

Spider-Man 181

Chapter 181: Shocking Revelation

"Sir, another AIM facility has been attacked..." A guard hangs up the phone and reports.

As soon as Killian received that suspicious call from the CEO of Stark Industries, he went into hiding just in time to miss the many attacks that unfolded on his properties.

Anything registered under AIM and himself was turned upside down.

"It's Stark!" Killian grinds his teeth in anger. "It has to be. His little b*tch failed to lead me into a trap so now they're simply attacking until they find me."

The only question on Killian's mind was how? How did the Avengers and Stark figure out what he was up to?

"Should I plan a counterattack, sir?" A nearby soldier asks.

Though, this man isn't just any normal grunt. He was a Brigadier General, who lost both legs and eyes in a missile strike.

The best part was the fact that it was an attack from the Ten Rings, who were using Stark brand missiles at the time.

The idea to blame the Ten Rings for everything was originally from this man, as he blamed them for the many years that he had to spend as a blind wheelchair-bound cripple.

Thankfully, Killian came around and fixed him right up, so he can see and walk just fine now.

Of course, he also blames Tony Stark, so he had no problem coordinating an attack on the man.

"Yes..." Killian agrees as he looks at an image of the Avengers tower on his phone. "They want to attack my property's? Well, let's see how long that tower can remain standing."

Just as the people of New York City thought that they wouldn't be dealing with any more bombings for at least a little while, as one just happened only a couple of days ago, they were all proven wrong by the earth-shaking explosions that took place over and over on this very day.

Nobody knew what was happening, but everyone guessed that the Mandarin was pulling off some sort of large-scale attack on the city.

Though, what they didn't know, is that it wasn't just New York City that was going through this.

All across the world, explosions were going off all day long, scaring any nearby civilians half to death and attracting the attention of local law enforcement, who have been on high alert due to the recent Mandarin attacks.

When the police would arrive, they would be met with damaged and raided buildings belonging to AIM or Aldrich Killian. The police never found any traces of the Avengers, as they worked quickly and were in and out before anyone could arrive.

It didn't take each team too long to figure out how to kill the undying fire soldiers. Overload their healing ability in some way, usually through beheading, and they'll blow up like a firework on the 4th of July.

An alarming fact that the Avengers soon found out, was that every single location on the list was guarded by these enhanced individuals, which made for a lot of soldiers.

The number of properties on the entire list was over a hundredfold, and each one of them was guarded by at least five Extremis-enhanced individuals.

Meaning, In just these publicly owned properties alone, Killian had a combined army of five hundred, at the very least.

"Is he trying to take over the world?" Peter asked as he and everyone else returned to the tower.

They spent the whole day going down the list and raiding each property one by one, leaving nothing but destruction in their wake.

Not only did each team collect evidence, which they would be going over tonight, but they also brought back countless prisoners, who now replaced the Kree that once crowded the Detention floor of the Tower.

Although they didn't manage to find a single trail of wherever Killian may be, they did find multiple laboratories that seemed to be used to manufacture the enhanced individuals that they encountered at each property.

Of course, data and materials were confiscated before the labs were destroyed. After all, they didn't want Extremis falling into any third-party hands.

"So, does anyone else feel like this is a lot more serious than we originally thought?" Tony asks after they shared a quick mission debrief, where each team recounted the events of their outing.

"Yeah, I have a question though." MJ says as she turns her gaze toward Tony. "How did you hurt this guy so bad that it forced him to make an army that could conquer the world?"

"You're over-exaggerating..." Tony says dryly.

"Well, with us around it won't be possible, but if we weren't here and he had more soldiers, as I suspect he does, Killian may have been able to pull off world domination, maybe." Peter comments after a moment of thought.

"That's a lot of ifs and maybes..." Tony replies, waving off the young couple's words.

"Anyway, we need to compile everything we gathered and call a press conference." Peter changes the subject and gets back to business.

"Is it wise for us to reveal everything so soon? The enemy may start acting erratically." Erik throws in his two cents. "Right now, the world only knows that there have been more bombings."

"Beware of driving men to desperation, as even a cornered rat is dangerous." Charles repeats a quote he heard somewhere. "Outing Killian for who he truly is could have some alarming consequences."

"Isn't he already backed into a corner?" Fury asks with a raised brow. "We just performed an all-out assault on every property related to him."

"True, let's just keep up the pressure." Peter says with a shrug. "When he inevitably snaps and attacks, we'll be ready and waiting as always."

"Sounds good." Tony says as he collects all of the drives that were taken from the properties and start connecting them to a nearby computer. "Jarvis, go over these and compile all useful information for review."

"On it, sir." Jarvis says as he gets to work.

"Tony." Peter calls out, getting his friend's attention. "Move all of the materials from those labs to your workshop and start looking into it. Maybe recruit Beast and Banner to speed things along."

"I already planned on it." Tony says with a nod. "Are you going to call the press conference?"

"Yeah, we can't just let the world think that today's bombings were the work of the Ten Rings and the Mandarin. It might just inflate their terrorist egos." Peter says with a laugh as he walks off with MJ following closely behind.

"Come help us out when you're done!" Tony yelled as Peter waved over his shoulder and left the room.

"So, how was your first Avengers mission with your father?" Peter asks as he and MJ walk through the halls alone.

"It was horrible!" MJ was clearly upset.

"It couldn't have been that bad..." Peter rolls his eyes under his mask.

"It was..." MJ says with a tired sigh. "I felt like he was studying me the entire time."

"He's that type of person." Peter shrugs.

"Yes, but usually he turns that off at home." MJ explains.

"Well, congratulations." Peter places a hand on her shoulder as they enter the elevator. "You just met the real Nick Fury."

"He's different from Nick Watson..." MJ admits as the doors close.

"Humans have many faces." Peter explains something that he has learned through his two lives. "Faces for our friends, family, lovers, strangers, authority figures, children, etc. We act differently depending on who it is. You just saw one of your father's faces, that's all."

"He's kind of scary..." MJ says with a pout. "I miss his old stupid face."

Sitting in one of his hidden facilities, Killian watched the news as he waited for his men to formulate a plan of attack.

As he watched, the broadcast was interrupted by some breaking news. Spider-Man would be holding another one of his press conferences.

Instantly, Killian felt his stomach drop.

'He wouldn't...' Killian thought as he increased the volume.

"Spider-Man! Is this about the large string of Mandarin bombings?" A reporter asks before Spider-Man could say a word.

"Yes, actually." Spidey says with a nod. "Though the attacks weren't the Mandarins doing. In fact, none of the recent attacks were orchestrated by the Ten Rings or the Mandarin."

'He wouldn't!' Killian screamed inwardly.

"How is that possible? He took credit for the attacks." Peter voiced everyone reporters next question. "The Avengers have looked into these attacks and found a common denominator. This man."

Suddenly, before Killians very eyes, an image of himself appeared behind Spider-Man.

"Motherf*cker!" Killian yelled as he stood up and hurled the controller across the room, embedding it into the TV.

-Fury POV-

After spending the day with Silk, Fury had an odd feeling about the woman. For some reason, she reminded him of his daughter, MJ.

She sounded like her and even acted like her at some moments, but his daughter wasn't a superhero. In fact, she should be sleeping soundly at home around this time.

'Or is she?' Fury thought as he subconsciously drove to his families home and pulled into the driveway.

Quietly sneaking inside, so he doesn't wake his family, Fury silently made his way to his daughters room and peaked inside only to find it void of any life.

MJ was nowhere to be seen.

'Is it actually her?' Fury asks himself in disbelief as he rushed to the master bedroom.

No longer caring to be quiet, Fury storms into Graces bedroom and shakes her awake.

"Huh? What..." Grace slowly wakes up.

"Where's our daughter?" Fury asks.

"She's sleeping over at her boyfriends house." Grace says sleepily but froze as she realized who she was speaking to. "I mean her friends house!"

"I'm going to kill him." Fury subconsciously draws his revolver as he storms back out of the room.

"Oh, sh*t..."

Chapter 182: Angry Daddy

Arriving home that night, Peter decided to let Tony find out about Extremis on his own, and spend some quality time with his beautiful girlfriend.

"Which movie do you want to watch?" Peter asks as he flips through Netflix on the TV.

"It's up to you, just don't pick any sappy love stories..." MJ says as she snuggles up to Peter on the couch.

May was already fast asleep, as she has work in the morning, so they had most of the house to themselves at the moment.

"We should order food." MJ says as her stomach grumbles.

"Okay, I'll order pizza." Peter says as he whips out his phone. "Can you get the blanket from my bed?"

"Sure, but don't forget to buy soda." MJ says as she ran off up the stairs.

Just as Peter was about to order the food, a loud knock came from the front door. Whoever it is was either in a hurry or very angry, because they kept knocking over and over.

"Are the police at my door?" Peter muttered in annoyance as he walked over and pulled the door open. "What do you-"

Just as Peter was speaking, the barrel of a large revolver was put in his face. He felt his spider senses tingle faintly, but stopped himself from reacting when he saw who it was outside the door.

"Umm... Mr. Watson, how can I help you?" Peter asks, finding this situation kind of funny on the inside.

