy and Steve, the whole room came to an agreement. They would attack as quickly as possible.

"Alright, what's the plan?" Tony asks.

"Hmm..." Peter took a moment to think as almost everyone in the room turned their gaze to him.  
"Tony, get me the exact coordinates of their ships."

"On it!" He says as he swipes at the table in front of him, causing a holographic keyboard and screen to appear in front of him

As Tony was typing away, Peter turned to Magneto.

"Based on the fact that their ships are most likely made of metal, your powers will be invaluable in this mission." Peter says as Magneto, who nods in agreement. "Though, I'm thinking of sidelining you for this mission."

"Why?" Erik asks in confusion.

"Well, I don't want the Avenger's new spaceships to be ruined..." Peter says offhandedly.

Instantly, Tony stops typing and turned his head with a crazy smile forming on his face. Though he wasn't the only one, a few others looked interested in Peter's words as well.

Especially, Beast and Banner.

"You are brilliant!" Tony exclaimed as all sorts of thoughts started forming in his head. "We would need to take at least one of them apart for studying! Not to mention the fuel. What if they run on some sort of alien diesel? We'll have to find out what they use..."

"Ahem!" Steve clears his throat, stopping Tony from continuing his rant. "As much as the thought of exploring space is exciting. Can we please focus on neutralizing the threat before anything else?"

"You're right. Tony back to work." Peter nods in agreement. "Just remember that the faster you get the coordinates, the faster we can acquire our new toys."

"Yes, sir!" Tony gives a mock salute and gets right back at it.

Though he seems to be typing a bit faster than before.

"I can contain my power from destroying their ships. There's no reason for me to stay behind." Magneto explains as he wants to participate in the war.

"That would be very appreciated." Peter nodded towards him and turns to Banner. "Sadly, you won't be able to join this mission."

"I wasn't planning to." Banner scoffs with a self deprecating smile. "Not only would Hulk destroy those ships, I run the chance of being sucked into the cold vacuum of space. No thanks."

Before anyone could reply, Tony jumps out of his seat.

"Got it!" He exclaims as the coordinates appear on the screen for everyone to see.

Twenty different coordinates. All of them for each ship in orbit around the planet.

"Okay, suit up everyone!" Peter yells to the surrounding Avengers. "We're leaving in 20 minutes."

"Um, I don't have any combat gear." Steve says to Peter as everyone was rushing out of the door to get ready.

"Neither do I." Peggy speaks up next.

"Follow me."

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Leading the loving young couple to Tony's lab, Peter invites them in to find the man himself doing some last-minute checks on his Iron Man armor.

"Huh?" Tony picks up his head to see some uninvited visitors. "What are they doing here?"

"They need their equipment." Peter says cryptically.

"Oh, yeah..."

Immediately, a look of realization appeared on Tony's face as he gets up and walks to an empty wall across the room.

"?" Steve and Peggy watched in confusion as Tony tapped the wall.

Suddenly, it opened up to reveal matching his and hers dark blue Captain America-themed suits.

"Wow..." Steve muttered as he still wasn't used to the futuristic technology of today's age.

Though he was also awed by the cool suits as well.

"Now I know what your thinking!" Tony says excitedly as he taps the wall again. "What about Captain America's trusty shield?"

Once again, the wall opened a bit more, revealing the captain's red, white, and, blue pristine disk-shaped shield.

"How?" Steve asks in confusion. "I thought the metal your father used was beyond rare."

"Oh, it is." Tony nodded in agreement as he points to the Peter. "Spidey stole your old shield from your room and we reforged it."

"..." Steve turned and gave Peter an accusing look.

"What?" Peter says a bit defensively. "It was just taking up space broken at the back of your closet. Besides, now you have a perfectly functioning shield."

"And for the lovely lady..." Tony smiles toward Peggy and gestures to the two pistols below the shield.

Two matching Matt Black Dessert Eagles.

"We tried to make you a shield too, but Vibranium is hard to find, even for me." Tony says as she walks over and takes the guns.

"Thanks, I'm more used to guns anyway." Peggy says as she looks down at her new weapons.

Without her recent power-up, handing akimbo desert eagles would be impossible. After all, they are one of the highest caliber pistols you can buy. The kick would be too much for a normal human to manage.

But not anymore.

"Umm..." Steve looks around a little embarrassedly. "Is there a place that we could change?"

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In a tiny transport ship, Nebula and a small Kree recon squad stealthily launched off of Ronan's Flagship and descended to the blue and green planet below.

Ronan the Accuser watches the ship depart with a cruel smile on his face.

He knew that sending her down to the planet was nothing but a wild goose chase. Nebula would find nothing and simply waste her time.

Even she knew that.

Without the tesseract's energy signature to follow, it would take an army to scour the planet to accomplish.

"Sir, is it wise to treat the daughter of Thanos like this?" One of Ronan's grunts asks worriedly.

After all, Thanos wasn't a being that anyone could offend.

"Heh, even Thanos doesn't respect her." Ronan says with a small laugh. "Why should I?"

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As Nebula's recon ship left the Flagship, three golden portals opened on three separate Kree ships.

As portal number one opened, Professor X rolled on in alongside Nightcrawler, Storm, Beast, and Hawkeye. Each X-man was dressed in black tactical gear with a yellow X on their chest.

On a separate ship, Portal number two opened, and out strolled a confident Magneto, followed by Victor, Logan, Mystique, and Natasha.

They all wore black tactical gear, though Logan's had the trademark yellow X on his.

"Why am I stuck with you?" Logan muttered, annoyed at his team placement.

"Shut up." Victor barks back angrily.

Finally, on the flagship at the head of all twenty Kree warships, the last portal opened, and out walked Peter followed by Tony, Fury, Steve, and Peggy.

Steve and Peggy donned their newly gifted suits, while Fury wore the same trench coat he always does. Tony was, of course, armed in his newest Iron Man suit.

The Mark VII. (Insert picture)

"Team two and three, do you read me?" Peter tapped his ear and spoke in a hushed tone.

"Loud and clear." Charles answers back.

"Yes." Erik follows soon after.

"Good, let the war begin."

Chapter 152: Trap

As Ronan the Accuser stared out of the observation deck, a nearby alarm went off, which caused the Kree grunts at their stations to start busily working.

"What is it?" Ronan asks in annoyance.

"Umm, there seem to be intruders on two of our ships, sir." Someone explains as another alarm starts going off. "They're on our ship as well!"

"How did they get in?" Ronan asks with a deep frown. "The scans should have picked up any ships in the area. Especially boarding ships."

Ronan's tone was accusatory as he wondered if his followers were growing lazy and incompetent. After all, his ships are the latest and greatest of Kree technology. Their scanners could detect the slightest movement for thousands of miles.

Even stealth ships stood no chance against Kree technology, so in his mind, they had to have been slacking off.

As the pressure surmounted on them, the Kree soldiers got to work trying to figure out how this happened. After all, the displeased face of their leader was not something that any Kree soldier wanted to see.

Many Kree have been executed after seeing that face...

"Sir, the ships life signs show them appearing on sector 5." Someone informs as an image of a hallway blueprint appears on the screen for all to see. "One second the hallway was empty, and the next..."

Five red dots appeared, being picked up by the motion scanner in the hall.

"How... odd." Ronan mutters as he looks over at the armed guards at the door. "Sound the alarms and retrieve the intruders. Kill them if you have to, but leave at least one alive for questioning. Do the same for the other ships as well."

""Yes, sir!""

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"...let the war begin." Peter says over their encrypted comms before turning to his team. "Alright, should we split up or?"

Just as Peter was talking, a loud alarm filled the hall.

"Well, I think they know we're here..." Peter mutters as the door in front of them opens and some lasers bolts come flying out.

Jumping in front of Fury, Steve held up his shield, which deflected a few of the lasers off to the side. Everyone else dodged except for Tony, who fires a thick energy beam from his chest.

The larger energy beam seemed to swallow the rest of the red blaster bolts, countering the attack and pushing forward toward the blue Kree soldier on the other side of the door.

Not expecting the sudden counterattack, the Kree stood shocked as the energy beam tore through their ranks, drilling a gruesome hole through one after another. As the chest beam died down, the limp bodies of the first responding Kree soldiers toppled over, dead.

"Damn, is that new?" Peter asked in awe.

Tony would usually attack with his thrusters, but his chest didn't have a thruster, so that was most likely the pure energy of his arc reactor.

"Yeah, the badassium made that possible with a few tweaks of course." Tony explains.

"Cool..." Peter muttered as they ignored the dead bodies and pushed onward through the ship.

As they continued, the slaughter of blue aliens continued.

With their firepower, clearing the hallways of the ship was easy work. The only one in the group that needed a bit of looking after was Fury, though he could handle himself for the most part.

Especially after he looted the Kree for their weaponry.

Peter felt no guilt for the deaths of these Kree. He knew from the movies that Ronan was a bloodthirsty warmonger, who would slaughter planets of innocent people if they stood in his way.

Those that chose to follow this sort of leader deserved zero pity.

Though the same couldn't be said for Steve, who knew nothing of these aliens. As more and more blue humanoids were killed mercilessly, the good-hearted Captain would look away from their bodies and push forward.

The only thing keeping him from cracking was the fact that these were aliens, not humans.

