

# Spider-Man 211

## Chapter 211: Deadly Recruitment

Days after Agent Orange's capture...

In a dark room, Rawlins and Schoonover were strapped to metal chairs. Both of them were a bit beaten up, but no amount of bruises and cuts could cover up the tired look of defeat on their faces.

Outside of the room, Frank stared at Peter in disbelief.

"You're sure it's okay?" Frank asks as he tightens his grip on the pistol in his hand.

"Yeah, as long as you agree to join the Avengers." Peter shrugs without much care.

"Alright..." Frank nods as he cocks his pistol back and storms into the interrogation room.

"Frank!?" Schoonover exclaims in surprise as he noticed the gun. "Wait, don't-"

\*bang!\*

Without a shred of remorse or hesitation, Frank put a single bullet in the Colonel's forehead, killing him instantly.

\*heavy breathing\*

Seeing this unfold, Rawlins knew he was next and started hyperventilating.

"Please don't..." Rawlins begs as his breathing fastens. "I'm sorry-"

\*bang!\*

Once again, Frank executed Rawlins in the same fashion as his accomplice, drilling a bullet into his skull.

Holstering his pistol, Frank sighed as he finally completed his vengeance.

"You know how movies like to tell us that getting revenge isn't worth it in the end?" Frank asks rhetorically as he walks out of the room. "Well, they're full of cr\*p."

Walking past Peter, Frank made his way toward the elevators, ready to spend some quality time with his family.

"Jarvis, erase the security footage..." Peter orders as he waves his hand, opening a large portal underneath the two dead bodies.

"Yes, sir." Jarvis says dutifully as the two were swallowed by the golden portal and shipped off to the sun.

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Laying in his bed, Peter hugged MJ close to his chest as they watched a movie on the flatscreen TV.

"Hey, do you want to meet Thor?" Peter asked as the movie ended.

Ever since Loki was found, Peter planned to head over to Asgard, so that he could inform his family, though there was another reason for his visit as well.

He needs to visit the Dwarves of Nidavellir, as the infinity stones need some sort of conduit.

The Dwarves would be one of the very few in the whole universe with the means to craft something like the infinity gauntlet for him.

Especially with the Reality Stone's appearance, which should happen in a few months time.

Although Peter has already found the coordinates for Nidavellir, having the king of Asgard's recommendation would most likely speed things along.

"In Asgard?" She asks hopefully.

Ever since Peter told her about the home of the Asgardians, MJ has always wanted to go and see the sites.

"Yeah, I'm leaving tomorrow morning though, so you'll have to ditch school." Peter says, knowing she would gladly do so.

"I can't wait..."

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The next morning, Peter woke up to MJ running crazily around the room, getting ready to vacation in an alien civilization.

She even packed a suitcase, as if he couldn't just portal her to her closet at any moment.

"You're finally awake!" MJ exclaimed excitedly.

...

After being rushed by his overly excited girlfriend, the two suited up and portal'd straight into the throne room of Asgard's Royal Palace.

"Your Majesty, I see no reason why we haven't reclaimed the Nine Realms already." A young ambitious-looking warrior kneeled in front of Thor, as he sat on his father's old throne with his mother standing beside him, like a royal advisor.

"Balder Freyson, we've spoken on this many times already." Frigga speaks up for her son. "Many of the realms are peaceful and the outlook of Asgard is no longer focused on war. It hasn't been that way for a very long time."

"With all due respect, Queen Mother, I was speaking to the king..." Balder says with a small trace of disrespect toward Frigga.

Turning his eyes back to Thor, who didn't look happy about his mother's treatment, Balder spoke further.

"The realms have no respect or fear for their rulers any longer. Although they are our realms in name, each one has a ruler who governs as if they were King! There is only one king and he is of Asgard!" Balder's voice gets heated as he passionately spoke his mind.

"Balder, I understand your position very well." Thor finally speaks. "You're the third son in your family, so you won't inherit much, but you are a powerful soldier. A war would give you the opportunity to rise in the ranks and make a name for yourself outside of your family."

Balder flinched as he heard Thor speak all of his insecurities and motivations.

"I know this because I used to think in the same way." Thor says as he frowned at his past actions. "I thought that I could never live up to my father, both as a king and a warrior, but war brings nothing but pain and death to all sides."

"Then what am I supposed to do..." Balder grinds his teeth and clenches his fists.

"Might I suggest something?" Peter says as he walks up, making his presence known.

Instantly, he and MJ, who was captivated by the architecture of the palace, were surrounded by spear-wielding Einherjar guards.

"Umm..." MJ hummed as she poked the tip of a spear with her finger. "Are you sure we're supposed to be here?"

"My friend!" Thor shot out of his seat and rushed over to Peter, pushing past his own guards.

"Yo!" Peter waves as Thor picks him up in a powerful hug.

"What a wonderful surprise!" Thor says as he drops Peter and looks toward MJ. "Who might this be?"

"This is my wife, Silk." Peter says with a smirk under his mask.

"No, we're-" MJ tries to clarify but...

"The Spider has a wife!?" Thor shouts in shock.

"Yes, we've been married for 20 years." Peter says as MJ elbows him in the ribs.

"You said you had a suggestion?" Frigga asks as Balder stood there, annoyed that his audience with the king has been sidetracked.

"Yes." Peter says as he looks toward Balder. "If you want to make use of your power as a warrior, then leave Asgard and make a name for yourself somewhere else. The universe is full of conflict and opportunities."

"...but I've sworn my loyalty to the king." He says uncertainly.

"You can be loyal to Thor without being in Asgard." Peter says with a shrug.

"Haha!" Thor laughs boisterously as he pats Peter on the shoulder. "Good idea, Spider."

Looking at Balder, Thor's demeanor shifted to that of a proud king.

"Balder Freyson, I hereby order you to travel the universe and make a name for yourself. Fight for good and deliver justice to the wicked in my name." Thor decrees.

"..." Balder stood rooted to the floor in shock.

"Be sure to visit your family before leaving." Frigga says with a stern look. "I don't want to hear General Frey complain about us sending his son off without saying goodbye."

"Y-Yes, your Majesty." Balder stutters as he bows and paces out of the room, growing more excited by the second.

"Thank you, my friend." Thor says as the door shut behind Balder. "Maybe you should help me with Amora as well. She's been another thorn in my side lately..."

"I'm not here to solve your woman problems." Peter says as he walks past Thor. "Hello, Frigga. Has Odin's condition improved?"

"Yes, Odinsleep has done wonders without any interruptions." Frigga nods.

"Speaking of interruptions." Peter says as he takes out his phone and opens his photos. "I met Loki on earth."

Holding out his phone, Peter showed a photo of Loki eating a slice of pizza on the busy streets of New York City.

"!" Frigga rushed down the stairs from the throne to get a good look. "He looks so different..."

"Haha!" Thor laughed as he took a look as well. "My pompous brother looks like a human!"

"Yeah, he took after you as well." Peter says as he swipes to a picture of Loki and Jessica standing together.

"Is that his beloved?" Frigga asks curiously.

"Not yet." Peter says as he swipes through a few more pictures.

"I see..." Frigga nodded as she knew her son well.

"Yes, Loki has always been a bit of a coward when it came to women." Thor speaks the words that his mother held back. "He once had a crush on Lady Sif for years, but never told her or anyone for that matter."

"He told me." Frigga says as she sends a reprimanding glare to her eldest son. "Now stop airing your brother's private business."

"Well, at least we know Loki is doing well." Thor says as he looks away from his mother's glare.

"Yes, in fact, he's a sort of honorary member of the Avengers at the moment." Peter says, shocking the god-like mother and son.

...

After answering a bunch of questions about Loki, Thor asked something unrelated to his brother.

"Are you only here to tell us about Loki or will you be staying?" He asks, hoping to spend some time with his spidery friend.

"Actually..."

Chapter 212: Nidavellir

"Actually, I came to ask for a favor, though we will be staying to enjoy some sightseeing in Asgard." Peter says as he points over to MJ's suitcase. "Silk has been excited for me to bring her here for while."

"Spectacular!" Thor's voice booms as he happily raised his arms. "I will personally show you all that my home has to offer!"

"You said something about a favor?" Frigga speaks up from the side.

"Yes, whatever it is, it shall be done." Thor nods as his mother looks toward him disapprovingly.

"Thor, how many times do I have to tell you that your words as the King of Asgard mean far more than you can imagine? Do not agree to anything before you fully understand what's going on." Frigga says seriously.

Although she didn't think Peter would take advantage of Thor, others with a more nefarious mindset would jump at the opportunity to swindle Asgard out of its countless treasures and powerful artifacts.

"Well, now that I know it can be anything..." Peter says jokingly as he starts listing off impossible demands. "...Oh, and I'll take Mjølfnir back."

As he says this, Peter moves quickly and grabs the hammer off of Thor's belt, lifting it with ease.

"Huh, I guess she still likes me..." Peter says and twirls Mjølfnir between his fingers as lightning crackles all around his body.

"Mjølfnir isn't a she..." Thor says as he holds his hand out and called his trusty hammer back, ripping Mjølfnir from Peter's grasp. "Now, what do you actually need?"

"You're so mean..." Peter playfully whines like a child. "I was finally reunited with Mjølfnir and you snatch her away so suddenly."