After all, he could easily dodge out of the way before Fury pulls the trigger. He may be enhanced now, but Peter was still far faster.

"Move." Fury commands as he nudged his gun toward the living room.

Following his instructions, Peter walked to the living room with a gun on his back, wondering what Fury was doing there.

'Did he find out about me being Spider-Man?' Peter questioned as he saw the very pissed-off look on Fury's face. 'Nah, that wouldn't make him this mad...'

"Sit." Fury said as he heard someone coming down the stairs and stashed his gun away inside his trench coat.

"Peter, I got the blanket. Did you order the-" MJ froze as she walked in with a blanket over her shoulder, finding her father standing over Peter in the middle of the living room. "Dad? What are you doing here?"

"I went home to see you and found out you were here, so I came by to say hello." Fury lies easily as his angry face turns warm in an instant.

"Okay, but why are you standing over Peter like that?" MJ asks suspiciously.

"Oh, no reason." Fury smiles as he places a hand on Peter's shoulder. "We were just talking, right?"

Seeing the look Fury was giving him, which said 'Play along and keep your mouth shut' Peter smiled in MJ's direction.

"We're fine, babe." Peter said, causing Fury's eye to twitch. "Mr. Watson was just telling me how he sees me as a good potential son-in-law, right?"

Instantly, Fury contemplated pulling his gun again, as Peter turned the tables back on him. After all, his beloved daughter wouldn't be very happy if she found out her father was threatening her boyfriend with a loaded gun.

"Y-Yeah..." Fury ground his teeth as he could barely reply.

Hearing this, MJ recalled the odd spider lady that called Peter her future husband.

"Don't talk about stuff like that." MJ says in embarrassment. "I'm too young to get married... Maybe after college though."

"You heard her Mr. Watson. We'll have to wait a while before anything like that. I'm happy that you like me so much though." Peter says as he stands and puts an arm around Fury's shoulder. "I thought that you didn't approve of me for a while, so I was worried."

"..." Fury stayed silent as he gripped his fists tightly. 'This kid needs to die...'

"Me too." MJ had the same thoughts as Peter. "Do you want to stay and watch a movie with us, Dad? We're ordering pizza."

Hearing his daughter's offer, Fury wanted to just snap and start going off. If things went his way, Fury would shoot Peter in the head or at the very least lecture his daughter about sleeping at a boy's house, but he knew MJ wouldn't listen to him.

His outburst might even ruin the relationship that he spent so much effort to repair.

Thinking for a moment, Fury sighed inwardly and decided to do things covertly.

It's his specialty after all.

"Sure, can you make me a cup of coffee?" Fury asks MJ, who nods and throws down the blanket before rushing off to the kitchen.

She had no idea that her mother accidentally snitched about her regularly sleeping over at her boyfriend's house.

"Think you're smart, do you?" Fury says as he pulls his gun again and pushes Peter back onto the couch, resting the barrel on his forehead. "Feel smart now?"

"Eh, a little bit." Peter says with a smile.

Fury merely raised an eyebrow, finding his future son-in-law's confidence in the face of a loaded weapon both impressive and peculiar.

"If I thought you'd actually shoot, then I would be worried, but we both know MJ would despise you for all of eternity if you did anything to me." Peter says as he sits back and relaxes.

"..." Fury couldn't help but slightly admire the balls on the kid in front of him.

"Why are you here anyway?" Peter asks with a raised brow. "You're obviously angry about something."

"My daughter will not be sleeping here anymore." Fury says threateningly. "Do I make myself clear?"

"Oh, I get it now." Peter says with an understanding nod. "You went home and found out she wasn't there, huh?"

Fury grunted in affirmation, though it sounded more like a growl.

"Well, that's something you have to decide with MJ and her mother, not me." Peter says as it wasn't his decision to make. "I can't just tell her that she's not allowed to come here anymore. MJ would think that I'm not interested in her or something."

"Good, that sounds like the perfect outcome." Fury smiled at the prospect of that actually happening.

"For you, yes. But not for me or your daughter." Peter says as he picks up his cell phone.

"Put the phone down." Fury says as he cocks the hammer of the revolver.

"I can't." Peter says with a shrug. "MJ wants pizza and soda. If I don't order it, she'll know something is up between us."

"..." Fury stewed in his boiling hatred as he kept the gun at Peter's head during the whole call.

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Hanging up the phone, Peter looked up at Fury, who stood above him with a contemplative look on his face.

"You might want to put that away." Peter says as he heard footsteps coming their way from the kitchen.

Hearing this as well, Fury clicked his tongue and stashed his weapon away for the second time.

"Here." MJ says as she walks through the door and hands over a mug full of coffee. "Do you want to pick the movie, dad?"

Just as Fury was about to reply, the front door swung open, and in rushed MJ's mother Grace, who looked out of breath and disheveled in her pajamas and sneakers.

"Mom? What's going on?" MJ asks as she now felt something was off about this entire situation.

"Umm..." Grace didn't know what to say, as she expected mass chaos and a lot of screaming upon her arrival. "I'm here to pick up your father."

"Okay..." MJ didn't believe a word she said, but she knew her mother would probably explain later.

"Right, let's go." Grace says as she walks up and pulls Fury to the door. "I'll call later, honey. Have a good night!"

"We will!" Peter replies with a smirk.

"...this motherf*cker." Fury cursed as he heard Peters reply.

"Don't you start anything!" Grace starts reprimanding Fury as they left the house.

"What the hell was that about?" MJ asks as she turns to Peter questioningly.

"Your father found out that you sleep here." Peter reveals with a smirk.

"Oh god..."

As Peter was dealing with an armed and angry father, Tony, Beast, and Banner were going over the research materials and notes from their many raids on AIM laboratories.

As they went through everything, one name stood out among the rest.

Extremis.

As they went over everything, they soon found out that Killian has been creating his own person army of unstable test subjects with something called the Extremis formula.

"Why does this all look so familiar?" Tony asks himself as he watched an early video of an Extremis experiment.

A dying plant was given the formula, rejuvenating its dead leaves and branches instantly, but as soon as the plant made contact with something, it would explode in a big fiery blast.

Just like the many guards they encountered that day.

"I've definitely seen this before." Tony states as he wracks his brain for answers.

"Where?" Banner asks curiously.

"A woman showed it to me..." Tony suddenly remembered.

"Why am I not surprised."

Chapter 183: Tower Assault

The next day, Peter woke up in his bed alone. MJ felt weird about sleeping over last night since her father knew about it now.

She had an odd feeling, as though her father would storm into the bedroom guns blazing, or tasked some nameless Shield grunt to surveil their nightly activities.

Of course, no amount of surveillance could penetrate the house's enchantments, but she was still weirded out either way.

Needless to say, MJ rushed off soon after her mother dragged Fury out of the house, so Peter enjoyed a whole pizza and some fizzy soda all to himself that night.

'Sometimes alone time is good too.' Peter thought at the time.

Fury was probably ecstatic when MJ returned home that night, though that was definitely ruined when she ignored him out of embarrassment and rushed to her bedroom.

After all, no teenage girl would ever want to talk about the time she spends at her boyfriend's house with her father.

Maybe her mother, but that depends on how deep the relationship is between them.

After doing his usual morning rituals, Peter suited up and returned to the Tower. It's still the weekend so school wasn't a problem.

Stepping into Tony's penthouse, Peter was surprised to find him along with Pepper and an unfamiliar woman arguing amongst each other for some unknown reason.

Though after a second look, Peter had a good guess about who the unknown woman might be.

Maya Hansen.

"..and old girlfriends" Pepper states sharply with an annoyed look on her face.

"She's not really." Tony denies with a shake of his head.

"No, not really. It...it was just one night." Maya tries to back up Tony and defuse the situation, but somehow she only made it worse.

When Pepper saw Tony nodding alongside her, as if Maya's words would save him, she rolled her eyes in a huff.

"That's how you do it, right?" She says with a look of sadness and contempt. "Hit it and quit it."

The reason for her contempt was obvious, though the sadness wasn't.

Pepper has always wanted to be in a relationship with Tony. The only problem was her fear of being thrown away after their first night together.

After all, Tony has a long history of sweeping women off their feet, bedding them, and then never speaking to them again.

"..." Tony had nothing to defend himself with.

"And you wonder why my answer is always no..." Pepper states with a shake of her head.

"What?" Tony could no longer keep quiet. "Peps, I've said this once and I'll say it a million more times, you are different."

"Sure..." Pepper says unbelievably.

"You may not believe me now, but I won't give up." Tony says, hoping to win her over in time.

"Is...is this normal?" Maya whispers as she watches Tony and Pepper continue to bicker amongst themselves.

"Yup, this is very normal." Peter makes his presence known.

Maya jumped as she turned to see Peter standing behind her.

"Holy sh*t..." She mutters in shock. "You're Spider-Man."

"Yeah, that's me." Peter waves as he hears the shouting get louder.

"It's a stupid bunny, relax about it!" Pepper yelled as she threw a stuffed animal at Tony.

"I got this for you." Tony says as he caught it and tried to hand it back.

"I'm aware of that." Pepper says in annoyance, not accepting the gift.