Killing fellow humans had a sort of dirty feeling about it, but aliens weren't as bad for some reason.

As for Tony, Fury, and Peggy, they seemed to not care one bit. Two of them are old hardened soldiers, while the other grew used to killing in his own personal war in Afghanistan.

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Ronan watched on the screens, as his men, which were represented by blue dots, rushed to their inevitable deaths over and over. Each time they would engage the red-marked intruders, they would disappear from the scanner, as their life signal would end.

Ronan began to grow angry as he watched in silence.

How could he not? Almost two hundred of his soldiers died already. For nothing.

"Useless..." He muttered loud enough for his surrounding grunts to flinch. 'If you want something done right, you have to do it yourself.'

Taking a breath to dissipate his anger, Ronan turned to his subordinates and ordered.

"Change of plans. Order those useless idiots to retreat to my position." Ronan commands as he grabs his war hammer and walks to the door. "Use the hallway doors to lead the intruders to the arena."

"Uh... yes sir!" One responds as they jump quickly to comply with his orders.

Leaving the room with his hammer over his shoulder, Ronan makes his way to the arena with ten fully armed Kree soldiers at his back.

That number would continue to grow as he maneuvered through the halls unimpeded.

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"Hmm..." Peter hummed as they hadn't run into any Kree for a few minutes.

"It's quiet..." Tony says as he looks toward Peter. "Too quiet."

"You had to say that, didn't you?" Peter sighs at his friend's sh\*tty sense of humor.

"What? It's a good movie line." Tony argues as the door to their right suddenly swishes open.

"!" Instantly, the group was ready for another battle.

Sadly, they were met with nothing but an empty metal hallway.

"This definitely isn't a trap..." Peter says with a healthy chunk of sarcasm.

"I would say otherwise." Steve says, not understanding.

"Do they not have sarcasm back in your day?" Peter asks over his shoulder.

"Oh..." Steve grunts in realization.

"Well, into the obvious trap we go!" Tony exclaims as he walks down the hall.

"Meh, whatever." Peter says as he follows after him.

"Uh, shouldn't we..." Steve wanted to speak up against this, but Peggy and Fury already walked past him and into the trap as well.

With no other option, the Captain follows behind Peggy, alert to his surroundings and ready for anything.

As they followed the obvious enemy plan, countless doors opened for them over and over, leading the group through the ship and down a large elevator.

When the elevator opened, a giant stadium-shaped room came into view. It was a circular stadium with countless seats surrounding what appeared to be a combat area, based on the blood stains and weapons lining the walls.

The elevator opened on the wall of the arena, where they could see a tall blue man with a war hammer in hand, waiting at the center for their arrival.

The seats in the crowd were filled with Kree soldiers, each aiming their various alien weaponry at the open elevator.

"You've finally arrived!" Ronan says irritably.

"Well, it takes time to follow a badly thought-out trap." Peter comments as he walks out of the elevator fearlessly, followed by Tony, Steve, and Peggy.

Fury stood behind and leaned into cover at the corner of the elevator with his new alien blaster rifle in hand. He couldn't dodge lasers like the rest of them, so he would provide cover from the safety of the elevator.

Ronan seems to notice this and tilts his head to the side to peak at Fury.

"Oh, don't mind him." Peter says as he knew what Ronan was thinking. "Fury's just a bit shy."

As Peter says this, he shoots a few webs around the open elevator doors, lodging them in place. He didn't need to deal with a kidnapped Nick Fury after all.

"What was that?" Ronan asked curiously as the doors to the elevator tried to close, as Peter thought, but sadly for them, the web held it back.

"Sorry, whenever I see a handsome blue man like yourself, I just start shooting web." Peter says jokingly.

"Premature ejaculation." Tony says with a sympathetic nod.

"Men are disgusting..." Peggy scoffs at their little joke.

"Enough!" Ronan roars in anger. "You will dutifully answer my questions or else."

Instantly, the crowd of soldiers readied their weapons. In close quarters, the intruders may have had the advantage, but not anymore.

"Oh, is it starting?" Peter says excitedly.

"I think it is..." Tony answers.

"Is what starting?" Ronan asks in confusion.

"The badass fight scene." Peter says like it was the most obvious thing in the world. "You know, the bad guy leads the heroes into a trap, the trap is sprung but the heroes fight back. Hence the badass fight scene."

"I'm really disappointed with this villains service." Tony says as he puts on his best Karen impression. "Where's your manager?"

Meanwhile, the whole crowd of aliens stared dumbly at the odd intruders. They didn't understand a single thing they were saying.

"Enough of this nonsense!" Ronan lost his cool and points at the intruders. "Fire!"

Chapter 153: New Hammer?

As soon as Ronan gave the order, the small stadium of Kree soldiers opened fire. Thousands of laser bolts fired in Peter's direction all at once.

Sadly for them, each of their targets swiftly dodged out of the way.

Tony activated his hand and feet thrusters and shot off into the air. Thankfully the ceiling was extremely tall in this portion of the ship.

As he ascended into the air, small hidden compartments on the Iron Man armor started opening up. Countless weapons appeared on Tony's body as his helmet's HUD starts to lock on to a large portion of the Kree soldiers.

"Lock on engaged." Jarvis' voice echoes from his suit.

As the last Kree soldier was confirmed with a green square around them, Tony said a quick prayer in his head to whichever alien god they may follow.

"Fire!" Tony commands.

Instantly, countless bullets, rockets, and even a good amount of lasers were let loose at around 1/6th of the crowd.

Bullets pierced heads with expert accuracy. Bombs were strategically fired at areas that would reap the most lives. Lasers sliced through whole rows of blue men and women, cutting them in half in a single moment.

Every target that the HUD locked onto was killed without a problem.

"Damn..." Peter muttered as he dodged the lasers and rushed toward Ronan, who was waiting with his hammer in hand. "Tony really upgraded his firepower, huh?"

Ronan, who watched all of this play out, was both shocked and enraged. The whole point of this little trap was to cut down the unnecessary losses that were taking place earlier.

Noticing the red and blue spider-themed man that was rushing challengingly towards him, Ronan turned his hatred and anger toward Peter.

"Once I'm finished with you intruders, I will cleanse your world with the might of Kree justice AND BURN IT TO ITS CORE!" Ronan bellowed as he gripped his hammer with two hands, preparing for a fight.

"Why are you yelling? You mad?" Peter comments as he kicks off the ground and launches at Ronan feet first.

Seeing this attack coming, as a hardened war veteran should, Ronan pointed his hammer at Peter and twisted it slightly.

Instantly, Peter could feel some sort of minor kinetic force collide with his leg, trying to snap his ankle before he could land his kick.

'Hm, what's that?' Peter thought as he eyed the Long-handled hammer in Ronan's hand.

Ronan is the wielder of a powerful hammer known as the Cosmi-Rod, which is a large staff-like war hammer. In addition to using it as a melee weapon, he can also fire some sort of force from it to attack his enemies.

Sadly for him, Peter's body is far too enhanced to be affected by some minor kinetic energy attack. All Ronan's attack did was push Peter's foot to the side a bit, though it was enough to throw his kick off course.

"Cool hammer." Peter comments as he flies past Ronan, missing his attack.

Though that didn't mean he couldn't recover.

Abandoning his original attack plan altogether, Peter pulled his fist back and punched Ronan square in his blue face as he passed by.

Ronan instantly dropped his hammer and launched off of his feet as he flew into the wall across the room, smacking into it with a loud metallic thud. The metal wall behind him dented inward as some blue blood dropped from his mouth, possibly due to internal injuries.

Of course, Ronan was a Kree blessed with enhanced Strength, durability, agility, etc., so one strike from Peter, which would kill any lesser man, was shrugged off after a few breaths.

Standing with the help of the wall behind him, Ronan seethed as he looked across the Arena, but couldn't find the man that sent him flying.

What he did see, however, only fed into his already explosive rage. Not only was Iron Man constantly raining death upon his fellow Kree, but Steve and Peggy stuck together and ran around the arena, slipping past laser fire and using Caps shield for cover when necessary.

Everywhere they would go, Steve would take care of the close-quarters fighting, while Peggy would stick close and use her new oversized pistols to decimate the more distant enemies.

Each time a loud bang would go off, a Kree soldier would drop to the ground with a .50 Caliber hole in their body.

Meanwhile, Fury stayed in his safe elevator, clinging to the wall. He would peak out on occasion and pick off as many Kree soldiers as he could before he drew too much attention and hid again.

This would repeat over and over, as Iron Man and the Super Soldier couple were good distractions for him.

"Looking for someone?" Ronan heard over his head and looks up.

Standing on the wall sideways with his arms crossed over his chest, Peter looks down at Ronan with an air of amusement.

"I can tell it angers you that your men keep dying." Peter says as the vengeful and rage-fueled look on Ronan's face was prominent. "How about you surrender and we won't kill anymore Kree? Of course, they would have to surrender as well."

"..." Ronan silently seethed as the man above him offered him a way out. "Surrender is for the weak and the Kree are not weak!"

He exclaimed and rushed to his hammer, which was only a few meters away.

"You asked for it, I guess..." Peter mutters as he bends and launches himself off into the air.