"Sigh..." Thor heaves a calming breath before throwing his hammer back to Peter, who caught it without trouble.

"Thor!" Frigga looked for her son in disapproval.

"What? He's not going to steal it." Thor says as he looks toward Peter, who was covered in lightning again. "Now, what's this favor you need?"

"I need a referral letter or something so that the Dwarves in Nidavellir will craft me a weapon." Peter says as he plays around with Mjølfnir. "Although I don't regret giving you your hammer back, as it never belonged to me in the first place, I've found that I want a weapon of my own now."

Of course, Peter was lying out of his a\*s, as he didn't want anyone to know about the Infinity Stones or his plan to wield them in the future.

Even his plan for the Dwarves will hopefully keep them in the dark as well, though that will be put to the test when they see the blueprints.

"That's it?" Thor says as if it wasn't a big deal to commission a weapon from Nidavellir.

Even his mother didn't seem phased by Peter's request.

"I'll have something written up by the time your welcome feast begins!" Thor says grandly.

"Welcome feast?" MJ asked.

"Yeah, you'll find that Asgardians, like many humans in our world, love drinking, partying, and fighting." Peter says with a shrug as he tosses Mjolnir back to Thor, who was nodding along to his friend's assessment of his people.

"I take offense to that." Frigga says, knowing that this wasn't completely true. "Yes, the warriors of Asgard like fighting and drinking, but the rest of our population are a different story."

"What percentage of Asgardians are warriors?" Peter asks.

"...70%" Frigga answers reluctantly.

"If the majority of your population loves drinking and fighting, then I think that is enough to represent them as a whole." Peter says with a shrug. "It's not necessarily a bad thing though."

"..." Frigga didn't look pleased, though she knew that Peter was correct.

She only wished Asgard was a bit more refined. Partying and drinking was one thing, but the amount of duels between warriors, which the royal family has to sometimes oversee, depending on the status of the participants, is a lot.

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After speaking for a while longer, Peter and MJ were whisked off by Thor, who showed them around until the feast was prepared.

MJ was awestruck for most of the tour, which was cute since she wasn't easily impressed by things like architecture.

When the time came for the feast, Peter and MJ arrived early to find the throne room filled with long tables, chairs, and decorations.

Servants ran here and there, like chickens with their heads cut off, working as fast as they could to lay out food and ale for the coming swarm of high-standing Asgardians, who would arrive within the hour.

Looking up at the table placed in front of the throne, Peter found a very familiar woman seated next to Thor.

"Dr. Foster, it's good to see you again." Peter says as he and MJ could see the two of them talking intimately with one another. 'Are they together already?'

Since Asgard never lost its Bifrost, thanks to Peter's interference in Loki's schemes, Thor wasn't trapped in Asgard and separated from Jane, like their movie counterparts were.

"My friend!" Thor bellows as he stood from his throne. "Come and join us!"

...

As the room began to fill, Peter talked with Jane, wondering if she was looking into the convergence yet.

The Convergence is a cosmic event that occurs every 5,000 years when all Nine Realms are placed into alignment.

This alignment causes the dimensional boundaries between each realm to become thin, resulting in various physical and hyperdimensional anomalies occurring at random.

These phenomena include shifts in gravity, spatial extrusions, and the fabric of reality potentially tearing apart.

During a Convergence in 2988 B.C., Malekith, the king of the Dark Elves sought to take advantage of the weakened boundaries between the realms to use a powerful weapon known as the Aether to revert the universe to the primordial state of darkness in which his race had once thrived.

These attempts were thwarted by the Asgardians under the command of their king, Bor.

Thor's Grandfather.

Following their crushing defeat, Malekith and the surviving Dark Elves retreated, entering a prolonged hibernation until the time of the next Convergence in 2013.

'It's already 2013...' Peter thought as he probed for information. "Other than visiting your alien boyfriend, what have you been up to? Still studying wormholes?"

Hearing Peter call them out without any care or shame, Jane blushed a bit while Thor simply laughed and reached an arm around her waist.

"Well, I was working for Shield for a while, but that didn't exactly work out. As for my recent work, that's a bit complicated..." Jane answers, unwilling to divulge her secrets.

"Are you still traveling and chasing anomalies?" Peter asks an important question.

In the movie, Jane and her crew moved to London before the Convergence took place.

"No, Selvig has been having a hard time lately, so I moved to London to look after him." Jane answers sadly.

"I'm sorry to hear that." Peter says sympathetically. 'Didn't he go insane in the movies or something?'

...

After enjoying the party for a while, Peter and MJ were ready to call it a night.

As they made their way through the crowded hall, Thor ran up to Peter, smelling of alcohol and cooked meat.

"My friend!" He says with a bit of a slur as he reaches into his pocket and pulls out a letter, which was sealed shut in red wax, depicting the crest of the Asgardian Royal Family. "Bring this to King Eitri and he will make whatever you wish."

"Thank you, Thor." Peter says as he carefully takes the letter and throws it into a portal for safekeeping. "If you need help with anything, just let me know and I'll be there."

"Haha! Of course!" Thor says as he lifts a nearby barrel over his head and starts drinking from it.

...

That night, while MJ slept and Thor partied in the throne room, Peter opened up a portal to the home of the Dwarves, Nidavellir.

Nidavellir is a neutron star, which is orbited by a multi-ringed megastructure that serves as the homeworld of the Dwarves.

Peter appeared in the lobby of a huge forge, filled with all sorts of Dwarves, who all seemed to be working on their own projects.

Some were hammering away at hot pieces of metal, while others were pouring giant vats of molten liquid into molds.

For dwarves, they all looked to be of normal height with beefy bodies, except for one of them who appeared to be a giant version of Peter Dinklage from Game of Thrones.

[Insert picture of King Eitri here]

"Intruder!" One of the Dwarves called out as they all turned in Peter's direction.

"Yo!"

## Chapter 213: Dealing w/ Dwarves

As all of the Dwarves turned their heads to see Peter and the golden portal closing behind him.

Each of them took hold of their hammers or other nearby tools, ready to fight at any moment.

"What do you want?!" King Eitri's voice boomed as he stomped over, surrounded by an army of glaring dwarves at his back.

"I have a letter from Thor Odinson." Peter says as a small portal opens and the letter falls into his waiting hand.

"Give it here." Eitri holds out his hand expectantly.

Walking up to him with the letter in hand, the smaller dwarves protectively stepped in front of their king and held up their weapons.

"I'll take it." An older dwarf stepped out of the crowd and held out his hand.

"..." Without making any comments, as Peter needed to make a good impression, he handed the letter to the elderly man and took a step back.

Everyone shuffled out of the way as the elderly Dwarf hobbled toward the king and handed off the letter.

Pinching the small piece of paper with his giant fingers, King Eitri examined the seal before turning to Peter with a curious gaze.

"You are not Asgardian..." Eitri says questioningly.

"No, I'm a friend of Thor's from Midgard." Peter answers with a shake of his head.

"I see..." Eitri mutters as he breaks the seal and unfolds the letter. "Hmm... Hahahaha!"

After reading the letter for just a second, the King burst out into uncontrollable laughter.

"?" Peter and even the surrounding Dwarves stared at Eitri in confusion.

"Do you know what this says?" King Eitri asks as his laughter subsides.

"No idea." Peter shrugs unknowingly.

"Have a look." He says and tossed the letter back to Peter, who caught it with ease.

'Dear, King Eitri

Give my friend whatever he wants

Ps, If you don't he'll kick your a\*s

-Thor Odinson, King of Asgard and the Nine Realms'

"..." Peter didn't believe his eyes as he re-read the letter for a second and third time. "Sigh, if it makes you feel better, I believe Thor may have written this at my welcome feast, so he was most likely drunk."

"He takes after his father, I see." Eitri says with a small laugh.

"I've only met Odin once and I can say for sure that I wouldn't make the same comparison." Peter comments in confusion.

"Well, Odin wasn't always the wise King. He was once a drunken buffoon too." Eitri laughs as he remembers times long forgotten.

"It's hard to picture a Thor-like Odin, but let's just hope that Thor can go through a similar transformation as well." Peter says with a shrug.

"So, what do you want?" Eitri asks as the Dwarves start to slowly let their guard down.

"I have a few blueprints that I need forged." Peter says as another portal opens beside him.

Reaching inside, Peter pulled out six large rolled-up blueprints. Each of them had different and confusing drawings in them, though everything was labeled with measurements and materials down to the smallest detail.

This time, since the Dwarves were a bit more relaxed, Peter walked up and handed over the blueprints himself.

"Hmm..." Eitri hummed as he skimmed over each blueprint one by one. "What is this?"

"Components to a few different projects that I've been working on." Peter says with a shrug. "I don't have the skill or the means to make these parts myself, so here I am."

"I don't know..." The King muttered as he usually didn't like making things without full knowledge of the final product.

"If the referral from Thor isn't enough, I can pay for your service in some way." Peter says enticingly.

"What do you have in mind?" The King asks, though he wasn't very convinced.

"If you look at the blueprints, you'll see a material named Vibranium listed on every one." Peter says as Eitri looks them over, finding that exact material. "If you personally accept and craft my order, I'll supply you with double the amount of Vibranium mentioned on the blueprints."