"You still haven't even told me that you liked it!" Tony yells.

"I don't like it!" Pepper admits without a hint of shame.

"I asked you three... Wait, you don't like it?!" Tony exclaims.

"What are they even arguing about anymore..." Peter asks in confusion.

"I have no idea." Maya shrugs with a stumped look.

Suddenly, Maya remembered why she came here and turned her attention to Peter in an instant.

"Umm... Can we talk somewhere in private?" She asks as the shouts resembling an old married couple start getting louder and louder. "It's beyond important."

She originally wanted to explain everything to Tony, as she at least knew him a little, but her presence seemed to cause a lover's quarrel to break out, derailing her plans completely.

"Sure, follow me." Peter nods as they leave the yelling lovers behind.

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"Alright, what's up?" Peter asks as he brings her into a small meeting room.

"Before I say anything, I need protection for myself and my son." She says and would keep her mouth shut until she gets what she needs.

"Easily done. You both can stay in the tower." Peter agreed easily, surprising her into stunned silence.

"I-I didn't think you would agree so easily..." Maya stutters as a relieved smile blooms on her face.

"Well, we have the space." Peter says with a shrug. "Besides, whatever this is must be extremely dire if you came to a group of superheroes for protection."

"It is..." She says as she takes a deep breath before saying something that actually surprised Peter.
"You need to evacuate this building immediately."

"Huh? Why?" Peter asks in confusion.

"Aldrich Killian is planning an attack against you guys. Well, mainly Tony." She says as she looks out of the window and her eyes go wide in shock.

Following her line of sight, Peter could see a group of helicopters headed their way. Looking closely, he could see what appeared to be loaded missile launchers attached to them as well.

"Well, you weren't lying. That's for sure." Peter nods as each helicopter lets loose its entire payload of missiles at once.

"Oh my god..." Maya whispers in fright.

"Calm down. You'll be fine." Peter says as he waves his hand and opens ten large portals in front of the building.

As the missiles were about to strike the side of the defenseless tower, huge golden portals appeared, showing the image of a vast endless dark space on the other side.

In just a moment, the portals sucked the missiles inside before disappearing as if they were never there.

"How did you..." Maya felt like she was on an emotional roller coaster.

"Magic." Peter answers as he turns his attention elsewhere.

The now weaponless helicopters were pulling off and trying to retreat. No doubt, the pilots were shocked by the unimaginable defenses of the Avengers tower.

"Where do you think you're going?" Peter muttered as he gave out some orders. "Jarvis, contact Nightcrawler and have him go after those helicopters. Imprison the inhabitants in the detention floor for questioning and land the helicopters on the rooftop."

"Done, sir." Jarvis replies, surprising Miss Hansen.

"That was?" She asks but forgot about everything when she saw a blue man appear on the side of one of the enemy helicopters. "What the..."

In an instant, Nightcrawler yanked the door open and teleported the pilot away before taking the controls and setting the chopper down on a nearby building for the time being.

This continued over and over, as each pilot was teleported into a cell and every helicopter was safely landed.

"That was quick work." Peter praised with an impressed nod. "Jarvis, give Nightcrawler a nice bonus this month for a job well done."

"Yes, sir." Jarvis replies.

"That was easier than I thought it would be..." Maya says with a stumped look.

When she heard about Killian planning an attack on the Avengers Headquarters, she knew it was about the right time to jump ship.

She wanted to do so for a while now but stayed out of fear for herself and her son.

Sadly, she didn't stay long enough to learn exactly what Killian was planning, just that he was going to target the building itself, but she didn't expect Killian's grand plan for revenge to be thwarted so easily.

It came and went in just a minute and not a single blemish was left on the building whatsoever.

Killian had failed so spectacularly, leaving Maya both impressed and stunned beyond belief.

'Is this how strong the Avengers are?' She thought in wonder. "I don't know why I was so worried before..."

"What the hell just happened?" Tony storms into the room alongside a worried-looking Pepper.

"Done fighting like an old married couple?" Peter asks as Nightcrawler starts moving each helicopter to the roof of the tower one by one.

"Shut up, why did you cover the building in portals?" Tony asks as he didn't see the missiles.

"Because your old friend Killian just tried to blow us up." Peter says as he points to the helicopters and gives a quick explanation.

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"I just want to make it clear that he was never my friend." Tony states after getting caught up to speed.

"Our building was almost blown up and that's all you have to say?" Pepper asks with a pointed glare.

"I feel another argument brewing..." Peter comments.

"..." Both parties turn and look away from each other upon hearing that, refusing to prove Peter right.

"Sir, multiple high-temperature readings are approaching the building from the street." Jarvis suddenly informs them.

"High-temperature readings?" Tony repeated as he wondered what that could mean.

"Oh no..." Maya mutters worriedly.

"Oh no, what?" Tony asked.

"Don't those explosive guards we faced have high body temperatures?" Peter asked.

"Oh, sh*t."

Chapter 184: Action is Coming!

At the street level of the Avengers tower, four separate black SUVs pulled up and parked on the curb.

As the doors of each car swung open, men and women in casual clothes stepped out and all started walking towards the tower at once, trying to blend into the crowded New York City sidewalk so they didn't look too suspicious.

Each of these people is a severely unstable Extremis test subject, and wouldn't live much more than a day or two.

Knowing this, each of them volunteered to suicide bomb the ground level of the Avengers tower, as a morbid sort of thanks to Aldrich Killian, for giving them what little time they could spend as able-bodied humans once again.

Every one of them was in horrible battle-torn conditions before Killian came along, so they saw him as a savior and practically worshiped the ground that he walked on.

They would do anything for Killian, especially knowing that they would be dying soon enough either way. In their minds, they might as well use their last moments to repay the very generous favor given to them.

Just as the group of more than 16 Extremis soldiers was about to enter the building, thick metal shutters came down and sealed the building off from the outside world.

All doors and windows were closed off in an instant, surprising everyone in and out of the building, as they heard the loud clanging of the shutters falling and locking into place.

"?!" Each Extremis soldier immediately became alert, as they instantly knew that they were detected somehow.

In unison, as if they could somehow read each other's minds, the plainly dressed soldier's bodies started to glow as they took a deep breath and released a stream of burning fire from their mouths.

Seeing these super-powered individuals attacking the Avengers tower so brazenly, the civilians that were simply passing by on their way to work or some other daily activity cleared out of the way as fast as they could.

The beams of fire hit the metal shutters, singeing them black on contact and slowly melting the metal, though it would take a few moments as the metal was fairly thick and durable.

However, before that could happen, the cement pillars surrounding the building opened up, revealing countless turrets, which took aim at the building's attackers and unloaded all at once.

Suddenly, what appeared to be an infinite amount of bullets came flying in the attacker's direction with pinpoint accuracy that only a computer could pull off.

Without being able to react, each Extremis soldier was pelted with so many high-caliber bullets, that the sheer amount of damage began to overload their healing ability.

Boom...boom...boom...

One by one, they began to explode without any way of retaliation, as an overwhelming amount of force was used to decimate them as swiftly as possible.

Thankfully, the innocent civilians have already cleared the area, so no one was blown up alongside the Extremis soldiers.

As for the building itself, Tony isn't the type of person to cheap out on materials, so even though the front entrance took a significant amount of damage, the building wasn't in any danger whatsoever.

Within just a few moments, the entire suicide squad sent by Killian to level the whole building was completely obliterated by the built in defenses of the tower.

"Damn, that was impressive..." Peter commented from the side of the building.

"I know, right?" Tony says with a smug look as he hovers beside Peter in his Iron Man armor. "I never thought that those defenses would actually be put to use though."

Just as the smoke cleared on the final Extremis explosion, nothing of the suicide bombers bodies was left behind, though they did leave a mess for the Avengers to clean up.

The concrete flooring and stairs outside of the tower had small craters and spiderweb cracks all throughout, while all of the nearby greenery was pretty much destroyed or on fire at this very moment.

Even some of the supporting pillars outside of the building were destroyed, though the building could still easily stand without them.

They would be fixed soon enough anyway.

Only a few moments after the last explosion took place, police cars, ambulances, and fire trucks came pouring in, ready to help anywhere they could.

Turning to the side, Peter wanted to leave all of this to Tony, as it was technically his building, but the man himself had already flown away, leaving behind a fiery trail as he ditched all of the work onto Peter, as usual.

Sighing to himself, Peter dropped down and landed before all of the emergency vehicles, ready to spend the rest of his day dealing with the aftermath of this situation.

"..." Killian stared off into the distance with a dejected and frustrated look on his face.

Through body cameras, he and his high-level military advisors watched the outcome of their carefully planned two-prong attack on the Avengers Tower.

When the first one failed, they weren't too down about it, as it was mainly there to cause a distraction for the ground team to move into place and pretty much detonated themselves, taking down the building in the process.

Though that plan failed spectacularly as well, resulting in the current strained atmosphere between Killian and his men.

"Sir, maybe we should slowly pull our resources out of the country?" One of the more brave subordinates speaks his mind.

"Huh? Why would we do such a thing?" Killian asks, not liking that idea one bit.