Just as Ronan was about to bend down and swipe his hammer off the floor, Peter flew over him and shot a web. As the web stuck to Ronan's trusted weapon, Peter yanked it back.

Ronan could do nothing but watch as his hammer was stolen before his very eyes.

"As I said before, this is a cool hammer." Peter says as he lands in front of Ronan and twirls the staff-like hammer around his fingers. "I used to have a better one, but I had to return it... I think I'll keep it this time though. After all, the dead have no use for material things, right?"

Peter says as Ronan's heart began to beat erratically as throbbing veins start to appear on his blue face.

Ronan was pissed off when Thanos called him 'boy' and treated him as a child. He was also pissed off when his grunts died pointlessly, but this was a whole other level.

Kill him?

Ronan has destroyed entire worlds, yet this masked buffoon wanted to kill him?

"You think that you could kill me?" Ronan asks as if it were impossible. "I am Ronan the Accuser! I have brought reckoning to more planets and peoples than anyone can count! You're nothing but some enhanced ape from a backwater world..."

'Hmm, how did he do it again?' As Ronan was ranting, Peter ignored his every word and pointed the staff forward. "Is it just a movement?"

Twisting it slightly as Ronan did, a kinetic force fired from the staff-like hammer.

\*Snap crack!\*

The force seemed to connect with the ranting Ronan's neck, twisting it at an odd angle with a sickening sound.

Before he could finish his long-winded rant, Ronan toppled over onto the cold hard metal arena floor.

Dead.

"Well, I gave him a chance..." Peter muttered as he walks over to check for any vital signs.

Although Peter was able to pretty much bat away the kinetic attack earlier, the same couldn't be said for Ronan. Comparatively, Ronan's enhanced body was far weaker than someone like Spider-Man.

The whole arena stilled and the fighting paused as every Kree soldier looked over to see Peter check the pulse of their downed leader.

"He's dead." Peter confirmed loud enough for all to hear. "The rest of you can either follow in his footsteps or surrender and be spared. Choose wisely."

The whole Arena descended into silence as the Avengers gave the Kree soldiers a moment to decide whether they wanted to live or die.

If they chose wisely, as Peter said, the surviving Kree would be imprisoned. At least until Peter could figure out what to do with them.

Of course, the only other option was death.

Soon, the first soldier dropped his rifle and held his hands up.

This triggered a widespread chain reaction as one by one more Kree began to surrender.

"Traitors!" One Kree yelled as he turned his gun on his own comrades and fired.

Seeing this, other radical Kree started joining in as a sort of civil war broke out between those that wanted to surrender and those that would rather die.

"Jarvis, lock on..." Tony Commander as his HUD highlighted all of the people that refused to surrender. "Fire."

With one last volley, Tony swiftly dropped the more radical half of their impromptu civil.

The surviving Kree looked at the dead bodies of their former comrades in both shame and relief.

Shame that they gave up in order to preserve their lives, and relief that they weren't the ones dead on the floor.

"Team 1, this is team 2." Charles' voice suddenly sounds through Peter's earpiece. "We've taken control of our first ship and captured about a quarter of the aliens onboard."

"We've done the same." Erik speaks next, without any form of radio etiquette. "Though I'm afraid we've taken no prisoners on our end."

"That's fine." Peter holds his hand to his ear and says with a shrug. "Here."

Waving his hand, Peter opens portals for the two teams to move on to the next ships on the list.

"3 ships down, 17 more to go."

## Chapter 154: Clean Up

While the two other teams started their assault on the next ships, Peter and his team started the clean-up process.

Someone needed to deal with the remaining Kree soldiers, after all. There's no doubt in Peter's mind that they would probably try and escape if left to their own devices.

Especially since the alternative would be leaving them in their own escape vehicles.

"This isn't as fun as I thought it would be..." Tony says as he and the others escort the surrendered Kree through Peter's portals and into the Avengers Tower Detainment floor.

Just as he was saying this, the comms in their ears sounded off.

"Team 2 has captured our second ship with prisoners once again." Charles informs them.

"Same here." Erik says only seconds after. "We spared a few this time as well."

"Good job, portals incoming." Peter says as he waves his hand and more portals appear, including one in front of Tony and the rest of his team. "Go ahead, I know you want to."

"What?" Steve asks in confusion.

"Well, maybe not you, but I know that Tony wants to fight more aliens, so go capture another ship." Peter says in a resigned tone as he gestures to the portal. "I can handle the prisoners myself."

"Yes!" Tony says excitedly as his helmet's face mask snaps shut. "Thanks, tingles!"

"Hey! I told you about my spider senses in confidence." Peter protests jokingly as Tony shoots off into the portal, ready for a fight.

"Should we follow him?" Steve asks as Peggy huffs in annoyance.

"Let's go before he gets himself killed..." Unholstering her pistols, Peggy steps through the portal followed by Steve.

Fury was currently preoccupied, so he wouldn't be joining them.

"Have fun, I guess." Peter shrugs as he continued escorting prisoners from multiple ships.

Thankfully, the other ships haven't been notified of what's happening so far, or else they would probably escape as quickly as possible.

This is all thanks to Peter, who convinced the Kree on the Flagship to send out some fake messages. After all, the flagship is where all the orders come from in the first place.

After sending these messages, which kept all of the Kree in the other 20 ships calm, they cut the communications between the ships, making it only possible for them to get information from the Flagship, which Peter already had under complete control.

Meaning, no one outside the flagship knew that their glorious leader Ronan the Accuser is dead. Though they do know that three of the ships had some unforeseen intruders, as Peter didn't have control at the time that information was circulated.

Of course, Peter was sure to inform the other ships that the intruders were dealt with, before warning each ship to be on the lookout for any more possible stowaways.

After all, he had to make sure everything was believable.

'It's not like they have a chance...' Peter thought uncaringly.

Of course, after misinforming all of those ships, Peter left Fury with the Kree in charge of communications. These Kree would be imprisoned with the rest when they weren't useful anymore.

Of course, he had his new favorite weapon in hand, the Kree laser rifle.

'Who better to leave in charge of their misinformation tactics than a super spy?' Peter thought, reassured by this choice.

With the best of the best running disinformation for them, the war continued, but by this point, it was more of a one-sided steamrolling.

'It's too bad that I'm stuck here doing grunt the work...' Peter thought as he continued managing portals and escorting prisoners to the detainment floor.

As the Kree would flood through the portals, Peter made sure that they saw two things specifically. These two things immediately squash any thoughts of rebellion from their minds.

First, as Peter escorted the Kree like a warden of a prison, he held Ronan's hammer in hand for all to see.

Instantly, the idea of being saved by Ronan the Accuser became doubtful, as all other ships didn't know about his death.

Second, displayed on the floor beside the portal leading to the detainment floor was the cold and lifeless body of their leader, immediately proving that planted doubt in their minds.

Thanks to this small tactic of his, Peter only had to deal with some small defiance here and there. No large-scale riots took place, which he was thankful for.

Of course, Peter could have handled that, though he probably would have had to kill some of them in the process.

After all, Charles and his team left a lot of the Kree alive, but luckily, Erik's group seemed to offset this as they emptied their first ship of all life, and then started leaving a few alive so as not to look bad.

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Hours later and the last ship was under their control. Peter spent all of these hours stuck as a babysitter for blue aliens.

'I need to find another Avenger that can be the portal b\*tch for occasions like this.' Peter thought as he finished locking up the last of the Kree.

Sighing in relief as he returned to the Flagship, Peter found the battle-hardened Avengers standing in the observation deck, watching the world below in silence.

Everyone seemed to be in one piece, though that was hard to tell for both Logan and Victor, who were both covered in blue blood.

"Woah, you two look like someone spilled paint all over you." Peter comments as he can smell the odd-scented alien blood wafting off of them. "You could have been less messy, you know?"

"Ugh..." They both grunt and don't bother answering, as Peter wasn't the first one to say something like that.

"That's what we all said." Tony states with a nod as he keeps his distance from the two.

"Are the prisoners detained?" Fury asks.

"Yeah, though we may need to expand our prison by another floor or two. We're currently at capacity." Peter says with a tired sigh.

It's been a while since Peter has gotten some rest, as he was rudely interrupted by Tony, so dealing with the boring grunt work has only made him miss his nice warm bed even more.

"What should we do with these ships?" Charles asks from his wheelchair.

"Hmm, we'll have to learn how to fly them before anything else..." Peter says thoughtfully.

"We could try to connect Jarvis to their systems." Tony offers with an excited look on his face. "He should be able to learn the controls instantly."

"What if it's all in an alien language?" Peter asks as he contemplates that idea.

"I think he can figure it out..." Tony says with a shrug.

"Fine, you work on that." Peter says as he turns back to the other Avengers. "The rest of you can return to the tower and relax."

"What about you?" Tony asks before getting to work. "Off to bed?"

"No, I have a planet full of people to calm down." Peter says as he sighs in annoyance. "We don't need any nukes launched at our new ships after all."

Receiving a sympathetic nod from Tony as he gets to work, Peter waves his hand and leaves with the rest of the Avengers.

Only Tony remained on the Flagship.

"Are we sure it's a good idea to leave him in space, alone?" Charles asks as the portal closes behind them.

"Yeah, won't he drift off or something?" Clint speaks up as well.