"What is this material?" Eitri asks as he has never heard of anything by that name.

"Vibranium is a super metal..." Peter says as he explains all that he knew.

In a pure mass, Vibranium forms a solid metal that is stronger than steel, but only a third of the weight, as well as being completely vibration absorbent.

This makes it nearly indestructible, as any attempt to physically damage the material will be negated on a molecular level, as mechanical/kinetic energy will be absorbed instead of breaking any bonds in its molecular structure.

In general, this means that vibranium can absorb a wide variety of physical impacts, without taking any damage or weakening.

Vibranium also deflects kinetic energy.

Captain America's shield, for example, was able to deflect high-caliber bullets, Iron Man's repulsor beams, and even an impact from Mjøl̃nir itself.

Though, vibranium isn't just a metal, as the Wakandans sew it into their clothes and use it to power their city, technology, and weapons.

"..." The longer Peter talked, the more each Dwarf, including King Eitri himself, stared in his direction with hungry eyes and watering mouths.

"...Basically, Vibranium is a very useful and powerful metal." Peter finished his explanation.

The room stayed silent for a moment before every Dwarf in the forge started yelling, offering up anything they could for just a small chunk of Vibranium.

"Ahem..." King Eitri loudly cleared his throat, signaling his underlings to shut their mouths, which they did. "Do you have this metal with you?"

"No, I have to get it, but it won't take me long." Peter says with confidence.

"Alright, bring the metal and you have a deal." The king says as he stashes the blueprints into his pocket. "I'll complete the order myself as well."

"Sound good to me." Peter nods as he opens a portal behind himself. "I'll be back when I have the Vibranium."

Stepping through the portal, Peter returned to his bedroom in Asgard, where he sighed in relief and flopped down next to MJ on the bed.

'That went as well as I could have hoped...' Peter thought as the worry he felt slowly faded away.

The reason for his worry was the blueprints, which took him a long time to make, mainly for two reasons.

Firstly, the blueprints are pieces to a very complicated puzzle, which Peter spent countless days tweaking in order to make them as confusing and nonsensical as possible.

Though he did this for a very important reason.

When all six blueprints are put together with a bit of magical and technological assistance, they will create the perfect conduit, which can be used to wield the Infinity Stones.

Well, Peter hoped it could be used to wield the Stones. He would only know for sure after testing out the finished product.

'Without knowledge in the Mystic Arts, Eitri shouldn't be able to figure out the true function of the things he's making.' Peter thought reassuringly.

Once the conduit is completed, Peter can use it to create the thing he'll use to wield the Infinity Stones.

'I wonder what I should make?' Peter thought to himself as he cuddled next to MJ. 'A gauntlet, like Thanos, would be cool, but maybe I should make something a bit more original, like a necklace or...'

(A/N: Give me ideas because I'm actually not sure what to give him.)

While thinking of possible ideas, Peter thought of the hidden and advanced city of Wakanda and his needed acquisition of their most precious metal.

'Should I just rob them or ask nicely?' Peter asked himself as he stared up at the ceiling.

Taking a few pounds of Vibranium while under invisibility will most likely go unnoticed, as Wakanda has a literal mountain's worth of the stuff.

On the other hand, asking nicely opens Peter up to the possibility of hearing the word no.

Suddenly, as he was thinking this, Peter remembered another person who stole from Wakanda as well.

'Doesn't Ulysses Klaue have a lot of Vibranium?' Peter thought as he remembered the black market arms dealer who stole from Wakanda in the 90s.

A smile formed on Peter's lips as he came to an easy conclusion.

Either steal from a peaceful nation or a wanted criminal? The answer was simple.

'Where is Klaue?'

## Chapter 214: Wakanda

After spending a few days on Asgard, treating their whole trip like an actual vacation, Peter and MJ said their goodbyes to Thor and Frigga before heading back home to Earth.

"Visit anytime, My Friend!" Thor says with a wave as Peter and MJ step into a portal.

"You too." Peter says as he turns back, looking at Thor through the portal. "After all, Loki can't be the only Asgardian Avenger."

Hearing Peter's invitation, a look of surprise appeared on Thor's face, though that soon morphed into a smirk as the portal closed.

'An Avenger, huh?' Thor thought with interest.

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"That was amazing..." MJ comments with a happy sigh as she flopped down onto Peter's bed.

"I'm glad you had fun." Peter says with a smirk as he lays down next to her and their hero suits disappear.

...

After spending some alone time with his girlfriend, as they didn't have the luxury of such intimate times on Asgard, Peter suited up again and went to the tower.

"Jarvis." Peter called as he entered his office.

"Yes, sir?" Jarvis answers back instantly.

"I need you to find me a man named Ulysses Klaue." Peter explained as he took a seat. "He's a wanted arms dealer from South Africa, who should have a large quantity of metal in his possession, so look into any boats, planes, warehouses, homes, or anything similar. I'm not sure if he travels with the metal or not, so you'll have to figure that out for me."

"I'll start searching now, sir." Jarvis agrees easily.

"Thanks, but there's one more thing." Peter says as he plugs a USB into his computer.

Instantly, a loading bar appeared and began to fill as another window popped up, showing a map of London with a red blip on it, labeled Jane Foster.

After knowing that Jane was already living in London, Peter planted a tracker on her phone.

Thanks to his knowledge and skill in the mystic arts, even Tony wouldn't be able to find the tracker.

"I also need you to surveil Dr. Jane Foster." Peter says as he leaned back in his chair. "Give me daily updates on her activities and immediately inform me should any odd occurrence start happening in her surroundings."

"Yes, sir."

---

Two weeks passed and Jarvis carried out Peter's orders perfectly, though he still hasn't found Klaue.

While waiting for information on his target, Peter started a new division in the Avengers, which would put Matt's law firm to work.

-Flashback-

"What are you doing?" Peter asks as he saw Jessica in one of the conference rooms of the tower.

She sat there in front of a laptop, surrounded by boxes full of files, like a lawyer preparing for the case of her life.

"I'm looking into Kilgraves victims." Jessica says as she leans back in her chair, stretching her stiff arms. "He ruined a lot of people's lives, so I'm trying to build a list so that I can help them."

As she says this, Jessica turns the laptop toward Peter, showing him a news article about a woman, who chopped off her husband's family jewels.

"You think Kilgrave made her do it?" Peter asks as he felt nothing but pity for the husband.

"I know he did." She says and clicks on a video, showing a brief sighting of Kilgrave and the same woman inside a nightclub. "And now she's in an insane asylum."

"Okay, I see your point..." Peter says as he took a seat and contemplated a fix for this. 'Obviously, she can't do this on her own.'

"!" Instantly, Peter thought of a good idea. "How about I start a new division in the Avengers called the Victims Relief Division."

Hearing Peter's words, Jessica looked up at him in interest.

"We'll start off small. You, Matt, and his partner Foggy will research any captured criminals that the Avengers dealt with, compile a list of victims, and a description of what happened to them." Peter explains his thoughts. "Once someone is added to the list, the Avengers will act to help them, either monetarily or otherwise."

"You can get her out of the Asylum?" Jessica asks doubtfully as she motions toward the woman on the screen.

"There's a lot that I can do, though it would depend on how sound her mind is." Peter answers thoughtfully. "As long as she isn't a danger to herself and others, then clearing her name and setting her free is doable. We just have to be 100% sure that these are victims before acting."

...

-Flashback End-

For the past week, Nelson and Murdock have finally been put to work alongside Detective Jones, who took a leading role in the group.

Already, they've identified a list of three victims of Kilgrave with proof of their innocence.

With a few tweets, meetings with high-level government officials, and generous donations to the Democratic Party, Peter was able to get these people the help that they needed.

'I wonder why I never thought of this before?' Peter thought as he reviewed a file about the woman who cut off her husbands...

Thanks to Jessica's work, she was now being evaluated for a possible discharge from the Asylum. As long as she passes the test, she will be allowed out, though regular checkups will always be needed.

After all, the human brain is a fragile thing, and she has been through a lot.

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As Peter woke up alone in his bed, as MJ stayed at her house last night, his phone instantly went off.

"Sir, I've found Ulysses Klaue..." Jarvis says, waking Peter up faster than a cup of coffee.

"Huh?" Peter grunted as he snatched his phone off of the bedside table. "Say that again?"

"I found Ulysses Klaue." Jarvis repeats himself.

"Where is he?" Peter asks as he hops out of bed and rushes to get ready.

"Klaue is currently on his way to Saudi Arabia, where he plans to meet oil Prince Muhammad bin Nayef for some sort of transaction." Jarvis explains as Peter brushed his teeth.

"Is he traveling with a lot of cargo?" Peter asks hopefully.

"Yes, not only a plane full of cargo, but a boat that I've linked to him is also moving toward the same destination." Jarvis informs.

"Good job, Jarvis." Peter says as he turns on the shower. "Send everything I need to know to my phone."

"Yes, sir."

...

Once Peter finished his morning routine, he donned his spider suit and opened a portal.

'I hope this goes well...' Peter thought as he stepped through the portal and appeared in a beautiful throne room, which looked to be constructed by extremely advanced technology.

Though the ornate tribal chairs, which sat on a carpet in the center of the room, didn't look advanced at all.

Peering out of the large windows at the back of the room, Peter admired the extremely advanced city.