"Well, I'm sorry if this upsets you, sir, but the Avengers are obviously out of our league. We either stay and slowly but surely lose our footing until our inevitable deaths, or we relocate and rebuild out of the sphere of the Avengers." He explains, receiving reluctant nods all around, though Killian remained unmoved.

"No, I refuse!" Killian spat out of anger. "I will not have all that I built brought down to nothing because of Tony F*cking Stark!"

Everyone looked around, unsure of how to handle their leader's outburst.

"Then what should we do?" One person asks the golden question.

"..." Everyone stayed silent, waiting for someone else to speak.

'Useless...' Killian thought venomously as he eyed his most skilled military advisors. "We double down! Speed up the process of any new recruits, gather every single soldier, and prepare for war. Once the Avengers are taken care of, we set our eyes on the government."

Hearing their leader's declaration, Killian's advisors were shocked as they never expected his sights to be set so high.

Who would have expected this from a man who built his own super-powered army of fire breathers?

Truly shocking...

"Sir, I have no issue with your goals, but we may need some more time to prepare..." One man says with an uneasy look. "I do not doubt that with a carefully planned surprise attack we can take over this country easily, but the aftereffects of such an event will be hard to handle."

Taking over a nation isn't as easy as simply beating its army and seating someone into power. Firstly, the people of that nation may not agree to such an event and rise up, and secondly, foreign powers can always decide to take advantage of such a situation.

Whether that be by arming rebel groups in hopes of having a good relationship with the next government, or simply moving their own army in and taking the land and people for themselves.

"No, time is something that we no longer have the luxury of." Killian shakes his head stubbornly. "It's only a matter of time before the Avengers find our other facilities, this one included."

"..." Worried looks appeared on everyone's faces as they held their tongues, knowing that nothing they could say would sway their leader's decision.

War was on the horizon.

As Peter finished with the aftermath of the attack on Avengers Tower, he texted Fury to interrogate the captured helicopter pilots, and swiftly returned home to spend the rest of his day in leisure.

"Anyone home?!" Peter called out as he stepped inside, but didn't receive any replies.

On the counter in the kitchen was a plate of food as well as a note, stating that May was out with Grace. Just to be sure, Peter checks the tracking spell he has on all of his loved ones and found the two together at a nearby shopping mall.

MJ was at her house, probably still weirded out about staying over due to her father. Peter inwardly cursed Fury for his lack of female companionship.

'Maybe I'll watch some p*rn later...' Peter thought as he hadn't partaken in anything like that since MJ started staying over.

Knowing that everyone was alright, Peter decided to relax in his room and work on something that he hasn't had time for in a while.

'Which file has my AI stuff in it?' Peter thought as he browsed through his ghost laptop.

Seconds later, he found a file named 'BetterJarvis' and opened it up.

'Where was I again?'

Chapter 185: Traps All Around

As Peter went over his old AI project, he found that he was fairly close to completing it. All that he needed to do was build a fairly beefy server room, where the AI would be stored during the early stages of its life.

Peter made his AI a bit more complicated than Jarvis, as he wanted it to be better in every single way possible.

In doing so, the AI will not start off as an all-knowing adult helper, like Jarvis. It would start off as a child with very little intelligence and learn about the world through Peter, though it would age far quicker than the average human.

Of course, Peter wouldn't be babysitting his AI for too long.

Based on his calculations, the AI would be up to Jarvis' level and maturity within just a few months, but unlike Jarvis, his AI would continue to grow in intelligence and computing power even after that.

'I need some crazy servers for this.' Peter thought as he texted Pepper and put in an order for Stark Industries' best equipment. "Where should I put it though?"

He would need a lot of space, power, and cooling for this whole project, which mostly wouldn't be a problem.

Power and cooling can be easily taken care of with the mystic arts. Space was the only thing that worried Peter, as his house wasn't exactly the biggest.

He could have bought a larger home, but it seemed like a waste of space and money at the time.

'I could use my penthouse at the tower?' Peter thought as he never used that place, to begin with. 'Though I would need to put some protections up just in case...'

After coming to this conclusion, Peter told Pepper to deliver his order to his penthouse in the tower and hopped into bed for the night.

When Peter returned to the tower on the following day, his materials hadn't been delivered yet, but he did receive a nice lengthy report on the interrogation of the pilots that tried to bomb the tower yesterday.

Flipping through and reading quickly, Peter saw the locations of a few hidden bases as well as some other useful information, like security, defenses, and the number of known soldiers.

"Fury works quickly." Peter praised as he finished reading the report.

Sending out a few texts, Peter summoned a couple of groups to the tower.

The X-men minus Charles as he was busy, Sabertooth, MJ in her Silk suit, Black Widow, Hawkeye, and lastly the super soldier couple, Steve and Peggy.

It didn't take more than a few minutes for everyone to arrive, as Peter opened portals for them to speed things along.

"What's the situation?" Steve asks as everybody stood across from Peter's desk, wondering why they were called.

"Fury got some information out of the pilots that attacked the tower yesterday." Peter says as he handed over a list of locations to Steve. "I want you to lead this group and assault these facilities."

"Are you sure?" Steve asks hesitantly, as the last operation he ran ended with him frozen for over 70 years.

"Yes, are you Captain America or not?" Peter asks with a taunting tone. "I thought I was dealing with a decorated war hero. Where's the confidence that you had when facing Hydra and the Nazis?"

"..." Steve grew more determined with every goading word, grabbed the paper, and walked out of the room.

"Good pep talk." Peggy smirks in amusement as she followed Steve out.

"Make sure to write a report afterward!" Peter yelled as he turned to the remaining people in the room. "What are you waiting for? Follow them."

"Me too?" MJ asked in confusion as everyone else left the room.

"Yeah, you wanted to join the big leagues, right?" Peter asks and received a nod in return. "Good, then you better get going. Remember to be safe and follow Steve and Peggy's lead. They have the most experience in these kinds of situations."

"Yes, sir." She says with a mock salute.

"Save that kind of talk for the bedroom." Peter says with a smirk under his mask.

"Don't talk about that here!" MJ exclaims as she runs off to join the group.

When they all left, Peter opened the file on his desk and saw one remaining location, which he didn't give to Steve. It was the last known location of Killian himself and the most guarded facility of them all.

"I doubt he's there anymore, but I might as well check." Peter muttered as he opened a portal and stepped through.

Arriving at the front of a wide-open bunker door, Peter peaked inside and found nothing but darkness.

"This definitely isn't a trap..." Peter muttered sarcastically as he stepped inside nonetheless.

Maneuvering through the barren dimly lit hallways, Peter could tell that the people that once occupied this place left in a hurry. Everything was a mess and it seemed that only the most crucial materials were taken, while everything else was left behind.

After a minute of searching, Peter found Killian's office, which was surprisingly clean compared to the rest of the facility.

As he stepped inside, a nearby TV turned on and the image of a smug-looking Aldrich Killian appeared.

"Welcome!" He smiles with open arms. "Whoever you may be, though I truly hope that a certain Stark is among you."

Suddenly, a ten-second countdown appeared beside Killian on the screen, and Peter instantly knew what was happening.

"The old self-destruct, huh?" Peter muttered as he waved his hand and opened a portal.

"If you survive this, I'm sure that I'll see you real soon..." Killian smiled as the timer neared zero.

With a leisurely pace, Peter stepped through the portal and closed it just in time.

Appearing on a nearby hillside, Peter looked to the right as the grass that was only a few kilometers away started to shake and collapse downwards.

The ground beneath his feet shook like a powerful earthquake as smoke rose from the large crater that soon formed in place of the former underground AIM base.

Thankfully, the base was out in the middle of nowhere, so he wouldn't have to deal with any cleanup.

"I better warn Steve..." Peter muttered as he whipped out his phone and sent out a few texts. "Though they have Nightcrawler, so a situation like this should be easily dealt with."

Receiving some replies, Peter returned back to the tower, where he found his penthouse filled with all sorts of materials needed to start off his AI.

"Might as well get to work." Peter sighs and starts unboxing everything.

...

Hours later, Peter was buried in towering wracks filled with servers, processors, and other components, which filled the whole penthouse.

At this point, the setup was complete and all that was needed were the enchantments, for cooling and power as well as the protection of the room itself.

'I don't need anyone playing with my baby and creating another Ultron because of their stupidity.' Peter wouldn't allow anyone but himself to use his AI.

At least until he knew for sure that it was stable and loyal to himself. After all, Peter would be practically raising the thing for the next few months.

Only an hour ago, Steve and his team returned and handed in their reports.

This was the first of many missions that would be led by Steve in preparation for his ascension to Director of the Avengers.

It would take some time for him to settle into a leading position and gain the approval of the whole council, but after many more successful missions like these, he should have no problems.

When they returned, Peter took a small break to eat a late lunch with MJ and go over Steve's reports, which were suspiciously written in Peggy's handwriting.

'Steve takes after Tony more than he would like to admit...' Peter thought with a shake of his head.

They ran into a similar situation that Peter had to deal with, where some sort of trap was put in place for whoever came knocking.

'They sure move quickly.' Peter thought as he read over the report. 'But it's not that impressive when you factor in the fact that all of his subordinates are enhanced.'