"No, he'll be fine." Peter says with a shake of his head. "The ships are all in orbit, so they won't just fly off. Unless he does something stupid..."

---

Back in space.

"Okay, Jarvis." Tony says as he looks between all of the alien controls panels. "Let's take this all apart and make a port to connect you."

As he didn't have any of his tools, Tony used his Iron man suit to rip the control panels apart and study the insides. Sparks fly as he tears apart the control room without a care for any of the possible consequences.

---

"...but Tony's smarter than that." Peter says as many Avengers give him skeptical looks. "... Yeah, you're right. I'll check on him once I'm done calming the masses."

"Good idea." Fury nods.

"Alright, off I go." Peter says as he turns to Fury. "Can you start questioning our new alien guests? We could use all of the information we can get."

"Yeah, I'll start now." Fury nods as he walks out of the room followed by Natasha and Clint.

Leaving the rest of the Avengers to do as they pleased, Peter left the room and took out his phone. Checking twitter as he maneuvered through the Towers halls, Peter found everyone freaking out about Ronan's message.

'I should have posted something earlier.' Peter sighed as he wrote a tweet.

---

@Spider\_Man:

Press conference at Avengers Tower in 30mins.

---

Just as things were calming down on Earth, the Chitauri army soared through empty space, trying their best to catch up to the faster Kree army.

Chapter 155: Countdown

[9 hours, 40 minutes, 52 seconds]

Standing at a podium in a room filled with cameras and microphones, which were all pointed in his direction by various members of the press, Peter started explaining the latest mission that the Avengers undertook.

"Hello, everyone." Peter says as he waves, his image being broadcast across the world.

Before locking up the Kree that helped spread misinformation for them, Peter had them shut down the replaying message that looped all over Earth. If he didn't, then this whole press conference would be blocked, making the whole thing pointless.

"I'm going to get straight to the point and then leave to deal with other things, so listen up." Peter says as he was too tired to deal with the questions of hungry reporters. "The alien army that was threatening our planet through our TVs and radios has been dealt with. They were in orbit around our planet, waiting to invade. We, the Avengers, acted quickly and launched an attack before they could enter Earth's atmosphere, as that would keep all of you away from the fighting..."

The world was shocked, as most people didn't actually believe in an alien invasion. They thought it was some sort of hoax orchestrated by some hacker or something.

Even hearing the words from Spider-Man's mouth didn't sway many of them, as it was just too outlandish of a tale.

Peter went into a little more detail and explained about the Kree and Ronan the Accuser, though he didn't say much more before walking off stage.

"That's it for now. When we have more information, either I or Tony will call another one of these." Peter says as he waves and walks off. 'I can hear my bed calling for me...'

"Wait!" One of the more loud mouth reporters yells as they step in front of the crowd. "You really expect us to just believe all of this without a single shred of proof?"

This seemed to insight the other reporters and journalists in the crowd, as they all started shouting their own questions.

'I said no questions, didn't I?' Peter thought in annoyance as he sighed and walked back to the podium and glared at the crowd under his mask. "Quiet."

Peter didn't raise his voice, but the annoyed tone along with the dangerous feeling he was radiating at the moment seemed to scare the crowd into silence.

"Tony is currently doing his best to figure out how to fly the Kree ships that we commandeered..." Peter says with complete confidence.

---

In space.

Sparks go flying as Tony sat in the middle of hundreds of alien wires from the destroyed control panels of the flagship.

"Hmm, not that one either..." Tony mutters to himself as the lights on the ship suddenly shut down, leaving him in darkness. "That's not good."

---

"...I'm sure that many of you will see them when we bring them down to Earth. As for other forms of proof, we have many survivors from the battle that are currently detained and undergoing interrogation as we speak. Maybe we'll release some recordings from these interrogations later." Peter says with a shrug, shutting down the doubters for the moment. "Now, I have to get back to the Tower. See yah."

This time, the crowd was silent as Peter walked off stage, leaving them with the idea that Aliens actually may have planned on attacking them.

The same could be said for many around the world as well.

---

[8 hours, 49 minutes, 39 seconds]

In a dark interrogation room in the Tower, Fury sat across from a chained Kree soldier, neither said a word as Fury just stared at him in silence.

Using his plethora of experience, Fury first set his sights on the more cooperative Kree, dragging them in and out, looking for the one that would either brag about themselves or break and start spilling everything.

Either way, he would get the information they needed.

He could have just started torturing the Kree, as they weren't humans or from Earth, so technically, they had no human rights.

'Too bad Torture is unreliable...!' Fury thought as he waited for the Kree before him to speak first, continuing the staring contest.

Torture in interrogation yields poor information, as the victim would say, and admit to anything just to make the pain stop.

Not to mention the fact that it sweeps up many innocents. The soldier your drowning, cutting, or starving could just be a man that was drafted and forced into service.

The possibility of torturing an innocent prisoner just wasn't worth it.

Though there is a time and a place for torture tactics, though that's in extreme and dire circumstances, but this wasn't one of those situations.

"Are you just going stare at me all day?" The Kree finally asked.

"Yes, now why did you come to my planet?" Fury answered and throws out his first question.

"..." The Kree man stays quiet, refusing to answer.

"Was it actually the Tesseract? Or was that just a ploy Ronan cooked up, so he could justify invading a peaceful world?" Fury asks pointedly.

"Justification?" The Kree laughs as the chains tying him down rattle. "We do not care whether your world is peaceful or not. The Kree take what they want. The question is whether the other party hands it over respectfully, or well... you heard Ronan's words in the message."

"Yeah, but he's dead now." Fury comments as he places a picture of Ronan's dead body on the table.

Instantly, the Kree prisoner starts to glare as he looked toward the picture of his former leader. Ronan's head was snapped sideways and a bone could be seen poking through his neck.

"For some big bad alien warlord, your leader died almost instantly." Fury says, purposefully angering the alien across from him. "It was so anticlimactic too. He was ranting about how he

couldn't die, then my comrade used Ronan's own weapon against him and snapped his neck like a twig."

This Kree was from a separate ship, so he was just learning about what happened to Ronan.

"You know nothing about Ronan the Accuser!" The Kree seethed as he pulled on his restraints, trying to attack Fury who was completely unfazed. "He is the perfect Kree. Ronan embodies all of our most sacred ancient customs."

"Well, I think you mean he was the perfect Kree." Fury continues poking at a hornet's nest. "Truthfully, from your explanation of him, I was expecting more. After all, he died so easily..."

"Shut your mouth you dirty ape!" The Kree bellowed hatefully as he strains against his chains.

...

"You know, I've been called some pretty racist sh\*t by a lot of humans, but never an alien." Fury commented as he found this scenario entertaining.

Watching from the cameras, Natasha and Clint couldn't help but gape at what the Kree said.

"Can an alien even be racist?" Natasha asks with a thoughtful look.

"Probably, but I think he was throwing that insult at all humans, not just well... you know." Clint replies as they go back to watching the monitor.

Seeing that the man before him found his outburst funny, the Kree continues to thrash against his restraints for a moment before finally giving up.

\*heavy breathing\*

"You think... it's over, don't you?" The Kree says as he catches his breath. "You think... your planet safe?"

"..." Fury doesn't answer and waits for him to explain.

"We were only the first to arrive." The Kree says with a triumphant smile. "When Thanos' army descends on this pitiful planet, you apes won't stand a chance."

"Who's Thanos?" Fury asks but the smug Kree refused to speak any further.

---

[5 hours, 20 minutes, 55 seconds]

A golden portal opens in the dark Flagship's control room, illuminating the destruction that Tony inflicted on the poor ship.

"What the..." Peter mutters as he steps through.

A few seconds after he stepped through, the lights suddenly flicker back on, lighting up the whole place.

"Yes!" Tony yells as his head pops up from below the floor. "Let there be light!"

"I see that you've trashed the place..." Peter reveals himself as his portal closes behind him.

"Oh, Peter! Where have you been?" Tony uses Peter's real name, as no one else was around.

"I had a press conference to calm the masses and took a quick power nap." Peter reveals as he looks around the destroyed room. "Otherwise I may have snapped upon seeing this mess."

"Well, I have to connect Jarvis somehow..." Tony says with a shrug.

"Right..." Peter says as the speakers in the ship go off.

"jotlhmeH mughwI' ghaH jatlh Hol, qI' Hol, pagh Hoch ghItlh, ghob'e' wa'DIch SoH. vaj 'ej ghItlh 'ay', jatlh 'ay' qI' 'ay' agh' 'ej ghob'e' DaSov. mughmeH Segh Hoch ghob'e'!" A weird angry-sounding alien language plays through the ship's control room.

"Where is that coming from?" Peter asks as Tony looks at the mess around the room.

"I have no idea."

## Chapter 156: Avengers Learn About Thanos

"Where is that coming from?" Peter asks after hearing the odd alien language. 'Is it the Chitauri?'

"I have no idea." Tony asks as the ship goes silent. "Though I think we should find out..."

"Heh, you think?" Peter says sarcastically.

The Chitauri are a sentient species of cybernetically enhanced beings. Most of them are simple-minded dogged creatures, similar to insects, operating under a hive-mind intelligence.

They are the personal army of Thanos, which he mainly uses to throw at his enemies or cull half the population of entire planets. Whatever the job may be, as long as it pertained to war and death, the Chitauri will follow the Mad Titans' every order faithfully.