[Insert picture of Wakanda's throne room here]

'If I didn't see Asgard, this would be a shocking experience.' Peter thought as an alarm starts to sound. "Did they detect me already?"

Without caring for the alarms and the marching footsteps coming his way, Peter strolled over to the giant window at the back of the room and enjoyed the view.

Soon enough, the doors swung open and rows of bald African women rushed into the room with spears in hand.

Rushing up to Peter, who didn't even turn around, the Dora Milaje surrounded him, holding their spears to his back.

"I never thought that such a celebrity would visit my small country..." An aged voice with an African accent says.

"Well, I wouldn't call all of this small." Peter replies as he turns to see the spears around him. "Are all of these made from Vibranium?"

"How could we use such a finite resource so wastefully." The voice says again as the crowd of dutiful female warriors parted, revealing King T'Chaka in an ornate robe.

[Insert picture of T'Chaka here]

"Well, we both know Vibranium isn't exactly finite, is it?" Peter says as he leans against the window. "It's nice to meet you, King T'Chaka."

"You as well, Spider-Man." The King says as he motions for the Dora Milaje to ease off. "My daughter is a huge fan."

"I wouldn't mind saying hello once we've finished our business." Peter says as the warrior women removed their spears from his vicinity, though they stayed close to their king.

After all, T'Chaka isn't the Black Panther anymore. He needs the extra protection.

"Father!" A familiar voice yells as the current Black Panther storms in, ready to fight. "I heard there's an intruder..."

[Insert picture of T'Challa here]

T'Challa stopped in his tracks as he saw who the invader was.

"Spider-Man?" He asks himself in confusion.

"Hello!" Peter says with a wave as he turned back to T'Challa's father. "Is there a place where we can talk in private?"

As Peter asked this, he could see the disapproving looks of everyone, including T'Challa.

"The current Black Panther is welcome to join us, of course." Peter motions to T'Challa before they could refuse.

"How do you know that?" T'Challa felt like he was dreaming right now.

"I've known about you guys for a while." Peter says with a shrug. "I just didn't have a reason to visit until now."

Chapter 215: Stubborn Isolationism

Soon enough, the throne room was cleared out, leaving only T'Challa, T'Chaka, and Peter behind.

The Dora Milaje were reluctant to leave, but they couldn't disobey T'Chaka. Knowing that T'Challa would be there, as he is the current Black Panther, certainly eased the warrior women's minds though.

As the doors were shut tightly, T'Chaka took a seat on his throne with his son by his side.

"Now, what can Wakanda do for you?" T'Chaka asks curiously, though he was unsure about how to deal with such a high level outsider knowing all about their secrets.

"And how do you know about us?" T'Challa asks suspiciously.

"How I know about you doesn't matter." Peter stood in front of T'Chaka's throne, as he didn't know if using the surrounding seats would be seen as disrespectful or not.

Taking out his phone, Peter holds it face up and taps a button. Instantly, a foot-long hologram of Ulysses Klaue appeared.

"And it's not about what Wakanda can do for me, but what I can do for it." Peter says as T'Chaka frowned at the image of his most slippery enemy.

"Ulysses Klaue stole from us and triggered a bomb at our border to escape. Many lives were lost." T'Chaka says as he looks at Peter in interest. "You know where he is?"

"Yes, and I'll deliver him to you, for a price." Peter says as the hologram disappears.

"I see, you're just like everyone else." T'Challa says as he realized why Spider-Man was really here. "You want our sacred metal."

"Yes." Peter answers with an uncaring shrug. "Though, I'll settle for the Vibranium in Klaue's possession as my payment."

"Why even come to us?" T'Chaka asks as he motions for his son to calm down. "You could have simply robbed Ulysses and had exactly what you wanted."

"Two reasons actually." Peter says as he holds two fingers up. "First, the vibranium in Klaue's possession doesn't belong to him, so I would still be in possession of stolen goods. Second, I want to have a good relationship with Wakanda."

Feeling odd about standing while everyone else was seated, Peter sat back onto open air, as chair manifested out of nowhere, catching him before he could hit the floor.

"In fact, I'd like to offer you a position on the Avengers Council." Peter offers King T'Chaka as he watches the current and future kings of Wakanda stare at his chair in shock.

"Did he just..." T'Challa asks in shock.

"..." Calming himself, T'Chaka ignores Peter's act of magic. "As you seem to know already, I'm not the Black Panther anymore. I don't believe that I'm qualified to join the Avengers."

"Being on the council isn't about having superpowers." Peter shakes his head as he motions to T'Challa. "Although your son would make a good Avenger, I wouldn't offer him a position on the council."

T'Challa didn't seem to like hearing that, though he kept his mouth shut.

"It's about experience, leadership, and ability." Peter says as he leans back in his seat. "Your son may fit the position in a few years or more, but until that day comes, Wakanda could use some representation on the Council."

"Why would we need that?" T'Chaka asks curiously. "Wakanda is an isolated country. We stay out of the world's business and they stay out of ours."

"True, but the world is expanding." Peter says, confusing the two Wakandan's. "Do you know how many meta-humans have been surfacing lately?"

"?" Neither father nor son answered, as they stayed out of the business of the outer world.

Of course, they knew about Meta-Humans and their array of possible powers, but they haven't been looking into it much past that.

"In the USA alone, about 47 children manifested their X-gene last year, and the number is only growing. It was at 36 in the year before that." Peter explains. "Not to mention the aliens that tried to invade our planet."

"What does that have to do with us?" T'Chaka asks, unconvinced.

"That is the problem right there." Peter says as he points to the King. "It may not be your problem now, but that doesn't mean you can hide in your little barrier forever."

"Is that a threat?" T'Challa asks as his face hardens.

"No, it's an inevitable truth." Peter says with a sigh. "Sooner or later, either the problems of the outside world will spill over to you, or your own problems will spill over to the outside world. Especially with the new changes that the outside world is currently going through."

"I see your point, but I'm afraid that the decision isn't up to me." T'Chaka says as he motions toward the multiple seats around them, representing the many tribes that make up Wakanda. "The Tribal Council would have to vote and they've always favored isolationism over anything else. Even I think similarly."

"Yes, but I'm not asking you to reveal yourselves to the world." Peter says as he leans forward and looks T'Chaka in the eyes. "I'm offering you a place on our Council, so that the future reveal of Wakanda, which I know is inevitable, can have the support and backing of the world's most powerful organization."

"Do you not factor Wakanda into that statement?" T'Challa asks, as he thought his home had no equal.

"I hope you understand that this isn't a threat, because it's not..." Peter says as he looks at T'Challa and his father seriously. "...but I would only have to send out one of our Council members to deal with your entire country, should the need ever arise. Though I doubt it will."

Erik would have a field day in Wakanda, especially after he found out how useful the literal mountain's worth of vibranium is.

'A Vibranium armed Magneto would be a hard enemy to beat.' Peter thought as he watched the King and his son react to his words.

T'Challa looked like he was about to leap from his seat and attack Peter at any moment, while his father seemed to take in this information with a much calmer demeanor.

"Whether that is true or not-" T'Chaka speaks but he was instantly interrupted by a commotion outside.

"Princess, no!" A woman yelled as the doors to the throne room flew open and a 12-year-old girl rushed inside with an excited smile.

[Insert picture of Shuri here]

Behind her stood a couple members of the Dora Milaje, who tried to stop her from getting in.

"It's really Spider-Man!" She shrieked and ran over as fast as she could. "I'm Shuri, and I'm your biggest fan. I watched every video and follow all of your accounts. Do you want to see my Spider-Man collectibles? I made a lot of them myself!"

As if a switch was flipped, the tension that once filled the throne room disappeared, like it was never there in the first place.

"You weren't kidding when you said your daughter was a fan, huh?" Peter comments as he peaks past the little girl toward her father.

"She was one of your first hundred subscribers on YouTube," T'Chaka explains as Shuri nods enthusiastically.

"I see." Peter says as he turns back to Shuri. "why don't you get the collectibles ready and I'll check them out when I come back later tonight."

"You're leaving already?" Shuri whined disappointingly.

"Yes, I have to go and catch a criminal for your father, but it won't take long." Peter says as he pats the cute girl on the head. 'Maybe I can introduce Shuri to Lily. She could use a friend to play with, though it would have to wait until Lily is more stable.'

"Fine..." King T'Chaka says out of nowhere. "I accept your deal. Bring Klaue to me alive and you may keep what he stole. As for your other offer, I need time to think before giving an answer."

"Alright, I'll be back in a few hours at most." Peter says as he waves to Shuri and opens a portal, leaving the nearby Wakandans shocked as he left.

"Daddy, what was that?!" Shuri exclaimed as the portal snapped shut and the chair Peter conjured earlier disappeared as well.

"I don't know..."

---

As Peter returned to the tower, Jarvis immediately updated him on the situation.

"Sir, Ulysses Klaue has landed in Saudi Arabia. A military convoy just picked him up and they're taking him to meet the prince." Jarvis says.

"Alright, let's go and get my Vibranium."

Chapter 216: Vibranium?

Following the coordinates given by Jarvis, Peter opened a portal to the front deck a small shipping boat. Using his senses, Peter could feel a lot of guards moving along the boat with assault rifles in hand.

