

# Spider-Man 361

## Chapter 361: Rand Enterprises

Danny Rand stepped onto the crowded streets of New York City, his bare feet making light contact with the concrete pavement.

Clad in the same Monk clothes he had worn during his journey from K'un-Lun, he stood out amidst the rush of the city.

Passersbys glanced at him curiously, some ignoring his presence entirely while others whispered to each other, their curiosity piqued.

Children, with their unstoppable curiosity, pointed at Danny, their tiny fingers tugging at their parents' sleeves. "Mom, why doesn't he have shoes?" a young boy asked, his eyes wide with wonder.

"Hush now, sweetheart." The mother replied, tugging her child along. "He's just... different. We shouldn't stare."

Danny smiled warmly at the children, a twinkle in his eyes as he acknowledged their curiosity.

He continued his journey through the bustling streets, making a mental note to find a change of clothes later.

But for now, his priority lay elsewhere...

Finally, Danny arrived at his destination, a towering building that scraped the clouds.

[Rand Enterprises]

Rand Enterprises, a name that held immense significance for him.

Looking up at the giant letters spelling out his family name, he felt a mix of nostalgia and anticipation.

With calm strides, he entered the building, aware of the gazes fixed upon him.

The employees exchanged glances, their curiosity piqued by the sight of a barefooted, unkempt man dressed in Monk's robes.

Undeterred, Danny approached the receptionist, his voice carrying an air of purpose.

"I would like to meet with Harold Meachum," Danny stated, his tone resolute and respectful.

The receptionist, her eyes flickering with sympathy, shook her head gently. "I'm sorry, but Mr. Meachum passed away in 2004. He battled cancer."

A wave of sadness washed over Danny's face, his heart heavy with the weight of lost time and missed connections.

After all, Harold was like an Uncle to him.

Still, he pressed on. "Is Joy Meachum here? Or could you provide me with her contact information?"

The receptionist hesitated, eyeing Danny's unconventional appearance. "May I ask who you are? It's not easy for someone as high-up in the company as Ms. Meachum to meet with just anyone."

A flicker of determination sparked in Danny's eyes as he spoke. "Tell her it's Danny. She'll know. We used to play together as children." He dropped a bombshell, his voice carrying a hint of nostalgia.

Uncertain, the receptionist nodded and picked up the phone beside her.

She glanced at Danny and sighed, pointing to the spacious waiting area. "Please have a seat and wait." She said, her voice tinged with hesitation.

After all, it's very likely that this was a waste of time.

For all she knows, Danny is one of the many homeless population in New York, who is either looking to scam someone or has some sort of mental problem.

Either way, she would simply do her job and hope for the best.

Taking a seat in the lobby, Danny couldn't help but notice the guards stationed nearby, their watchful eyes fixated on him.

They were ready to spring into action at the slightest sign of trouble, their gaze filled with suspicion and skepticism.

Danny exhaled slowly, preparing himself for the uncertain reunion that awaited him.

He sat with his back straight and his head held high, his gaze unwavering despite the guards' scrutiny.

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Danny sat in the waiting room, his eyes closed and his legs crossed on the chair. He remained perfectly still, his breathing steady and rhythmic as he meditated in silence.

The guards, initially wary of his presence, had become more intrigued by the peculiar man who had patiently waited for hours without complaint or movement.

As the sun began to set outside, the doors of a nearby elevator opened, revealing a woman of similar age to Danny.

She had short brown hair, and piercing blue eyes, and was dressed in an expensive business suit that accentuated her fit figure.

Unaware of Danny's presence, she walked toward the exit, her mind occupied with the matters of the day.

Danny's eyes opened as soon as he sensed her.

A reminiscent smile tugged at his lips as memories flooded his mind, recalling the moments he had spent playing with her and her bully of a brother, Ward.

"Excuse me, Joy." Danny rose to his feet, his voice calm and gentle. "Can we talk for a moment?"

Joy turned to face him, her eyebrows furrowing in confusion. "I'm sorry, do I know you?" She didn't recognize him.

Danny took a step closer, his gaze filled with warmth and sincerity. "It's me, Joy. It's Danny... Danny Rand."

Joy's face contorted with skepticism and frustration. "That's impossible. Danny died in a plane crash years ago. Whoever you are, this is a sick joke."

Danny's smile faltered, but he remained steadfast. "I understand it's hard to believe, but it's the truth. I survived the crash. I'm Danny Rand."