"Let's get to work, I guess..." Peter says as he starts to familiarize himself with the exposed control panels. "Give me a quick rundown on what you figured out so far."

---

While Peter and Tony put their heads together to, hopefully, get the ships moving, Fury spent hours interrogating as many Kree soldiers as he could.

Through these long hours of unending questioning, He started to get a good picture of what was happening.

"Who's Thanos?" Fury would ask every Kree this same question.

Most would clam up and refuse to speak, each of them too scared to say a word, which was odd as the Kree seemed fairly confident in every other area.

It was only the name of the Mad Titan that seemed to bring out this collective fear in all of them.

Though that didn't mean Fury didn't get an answer to his question. Out of the thousands of captive Kree, one of them had to break.

"The Mad Titan isn't someone you should be asking about..." A more talkative Kree woman said in a hushed tone.

"Why?" Fury asks curiously. 'Mad Titan?'

"Thanos is one of the strongest beings in the universe. You may have beaten us and Ronan the Accuser, but when it comes to Thanos, even the great Kree and Nova empires must be respectful. Otherwise, the consequences would be astronomical." She explains with a trace of fear in her tone.

Of course, since Fury found a cooperative Kree soldier, he made sure to milk her for all of the information she had.

"Sounds like a scary man." Fury comments as he asks further. "Is it true another army is coming?"

"Yes, a small portion of The Mad Titans personal army..." She goes on to give a small explanation about the Chitauri. "You should leave this planet while you can. Encountering the Chitauri is a mark of death. It doesn't matter whether you win or lose this battle. Thanos already set his gaze on your planet. If his army fails, he'll send another or worse..."

"Worse?" Fury asks, loving how open this Kree is being compared to the rest.

"He could visit this planet himself." She says as a shiver runs down her spine. "Either way, I'm sure we'll be killed for our failure."

"Huh..." Fury grunted as he leaned back in his chair. "How long until this army gets here?"

"They were supposed to arrive 18 hours after our arrival." She answers without trouble.

Instantly, Fury realized that they were on a short clock, as they had a bit less than 5 hours before another alien army arrived at Earth's borders.

"How many ships do they have?" He continues fishing for information.

"The same number as us, I think..." She says after a moment of thought. "I don't know much though. You'll have to ask Nebula for more details..."

"Who?" Fury asks with a raised eyebrow.

"Thanos' daughter..."

---

Speaking of Nebula, the unloved daughter of Thanos and her Kree subordinates are currently occupying the house of a married couple that are out of town for their anniversary.

They spent the day infiltrating various government buildings, searching for any clues that could lead them to the Tesseract.

Sadly, their efforts bore little to no fruit.

Sure, they learned about plenty of government facilities, though they wouldn't know what was inside until they start poking around more.

As the Kree stealth squad was raiding the kitchen for food like a bunch of animals, Nebula sat on the couch and familiarized herself with the TV.

"These humans really need to update their technology..." Nebula comments as she flips through the channels. "What's this?"

A man in spider-themed clothing stood on a podium surrounded by a crowd of eager people.

"The alien army that was threatening our planet through our TVs and radios has been dealt with. They were in orbit around our planet, waiting to invade. We, the Avengers, acted quickly and launched an attack before they could enter Earth's atmosphere, as that would keep all of you away from the fighting..."

'Impossible...' Nebula thought in disbelief.

Suddenly, a Kree soldier who was in hearing range dropped a cooked chicken leg onto the floor and stared at the TV in shock.

"Lies!" He exclaims, drawing the attention of the other Kree. "Our army would never lose to these apes so easily."

After playing that clip, a news anchor started speaking.

"Spider-Man, Earth's most loved hero and co-founder of the Avengers, says the alien threat has been dealt with." As the newswoman says this, the newly arrived Kree watch in shock. "Some were skeptical of his claims, but he had this to say."

The screen changed to a similar clip, except this time the oddly dressed man was talking about commandeering Kree ships and interrogating the surviving captives.

"How dare they spread lies about our army..." A Kree says through his grinding teeth.

'Hmm... I don't think he's lying though.' Nebula thought as she wondered what to do now.

"We should return to the ship." One of the Kree voices their opinion. "Ronan needs to hear of this."

"What if he isn't lying?" Nebula asks thoughtfully.

"..." No one had an answer for her, though they all thought that was highly unlikely.

"That doesn't matter!" One of them says angrily, as he glares in Nebula's direction. "We're returning to the ship. Ronan the Accuser wouldn't lose to some weak backwater planet."

Nebula seethed as she was treated harshly by some random grunt. This is all due to Ronan's attitude toward her. He disrespected her at every moment he could, and now his subordinates have learned to do the same.

"Look at me like that again, and I'll cut you into tiny little pieces." Nebula earns as she takes out a knife from her belt.

After all, her father wouldn't care for the loss of a random Kree nobody.

"Humph, try it." He counters and draws his laser pistol.

Without another word, Nebula flicked her hand and launched the knife across the room. Before anyone could react, the knife flew into the disrespectful Kree's left eye, piercing straight into his brain.

As he lifelessly collapsed onto the floor, the other Kree grabbed their weapons tightly and aimed at her.

"Clean this mess up and meet me at the shuttle. We might as well check for ourselves if Ronan lost or not." Nebula says as she walks out of the house, ignoring the guns pointed at her the whole time. 'Is it wrong to hope the He's dead?'

---

Time slowly passed as Fury extracted as much information from the captives and called the Avengers to assemble once again. Just when they thought the threat was taken care of, another alien army was only hours away.

Though two people didn't get this message, as they were currently in space.

Tinkering with the ship's control panel, Peter and Tony worked steadily to figure out the many wires and started working on a port that Jarvis could connect to the ship through.

After a couple of hours of work, in which Peter had to make a few trips to Tony's workshop for supplies, the two were only a few steps away from completing the port.

"Connect the blue wire next..." Tony backseats Peter's work.

"No, it's the grey wire, you idiot." Peter comments as he grabs the grey wire.

"No, the grey wire connects to the scanners, not the databanks." Tony corrects with a huff.

"How much do you want to bet?" Peter asks with a challenging look.

"\$100,000 and a single tweet from the others Twitter account." Tony offers, accepting the challenge.

"Deal." Peter says as he grabs the blue wire and plugs it in.

Instantly, the monitors in the room started lighting up, as the scanners started to pick up a million nonexistent intruders on board.

"Looks like I win..." Peter says as he replaces the blue wire with the grey one. "I only take cash, by the way."

"Whatever, just hurry up." Tony started pouting like a child.

Finishing the last few tweaks, Tony was finally able to plug Jarvis into the newly made port through his phone.

"Good luck, buddy." Tony says as Jarvis' code floods through the port and into the ship.

"Connection secure." Jarvis' voice plays through the ship's speakers. "Accessing ships databanks..."

"Haha!" Tony laughed triumphantly. "It worked!"

"Translating foreign alien coding and language... 1%... 2%... 3%... 4%."

[1 hour, 57 minutes, 07 seconds]

Chapter 157: Firepower

"Translating foreign alien coding and language... 1%... 2%... 3%... 4%... 25%... 50%... 75%... 100%!" Jarvis' kept them updated through the speakers of the ship.

"Good job, buddy." Tony says as he pats the wall of the ship proudly.

"Anything we should know?" Peter asks Jarvis.

"Yes, I now have full control over all twenty Kree warships. I can control each of them from the Flagship." Jarvis answers.

"Well, at least the mess Tony made didn't affect the ship much..." Peter says as he turns a quick glare at the man in question.

"What? We would have replaced the controls anyway. They were all labeled in whatever language the Kree write in." Tony says with a shrug.

"That is not all." Jarvis says as the remaining monitors in the room play a recording from the databanks.

"How much longer until we arrive?" Security footage of Ronan and Nebula speaking appears on the screen.

'Nebula is here?' Peter confirmed his earlier suspicions. 'Did she die in the battle?'

Peter would have remembered seeing her with the prisoners, as he was the one that was in charge of that.

"37 hours. Though we can half that if we increase speed and leave behind the slow Chitauri ships." Nebula answers as she glares hatefully at Ronan.

"Hmm, do it." Ronan commands.

"What?" Nebula asks.

"Increase every ship's speed to maximum." Ronan turns and walks to the door, passing Nebula along the way. "Half of our army will arrive late, but that won't change the outcome."

The screen goes black as the video ends.

"He's right, it didn't change the outcome." Tony says with an air of confidence. "We still would have won either way."

"Jarvis, I'm guessing that odd language was a message from the Chitauri? How far away are they?" Peter asks.

"Yes, sir." Jarvis answers respectfully and dutifully. "The message from earlier can be roughly translated to a report on their arrival time. We have around an hour and a half until twenty Chitauri warships arrive."

"Okay, do our new ships have any firepower?" Peter asks as a wide smile blooms on Tony's face.

"Hehe, I like the way you think, Web-Head." Tony laughs excitedly.

"Yes, each of the Kree ships is outfitted with hundreds of missiles as well as a couple of high-powered beam weapons. When it comes to defense, there's a kinetic shield that can be activated during combat. Though, the shields will drain the power of each ship fairly quickly." Jarvis explains everything he learned about the ships.