'Meh, I don't feel like dealing with these guys.' Peter thought lazily as he turned himself invisible and maneuvered through the boat.

Searching the whole vessel with relative ease, Peter found a ton of illegal weaponry.

Every metal shipping container on the ship was filled to the brim with Assault rifles, sniper rifles, shotguns, huge machine guns, and the largest cache of explosives that Peter has ever come across.

'Damn...!' Peter thought as he used a quick spell to seal each shipping container's door, keeping them locked away so that no one can use them.

At least, for the time being.

After searching for about ten minutes, Peter sealed every single container and made his way down below deck, where the security jumped up to a whole new level.

Cameras, motion sensors, thick metal doors with keypads. Whatever Klaue was hiding down below deck was worth far more than the millions in weaponry that he stored up above.

'Vibranium perhaps?' Peter thought as he simply opened portals to get passed the key-coded doors.

As for the cameras and motion sensors, being invisible made them absolutely useless.

Bypassing the heavy security as if it weren't there, Peter no longer encountered any human guards.

'Klaue must not trust them with the Vibranium...!' Peter thought as he arrived in a sort of makeshift bedroom. 'Is this where he sleeps?'

Ignoring all of Klaue's personal belongings and furniture, Peter could see something big in the corner of the room, which was covered by a large tarp.

Walking over with an excited gait in his step, Peter yanked the tarp off, revealing stacks of shiny platinum-colored bricks.

Vibranium!

"Why do I feel the urge to laugh like a lunatic right now?" Peter muttered as a smirk formed under his mask.

Holding back his villainous cackling, Peter opened a portal below the glistening bricks and watched them fall inside with glee.

-May POV-

"Kiss already!" May exclaimed as she watched a Korean drama on the TV in the living room.

Just like all TV shows with romance, the writers somehow find a way to drag out everything, so she has been waiting multiple seasons for her favorite couple to finally kiss.

They teased it happening in the latest trailer, and now the cold CEO had his poor secretary pinned up against a wall.

The two stared into each other's eyes longingly as they moved forward in tandem, heatedly eyeing each other's lips.

...

**\*BANG!\***

"!" May jumped from her seat as a huge load of metal bars fell through a portal and landed in the center of the living room. "What the..."

Turning her head back to the TV, May saw the credits rolling.

She missed the kiss...

"Peter!"

-Peter's POV-

Based on eyesight alone, Peter estimated that there is around 700 pounds of Vibranium now in his possession.

'Klaue must have sold the other 300 pounds already...' Peter thought as it was mentioned in the movie that Klaue stole half a ton of Vibranium from Wakanda. "Or he has some more stashed elsewhere?"

After giving the room a quick search, Peter whipped out his phone.

"Jarvis." Peter calls.

"Yes, sir?" Jarvis answers dutifully.

"Anonymously contact any nearby military ships and inform them of this ship's location and heading. Tell them it has a ton of explosives onboard, which the occupants plan on using in a terrorist attack when they reach their destination." Peter orders as he opened a portal and left the ship.

"Message sent, sir."

---

Hoping that the plane, which Ulysses Klaue used to fly to Saudi Arabia, would have some more Vibranium, Peter portal'd there next.

The plane was parked in a private single-strip airport in the middle of the Arabian Desert.

Once again, like the shipping boat, the plane was completely surrounded by armed guards, though Peter was still invisible, so he simply walked passed them and started searching the plane.

Sadly, every crate inside the plane was filled with nothing but weaponry and explosives.

Not a single shiny metal brick in sight.

'Whatever...' Peter shrugged as he pulled the pin on a few grenades and portal'd off into the distance to watch the fireworks.

\*BOOM!\*

As he appeared on the roof of a nearby hangar, Peter saw the plane explode, sending the nearby guards flying from the shock wave.

Before leaving, Peter waved his hand and opened portals under each downed guard, sending them to Klaue's room in the boat, which would be intercepted by military forces soon enough.

"Alright, I got what I wanted." Peter muttered as he opened a portal beside himself. "Time to finish the job."

---

"Do you have the metal?" A middle eastern man in a headdress and long white shirt asks, as many armed soldiers escort Ulysses Klaue up to him.

Muhammad bin Nayef, a prince with enough money to live like a god, which was all thanks to the oil deposits that blessed his family's land.

"Can we do this inside? Preferably with some Air Conditioning?" Klaue asks as he wipes the sweat from his brow. "I don't know how you people live in this heat."

"We are already here." Muhammad replies uncaringly as he snaps his fingers.

Instantly, a servant comes forward with a laptop and hands it over.

Opening it up, the prince logs into his bank account and prepares a wire transfer for an ungodly amount of money.

"Show me the metal." He says as he shows the laptop's screen to Klaue.

"Hehe, how generous of you..." Ulysses laughs as he reaches into his pocket and pulls out a single brick of Vibranium.

"Hand it over for authentication." One of the prince's men held his hand out expectantly.

"No can do." Klaue says with a shake of his head. "Send the money first."

"You do not make the rules-" The man says but was soon stopped by Prince Muhammad.

"Type your account number." The Prince says as another one of his men holds the laptop for Klaue.

"..." Typing in a long number, which lead to a secure overseas bank, Klaue watched as the prince tapped the enter key, filling up his bank account in an instant.

"I'll take my Vibranium now." The Prince says as every soldier in the surroundings took aim at Klaue.

"It was good doing business with you, your highness." Ulysses Klaue says with a smirk as he finally hands over the brick.

Just as the prince was about to take the brick from Klaue's outstretched hand, a golden portal opened below the arms dealer, causing him to fall through with the Vibranium still in hand.

"!" Before anyone could fully realize what happened, the portal snapped shut, leaving Prince Muhammad and his men in the desert with shocked and confused looks on their faces.

---

"Aaahhh!" Klaue screamed in surprise as he fell through a golden portal and crash-landed on a sandy desert hill.

"Yo!" Peter says with a wave as Klaue climbed out of the hill while spitting sand from his mouth.

"S-Spider-Man?" He utters in shock as he turned to see Spider-Man holding the Princes brick of Vibranium.

"Yep, now please surrender peacefully, or I'll be forced to restrain you.." Peter gives Ulysses a chance to do things without violence.

"..." Seeing where this was going, Klaue stealthily reaches behind his back. "Alright, I don't want any trouble..."

Knowing what was happening, Peter rolled his eyes under his mask.

'Why do they always choose the hard way?' He sighed internally.

Suddenly, Klaue pulled a shiny futuristic-looking gun from behind his back and fired in Peter's direction.

Instantly, a powerful sonic blast shot toward his chest.

Acting quickly, Peter leaped into the air, dodging the blast as he spun forward and kicked his attacker across the side of his head, sending the man tumbling down the sandy hill.

Picking up the Vibranium gun, Peter looked it over in interest before tossing it through a portal for later study.

---

Seated in the Wakandan Throne Room once again, Peter waited for the King to arrive.

Tied up at his feet, Ulysses Klaue slept peacefully with a big bruise on his head and sand all over his clothes.

Only seconds later, marching footsteps were heard as the doors burst open, revealing the King with many Dora Milaje warriors at his back.

"Hello again, King T'Chaka." Peter says with a wave.

The king didn't know how to reply as he froze at the sight of his most hated enemy, unconscious and bound in web in the middle of his throne room.

Chapter 217: Shoe on head?

"Okoye! Take the prisoner to his cell." King T'Chaka orders.

Okoye, the General of the Dora Milaje, which is tasked to guard the Royal Family, also known as the Golden Tribe.

A familiar bald woman stepped forward and motioned to Klaue.

Instantly, two of the Dora Milaje grab Ulysses from under his arms and drag him out of the throne room.

"You should have them search his body." Peter comments, stopping Okoye who was about to leave the room. "I wouldn't be surprised if he has some gadgets and trackers on or in his person, which he will no doubt try to use to escape."

"We will be thorough in the prisoner's detainment." Okoye says as she follows after her subordinates, leaving the King with the rest of her trusted warriors.

"Well, that completes our deal." Peter says as he turns back to the king.

"Yes, but might I ask how much sacred metal was in his possession?" The King asks, hoping to know how much Klaue sold off, as he could still recover some of their sacred metal.

"I can weigh it and let you know." Peter says as he didn't have an exact number. "What's your phone number?"

While Peter was putting the King of Wakanda's cellphone number into his phone, rapid footsteps pitter pattered towards the throne room.

"You're back!" Shuri rushed past her father and his guards.

Before Peter could reply, Shuri jumped into him like a missile.

"Woah..." Peter uttered as he caught the little princess and set her back down on her feet.

"Can I show you my Spider-Man collection now? You promised..." Shuri looked up at Peter with the hopeful eyes of a child.

'I can't exactly say no, can I?' Peter thought as he could see the amused look on her fathers face.

...

While Peter was being dragged around the palace by Shuri, who was constantly followed by guards from the Dora Milaje, a meeting was called between the tribal council of Wakanda.

The Border Tribe, River Tribe, Mining Tribe, and Merchant Tribe leaders all swiftly arrived due to the Golden Tribes' summons.

As for the Jabari tribe, they removed themselves from mainstream society long ago, and wouldn't be attending any meetings, no matter who called them.