Joy's expression hardened, and she glanced at the guards nearby. "Guards, this man is harassing me. Please remove him from the premises."

Danny's heart sank as the guards began to close in.

He held up a hand, desperately trying to prevent their approach. "Please, Joy. Just give me a chance. I can prove it to you. I'll take a blood test if I have to."

Joy hesitated, uncertainty flickering in her eyes. The guards stood poised, ready to forcibly remove Danny from the building.

"Just talk to me, Joy," Danny pleaded, his voice tinged with desperation. "Please, there's so much that I want to tell you."

But before Joy could respond, one of the guards grabbed Danny, trying to forcefully restrain him.

However, Danny's reflexes were honed from years of rigorous training. He swiftly dodged the attack, sidestepping with remarkable agility.

He retaliated by delivering a swift strike to the guard's solar plexus, using a powerful punch infused with a tiny bit of chi energy.

The guard crumpled to the ground, incapacitated but unharmed.

The receptionist, who had been watching in awe, quickly picked up the phone.

She dialed 911 and swiftly explained what was happening, her face reflecting a mix of confusion and fear.

The remaining guards watched in awe and apprehension, realizing they were up against a formidable opponent.

Danny held his hand-ups. "Look, just calm down, alright? I don't mean any harm..."

Two more guards rushed forward simultaneously, ignoring his words as they attempted to overpower Danny with sheer numbers.

But once again, he effortlessly blocked their attacks, gracefully weaving between their strikes with a dancer's precision.

His movements flowed like water, each strike landing with calculated accuracy.

Danny's hands became a blur as he unleashed a series of kicks, sweeps, and punches, targeting pressure points with precise accuracy.

The guards stumbled and fell, their bodies temporarily paralyzed by the incapacitating blows.

It was clear they were no match for the martial arts mastery Danny had acquired in K'un-Lun.

As the last guard staggered to his feet, struggling to regain his composure, Danny stood tall before him.

A calm yet fierce determination emanated from his eyes. He raised his hands in a defensive stance, silently urging the guard to give up.

The guard, realizing the futility of his resistance, slowly raised his hands in surrender.

Danny extended a hand to help the defeated guards up, his expression compassionate. "I mean no harm," he assured them as he turned to Joy, who stood rooted to the ground, shocked and frightened by the events she just witnessed. "I own this company."

The guards, bewildered but grateful, accepted Danny's help and stood up.

The main lobby fell into an uneasy silence as the guards and the receptionist processed what had just occurred.

"Joy..." Danny called out, snapping his childhood friend from her frozen stupor. "It's me, I swear."

"T-This isn't funny!" Joy lashed out, unwilling to believe this whole situation. "Danny is dead. He's been dead since I was 10 years old. You... You can't just come here and do this. It's cruel!" She shouted, tears welling up in the corner of her eyes.

"..." Danny frowned as he tried to think of a way for her to believe him and it didn't take long to do exactly that. "A week before the accident my parents held a family barbecue. Of course, your family was invited-"

"That's all you have?" Joy interrupted him with a scoff as she crossed her arms.

"No." Danny smiled warmly as he recalled one of his fonder memories. "While we played in the backyard, Ward was being a little sh\*t as always, so we snuck out and ran to the park around the corner. We would always go to the park, though this was the first time we were alone..."

The more that Danny talked, the quicker Joy's breath became, clutching her leather handbag between tight fists.

Danny continued, his cheeks blushing ever so slightly. "We played on the swings together and I-"

"Stop!" Joy yelled, knowing where this story was going. "Just stop..." She pleaded.

Danny heard her, but he didn't listen. "...I pulled my swing over to yours and kissed you on the lips." He revealed as tears rushed down Joy's face. "We promised to marry each other when we were older. You even wanted another kiss, but my mom came rushing over, yelling and screaming at us for running off alone. That was the last time I saw you."

As he stopped speaking, deafening silence filled the lobby. And if Joy still wasn't convinced, then the guards and receptionist certainly were.

Just Joy's reaction was enough to prove it for them

"Do you believe me now?" Danny asks calmly.

"I-" She hesitantly spoke as the sound of police sirens echoed from down the street, heading in their direction.

But before the police could arrive, a black and red figure dropped down onto the sidewalk outside, shocking everyone, especially Danny, who knew nothing of the many heroes who protected the city and the world at large.

"Silk?" The receptionist muttered, not expecting an Avenger to respond to her 911 call.

'Silk?' Danny wondered as he felt that this person held a large amount of Chi.