Peter doesn't say anything as he and Tony turn to look at each other, smiling like two maniacs.

"Alright, Tony. You work on our battle strategy with Jarvis." Peter says as he opens a portal to the Tower. "I'll go and gather our forces, just in case."

As Peter was walking into the portal, he turned around and looks back for a moment.

"Jarvis, where is that woman from the video? I don't remember seeing her among the dead or the prisoners." Peter asks with one foot inside the ship and another in the Tower.

"One moment..." Jarvis says as he searches the ships databanks. "She and a few Kree were sent down to Earth to investigate the whereabouts of the Tesseract."

"She didn't return?" Peter asks.

"No, sir." Jarvis answers swiftly.

"Okay, if she does return, can you trap her in the ship? I want her alive." Peter says, receiving a knowing smile from Tony.

"I thought you had a girlfriend?" Tony says with his infuriating smirk. "Though I understand the appeal of a sexy blue alien."

"Not everything is about sex, you old perv." Peter says, happy that he can finally use Tony's age against him.

After all, if he made age jokes before, Tony would have known Peter was younger than he portrays himself.

"At least I'm not a middle schooler!" Tony yells back as the portal closes, leaving him and Jarvis alone on the ship. "So, tell me more about these high-powered beam weapons..."

---

Arriving in the tower, Peter checked his phone and found a bunch of missed calls and messages from different members of the Avengers.

"Jarvis, where is Fury?" Peter asks as Jarvis is integrated with the entire Tower.

"He and many other Avengers member are currently having a strategy meeting..." Jarvis says and gives Peter the location.

...

Walking into one of the large meeting rooms, Peter felt a bout of deja vu come over him, as every member was here once again.

"Let me guess..." Peter says as he waltzed into the room, instantly drawing everyone's attention. "You guys learned about the second army headed our way?"

"You're late!" Fury says angrily.

"We've known about this for hours..." Natasha says with a roll of her eyes.

"Good for you." Peter says as he waves his hand and creates a portal to the ship. "We have a bit more than an hour before they arrive so let's go."

"We haven't decided on a plan yet." Charles says from his wheelchair.

"Tony and I already have that covered." Peter reveals as he gestures to the portal. "If you don't want to miss the fireworks, then come on."

Sighing in annoyance, Fury was the first to step through the portal, followed by everyone else. Stepping in behind them, Peter closes the portal.

"Stark, what's the plan?" Steve asks as he and everyone else freezes at the mess that was once a prestine control room.

Just as Tony was about to answer, a soft alarm went off, filling the control room.

"Sir, a shuttle is docking onto the flagship." Jarvis' informs them as the alarms stop.

"Is it the woman from the video?" Peter asks, ignoring the curious glances from those that just arrived.

"Yes, sir. Would you like me to lock them in the shuttle?" Jarvis asks dutifully.

"Yeah, just make sure they can't detach from the ship either." Peter answers with a nod.

"Done." Jarvis says after only a second. "Shuttle locked in place."

"What's going on?" Nightcrawler voices everyone else's thoughts.

"I'll explain later." Peter says as walked to the door. "Jarvis, lead me to the shuttle."

"Yes, sir."

---

As their shuttle docked on Ronan's flagship, Nebula clicked her tongue in annoyance. Looking over at the dead body laying motionless on the side, she rolled her eyes hatefully.

'I tell them to take care of the body and these idiots bring it with us...'  
Nebula thought with a disgruntled sigh as a decaying smell filled the small shuttle.

The shuttle shook as a loud clang was heard, locking the shuttle to the much larger ship.

Preparing herself for what's to come, Nebula stood up and hit a button next to the sliding doors. Instantly, a red light appears under the button and the door doesn't budge.

"What the..." Nebula mutters as she taps the button once again.

Nothing.

The door stays sealed shut, leaving them trapped in the tiny shuttle with a decaying carcass.

"Open the damn door already!" One of the Kree yells toward Nebula.

"...what do you think I've been doing?" She turned to glare at the idiot behind her.

"Move out of the way." Another says as he pushes forward and hits the same button to no avail. "It's locked..."

"No sh\*t." Nebula says as she pushes forward. "Let me see what I can do."

Suddenly, Nebula's hand turns into a sort of alien multipurpose tool, which she uses to take the panel beside the door apart, revealing the many wires hidden underneath.

Just as she was about to start messing with the door's controls, it suddenly swung open on its own.

"Huh? You did it?" A Kree asks in surprise.

"No, I didn't." She admits and looks out the door.

"Hello." A foreign voice says.

Peter stood outside the door in his blue and red spider suit, waving toward the newly arrived aliens. Held in his right hand was the hammer that once belonged to Ronan the Accuser.

"That doesn't belong to you!" One of the Kree noticed the hammer and points his gun menacingly.

"Well, it does now." Peter says with a shrug. "The old owner won't be needing it anymore after all."

They seemed to understand what Peter meant, as the more hotheaded Kree started firing at him.

With a quick swipe of the hammer, Peter shot some kinetic force at the incoming laser bolts, knocking them to the side with ease.

"You, step to the side." Peter motions for Nebula to get out of the way.

"..." Deciding to trust her instincts, which were currently screaming at her to listen to this stranger, Nebula exited the shuttle and stood at the side, leaving the remaining Kree inside.

"Thanks. Jarvis, do it." Peter says and the doors to the shuttle swiftly snap shut. "Open the airlock."

---

In the shuttle.

As the Kree were getting ready to shoot the door open once again, the second pair of doors behind them opened, sucking them into the cold vacuum of space.

---

From a nearby window, Nebula watched as the dead bodies of the Kree that she spent the day with floated out into space.

'What happened while I was gone?'

Chapter 158: Rebellious Decision

"This way." Peter says as he turns his back and walks back the way he came.

Nebula stared at his back in silence, contemplating whether she should attack or not. After all, she still had all of her weapons, and even if she didn't, her body is practically a living weapon thanks to her dear old dad.

Though she seemed to miss her window of opportunity, as Peter turned around and waited for her to follow.

"Come on. We'll miss the show if you take too long." Peter says, confusing Nebula even further than she already was.

"?" Nebula simply stared for a moment before finally following after Peter.

As they traversed the large ship, Peter made some small talk.

"What's your name?" Pete asks as he points to his mask. "I can't tell you mine, but you can call me Spider-Man or Spidey for short."

"Why?" She asks, feigning disinterest.

"Well, I fight crime on earth, so I try to keep my identity a secret. That way my family and friends can live their lives without worrying about retaliation from whoever I happened to p\*ss off in the process."

"Hmm, I see." She answers without much enthusiasm. "Nebula."

"Hello, Nebula." Peter says excitedly as he starts digging for information he already knows. "Why were you with these Kree?"

"..." She doesn't answer this time.

"Because based on the way you were looking at Ronan in the security footage, I could tell that you hated his guts with a fiery passion." Peter says as she rolls her eyes at his obvious observation. "He's dead now, by the way."

"Really?" Nebula asks uncertainly.

"Yup, I did it myself." Peter says as he spins the hammer between his fingers.

"I wish that I could've seen it firsthand, or killed the b\*stard with my barehands." She comments with a hate-filled look.

"So, are you a cyber woman or something?" Peter asks, hoping this question would draw on her daddy issues and get her talking about Thanos.

"Why? Do you think I'm ugly too?" Nebula spat out angrily.

"No, I think you're quite beautiful, but sadly for you, I'm a taken man." Peter says as he turns to look at her. "Why? Do you think you're ugly?"

"..." Nebula goes quiet as they stand unmoving in a metal hallway. "I didn't use to look like this. At one point, I was completely flesh and blood."

"Huh..." Peter says as he smiles under his mask. "I didn't think you'd open up like that. You seem very... prickly."

"Shut up and keep walking, Spider-Boy." She says with a huff and a glare.

"It's Spider-Man..." Peter says as they walk the rest of the way in silence.

...

Finally arriving at the destroyed control room, Nebula caught sight of the entire Avengers crew.

"Yo, this is Nebula." Peter says as they enter the room.

"Thanos' daughter?" Fury asks as everyone becomes alert at the drop of a hat.

"How do you know that?" Nebula asks back as she grips her pistol tightly.

\*Slap\*

Before anyone could get serious, Peter slapped Nebula on the back of the head, causing her to loosen her grip on her pistol and glare in his direction.

"No fighting." Peter orders.

"You know that's apparently the daughter of the man that sent these armies here, right?" Peggy reveals with a concerned look.

"Now I do." Peter says with an uncaring shrug. "Though we won't be fighting. She's my guest. At least, for the moment."

Many people didn't seem to agree, as even Nebula looked at Peter with a funny look on her face, though he ignored all of them.

"Jarvis, what's the Chitauri's arrival time?" Peter asks.

"13 minutes, sir. They've already entered our solar system." Jarvis answers dutifully.

"Have you and Tony made the strategy?" Peter continued his questions.

"Yes, when the Chitauri arrives, we will hail them, pretending to be a Kree Officer. I'll relay orders for them to take a certain position, and once every ship is in our sights, we'll launch the attack." Jarvis explains.

"Good, since we don't know what type of defenses they'll have, double whatever firepower you already planned to use." Peter orders after a second of thought. "Tony can always make more missiles. After all, it's his family's specialty."