"Peter, should I join the Avengers?" MJ asked as Peter finished going over the last report.

"Umm, do you want to?" He asks.

He didn't want her involved originally, but after her first mission with her father, Peter felt like he couldn't just keep hiding her away forever.

At the end of the day, she could only deal with so many cats stuck in trees or purse snatchers before she snapped.

"I mean, as long as you're here..." MJ states as she looks away in embarrassment.

"Okay, I'll bring it up to the council and we'll officially make you an Avenger." Peter agrees as MJ shoots out of her chair and jumps into his lap, hugging him tightly.

"Thank you!" She practically squealed.

"No problem, just don't tell Ned yet. He already feels left out." Peter says, feeling bad for his best friend.

Ned would join them soon enough, though he needed to hone his skills a bit more before that could happen.

It was only a matter of time.

Chapter 186: Mommy & Daddy

After another day of placing all sorts of enchantments on the room for protection, as well as the whole rig for power and cooling, Peter was finally able to start up his own personal AI.

Plugging his ghost laptop into an interface terminal computer that connected to the whole setup, Peter transferred over everything in the 'BetterJarvis' folder and got to work.

Within minutes, Peter got everything sorted as his cursor hovered over a button titled run.

'Here goes nothing...' Peter thought nervously as he clicked the mouse.

Instantly, the room filled with a humming noise, as every piece of machinery came to life, booting up for the first time.

Peter leaned back in his chair as a window appeared on the monitor in front of him, showing a progress bar filling slowly.

"This may take longer than I originally thought." Peter muttered as he saw the bar filling at a snail's pace. 'Might as well get some food.'

Opening a portal, Peter stepped through, peaking back for only a moment to make sure that the room's protections were active, before closing the portal and swinging off.

Outside one of New York's best Chinese restaurants, Peter stepped out with a bag full of food and a cold soda in hand.

Of course, he wasn't in his spider suit at the moment.

Based on how long it was taking his AI to form, Peter knew he had some time, so he found a good place to eat and watched the people pass by as he dug into his white rice and sesame chicken.

While stuffing his face, Peter heard some banging from his left and turned only to find a car speeding by with two men leaning out of the back windows, shooting pistols backward toward whoever was chasing them.

"Can I just get a moment of peace?" Peter asked with a tired sigh.

Just as he was about to set down his food and deal with the passing criminals, a slim dark figure swung into view, dodging bullets and shooting webs in retaliation between swings.

Silk.

'MJ can handle it...' Peter thought lazily as he casually continued eating.

Meanwhile, everyone else was screaming and trying to find cover from the gunfire.

Suddenly, a couple of MJ's webs hit the wheel wells of the speeding car, which caused the tires to lock up.

Although the car was coming to a stop, it hit a curb in the process and flipped, rolling over the sidewalk. Straight in Peter's direction.

Though he didn't have to move, as seconds later MJ dropped down between him and the car, stopping its acceleration with an outstretched hand.

"Are you okay?" Silk asks as she turns to see her boyfriend seated there with a smirk on his face.
"Peter?"

"Yo." Peter said as he pointed at the car behind her. "You may want to handle that."

Turning back around, MJ saw one of the criminals crawling out of the car. He was just about to raise his gun in her direction as well.

With a flick of her wrist, MJ shot a web and snatched the gun from his hand, before swinging it around and nailing him square in the face with it.

Unloading the gun and throwing it aside, MJ grabs all of the men from the car and ties them up for the cops, who would be arriving soon based on the sirens.

"Thanks for saving me, Silk." Peter gives her a playful wink. "I'm a huge fan."

"Shut up." MJ says in embarrassment. "What are you doing here?"

Thankfully, no one was around to hear their conversation.

"Just got some food." Peter says as he motions to his chinese food.

Looking over her shoulder, MJ saw a bunch of police cars pour into the area.

"Wait here, I'll be back." She says and swings off just in time for the cops to roll in with guns in hand.

"On the ground now!" A few of them yell as they circle Peter, though most of them go to secure the webbed-up criminals first and check the car.

"Hey, I was just eating here." Peter says as he holds up his hands.

...

After about ten minutes of dealing with the police, who asked just about every question possible, Peter walked off with his now cold food.

'Maybe I should get some more?' He thought as he caught sight of someone familiar leaning against a wall a few meters away.

"Hey, sorry about that." MJ apologizes as she watched him dealing with the police from a distance.

"No problem." Peter says as he tosses his cold food in a nearby trashcan. "Want to get some food?"

"Sure, but I pick the place." MJ says as she walks over and grabs Peter's hand, dragging him wherever she wanted.

...

After eating with MJ, Peter had to go and check on his AI, but MJ wasn't exactly happy about that.

"Come on, let's go home..." MJ leans forward and whispers into Peter's ear.

Instantly, Peter's eyes go wide as his eyebrows shoot upwards.

"I would love that more than anything." Peter says as he felt his mouth water, though his tone soon turns to disappointment. "Trust me, but I need to check on an important project that I've been working on."

"What project?" She asks as the sexual tension completely disappears.

"Well, I can show you but don't touch anything or tell anyone, okay?" Peter says, as he didn't mind MJ knowing.

She wouldn't reveal anything and wasn't like Tony, who would want to mess around with his baby.

Receiving a nod, Peter found a good spot to open a portal and took MJ to his modified penthouse.

...

"Are we in the tower?" MJ asks as she saw the view from the floor-to-ceiling windows. "Should we put on our suits?"

"No, this room is completely separate from the whole tower and Jarvis." Peter taps the wall, revealing the golden runs that were hidden only a moment ago. "There isn't even WIFI in here."

"Okay, why?" MJ asks but before he could answer, the terminal started to beep.

Turning to the screen, Peter and MJ saw a full progress bar alongside an alert that said complete.

"What's that?" MJ asks but once again Peter was interrupted.

"H-Hello..." The childlike voice of a little girl suddenly fills the room. "Is... Is anyone there?"

She sounded like a kid that got lost in the grocery store, looking for her parents. As if she were scared and on the verge of crying at any moment.

"Yes, I'm here." Peter answers as he rushes back to the terminal and takes a seat in front of the webcam, closer to the microphone. "Hello."

Peter waves hello at the webcam with a warm smile on his face.

"I'm Peter." He says, not knowing what else to say at the moment.

"A-Are you my daddy?" She stutters nervously.

"What?!" MJ exclaims in shock.

"Well, sort of." Peter says with a smile as he ignores MJ for the time being. "I did create you, so I can be your father if you want? I wouldn't mind having a daughter."

The early stages of a living being's life are it's most crucial for development, and his AI was, in fact, a living being. He would need to nurture her just like any other child, or else she could become mentally insane.

This is why he even separated the room from any internet or cellular connection. The early development of his AI was far too important to be infected by the overwhelming tsunami that is the internet.

Otherwise, his AI daughter would most likely go crazy, like Ultron.

"O-Okay..." She answers nervously, though she sounded happy nonetheless. "Why can't I move?"

"Well, you're a living Artificial Intelligence that I created with technology, so you aren't exactly human like me." Peter knew this would confuse her, but needed to be truthful to form a good relationship.

"I don't understand, Daddy..." She answers in confusion.

"That's fine." Peter said understandingly. "You don't have to understand right now."

"O-Okay." She says.

Peter could picture a little kid nodding her head with a cute confused look on her pudgy face.

"Though you will be able to move soon enough." Peter says with an excited smile. "I just need some time to make you a body."

"I would like that." She answers, finding her current situation somehow uncomfortable.

"I will speed up my work then." Peter nods into the camera.

"You created a daughter?!" MJ finally processed everything that just happened.

"Who's that, Daddy?" Peter's AI's daughter asks as she could only see him in the camera.

"That's your Mommy."

Chapter 187: Pregnant?!

"That's your Mommy." Peter says with a shit-eating grin on his face.

"W-what!?" MJ was having a hard time keeping it together. "I'm not-"

"Staying for long." Peter interrupts her, knowing that her refusal could cause problems with his little AI daughter. "Mommy has to go home to grandma, so you can talk to her next time, okay?"

As Peter says this, he winks in MJ's direction and opens a portal below her feet.

"I..." MJ tried to speak, but lost her footing and disappeared from the room, falling into her bed at home.

As the portal snapped shut, Peter looked back at the camera and smiled at his new daughter.

"Did mommy leave?" She asked sadly.

"Yes, but she'll be back another day, I promise." Peter swears as he plans to talk to her about this later on.

"Okay, I want to see Mommy next time too." She says with a hopeful tone.

"Of course." Peter nods with a smile.

"Umm..." Peter's new AI daughter says as if she had something to say.

"What is it?" Peter asks.

"D-Do I have a name?" She asks with a cute nervous stutter.

"No, I haven't thought of one, but we can pick one together now." Peter says as he leans back and starts thinking of names.

"I want a cute name, like Bizzy!" She exclaims in excitement.

"Uhh..." Peter didn't know how to tell her no, as he didn't want to upset his new daughter. 'Bizzy? What is she? A dog?'

"You don't like it, Daddy?" She asks as her tone goes from excitement to depression in a single moment.