Not nearly as much as him, but certainly more than a high-level Monk back in K'un-Lun.

Though that wasn't all, beside Silk appeared a smaller childlike figure in a red and blue themed spider suit.

"Are you sure Dad won't be mad?" The smaller figure spoke, which was easily picked up by Danny's Chi-enhanced hearing.

Silk turned to the smaller figure. "Your dad can take you out but I can't?" She asked pointedly.

'What the hell is happening?' Danny thought as the two came walking in, eying the bruised guards questioningly.

"What's the emergency?"

Chapter 362: Ward Meachum

MJ glanced around the lobby, her eyes searching for any signs of trouble.

And what she found only confused her. A barefoot man in monk's robes and a group of beaten guards alongside a woman with tear-stained make-up.

Yet none of these people answered her question.

She approached the front desk, with Lily following closely behind her, where a few employees whispered to each other, including the receptionist who called the police in the first place.

"What's the emergency? We heard there was an fight." MJ inquired, wondering what was going on.

Just as the question escaped her lips, the elevator doors slid open, revealing a man slightly older than Joy and Danny.

Ward Meachum, the CEO of Rand Enterprises, his face etched with a mix of urgency and determination.



In a swift motion, MJ turned her attention toward Ward, her gaze narrowing.

She instinctively positioned herself between him and the Monk-looking man, feeling the bloodthirsty anger Ward was sending the oddly dressed man's way.

"Are you in charge here?" MJ asked, her voice laced with suspicion.

Instantly, Ward's anger disappeared as he smiled charmingly at the two female heroes. "Yes, I'm the CEO of Rand Enterprises. Ward Meachum. Thank you for coming." He says as if he were the one who called.

"Okay, what's going on?" MJ asks as Lily glances back at the monk behind them.

Ward's eyes darted around the lobby, the remnants of adrenaline coursing through his veins.

He knew the truth about Danny Rand, having witnessed the events from his office through the surveillance cameras.

Luckily, his guards alerted him to a disturbance in the lobby so he decided to take a look out of curiosity and thankfully he did.

Or else he wouldn't know about the major sh\*t storm that appeared on his doorstep.

Although he wasn't there when Danny kissed his sister, nor was he told about it, he certainly remembered them sneaking off to the park all those years ago.

The speech convinced him that Danny was, in fact, the long-lost heir to Rand Enterprises, a threat to the empire he and his family had carefully built.

But Ward was not one to shy away from a challenge. Determined to protect his family's legacy, he had no intention of letting Danny regain control.

With a deep breath, Ward locked eyes with MJ, his voice dripping with a mixture of concern and deceit. "There's been an altercation, a misunderstanding. But don't worry, everything's under control."

As he spoke, Ward sent a knowing look toward his sister, telling her to keep her mouth shut with a single glance.

MJ's brow furrowed, skeptical of everything coming out of his mouth.

She took a step closer to Ward, her instincts not allowing her to let the situation slide. "Misunderstanding or not, we're here to help. You need to tell us what happened."

Ward's mind raced as he tried to think of a plausible explanation.

He couldn't let the Avengers interfere. Or else Danny's chances of taking back the company could skyrocket.

"I appreciate your concern, but trust me when I say it's best if you just leave." Ward responded, gesturing behind her. "The police have arrived, and they'll handle it from here."

Just as Ward's words hung in the air, the sound of approaching sirens filled the lobby, growing louder with each passing second.

The police were closing in, ready to restore order. And they would certainly take his side in the situation.

After all, his family owns the building, so they would have to throw any trespassers out. And if said trespasser were to disappear soon after, then wouldn't that just be tragic?

Lily exchanged a knowing glance with her mother, a silent agreement passing between them. They were feeling nothing but bad vibes from this guy since the beginning they arrived.

With a determined nod, MJ looked back at Ward. "We won't leave until we know everything is resolved. We're here to help, whether you like it or not."

Before Ward could respond, the lobby doors swung open, and a few police officers rushed in, hands placed on their holstered pistols.

"What seems to be the-" The leading officers spoke, though he froze as soon as he laid eyes on Silk and her short unknown partner. "Silk?!"

He and the other officers stared in shock.

"Ahem..." The Officer cleared his throat. "Ma'am, we can handle the situation from here." He spoke respectfully.

He, like almost every police officer in New York, held a great amount of respect for the heroes that patrolled the city alongside them.

But this was a normal disturbance/assault call. Nothing that they couldn't handle themselves.