"Hey!" Tony yells from across the room. "We don't do that anymore!"

"Really? How many missiles are in your suit right now?" Peter asks as enters a thinking pose. "Let's not even get into how many more Iron Man suits you have, which all probably have missiles in them as well."

"Okay... Maybe I still do that, but I don't sell them anymore." Tony gives in to Peter's logic.

"I never said you did." Peter shrugs as he looks out of the large observation window. "Is that their ships?"

Far off into the black void of space, Peter could see tiny specks getting larger as time went by.

"Yes, that's the army my father gave to Ronan." Nebula reveals as she steps up beside Peter.

"Jarvis, positions!" Tony commanded.

"Yes, sir." His trusty AI replies.

Instantly, every Kree ship fired up and sprung to life, maneuvering into predetermined locations.

As this was happening, Peter and everyone else watched the incoming fleet get closer and closer.

Similar to the Kree fleet, the Chitauri seemed to have a Flagship as well. While the other 19 ships were around the same size as the normal Kree ships, the flagship, so to speak, was probably about 2 or 3 times bigger than Ronan's.

'Oh, yeah...' Peter remembered something as he saw the giant spiky bug-like ship. 'Wasn't that the ship that controlled all of the soldiers and other ships?'

In the Avengers movie, the battle of New York ended when Iron Man took a nuclear missile that was meant to hit Manhattan and redirected it through the portal linking Earth to Thanos' domain. The nuclear missile then obliterated the Chitauri command ship, which controlled every Chitauri and Leviathan, causing them to die all at once.

'Should we just destroy the command ship and steal the rest?' Peter wondered, though he didn't know how to explain where he got his information from. 'Whatever, we have enough ships. We can always collect the scrap from their ships for research.'

Thinking of this, Peter turned to Magneto, who was watching the different alien army's arrival.

"Erik, can you collect the scraps from their ships? I don't want any of it to fall to earth or get stuck in orbit." Peter asks.

"Yeah! We can study it too." Tony says excitedly.

"Sure, no problem." He agreed easily.

As they were talking, the alien armada got close enough for Jarvis to make contact.

"Relaying orders to enemy ships..." Jarvis says as he goes silent.

Within minutes, the Chitauri ships break formation and maneuver into a new trajectory, following Jarvis' false orders.

"It worked." Tony says, vibrating with excitement.

"It's wonderful when a plan comes together." Peter mutters as Nebula watches her father's army fall into a trap.

Weirdly enough, she didn't feel the urge to help or warn them. In fact, Nebula felt eager to see the downfall of her father's carefully thought-out plans.

The destruction of her father's army incited the burning vengeance that Nebula has been keeping under control for all of this time.

"You don't like your father very much, do you?" Peter asks as he sees the hateful look on Nebula's face as she glares at the incoming army.

"I hate him more than anyone in the infinite universe." She admits in the moment.

"Hmm, is he the one that did that to you?" Peter asks, pertaining to her cybernetic upgrades.

"Yes." She answers curtly.

"Want to get revenge?" Peter asks like the devil with an offer for her.

"...Yes." Nebula admits through clenched teeth.

"Enemy army in place. Awaiting orders." Jarvis says as the Chitauri fleet stops downrange from the Kree ships.

"Shields up and weapons ready!" Peter orders.

"Shields booting up..." Jarvis says as each Kree ship glows in a blue light. "Shields ready. Missiles ready. Beam Cannons charging..."

"You said you wanted revenge, right?" Peter turns back to Nebula.

"I do." She answers resolutely.

"Weapons ready!" Jarvis informs everyone.

"Then order the attack." Peter tells her, getting shocked gazes from everyone in her room. "Destroy your father's fleet as the first step of your revenge, and we'll help you finish it when the time comes."

"You don't understand. He's stronger than you can imagine..." Nebula's face twists with uncertainty as she makes excuses.

"And we're stronger than you think we are." Peter says as he rests a comforting hand on her shoulder. "This is your chance. You won't get another. Either take it or return to your father empty-handed."

Nebula instantly wavered, as a failure of this magnitude would mean another piece of her would be ripped away and replaced with cybernetics.

Peter tinkered with the idea of revealing the infinity stones in his possession, as that would definitely bolster Nebula's faith in him.

It certainly seemed to work in the Guardians of the Galaxy movie, where Nebula joined forces with Ronan against her father after the Kree warlord took possession of the Power Stone.

Though Peter knew it was best to keep the stones a secret and would continue to do so.

"..." Nebula's hands tightened into clenched fists as her eyes went bloodshot and her heart beat like a racehorse. "Fire!"

## Chapter 159: Space Battle

"Fire!" Nebula made her decision and exclaimed through gritted teeth.

Under Jarvis' control, instantly, every Kree warship, including the one they were currently in, launched countless weapons at the Chitauri fleet.

Thick red laser beams were the first to make contact with the enemy, as endless missiles soared through black space.

Each ship had a few laser cannons attached to them, especially the Flagship which had eight altogether.

One red beam targeted each ship, while the remaining focused on the giant command ship.

While everyone was watching and waiting for the missiles to hit their designated targets, Peter turned to see Nebula staring out of the window, observing the result of her command with bated breaths.

"..." Her eyes were slightly bloodshot, as she gripped her hands into tight fists, staring out of the window in silence.

\*Boom...\*

She watched as the first of many missiles hit its target, blowing a hole in one of the Chitauri warships.

Nebula's breathing sped up, as one after another, her father's ships were struck by the highly explosive Kree missiles.

Never before has she rebelled against Thanos, the man that adopted her, though the idea was always in the back of her head. After every torturous cybernetic surgery, the thoughts of rebellion would grow stronger and stronger.

Of course, one very crucial thing kept these thoughts at bay.

Her father is one of the strongest beings in the known universe. How could she fight against someone that could kill her with a flick of his finger?

Not to mention the fact that nobody would join her cause.

Thanos' subordinates are known to be very loyal, as they're either true believers in his cause or know the consequences of such actions.

"..." Just as Peter was going to try and comfort her, Jarvis talks through the speakers of the ship.

"Incoming message from Chitauri Command ship... Translating." He says as he freezes for a moment before speaking again. "Traitorous Kree scum! Thanos has been informed of your betrayal! There will be nowhere for you to hide, Ronan..."

Silence fills the ship as the message continues to badmouth both Ronan and the Kree race as a whole, though nobody here was a Kree, so the insults didn't really land as the Chitauri expected.

When the message finally ended, Peter spoke up.

"I guess, they know they're not surviving so they wanted to make their grievances known." Peter says with a shrug.

"Too bad Ronan isn't alive. I'm sure his reaction to that message would have been delightful." Nebula says spitefully.

Before anyone else could say a word, the Chitauri started their counterattack. Knowing that they wouldn't survive this encounter, the bug-like alien ships formed up in front of the command ship, protecting the brain of their army.

At least for the time being.

As their ships were exploding from the constant bombardment, the Chitauri fleet fired up their engines and moved full speed toward the Ronan's former Flagship.

"Uh..." Tony says worriedly. "That doesn't look good."

"They're suicided bombing us." Charles comments with no small amount of fear.

"Erik, this would be your time to shine." Peter says as he turns to see a strained-looking Magneto glaring at the incoming ships.

"I'm already on it!" Erik screams as he uses his magnetic powers to push the fleet of alien ships backward.

"Jarvis, can we maneuver away while Erik slows them down?" Peter says, knowing that Erik was pushing his powers far past their limits at the moment.

"Yes, setting a new course." Jarvis replies and the ships start moving as they continue to fire at the slowed Chitauri ships.

"Good." Peter says as he turns back to a sweating and tired-looking Magneto. "Erik, once we're out of the way, you can stop."

"Stop what?" Nebula asks, wondering what was happening.

"He's holding them back by manipulating the metal of their ships." Peter explains curtly as he places a comforting hand on her shoulder. "I told you before. We're stronger than you think."

"Huh, do you all have powers?" She asks as those with abilities are rare, unless your race had some sort of innate ability. 'Though humans are relatively weak...'

"Yup." Peter nods.

"And you're all from the same planet?" She clarifies just to be sure.

"Borns and raised." Peter answers, shocking her even further.

"Can we do this whole introduction later?" Steve yelled from the side in exasperation. "Now's not really the best time for this."

Magneto strained his powers to the max as Jarvis moved the ships, only bumping a single enemy ship as they dodged out of the way.

As the Chitauri ships passed by, missing their suicidal attack, they left their backs wide open for a counter.

"Jarvis, concentrate fire on their biggest ship." Peter orders, finding the perfect excuse to reveal a bit of his knowledge.

"Why?" Tony asks before Jarvis could do anything.

"They used the smaller ships as a shield during their little offensive, so the giant command ship must be important somehow." Peter says with a shrug.

"He's right." Nebula backs up Peter's assessment. "The command ship controls all of the Chitauri and their ships. Destroy it and they will all shut down."

Upon hearing this, every person on the ship turned to Nebula with an annoyed look on their faces.

"You knew this the entire time and didn't tell us?" Fury asks with his usual suspicious look.

"I just betrayed my father, who happens to be the strongest person in the universe." Nebula fires back in a sharp sarcastic tone. "I'm sorry that it slipped my mind."