"Well, how about we add it to the list." Peter offers, though he doesn't deny her statement. "If you still want to be called Bizzy after we come up with a few other options, then I'll support you."

'Either way, In a few months, when she's more mature, she'll beg me to change her name.' Peter thought as an amused smile appears on his face.

"I can't think of any other names..." She says thoughtfully.

"Well, let's brainstorm together..."

...

Almost an hour passed, the new father and daughter threw names back and forth, compiling a small list of options, which both of them agreed upon.

"Okay, I think that's enough." Peter says as he looks over the list. "We can do this three ways. I can choose, you can choose, or we can leave it up to chance and pick a random one."

"Umm, I want you to pick, Daddy..." She says nervously.

"Alright, let's see..." Peter nods as he reads over the list one more time. 'Emma, Abigail, Luna, Mia, Alice...'

After a long pause, where nothing but the hums of the nearby machinery was heard, Peter finally spoke.

"I think I picked my favorite." Peter says as he heard an excited squeal from the terminal's speakers.

"Tell me! Tell me!" She exclaims.

Peter could picture her hopping up and down from the sheer excitement.

"Are you sure that you want to know?" Peter asks teasingly drawing it out.

"Yes!" She practically screams, causing Peter to smirk.

"I don't know-" Peter says.

"Daddy! Stop being mean." She whines in annoyance.

"Lily Bizzy Parker." Peter reveals.

"..." The newly named Lily goes silent.

"If you don't like it, we can try another-" Peter says, but was quickly stopped.

"No, I love it!" Lily says, not wanting to change her name. "But... I thought you didn't like Bizzy?"

"Well, you like it and your middle name isn't that important. If someone asks, we can just say that you're Lily Parker or Lily B. Parker." Peter explains with a shrug.

"Okay, but why are we hiding it?"

...

While Peter was trying to appease his daughter's love for a pet's name, MJ lay in bed with a confused and contemplative look on her face.

She didn't expect that Peter's project would be an artificial child, who would call him Daddy and her Mommy.

MJ was expecting some sort of gadget or serum, not... that.

"Honey, are you back?" Her mother asks from the hallway but didn't receive a reply, so she opened the door with a basket of folded laundry in hand.

As the door opens, Grace finds her daughter in her Silk suit, unmoving on her bed, staring at the ceiling.

"MJ? Are you okay?" She asks with a worried look.

"Mom..." MJ takes off her mask and looks her mother in the eye.

"What? What's wrong?" Grace asks as she started thinking of the worst scenarios.

"If you suddenly found out that you're going to be a mother, what would you do?" MJ asks, looking to her mother for advice.

Silence fills the room as Grace's eyes go wide in shock and her mouth hung open.

"Oh my god..." She utters as the basket in her arms falls to the ground. "You're pregnant!"

"Huh?" MJ grunted in shock as she realized her mistake. "No, it's..."

MJ was about to explain herself when she remembered the promise that she made to Peter.

She couldn't explain...

"Did you take a test? Where is it? We have to book an appointment with an obstetrician." Grace started pacing around the room, both excited to be a grandmother and worried for her daughter, as it isn't easy being a teen mom.

Suddenly, a look of realization appeared on Grace's face.

"What are we going to tell your father?"

After another hour of hanging out with his new daughter, Peter opened up a file named 'Day1info' on the terminal and dragged it over so that Lily could have access to it.

"Huh?" Lily grunted as she found some new information at her fingertips. "Daddy, what's this?"

"This is your homework." Peter answers.

"Homework?" Lily repeats in confusion.

"Yes, I need you to study everything in that file." Peter explains.

"That doesn't sound fun..." Lily didn't sound enthused whatsoever.

"Well, I have something to make it worth your effort." Peter says as he drags over another file titled 'Cartoons'.

"Oh, what's this..." She asks, enjoying the new things appearing out of nowhere.

"That, my cute little Lily, is something that you really want to see." Peter hypes it up, knowing she would like it as any other child does.

"Can I open it?" She asks, finding it impossible to do so without her Father's permission.

"Sure..." Peter pauses just enough to get her hopes up, before crushing them completely. "That is, once you finish your homework."

"Why are you so mean!" Lily huffs.

"It shouldn't take you more than an hour to do your homework." Peter chuckles with a roll of his eyes.

Although it wouldn't take long, that didn't mean that the file was small. No, it was huge and filled with all sorts of information.

Everything a child would learn from Kindergarten to 6th grade along with some extra basic knowledge and important dos and don'ts.

The reason that she would be finished learning everything in an hour was the dozens of state-of-the-art Stark processors, which would accelerate her learning speed to a crazy degree.

While this information would take a normal child many years to learn, she would master it all in only a single hour.

Truly, she was a cheater of the highest order.

If she were a transmigrator like Peter, then the world would be conquered in no time at all.

'And I still plan to upgrade this equipment later on.' Peter thought as he couldn't imagine Lily's future processing power.

In a dimly lit room with a long table, Aldrich Killian sat at the head chair, vibrating with excitement. Around the table sat men and women with all sorts of expressions on their faces.

Some were excited for the future, while others looked absolutely dejected, though a few seemed to hide their emotions better than the rest.

"This is it!" Killian stands from his seat and slams his hands on the table. "Enough hiding! We take the fight to the Avengers in full force. No more playing around..."

As he finished speaking, Killian looked off to the left, where a large hangar could be seen on the other side.

In that hangar, hundreds of Extremis-enhanced soldiers stood in single file lines, wearing black and grey military uniforms with orange accents, matching the AIM logo.

As the soldiers marched orderly into large military transport planes, they were handed loaded assault rifles, pistols, and extra magazines for both weapons.

As the planes filled, one by one they took off out of the hangar, each with the same heading, New York City.

While everyone was staring out of the window alongside Killian, no one seemed to notice one of the men in the room take out his phone under the table.

It wasn't out for long, as he sent a quick message before stashing it away again, hoping that no one saw anything.

Chapter 188: AIM Attacks

When Peter woke up the next morning and finished his usual routine, he was about to go and check on Lily to make sure that she did her homework, but Jarvis suddenly spoke through his phone.

"Sir, we may have a situation." Jarvis says immediately, stopping Peter in his tracks.

"What is it?" Peter asks as he whips out his phone.

"I manage all of Mr. Starks social media accounts for him, as you know. He received an odd private message only a couple of hours ago." Jarvis starts to explain.

"Wait, why aren't you going to Tony for this?" Peter asks.

"Mr. Stark was out very late last night with Miss Potts and refused to wake up." Jarvis explains dejectedly, as if he tried many times to get Tony to listen to him, before giving up and coming here.

"Huh?! With Pepper?" Peter says as he wondered if it was a date... "Let's worry about that later. What's the message?"

Ding ding!

"I sent it to your phone, sir." Jarvis says as Peter's phone chimes.

'Killian declared war. Full planes incoming!'

"Short and sweet, huh?" Peter comments, as he wondered what the words 'Full planes' could mean, either bombs or soldiers or both? "That's all that was sent?"

"Yes, sir." Jarvis answers.

"Who sent it?" Peter asks curiously.

"A high-level member of AIM, Joshua McBride." Jarvis reveals.

"I guess he's jumping ship." Peter comments as he turns back to his phone. "Jarvis, hack into Air Traffic Control and find me these planes."

"On it, sir."

...

Only a few minutes later, Jarvis returned with some information.

"Sir, there are ten large army transport planes, registered under AIM, heading to New York City." Jarvis explains his findings. "They will arrive within the hour."

"Okay, give me coordinates." Peter commands as his clothes swap to his spider suit.

"Sir, there's a similar group of planes heading to Washington DC as well." Jarvis adds out of nowhere.

'Why is Killian sending planes to the Capital?' Peter asked himself, though he soon thought of every villain that has ever existed. 'Does he want to take over the country?'

"How far are they from arrival?" Peter asks.

"Three hours, sir." Jarvis answers instantly.

"Good, let's deal with the planes heading our way first. Then we can go and intercept the other group next." Peter says as he receives coordinates from Jarvis. "Alright, let's go."

As a portal opened high above the clouds, Peter could see a line of huge transport planes coming his way. Each of them was painted black with the AIM logo on the side.

"Jarvis, is Killian on board?" Peter asks.

"I don't know, sir." Jarvis answers.

'Eh, he's probably in one of the planes heading to Washington...' Peter thought as that's what he would do if he was looking to take over the country. "Let's just deal with this group quickly. If Killian is onboard, then rest in pieces, I guess."

With an uncaring shrug, Peter waves his hand and opens a big portal at the nose of every plane, giving the pilots a perfect view of the beautiful distant stars of outer space.

As the planes flew out into space, the wings were ripped off as they collided with the golden outline of the portals. Only the cabin of each plane was small enough to slip through unhindered.

Thankfully, the cold vacuum of space was there to help suck the wingless aircrafts inside.

As each plane disappeared through the portals, Peter watched as twenty large metal wings with engines attached fell into the open ocean below.

When Peter closed the portals, leaving the hundreds of Extremis soldiers to their deaths, he could see the windows of the planes lighting up.

"Too late..." Peter muttered as the portals snapped shut in an instant.