"It's been a while since anyone has called an unscheduled meeting." One of the tribe leaders comments as they look toward the King. "Why have you summoned us, your majesty?"

"Is this about Ulysses Klaue?" Another tribal leader asks. "I heard he was captured."

Every other tribal leader turns to T'Chaka, awaiting his answer.

"That is true, though we have Spider-Man to thank for his capture." T'Chaka reveals, surprising every member of the tribal council. "All of you were summoned for a different reason... I was offered a position in the Avengers Council."

Although they all preferred isolation, each one of them knew about the outside world to a certain extent, and all of them knew about the Avengers.

Especially since their children are all obsessed with Spider-Man and a few other members of the superhero group.

"Why?" A female tribal leader asks. "You are not the Black Panther anymore..."

...

After explaining everything that Peter said earlier in the day, as well as the deal he agreed to for the capture of Ulysses Klaue, T'Chaka watched the faces of the tribal council go through an array of emotions.

On one hand, one of their most hated enemies was now in custody, but on the other hand, it cost them a good amount of Vibranium in return.

Though the border tribe leader didn't seem all that perturbed by it, as it was his people who were killed by the bombs that Klaue set off during his escape all those years ago.

Losing some Vibranium was nothing if it meant that justice could be served.

But that wasn't all.

T'Chaka also recounted Peter's words about their isolation and the fact that only one of his council members could easily subdue their entire country.

"I say you decline and throw him out of Wakanda." One of the more proud tribal leaders says angrily.

"Why? He might be right..." The border tribe leader argues.

Instantly, the throne room was thrown into chaos as each elder had their opinion, which disagreed with another elder's opinion.

Meanwhile, T'Chaka sat back on his throne with a resigned look on his face. He wanted to use their input as a driving force to make his decision to either join the Avengers Council or not.

Sadly, he only seemed to make matters worse.

---

"Wow, this is amazing..." Peter commented as Shuri showed him her most prized collectible.

A solid Vibranium figurine of him swinging through New York City.

'Wakanda likes to pretend that they barely have any Vibranium, meanwhile they have enough to waste on a child's toy...' Peter thought as Shuri smiled proudly at her most prized possession.

...

Once Shuri finished showing everything off and asked Peter every question that she could think of, it was finally time for him to leave.

After all, he had some materials to deliver.

"Do you have to leave?" Shuri asked as she gave Peter her best sad puppy dog eyes.

"I'm afraid so." Peter said as he pat her on the head in sympathy. "But when I come back next time, maybe I'll bring my daughter. She could use a friend to play with after all."

Before Shuri could reply, Peter opened up a portal and stepped through.

"See you next time, Princess." He waved as the portal closed.

"Spider-Man has a daughter?"

---

Arriving back at home, Peter found his pile of Vibranium exactly where he left it, though his Aunt May was ready and waiting nearby with a lecture to end all lectures.

"You can't just portal random junk into the living room... How could you be so thoughtless... Get this metal out of here... I missed the best part!" May let out all of her pent-up frustration.

She really wanted to see that kiss...

Once she was done with her outburst, Peter moved all of the Vibranium to his room and calculated the weight as promised.

After weighing a single brick and counting the rest, Peter found out that he has exactly 727 pounds of Vibranium, which meant that Klaue sold exactly 273 pounds of Vibranium.

Of course, his calculation included the gun as well.

'He must have made tons of money...!' Peter thought as he wondered what Klaue wanted all of that money for in the first place.

After sending a quick text to King T'Chaka, as he wanted to know this information, Peter grabbed two bars of Vibranium and opened a portal to Nidavellir.

...

Stepping through the portal, Peter was immediately crowded by excited Dwarves who wanted nothing more than to trade their most prized possessions for the tiniest bit of Vibranium.

Of course, their enthusiasm magnified tenfold as soon as they saw the metal bricks in his hands.

"I'll give you anything!"

"How about I give you my daughter? She needs a husband anyway!"

"I'm willing to forge anything you desire!"

As Peter listened to their pleas, he suddenly had a good idea.

"That's enough!" King Eitri came storming over and shooed his subjects away. "Back to work."

"Actually, Wait a second." Peter says as he opens a portal and pulls out a blueprint of a human skeletal system. "I may have a job for all of you."

Tossing the blueprint to the group of Dwarves, Peter watched as they huddled together and looked over the design.

"You want us to make some bones?" One of the Dwarves asks as King Eitri looms over them, checking out the blueprint as well.

"Yes, and I'll pay in Vibranium for your finest work." Peter says as he tosses over the two bricks in his possession. "One for the alloy mixture you'll be using and the other as payment."

As the two bricks flew toward the dwarven group, Peter watched as they all jumped and fought over the bricks.

"That's enough!" King Eitri shouts as he lifts two of the Dwarves up and takes possession of the Vibranium in their grasp. "No fighting until the order is complete. You can decide who gets what once the job is done."

As he finished lecturing his subjects, King Eitri handed the two bricks over to an older-looking Dwarf, who lead the group away to start their work.

"I hope you have more of that Vibranium?" King Eitri asks as Peter opens a portal and pulls out two more identical bricks. "Good, one of those should be enough for the materials and payment."

Peter tossed the giant of a man both bricks.

"Keep the extra brick as an incentive to work hard." Peter says as King Eitri caught the Vibranium with a smile.

"I don't know what the hell I'm making, but it will be my best work yet. Don't you worry."

## Chapter 218: Dark World Begins

Originally, Peter planned to make Lily's body all by himself, though having bones that were forged in the heart of a Neutron Star just sounded too good to pass up.

Especially when the Dwarves were so willing to do anything.

"Now I just need to figure out the rest of her body..." Peter muttered thoughtfully as he lay on his bed.

Peter's plans for his daughter's body were far more than just your average robot.

In fact, the only metal portion of her body would be her bones and possibly her brain, or at least that is the current plan.

The rest of it from her organs, blood, nerves, skin and everything else would be made from human tissue.

Preferably a mixture of his and MJ's genetics, which Peter would grow in a lab, making Lily their real daughter.

The only problem with this was the fact that Peter had no idea how he would grow organs and other body parts in a lab.

He knew it was possible, but getting it done was an entirely different story.

Even after all of the fleshy parts of Lily were made, Peter would still have a hard time putting everything together, as he would be literally creating life from nothing.

'I need to buy some books on genetics and cloning...' Peter thought as he ordered some books on his phone before going to sleep with a pile of Vibranium in the corner of his room.

---

Seeing as Peter had at least a few months before the convergence would take place, he decided to use that time to figure out Lily's body situation.

After reading up on the science behind the subject, Peter had a restricted lab cordoned off in the tower and started playing around with his newfound knowledge.

Currently, nobody working in this field has been able to grow a functional organ from scratch. However, there has been great success in growing mini-organs from pluripotent stem cells

Of course, Peter hacked all of the experimental data from those who have been working on this for years and studied it thoroughly.

'Where the hell do I get stem cells from?' Peter wondered.

Though he soon found out that with Tony's money and connections, placing an order for a batch of stem cells was as easy as calling for a pizza delivery.

Within a week of work, Peter was able to make miniature organs with ease, putting his work at the same level as scientific leaders in this field.

'Now I just need to figure out how to make them a normal size...' Peter thought as he stared at a small human heart, which pumped blood with the help of a machine.

---

Time Skip - 3 months

While Peter was working on creating Lily's real body, Ned finally got to a point where he could go out into the field.

After months of constant training in martial arts, parkour, gun control, and a plethora of other useful skills, Peter called Ned over to his house and gave him a wrapped present.

"What is it?" Ned asked as he shook the box and put it against his ear.

"Open it and you'll see." Peter says with a smile.

With the enthusiasm of a child, Ned tore the wrapping paper off and opened the box, finding some black clothing inside.

"Huh?" Ned grunted in surprise as the clothes disappeared with a touch of his hand. "What the...no."

"Yes." Peter says with an amused look on his face.

"Is this what I think it is?" Ned asked as his clothes swapped with a black superhero suit.

The suit looked almost exactly like Batman's suit, except for a few slight alterations. There is no cape, bat symbols, or pointed ears on his head. The mask also covers his entire face, leaving no openings for his eyes or mouth.

Waving his hand, Peter conjured a long mirror directly in front of Ned, who jumped in fright at his own reflection.

"!" Ned stared at the mirror in shock. "Is that... me?"

"Yeah, do you like it?" Peter asks.

"..." Ned looks back and forth between the mirror and his very generous friend. "I love it!"

"Good." Peter says, happy that his work was worth the effort. "Why don't you check out your belt?"

"Huh?" Ned grunted as he looked down to see a utility belt around his waist. "Did you copy Batman?"

"Sort of." Peter says as Ned starts playing with his belt, finding the pouches to be much larger on the inside.

"..." Ned froze in shock as a quarter of his arm fit into one of the tiny pouches before reaching the bottom. "Cool..."

"I thought you'd like that." Peter says with a smirk. "Batman-style gadgets not included though. I thought you'd like to make them yourself. Maybe some smoke capsules for a quick retreat or whatever you want."

"Hehe..." Ned laughed like a maniac. "I have so many ideas!"

"Just don't make anything too dangerous please." Peter couldn't help but worry.

...

After showing Ned almost everything about his suit, including all of the functions that his and MJ's suits have, Peter drew Ned's attention to his boots.