"Hmm..." MJ hummed as she turned to eye Danny, who stood near her, both confused and quiet. "Alright, we'll go."

"But..." Lily spoke up, as she didn't expect her mother to fold so easily.

"It's alright." MJ reassured her daughter as she turned to Danny. "Come on, you're being detained for questioning."

"?" Danny looked at her in shock before turning to the police, wondering if they'd allow some masked woman to kidnap him.

"Sorry, Mr. Monk." An Officer answered his silent questioning. "But Avengers business is above our pay grade. I advise that you go along quietly and cooperate as much as you can."

"Wait!" Ward exclaimed. "That man assaulted my security staff. We'll be pressing charges." He said, hoping to give the police a reason to interfere.

"Eh..." The officers glanced at one another, shrugging at what little power they held in situations involving the Avengers. "I'm sorry, sir. But you'll have to wait until the Avengers are done with him." One said with a shake of his head.

"!" Ward stood there fuming, unable to get what he wanted.

"You know, Ward." Danny spoke up for the first time since the mother-daughter duo arrived. "I hated you as a kid, but I might hate you even more now."

Ward glared. "I don't know who you think you are, or who you think I am, but we certainly don't know each other." He said, hoping to plant a seed of doubt.

"..." Joy remained silent, unsure of which side to take, her brothers or the boy she once loved as a child.

"Come on!" Lily turned to Danny, smiling under her mask. "We'll find you some shoes and a change of clothes." She offered, thinking he was probably homeless and in need.

Which technically he was.

Danny stood in contemplation for a moment before nodding his head. "...sure." He agreed and followed them out.

He did what he came to do. Reveal that he was alive to the people that mattered.

Of course, Ward wasn't on that list, especially after the stunt he just pulled.

But before he stepped out of the door, Danny turned to Joy and smiled. "I'll visit again soon, okay?" He said as he was pulled out of the door by an over-excited Spider-Girl.

"Let's go!" She yelled. "You can flirt later..."

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The dimly lit interior of Sister Margaret's School for Wayward Children was buzzing with activity as mercenaries and misfits from all walks of life gathered to drown their sorrows or celebrate their latest victories.

After their little conversation with Kingpin, Wade roped Peter into having a drink together.

Peter sat at the bar, nursing a glass of whisky, which he drank through his mask, while Wade downed shot after shot of tequila.

In front of them, Weasel leaned against the counter, wiping down a glass with a grim expression on his face. "You know, Wade, I've seen you f\*ck with some sketchy dudes like that time you killed that Irish guy's mother-"

"Hey! She was shooting at me with an AK-47." Wade defends himself.

"Well, he was the leader of the IRA..." Weasel revealed. "But pissing off the Kingpin? That might be worse..."

Wade chuckled, raising his shot glass in a mock salute. "Hey, I like to keep things interesting. Besides, ol' Kingpin's been begging to get his sh\*t kicked in for years now. I'm just giving the people what they want."

Weasel's eyes widened, and he leaned in closer. "You do realize who you're dealing with, right? Kingpin may not have superpowers, but he's got money, resources, and an army of loyal goons. And most of all, you don't even know who or where he is."

Wade smirked excitedly. "That's what makes it fun... I live for the danger, the thrill of the kill, that high pitch sound every guy makes when you shoot his c\*ck and balls off. You know, the finer things in life. And besides, I've got Spidey here to watch my back, don't I?"

Peter raised an eyebrow, glancing up from his whiskey. "Sure, but I won't always be available. I'm probably the busiest Avenger you'll meet, but you can ask other members for help as well. I can assign you and whoever you want into a team. As long as they agree, of course... Daredevil might be interested in taking on Kingpin..."

Weasel looked at Wade in shock. "Wait! Are you an Avenger?" He asked scandalously.

But before Wade could answer, Peter's ghost phone buzzed on the bar counter.

He picked it up and glanced at the screen. "It's Silk," he muttered.

Wade leaned in, his curiosity piqued. "What's that sexy woman of yours want?"

"Wait... Spider-Man and Silk are dating?" Weasel asks incredulously.

Ignoring him, Peter read over the message. "Nothing that you two have to worry about..." He said as he stashed his phone away, finished off his drink, and stood to his feet.

Wade whined like a child as soon as he saw this. "Come on... You're leaving already?"

"Yeah, bye!" Peter called out as he paced out of the bar.

"The p\*ssy calls and you just go running, don't you?!" Wade yelled as he left.

And seconds after those words left Wade's mouth, a portal opened up under his stool.