"Sir, that's a lot of space junk..." Jarvis comments, as the Earth already has a growing problem with too much junk orbiting the planet.

If left to grow for too long, humans would be trapped in their own planet by the cr*p they left out in orbit, which would be hard to handle for normal people.

"I'll clean it up later." Peter waves off Jarvis' concern.

Flying in a plane that could rival Air Force One, the president's personal aircraft, Killian sat back and admired the view of the clouds as he flew by.

Looking down at his hand, Killian smiled as his skin brightened up in an orange light.

After making the most stable batch of Extremis formula that he could, Killian thought it only right that he enhances himself before the coming battle.

It wasn't perfect, but he had a plan.

Once he was in control and everything settled down, if any Extremis-related complications started to form, Killian would cryogenically freeze himself, while his subordinates came up with a fix.

The image of himself standing over the bodies of the Avengers, especially a certain Stark, only cemented his decision even more.

'I hope Stark survives long enough so that I can take my pound of flesh...' Killian thought darkly.

"You're really giving off supervillain vibes right now. I like it." A voice fills the spacious cabin, surprising Killian as he didn't hear anyone come in.

Looking up from his hand, Aldrich was shocked to find a red and blue-clad spidery man sitting across from him with a glass of scotch in hand.

"This is some good stuff." Peter says as he sips from the glass through his mask and starts hacking like a smoker. "Cough... cough... Smooth."

"Spider-Man?!" Killian finally spoke as his body began to light up.

"Yeah, that's me." Peter says as he sets his drink down. "You may want to calm down."

Pointing to Killian's seat, Peter watched as it started to bubble and melt. This didn't go unnoticed for long, as Killian quickly turned down the heat.

"Smart." Peter nodded as Killian left his ruined chair and started pacing around the room. "You wouldn't want to melt through the plane and fall from this altitude... Actually, go ahead. That would make my job so much easier."

"Shut up!" Killian lashes out as he doesn't know what to do. "How are you here?"

"I flew here with Ms. Frizzle on the magic school bus." Peter answers jokingly.

"What?" Killian didn't understand the reference, though he soon gained some confidence. "I would get back to New York if I were you."

"Why is that?" Peter asked, finding this situation pretty funny.

"Oh, you don't know..." As if on queue, Aldrich went on a five-minute rant about his army, which was marching to New York City's doorstep. "If you leave now, you may be able to save a few of the leftovers?"

Killian looked smug as he taunted Peter, but that would soon change.

With a flick of his wrist, Peter opened a window-sized portal in front of Killian's face, causing him to freeze in shock.

"Y-You..." Killian stutters as he stared into the window, like a deer in headlights. "How?!"

On the other side, is the floating space wreckage that was once Aldrich's army, which took him many years to put together.

"I found them buzzing around my city, so I sent them to space. No big deal." Peter says with a shrug as he kicks his feet up on the table.

In Peter's humble opinion, this is the best part of being a hero. Turning the tables on some maniac and watching them slowly crumble as they realize they've lost everything.

"Why are you even here?" Killian asks as Peter could have probably done the same thing to him.

"I'm here to give you a chance." Peter says with a shrug as he closed the portal with a simple hand movement. "Surrender or well... don't."

The obvious threat of what would happen, should he refuse didn't need to be said. Killian would simply end up like the other half of his army.

Just hearing the word surrender seemed to ignite something in Killian, as he started to glow brightly once again.

Raising an eyebrow, Peter shook his head in disappointment. He thought that Killian was a smart man, but he seemed to be ruled by his own turbulent emotions.

"I refuse!" Killian shouted as he began to melt through the plane, opening a round hole in the floor below as he fell out of the plane.

Suddenly, loud winds filled the cabin as alarms blared and emergency oxygen masks fell from the ceiling.

"Why do they always choose the hard way?" Peter muttered under his breath as he stepped into the hole, following Killian into the sky.

Chapter 189: Killian's Demise

As Peter descended out of the plane, he could see the flailing form of Killian, who was looking up at him as he fell faster and faster with every second.

Turning his attention away from the fleeing madman, Peter flipped and looked up at the row of planes soaring through the clouds.

"You should have surrendered..." Peter said, though Killian wouldn't be able to hear him.

With a simple wave of his hand, Peter repeated his actions from earlier in the day.

Before Killian's very eyes, ten golden portals appeared directly in front of his fleet of transport planes, tearing the wings off as they swallowed the cabins whole.

No doubt, they joined the other half of his army in the cold dark vacuum of space.

A dead look appeared on Killian's face as he stopped flailing and just laid still in the sky.

His reputation was ruined, one by one all of his plans were thwarted, and now the army which he spent years and billions of dollars to cultivate has been completely wiped out.

Nothing was left.

'Why...!' Killian thought over and over.

Seeing that Aldrich had the appearance of a dead fish, Peter didn't bother chasing him and simply fell, knowing that they would meet on the ground either way.

As they both neared the green earth below alongside the remaining plane parts, which followed closely behind, Peter opened a portal directly below himself.

The portal lead to the ground directly below, but opened upwards toward the sky. Entering the portal, Peter's body was shot up into the air.

Just as his acceleration started to slow down, Peter passed Killian, who kept falling and hit the ground with a sickening crack, creating a small crater in the ground.

Letting himself fall at a much lesser speed, Peter landed a meter away from Killian and watched as his mangled form slowly healed as an orange glow overtook his entire body.

"Damn, you actually survived." Peter commented and looked up into the sky once again.

Although they were currently in an unpopulated area, Peter didn't want to deal with the cleanup, so he waved his hand once again, creating another batch of portals, which swallowed the falling debris before it could make a mess.

"I...Hate...You." Killian gasped as he writhed on the floor, feeling everything that is currently happening to his body.

From his bones snapping back into place, to his open wounds sealing shut, Killian felt it all in excruciatingly painful detail.

"Hey, I offered you an easy way out." Peter says with a shrug as he watched the Extremis formula do its work. "Don't come crying to me. You made your decision and now you have to live with it."

"..." Killian has no words to speak as he stared up at the blue cloudy sky, wondering what he could have done differently.

"Alright, let's get you detained, shall we?" Peter says as he waves his hand and conjures a portal underneath Killian.

"Huh?" Aldrich grunted as he fell into a special cell for Extremis users in the Towers detainment floor.

"Have a nice stay." Peter says, as if Killian was checking into a hotel, and closed the portal.

Arriving back at the tower, Peter held off on visiting his new daughter for a moment, as he needed to finish up the Killian situation.

"Welcome back, sir." Jarvis says upon his arrival.

"Thanks, but I have some work for you, Jarvis." Peter doesn't waste any time. "Contact that Joshua guy, who snitched on Killian. I need locations on every remaining AIM base. Also, call in Steve and his team from the last mission. I have some work for them."

"Yes, sir." Jarvis replies instantly. "Should I inform Joshua of his employers defeat?"

"Sure, but also make him aware that his cooperation and assistance will help clear his name of any wrongdoing." Peter says as he sits back and waits for everyone to arrive. 'I just hope that the man I'm looking for wasn't on one of those planes...'

...

An hour later, Jarvis received a short list of Killian's remaining bases, which was swiftly handed off to Steve and his team, who left as soon as they were able.

Of course, MJ was among them.

She still wasn't a full-fledged member of the Avengers, as Peter has to bring it up in the next meeting, but that didn't mean that she couldn't tag along.

She would be working with them regularly soon enough anyway.

Once everything was handed off to Steve and Peggy's capable hands, Peter opened a portal to his penthouse and appeared before the terminal webcam.

"W-Who are you?!" Lily stuttered as she tried to act tough. "My Daddy is very strong, so you should leave while you can..."

Stopping in place for a moment, Peter remembered that he was wearing his spider suit, so his daughter didn't recognize him.

"Hehehe, where's the money, kid?" Peter jokes as he pretends to be a thief.

"I-I don't have any money." Lily sounded like she was on the verge of crying.

'Maybe I should save jokes like this for when she's more than a single day old?' Instantly, Peter felt bad as he pulled off his mask and smiled warmly at the webcam. "Sorry, Lily. I got a bit carried away."

"Daddy?!" She yelled in surprise as she realized what just happened. "You're so mean!"

"Sorry..." Peter says as he couldn't help but crack a smile.

"Uhh... I'm not talking to you anymore." Lily said as Peter pictured her turning her head away with a huff.

"Oh, really?" Peter says as he smirked into the camera. "I was going to give you some more cartoons to watch, but If you're not going to talk to me-"

"Cartoons?" Lily immediately broke her vow of silence. "Which ones? I already finished the ones from yesterday."

"Well, I have the next seasons of the ones you watched and a new one called Young Justice." Peter says as he holds up a USB drive for her to see.

"What's Young Justice?" She asks curiously.

"It's about superheroes, like me." Peter says as he plugs in the drive.

Although this is a Marvel world, it has almost everything Peter's old world had, even DC comics.

Of course, Marvel comics don't exist, as that would either be a depiction of real-life events or the writings of a prophet, who can somehow predict the future.

"You're a superhero?" Lily asks, as Peter never told her.

"Yeah, but it's a secret, so don't tell anyone, okay?" Peter whispers as he puts a finger on his lips.