Fury merely clicked his tongue and turned his attention back to the Chitauri fleet.

"Concentrating fire on the enemy Command ship..." Jarvis calls over the speakers.

Immediately, every beam and missile fired from the Kree fleet changed trajectory. Each of them headed straight toward the back of the largest Chitauri ship.

The Chitauri seemed to notice this, as they tried to maneuver their ships to form the shield once again, but sadly, it was too late for them.

First to hit were the laser beams, which purposefully aimed at the engines and thrusters behind the command ship, forcibly stopping the ship in its tracks.

As the ship was stranded in space, the missiles rained down onto key positions, blowing piece after piece of the ship's hull off into space.

Soon enough, the thick red laser, which was tearing through the command ship, seemed to find a weak spot in the engine.

**\*Boom!\***

In an instant, the back half of the enemy ship exploded in a bright purple light. Debris flew everywhere as the remaining missiles hit the destroyed ship, decimating the front half next.

...

Suddenly, every Chitauri ship shut down as Nebula said it would. Drifting in space without a command to follow from their hive mind.

"As far as first space battles go, I'd call that a resounding success!" Tony exclaims as he stared at the surviving Chitauri ships greedily.

Of course, the debris from the destroyed ships would come in handy too, though a complete ship was easier to study.

"Okay, Erik can you handle the scraps?" Peter turns and asks.

"I think he'll need a minute..." Charles says as Peter caught sight of Magneto, who was collapsed on the floor, breathing heavily.

His nose and ears showed signs of bleeding, which certainly showed how hard Erik was pushing himself.

"Just give me a minute." Erik says with a huff as he wiped the blood from his nose. "Actually, maybe an hour would be best..."

"..." looking at the floating debris, which was falling down to the planet, Peter wasn't sure what to do. 'I could open a portal to collect some, but I would only be able to get a small amount...'

Thinking for a moment, Peter gave up as he watched a small fraction of the Chitauri ship scraps disappear into Earth's atmosphere.

'Is this the universe's way of making sure the Vulture is born?' Peter thought as he remembered his classmate's father. 'Whatever, I'll just keep an eye on her family. Maybe I can offer her father a job. After all, using alien scrap to invent Villain level technology is pretty impressive.'

Though, what worried him the most was the people he didn't know, who would also come into contact with the Chitauri debris.

'Will there be some new villains and heroes because of this?'

## Chapter 160: Metal Rain

After the destruction of the Chitauri fleet, Peter waited in the Flagship alongside Tony, Magneto, and Nebula, who didn't know what to do with herself after betraying her father.

Only an hour ago, her life revolved around doing her daddy's bidding, but now that's all gone. On top of that, there's this small feeling of dread for Thanos' reaction towards her choice.

A little over an hour after the battle, Erik was well-rested once again and started gathering the scraps of the Chitauri ship. With Jarvis' help, he was able to load up all of the scraps into the cargo bays of each Kree ship.

As for the five remaining ships, which were slightly damaged from the battle, Peter and Tony took a portal over to check them over. Based on how odd they looked from the outside, they were both sure that the controls would most likely be far more confusing than the Kree ships.

Starting with the least damaged ship, Peter opened a portal and tested for oxygen, which the ship thankfully still had.

"Thank god..." Peter mutters as he steps through followed by Tony, who was still armed in his Iron Man suit.

"Out of all of the remaining ships, I bet this is the only one with air." Tony says as the others had more major hull damage to account for.

"Well, we'll see." Peter says as they traverse the ship.

...

Within minutes, the two found countless toppled-over bodies of the surviving Chitauri soldiers.

[Insert picture of Chitauri here]

Each of them was still alive and breathing, though they seemed to be in some sort of coma.

"Is it like a hive mind?" Tony guesses as he looks over the ugly aliens.

"Yeah, I think they became brain-dead after we destroyed that command ship." Peter says as he taps one with his foot. "Do you think they could wake up if another command ship comes in range?"

"Hmm, maybe?" Tony didn't know for sure.

"Should we kill them then?" Peter asks, getting an odd look from Tony. "You know, in case another command ship comes. They could cause quite a bit of trouble. Not to mention the fact that our detainment floor is already packed with Smurfs... Besides, these guys are creepy."

"..." Looking down at the monstrous-looking aliens, Tony couldn't help but agree. "They do remind me of a horror movie monster, though we should keep a certain amount alive for testing. Who knows, we might be able to find a weakness that can be exploited on our next encounter."

"Sounds good to me..." Peter agreed as they continued exploring the ship.

Soon enough, they found something that shocked Tony and reminded Peter of the attack on New York from the movie.

In some sort of onboard hangar, ten colossal fish/bug looking behemoths laid on the floor, like dead fish out of water.

Although they seemed to be living beings, which were the size of large skyscrapers, they looked to be weaponized so that they can house hundreds of Chitauri soldiers and their skiffs.

Chitauri Leviathans.

Also known as Chitauri Dragons. The Leviathans are a race of bio-mechanically engineered Acanti-Starshark hybrids produced by the Chitauri to act as sort of large scale flying mount.

"What the hell are these!" Tony says excitedly as he runs around the Leviathans like a kid in a candy store.

"Looks like some sort of weaponized space whale or something." Peter says, actually not knowing much about them, other than the fact that they destroyed a lot of buildings in the movie.

"I don't even know where I would begin with these things..." Tony says as he wants to dissect one of them, but doing so would be extremely difficult due to their size.

"Let's figure that out when we're back on earth." Peter says as they continue their search and finally find what appeared to be the control room.

"This is far worse than the Kree ships..." Tony mutters in confusion.

There were no screens, buttons, or obvious controls of any kind. Everything was far more... alien.

"Well, let's get Nebula. She'll hopefully know how any of this works."

---

In a suburban home, a balding middle-aged white man sat on his couch with a beer in hand and a recorded football game playing on the flatscreen TV.

[Insert picture of Adrian Toomes (the Vulture) here]

As he was watching the game in silence, sipping his beer on occasion, a beautiful black woman walks over and hugs him from behind.

"It's getting late. Liz is already asleep." She says after planting a kiss on his cheek.

"I just want to finish the game and I'll head off to bed." Adrian replies as he doesn't take his eyes off the TV.

"Okay, but don't be too long. You have to be up for work in about seven hours." She says and receives a tired groan in return. "Don't groan at me. I have work tomorrow too."

"Sorry, I just wish that I had more time to relax sometimes." He says with a sigh.

"Don't we all." His wife says as she kisses him on the cheek once again and leaves the room.

...

"Fcking Jets." Adrian cursed as he switched off the TV. "Couldn't score even if their worthless lives depended on it."

Almost an hour after his wife left, Adrian's team of choice lost spectacularly, driving him into the worst mood possible.

What made it even worse is the fact that he would have to wake up for work in six hours, leaving him little room to sleep as long as he'd prefer.

'She's always right...' He thought, pertaining to his lovely wife.

Just as he was about to head upstairs and call it a day, the night sky lit up through the back windows, drawing his attention.

Walking over to the windows leading to the moderately sized backyard, Adrian saw a mesmerizing scene of what looked like a shining meteor shower.

A cluster of what seemed to be hundreds of meteors fell from the sky, though they burned in an ominous purple light, which was an odd sight to see.

"Did I drink too much?" He thought but quickly threw that idea away, as he only had a few normal-sized cans.

Taking in the sight of countless shooting stars, Adrian was lost in thought as only minutes later the sound of loud banging filled the whole neighborhood.

As car alarms and other sounds of destruction filled his ears, Adrian saw a couple of these 'meteors' fall and impact his backyard.

"What the..." He mutters as more meteors fall and impact his neighbor's houses.

Instead of burning up in the atmosphere of the earth, as meteors usually do, whatever was falling from the sky was coming down completely intact and bringing destruction with it.

As sounds resembling some extreme version of a hail storm filled his surroundings, every house in the neighborhood, including his own, was damaged to different extents, depending on the owner's luck.

By this point, Adrian's wife and daughter, Liz had woken up screaming and ran down the stairs.

"Dad!" Liz yelled as she saw her father at the bottom of the stairs looking out of the window. "Get away from the window!"

Acting quickly, she pulls her father from the window just in time for a long and sharp metal shard to shatter it and impale the wood floor where he once stood.

"..." Staring at the spear-like metal that could have killed him, Adrian turned to his daughter with a thankful look. "How'd you know?"

"Something similar happened to the window upstairs." She says.

"Enough talking!" His wife yells and opens a nearby door. "Everyone in the basement, now!"

...

After spending the night in the basement together, waiting out the odd catastrophe that was happening outside, Adrian's cell phone started ringing.

"Uh, hello?" He answers as his family listens in out of boredom.

"Is this Adrian Toomes with Best Salvage?" A woman asks from the other side of the call.

Bestman Salvage is a clean-up crew owned by Adrian that holds a contract to salvage any incidents occurring in New York City.

"Yeah, is this about last night?" He answers, both happy and annoyed at the same time.

Happy, as he would be making a lot of money off of this incident, which his business was in dire need of, and annoyed, as it would be a lot of work in the coming days based on what he saw last night.

He hadn't even slept yet...

"Yes, the mayor is calling in every salvage crew to clean up last night's incident..."