"Huh?!" He grunted in surprise as he fell through and landed in the dumpster out back. "F\*ck you too!" He yelled, hoping Peter could still hear him.

## Chapter 363: Meetings & Names

MJ and Lily, dressed in their Silk and Spider-Girl suits, led Danny through the bustling streets of the city.

The people around them couldn't help but glance curiously at the trio, their attention drawn to Danny's disheveled appearance in dirty monk robes and bare feet.

But mostly, everyone was shocked to see Silk casually walking around alongside a miniature gender-bent Spider-Man.

Lily looked up at her mother. "We need to get him some clothes and shoes. He can't walk around like this."

MJ nodded, her eyes scanning the area for a nearby clothing store.

Spotting one just a few blocks away, they made their way toward it.

As they entered the store, the workers recognized Silk immediately, their faces lighting up with excitement.

They rushed to assist them, providing a wide array of clothes and shoes for Danny to choose from.

Lily, eager to help, picked out a simple outfit and shoes for Danny. "Here, try these on," she said, handing him the clothes. "You'll feel much better."

Danny, hesitant and bewildered, stared at the items in his hands. "I... I don't understand. Why are you doing this for me?"

Lily beamed up at him, her voice filled with compassion. "Because it's what we do. Now, go change!"

With Lily's gentle encouragement, Danny reluctantly agreed to change into new clothes.

As he did, he couldn't help but feel a sense of gratitude towards these two strange people who had shown him kindness when he needed it the most.

He may be a billionaire, but right now he was dead broke without access to any of his families accounts. And that's if his families accounts haven't been drained and shut down by now.

After the clothes shopping was done, MJ stepped outside the store and made a quick call to SHIELD, explaining the situation and requesting a pick-up.

Moments later, a blacked-out SUV pulled up beside them.

Danny eyed the vehicle warily. "I don't know about this... I appreciate your help, but I'm not sure I have..."

Lily interjected, her voice filled with sincerity. "We're here to help. We won't let anything happen to you. Please, trust us just a little bit."

Reluctantly, Danny nodded and climbed into the SUV, with MJ and Lily following suit.

MJ couldn't help but smirk under her mask, admiring how easily her daughter was able to wrap this guy around her finger.

As the car began to move, Danny couldn't contain his curiosity any longer. "Can someone please explain what's happening? I feel completely lost."

He didn't know anything about the last 15 years, so he knew nothing about the current state of the world.

The World was rather normal when he was last a part of it.

Lily, sitting beside him, took a deep breath. "Okay. So, we're with the Avengers..."

As they drove through the crowded streets of New York City, Danny's eyes widened in astonishment, his mind struggling to comprehend the new information given to him.

"Superheroes? The world has superheroes now?" He asked in shock.

Lily nodded enthusiastically. "Yeah, and my dad was the first superhero!" She held her head high and stuck out her chest in pride.

As the car continued towards the Avengers Tower, Lily's voice filled the silence. "By the way, what's your name?"

Danny turned to her, a faint smile on his lips. "My name is Danny, Danny Rand."

"?" MJ's eyes widened as she heard that name, recalling the name of the company they just left.

After a moment's thought, she took out her phone and sent a text to Peter as she knew this would get complicated.

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Sister Margaret's School for Wayward Children was filled with the chatter of mercenaries, their stories of daring exploits and narrow escapes bouncing off the worn walls.

Tonight, the air was thick with anticipation as the patrons awaited the return of Wade, the man who pissed off Spider-Man and was thrown through a golden portal soon after.

It was truly an eyeopening experience for them...

The creaking door swung open, and Wade stormed in, his disheveled appearance and the pungent smell of garbage announcing his unfortunate encounter with the dumpster out back.

Ignoring the stares and disgusted looks, he plopped himself back onto the barstool, his stained red and black suit clinging to his body.

Weasel, held back his laughter as he set a glass in front of him and poured a generous amount of liquid courage.

Wade took a deep swig of the drink and let out a dramatic sigh. "Damn it... Leaving me like that for a girl. What's a guy gotta do to get some quality time with his best buddy?"

"Am I not your best buddy anymore?" Weasel asked jokingly, his eyes flickered from Wade to the group of mercenaries who had just entered. "Hey! You guys have to return your winnings from Wade's dead pool. He's alive and as ugly as ever."

"Suck a d\*ck." Wade countered casually as he sipped his drink, his eyes narrowing with interest. 'Deadpool...'