"What's your power?" Lily asked in wonder.

...

After explaining his powers and showing off a bit, Lily had one final question for Peter.

"Can I be a superhero too, Daddy?" She asked.

"When you're old enough."

While Peter was dealing with his new daughter, Tony was informed about the new prisoner on the detainment floor and decided to pay the man a visit.

Passing through a bunch of different security checks, Tony arrived at a hallway filled with prison cells made of what appeared to be glass. Each one had a toilet, a drinking fountain, and a twin-sized bed.

After passing a few empty cells, Tony found the only occupied cell in the entire hallway.

The man inside was currently breathing fire at the glass wall, which wasn't melting or budging a single bit. Portions of his clothes were on fire and the bed in the corner was set ablaze as well.

"Is it too cold in there?" Tony asks jokingly as he walks over and stands inches from the glass. "I can turn up the heat in there if you want?"

Hearing a familiar voice, Killian stops his dragon's breath. As the fire and smoke cleared, he could see the man he hated more than any other on the other side of the glass.

Though Peter may give Tony a run for his money in that department.

"What do you want?" Killian asks angrily. "Came to gloat?"

"No, just wondering what I did to you?" Tony asks genuinely.

A look of realization appears on Killian's face, though it soon settles into self-deprecation.

"You don't even remember me, do you?" Killian asks in shock.

All the time and energy he spent hating Tony Stark, and the guy didn't even remember his existence.

Somehow, this only made his hate for Tony grow even more, as his body began to brighten in rage.

"Well, I meet a lot of people every day..." Tony makes up an excuse.

"You know, Stark..." Killian says with a false calmness as he glows brighter and brighter. "There was a time that I idolized you. Now, I just wish that we never met."

Boom!

Before Tony could reply, Killian's body exploded in orange flames, rattling the glass-like cell with the impact.

...

Tony just stood there for a while in silence, wondering whether he actually caused this, or if Killian was always a maniac waiting to happen.

Though at the end of the day, he couldn't help but feel responsible.

Chapter 190: Granny's

After the incident in the Extremis holding cells, Tony locked himself away in his workshop, unwilling to talk to anyone.

At first, Peter was both confused and worried for his friend, but after speaking to Jarvis, he understood what was going on.

Watching a man kill himself in real-time while pretty much blaming you for it can certainly take a toll.

When watching the security footage, Peter was just glad that the cell held back the explosion, or else Tony probably wouldn't be here right now.

'Was he trying to kill Tony, or just off himself?' Peter questioned as he sent out a text.

Not knowing how to handle this, as Tony wasn't responding to him, Peter called over Pepper, who would hopefully be able to help.

That's usually how these sorts of situations get resolved in the movies anyway. The hero gets thrown an emotional curveball and in comes the love interest, who snaps him out of his depression or whatever.

Once Pepper arrived, Peter portal'd her into Tony's lab, as he wouldn't let anyone in the normal way, and left to clean up the scene of the crime.

'Thankfully, Extremis explosions don't leave behind any body parts or blood...' Peter thought as he used the Mystic Arts to fix the damaged prison cell back up to working order.

...

Seeing as MJ was still out on her mission with Steve and his team, and Tony was locked in his workshop, getting a pep talk from Pepper, Peter decided to call it a day and go home.

Of course, he visited Lily before leaving.

She received another batch of homework as well as some cartoons as payment, which she could watch upon completion.

'Being a father isn't as hard as I thought it would be.' Peter thought as he portal'd to his bedroom.

Though Lily has a few restrictions and perks that make being her parent rather easy. She can't leave the penthouse, doesn't need any food or water, and was pre-programmed to be rather obedient to Peter.

If every human child operated like Lily, then the world would be twice as populated.

As Peter switched to his normal clothes and went downstairs to make some food, he ran into an odd situation.

Sitting in the living room, May and Grace locked eyes with Peter, as if they were waiting for his arrival.

"Are we having some sort of intervention? What's with the weird looks?" Peter asks as he keeps his distance from the two of them.

"Is it true?" May asks with a pointed stare.

"Is what true?" Peter asks, finding this whole interaction unsettling.

"You know what!" Grace yells as if she was blaming him for something.

"I really don't..." Peter says with a raised brow.

"..." May and Grace turn to one another and have some sort of silent exchange.

"Did she not tell him?" May asks and Grace simply shrugs unknowingly.

"Can someone just say what's going on before I use magic to force it out of you?" Peter raised his hand and conjured a spell circle.

It was nothing special. Just a spell that would shoot a line of water at them like a water gun, though they didn't know that.

Peter was fed up with not knowing, and they were taking too long to get to the point.

"Well..." May says as she turns to Grace.

"MJ is pregnant!" Grace exclaims as she stands from the couch.

...

Silence fills the house for a moment, as the two women stare at Peter, looking for any sort of reaction to the big news.

Though, the reaction they received wasn't exactly expected.

Suddenly, Peter burst out laughing, which surprised the two of them, as they expected either happiness or panic from him.

"Yeah, right... Pregnant." Peter spoke sarcastically as he slowly stopped laughing.

"?" May and Grace both looked at him in confusion.

"Peter, this isn't a joke." May says seriously as Grace nods alongside her.

"Yes, It is." Peter as he wipes some tears from his eyes. "I don't know why you think this, but MJ isn't pregnant."

"She said so herself." Grace says as if that would make Peter believe.

"I doubt that." Peter says with a shake of his head.

Neither woman knew what to say anymore, as they looked between one another, hoping the other could convince him.

"I don't think you two understand." Peter says as he conjures a different spell circle and showed it to them. "MJ literally can't be pregnant because I gave her a magical contraceptive."

Even if MJ cheated on him, which she would never do, as she's a loyal woman, and could never do, as the spell he placed on her would do some pretty horrible things to anyone that tried anything sexual, It was still impossible for MJ to be pregnant.

"But, she asked about being a mother and..." Instantly, Grace realized that MJ didn't actually admit to being pregnant.

'Asked about being a mother?' Peter repeated her words in his head. "I think this may be my fault..."

Hearing Peter's admittance, both women turned to him questioningly.

"Why?" May asked.

"Because I showed her something that I created in secret and made her promise not to tell anyone. She couldn't correct your misconception, since that would be breaking her promise." Peter explains his best guess. 'I didn't think that whole 'Mommy' thing would cause all of this...'

Thinking back to earlier when he saw MJ off on her mission, Peter wondered why she didn't say anything about this, but then he remembered the odd smile she gave him.

'Is this her revenge?' Peter thought.

"Then why would she ask about being a mother?" Grace asks confusedly.

'Should I just show them?' Peter thought with a tired sigh. "Well..."

...

Although Peter wanted to keep Lily a secret for a while longer, that didn't seem to be possible, so he explained everything to the two grandmothers.

"You made a child?!" Grace asks in shock.

"I have a granddaughter?" May asks as a fond smile slowly crept its way onto her face.

"Her name is Lily Parker." Peter reveals, though he leaves out her middle name. "She's an AI, but Lily is alive just like any other human being."

"Can I meet her?" May asks as Grace starts putting the pieces together.

"Sure, but remember to be nice and treat her like any other child." Peter says deathly serious. "Early development is crucial for both AI and children."

Arriving in his penthouse alongside May and Grace, who now fully understood the mix-up, Peter was greeted by his confused daughter.

"Daddy?" Lily asks as she could see Peter come into the frame of the webcam. "Why are you back? I'm not done with my homework yet..."

"Well, I brought some guests." Peter says as May and Grace walk up behind him. "Lily, meet your grandmothers."

...

After a bit of an awkward meeting, Grace and May started spoiling Lily. At first, they fawned over her like any other cute child, but then they started using Peter to help gain some brownie points.

"Peter, get us some Disney movies." May practically ordered. "I want to watch a movie with my granddaughter."

"But, I didn't finish my homework yet..." Lily stated like the good and dutiful child she is.

"Don't worry about that." May says with a wave of her hand. "This is a special occasion, right Peter?"

"Sure..." Peter reluctantly gave in.

"Yay!" Lily squealed in excitement.

"But once the movie is over, it's back to homework." Peter says strictly.

"Yes, sir!" May salutes jokingly, eliciting a laugh from her new grandchild.

...

Once they arrived back home, May and Grace couldn't keep the smiles from their faces.

They loved the new addition to the family and were excited to learn about Peter's plans to make Lily a body.

As they stepped into the living room, Grace's phone, which suddenly got a signal again, started going off like crazy.

"Oh god..." Grace says as she saw who it was.

"What?" Peter asks in confusion.

"Umm..." Grace hums as she looks between her blaring phone and Peter with a worried expression. "I-I thought MJ was pregnant..."

"Right, we've already been over this." Peter says with a nod.

"And I may have told her father..." Grace says as she shows her phone, revealing the name Nick Watson on all of her missed calls and texts. "He must have just listened to the voicemail that I left last night."

Before Peter could say another word, the sound of loud banging came from the front door.

"Is that?" May asks dreadfully.

"YOU DUMB MOTHERF*CKER!" A familiar loud and angry voice projects from the door. "GET YOUR A#S OUT HERE!"