"So, you know how MJ and I can pretty much swing away from every problem?" Peter says and receives a nod from his friend. "Well, you don't exactly have the same luxury as us, so I decided to add something special to your suit."

Waving his hand, Peter opened a portal and gestured for Ned to follow him through.

"Uhh, why are we here?" Ned asks as they appeared in an empty field in the middle of nowhere.

"Because I don't need you destroying my house." Peter answers with a shrug. "Now, I want you to jump while thinking of the word boost. Just remember to land on your-"

Before Peter could finish his explanation, Ned jumped and soared up into the air at a rapid pace.

"Aaahh!" Ned screamed as he reached a whopping 30 meters before losing momentum.

Flailing around like an idiot, Ned came crashing down and hit the floor back first with a loud thud.

"...feet." Peter finished his sentence with a sigh.

"Ouch..." Ned said as he picked himself up after a moment of rest.

Thankfully, he is enhanced enough to make a fall from that height mean nothing.

"As you probably guessed already, I enchanted your boots to boost your jumps on command. They also reduce the impact of falling from high heights, so just land on your feet next time, or else it's going to hurt again." Peter explains fully.

"..." Ned doesn't reply as he jumps and launches off the ground.

Luckily, he landed on his feet this time.

"Cool..." Ned commented as the boots reduced the impact of landing to almost nothing.

"Thanks." Peter took his words as a compliment to his work. "Once you get used to using it, you can control the height of the jump as well as the impact of your landing."

...

After letting Ned practice with his new boots, Peter donned his own suit and opened a portal to the top of a tall building in Time Square.

"Are we..." Ned utters as he looks at Peter expectantly.

"Yup, why do you think I gave you the suit?" Peter says as Ned started vibrating with excitement.  
"You're ready now."

"Finally!" Ned exclaimed loudly.

"If you tap your right ear, the police radio will turn on." Peter says as they start looking for crimes to stop together.

Of course, Ned may be ready, but Peter would still rather chaperone his first few days as a superhero.

After all, anything could go wrong.

...

After running all over the city multiple times, Ned sat dejectedly at the top of a building alongside Peter, who felt bad for his friend.

"Sometimes there's just no crime..." Peter says as he placed a comforting hand on Ned's shoulder.

For the past few hours, Ned has done nothing but small acts of kindness, like walking old ladies across crowded streets and saving cats from trees, which he felt good about.

Though he was expecting something a bit more exciting for his first day.

"You made this city too safe..." Ned complained as he looked down at the peaceful city below.

"That's not exactly a bad thing." Peter laughs as an idea came to mind. "Why don't we try another city?"

---

-London-

Jane Foster was looking over a menu in a restaurant, when a handsome man unceremoniously sat across from her.

"Hi." He greets her a little flirtatiously.

"Can I help you?" Jane asks in confusion.

"You looked lonely, so I thought we could eat together." He says without a care for what she wants.  
"So what's the story with you?"

"Get out of here slimeball." Jane's trusty assistant, Darcy appeared and shooed the pushy man away.  
"She's already taken."

"Oh..." The man seemed to come to a realization. "I'm sorry, I didn't know you were..."

"Yes, I'm in already in a relation-" Jane says though she was cut off.

"...a lesbian." He says as he looks between Darcy and Jane.

"Yeah, so stay away from my woman." Darcy says as she sends Jane a teasing smirk.

...

When the man finally left, Darcy took his seat, ignoring the glare from her boss as she starts stuffing her face with free bread.

"Thanks for the help, but why are you here?" Jane asks.

"Right. You know that scientific equipment thingy in the corner of your bedroom? You might wanna start looking at it now." Darcy says as she pulls out a small radio-sized gadget, which was going haywire.

"It's malfunctioning." Jane sighed in annoyance.

"That's what I said." Darcy nodded as Jane gave her the gadget back.

"You can go now..." Jane says as she wanted to eat without any of Darcy's craziness.

'I'm sure it's nothing.' Jane thought as Darcy grabbed a handful of bread and walked off.

'I'm sure it's nothing... I'm sure it's nothing... I'm sure it's nothing... I'm sure it's nothing...' Jane repeated over and over before jumping out of her seat and running after Darcy, whose retreating figure was still in sight.

Chapter 219: Aether!

"I am not getting stabbed in the name of science." Darcy comments as she follows Jane into an abandoned factory.

Ever since Jane caught up with her, they've been following that haywire gadget of hers, which has dragged them all across London.

As they made their way through the factory, a group of children came running in from the opposite side.

"It's okay, we're Americans!" Darcy yelled as she saw the scared looks on the kid's faces.

"Is that supposed to make them like us?" Jane asks with a roll of her eyes.

"Maybe they can make it go away..." The only girl in the group whispers.

"Ssh!" The leading child shushed her.

"Are you the police?" Another kid asks.

"No, we're scientists. Well, I am." Jane says as Darcy huffs. "Why?"

"We just found it." The leading kid says nervously.

"Found what?" Jane asks curiously. "Can you show us?"

Nodding their heads, the kids lead Jane and Darcy to a truck outside of the factory. One of the boys touched the truck, pushes it up with two fingers, and they all watch in amazement as the truck floats in mid-air.

"That doesn't look rigged." Darcy comments as she eyed the levitating truck for any hidden wires.

...

After studying the truck for some time, the kids then took them to a stairwell in the factory, where one of them threw a bottle.

As the bottle flew down the stairs, they all watch as it disappeared into thin air.

"Where did it go?" Darcy asks in shock.

Answering her question, the little girl pointed upward.

Following her gesture, they look up to see the same bottle reappear above them and continuously fall and disappear in the same spots in the air over and over.

"That's... that's incredible." Jane commented as she picked up an empty can and drops it down from the same spot.

Just like before, the tin can disappeared into thin air, but when she looked up to watch it reappear nothing happened.

"Why didn't it work?" Darcey asked in confusion.

"Sometimes they come back, sometimes they don't." One of the kids says with a shrug.

"I want to throw something..." Darcy's eyes wander for a nearby object. "Jane, give me your shoe."

Ignoring her assistant's idiocy, Jane picks up her gadget and starts looking over the readings.

"I haven't seen readings like this since..." She mutters.

"Your last visit with that muscly boyfriend of yours?" Darcy says with a teasing tilt to her voice.

"Don't touch anything!" Jane orders as she rushes off to study the nearby area.

While she got busy and Darcy played with the portal alongside the children, none of them noticed the CCTV cameras that followed their every move.

---

"Did you see the look on that guy's face when we caught him sneaking off with that old lady's TV?" Ned laughed as he and Peter split a pizza in Central Park.

After spending a good portion of the day fighting crime in other cities, where Ned finally got the superhero debut that he was looking for, the two returned to New York to celebrate Ned's big day.

Of course, they were dressed normally now, as they didn't want anyone to interrupt their celebration.

"Yeah, his eyes practically popped out of his head, like some cartoon character." Peter smirked as he grabbed another slice of pizza. "I should visit other cities more often. They're always so surprised to see me."

"Today was amazing..." Ned comments as he leans back with a content smile on his face.

"I'm glad it was worth the wait." Peter says as he remembered something important. "Oh, yeah... Have you come up with a superhero name yet?"

"How did I forget that!" Ned shouts as he shoots off of the bench and starts pacing back and forth.

...

"...how about Blackout?" Peter offers his hundredth idea for Ned's name. "Because your suit is all black."

"Ehh..." Ned grunts, unconvinced by every single name that Peter has offered up thus far.

(A/N: Give me ideas for his superhero name)

Suddenly, their brainstorming session was interrupted as Jarvis' voice echoed from Peter's phone.

"Sir, you asked me to notify you should any anomalies appear in Doctor Foster's surroundings." Jarvis informs.

"What does that mean?" Ned asks as Peter whips out his phone from his pocket.

"Nothing." Peter says as he rushes off. "I gotta go. Text me any new superhero names you come up with!"

---

Leaving the group, Jane follows the readings on her gadget which takes her to another part of the factory. As the readings get stronger and stronger, a gust of wind pushed her forward and Jane found herself teleported into another realm.

"Darcy!" She calls out in fright.

Her new surroundings appeared to be dark stone ruins, which littered the ground, like the remains of some lost civilization.

"Huh?" A familiar voice sounded behind her, causing Jane to jump and whip her head around. "You really know how to find trouble, Doctor Foster."

"S-Spider-Man?" Jane stuttered in realization as her nerves start to calm down.

After all, who better to show up in her time of need than the guy who can open a portal

to literally anywhere.

Well, she may have found Thor's company more appealing, though that would be for an entirely different reason.

"You should really be more careful." Peter says as he looks over the dark space. "As the possible future Queen of Asgard, your safety is pretty important. I'm actually quite surprised that Thor hasn't sent guards to follow you around yet."

"He tried but I refused." Jane says as she completely ignored the Queen of Asgard's comment. "I don't need men in golden armor following my every move."

"I have a feeling that he won't take no for an answer after hearing about this..." Peter muttered as he opened a portal, leading back to Darcy and the kids. "Go, I'm going to investigate this place."

"Wait, this is my discovery!" Jane tried to argue, but Peter wasn't having it.

"..." Without wasting words, Peter waved his hand.

Instantly, the portal swiped to the side and engulfed Jane before snapping shut, leaving Peter as the only person in the dark ruins.

"I'm sure she'll be p\*ssed at me later..." Peter muttered to himself as he started to explore the area.

Looking around for a minute, Peter found the column holding the Aether. It was a large stone pillar that was separated from the middle as if the top portion was floating, leaving a few inches of a gap between the top and bottom.

Not only that, but an ominous red glow emanated from the thin gap.

"Well, here goes nothing." Peter muttered as he walked up and peeked inside.

Inside, Peter could see an ominous sludge moving around, as if it had a mind of its own.

"This may not be a smart idea, but whatever..." Peter commented as he reached his hand inside.

Suddenly, the red sludge shot toward him, wrapped around his hand, and entered his body in a matter of seconds.

Of course, Peter felt all of this with his Spider senses but chose to do nothing about it, becoming the host of the Aether.

At least, he wouldn't do anything about it for the time being.

After all, he should be able to remove it with a bit of the mystic arts, and even if he can't, the Ancient One could definitely do it for him.

'Hopefully, I don't regret this...' Peter thought as he felt lightheaded all of the sudden.

---

Somewhere in space...

A large Dark Elf warship floated along, looking like a stranded shipwreck, as not a single bit of power was being used.

It merely drifted through space, like a slow asteroid.

Though that would soon change.

Inside the ship, hibernation pods filled with pale-skinned and sharp-eared Dark Elves started opening one by one.

The first to open was a pod away from the others, containing a man with distinguished and regal features for a Dark Elf.

[Insert picture of Malekith here]

The King of the Dark Elves, Malekith awakened, and with his awakening, the whole ship powered back on.

Rows and rows of lights brightened, illuminating countless pods filled with his loyal soldiers, who were ready to fight for the cause once again.

"The Aether awakens us." Malekith mutters as he instinctively felt the exact location of the Reality Stone. "The Convergence returns!"

## Chapter 220: Elven War Plan

"We both know that Peter is hiding something in his Penthouse. The only question is what could it be?" Tony sat alone in his workshop and spoke to his computer.

"As I've said before, sir, I have no access to that penthouse, nor can I acquire access." Jarvis answers, as he was already tasked to get some answers for his creator long ago and failed horribly. "It's as if the whole room is a black hole, stopping any scans, signals, images, and even sounds from entering or escaping."

"It could be a sex dungeon?" Tony thinks out loud but soon shakes his head negatively. "Nah, Peter isn't that kind of guy..."

Suddenly, as Tony was thinking up all sorts of crazy theories for his friend's secrecy, a golden portal opened over his Bugatti, which for some odd reason was parked inside more than 100 floors higher than street level.

Out of the portal, a familiar man in a blue and red spider-themed suit falls out, heading straight for the very expensive supercar.

\*Crash!\*

Landing on the center of the roof, the impact of Peter's body broke all of the windows and dented the car considerably.

(A/N: In a Romanian Prison cell, a single tear rolls down the Top G's cheek...)

"Peter!?" Tony exclaims as he jumps out of his chair and rushes to Peter's side.

"Hey, sorry about the car." Peter says as his vision starts to get hazy.

"What happened? Are you hurt?" Tony didn't care about his car.

He could buy a hundred Bugatti's to replace this one and it wouldn't even put the smallest dent in his bank account.

"I'm fine." Peter says as he didn't expect to sleep for long.

Well, he wasn't sure if he would sleep at all in the beginning.

In the movie, when Jane absorbed the Aether she immediately lost consciousness, but he wasn't sure how he would react.

After all, Jane is a normal human and Peter is well... Spider-Man.

"Here take this..." Peter sluggishly reached into his pocket, pulls out a sealed letter, and hands it over to Tony. "That will explain, Goodnight..."

Instantly, Peter lost consciousness atop the wrecked Bugatti, as if it were a cloudy mattress.

Acting quickly, Tony lifted Peter's body off of the deformed car and rushed over to an open table.

"Jarvis, run scans!" Tony ordered as he gently placed Peter on the table.

"Yes, sir." Jarvis answers dutifully as a blue light shoots down from the ceiling and envelopes Peter's unconscious body.

"..." While Jarvis was doing his work, Tony opened the letter and found a note with his name on it alongside another sealed letter.

Of course, Tony read the note before opening the second letter.

[Tony,

If you have this letter, something which I won't be talking about has knocked me out as I suspected it would. I should wake up soon enough, but If I'm not awake within 12 hours, then please take the second letter to: 177A Bleecker Street in Greenwich Village.

Ask for the Ancient One.

- Hugs & Kisses, Peter <3

Ps, If any elves come knocking, keep them away from my body.]

"Elves?" Tony laughed for a moment. "What is this? The Lord of the Rings?"

"Scan complete!" Jarvis calls out as the light disappeared from Peter's sleeping body. "Unknown energy found."

"Unknown energy? Show me." Tony asks as he walks over to a nearby table, where a hologram of Peter's body appears, showing a sort of liquid moving through his bloodstream. "Is that what he won't talk about?"

After studying the liquid energy, which coursed through his best friend's veins like blood, Tony didn't find anything that would help explain what the energy was exactly.

"It's not hurting him..." Tony muttered as he looked down at the second letter. 'Maybe I should read it? Just to be safe...'

As if the devil himself whispered into his ear, Tony managed to convince himself that reading the second letter was best for Peter's well-being.

Though, the real reason was much simpler.

Tony is a nosy f\*cker without an ounce of self-control.

Ripping the letter open, Tony was greeted by another note alongside a third letter.

[Nosy B\*tch,

Stop being a pr\*ck.

Love, Peter.]

"..." Tony froze as he wondered if Peter could see into the future. 'There's no way he did it to the third letter too?'

Out of pure spite for his friend's words, Tony opened the third letter and once again found a mean-spirited note with his name on it alongside another sealed letter.

This game continued another 10 times before Tony realized that magic was involved.

"Smart little sh\*t..." Tony cursed as he set a timer for 12 hours and turned the Tower's defenses up to maximum. 'What did he mean by elves?'

---

In a large hall, Malekith sat regally atop a dark throne, looking down at the newly awakened Dark Elf soldiers, who have slept for 5,000 years.

"Your Majesty, every soldier has safely woken from stasis without issue, and all ships are fully operational." An elf grunt reported as an image of 15 ships appeared before the king.

[Insert picture of Dark Elf Harrow ships here]

"Good, how close are we to Asgard?" Malekith asks as he and every Dark Elf's blood begins to boil at the mere name of their most hated enemy.

"Half a day's flight, sir!" The kneeling elf answers instantly, ready to go to war once again.

"Hmm..." Malekith hummed as he contemplated whether to strike the Asgardians early, as a swift surprise attack could deal a fatal blow to their enemy.

If they were to try and wait until the Aether was in their hands again, the time for a surprise attack could disappear forever, leaving them with a much harder war to fight.

Especially since Asgard has had 5,000 years to recover from the old war and build their army up to an even higher standard than before.

Meanwhile, all Malekith has is a small fraction of his old army. Even Svartalfheim, the home world of the Dark Elves, was nothing but an empty planet, so they couldn't even recruit more soldiers.

Although they were still fairly powerful, the unknown threat of a much more deadly enemy lingered in the back of Malekith's mind.

Though, if he knew how soft Asgard has become since Odins daughter was imprisoned, Malekith wouldn't be so worried.

Especially since Odin was still in hibernation, peacefully napping the months away.

"Which way is Asgard?" Malekith asks and a huge hologram appears, showing a map of the universe.

"This way sir..." An elf says as a red line appears, showing the direction.

"..." Seeing the trajectory they would take, a wide smile bloomed on the King's face.

Not only was Asgard only hours away, but it was also on the way to the Aether.

Malekith could feel it clearly.

Killing two birds with one stone, they could launch a surprise attack on Asgard, retreat when the time was right, and then rush to the Aether, which would give his small army a much better chance of destroying the Asgardians.

Though, other than reducing the enemy's numbers, the attack could also be used for intelligence gathering.

After all, they knew nothing about the Asgard of this day and age.

"Set course for Asgard and initiate camouflage when we're within range."

---

Asgard.

The golden Bifrost fires as Thor and Jane appear on the rainbow bridge.

"Welcome back." Heimdall greets the couple as he pulls his sword from the pedestal, deactivating the Bifrost. "We were worried for you, Lady Jane."

"Yes, apparently you've been spying on me..." Jane says unhappily as she glared between Thor and Heimdall.

The second Jane was pulled into the separate dimension with the Aether, Heimdall lost sight of her and alerted his King, who immediately rushed to Midgard to find her.

Luckily, Peter sent her back unharmed.

"I said I was sorry." Thor says awkwardly.

"Yet you won't stop will you?" Jane asks with a pointed stare.

"I will do as my King orders." Heimdall answers dutifully.

"And I will not leave you completely unprotected." Thor argues, hoping that she would understand his side of things. "Look at what happened today for example. If the Spider wasn't there to save you, then you may have been lost to me for eternity. Your safety is of the utmost importance, Jane."

"..." Jane huffs and storms off across the rainbow bridge towards Asgard.

"Why does she not understand the dangers?" Thor asks with a tired sigh.

"Women are an enigma, my liege."