"Huh?!" One of them grunted in annoyance as he turned to eye Wade. "Are you sure that's him? Because last I saw, that sh\*t head wasn't the son of Voldemort and Smeagol."

Instantly, the bar erupted as mercenaries who had wagered on Wade's demise turned to him and Weasel, refusing to pay back their winnings.

Wade ignored the clamor, his mind fixated on the newfound name. The word "Deadpool" resonated with him, capturing the essence of his uncanny ability to cheat death.

He grinned, his scarred face contorting into a mischievous expression. "Fine, fine! Deadpool it is. If I gotta be some hero for the Avengers, might as well have a bad\*ss name."

The mercenaries continued to holler over him, their voices blending into a chaotic chorus.

Wade drunkenly raised his glass, taking another swig before standing on the barstool, his voice booming above the uproar. "Attention, my fellow scoundrels and scallawags! From this day forth, I am Deadpool, the Regenerating Degenerate, the Merc with a Mouth, and your friendly neighborhood pain in the a\$\$! So, if any of you sorry b\*stards want to take a shot at the King, then bring it on!"

The bar fell silent, all eyes fixed on the crimson-clad figure standing defiantly on his seat.

Though it didn't last long.

Only seconds after the words left his mouth, every person in the bar grabbed what they could, beer bottles, mugs, trays, etc., and furiously threw them his way.

As the rain of glass and liquor descended, knocking Wade's drunk a\*s off the stool, fights broke out as the entire bar turned into a royal rumble.

"Weasel!" Wade yelled as he maneuvered around the chaos. "Get me a refill!" He held his empty glass above his head.

"F\*ck you, Wade!" Weaseling replied, hiding behind the bar.

"That's Deadpool to you, c\*ck sucker!"

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Peter entered a meeting room in the Avengers Tower, his spider suit still on, Lily and MJ waiting outside.

He scanned the room and locked eyes with Danny Rand, the man who had caused quite a stir at Rand Enterprises.

Peter took a seat across from Danny and offered a friendly smile.

"Hello, Mr. Rand." Peter greeted, extending a hand. "Welcome to the Avengers Tower. I'm Spider-Man."

Danny regarded Peter cautiously, his eyes flickering with a mix of confusion and wariness.

He took Peter's hand hesitantly, feeling a surge of energy pass between them.

"Or should I address you by your title?" Peter continued, confusing Danny for a moment. "You're the Iron Fist, yes?"

Danny's eyes widened, his grip on Peter's hand tightening instinctively.

The room seemed to darken around him, and a faint yellow glow emanated from his clenched fist, his gaze darting around the room, searching for a possible threat.

"Y-You... How do you know about that?" Danny stammered, his voice filled with equal parts astonishment and disbelief.

He had never revealed his true identity as the Iron Fist to anyone outside of K'un-Lun, and the fact that Peter knew sent shivers down his spine.

Not even the Hand should know of his identity...

Peter raised his hands in a placating gesture, his demeanor relaxed. "Relax, Danny. I don't mean any harm. I just wanted to address you correctly, that's all. I'm sure you've been through a lot, so I understand if you're on edge."

Danny's hand slowly stopped glowing, and he relaxed his tense muscles. He cautiously moved closer to the door, his mind grappling with the situation at hand.

"Why did you leave K'un-Lun, Danny?" Peter asked, his voice gentle yet piercing. "You're supposed to be guarding the gate, protecting the city."

Although Peter made it clear that he meant no harm, every word he spoke seemed to put Danny further on edge.

"Is the gate open? I've always wanted to visit, you know?" He asked.

Danny froze, his breath hitching in his throat. The question hung in the air, leaving him vulnerable and exposed.

How did this person know so much?

"How... How do you know all of this?" Danny managed to utter, his voice barely above a whisper.

Peter leaned back in his chair, his eyes locked with Danny's. "Let's just say I've had my fair share of adventures. And now that you're here, it makes me wonder... who is protecting K'un-Lun right now?"

The air grew heavy as Danny's fist began to glow once again, ready to do his duty to protect K'un-Lun. Even if he wasn't there.

But suddenly, that heaviness disappeared as Peter burst into laughter. "Hahaha!" He couldn't hold it back anymore. "You should see the look on your face... It's priceless..."

"Huh?" Danny grunted in confusion.

Chapter 364: Airing it All Out

Lily stood outside the meeting room, her small hand gripping the doorknob tightly.

She could hear her father's voice, a mix of amusement and mischief, as he interacted with Danny, the man who she and her mother went out of their way to help.

Her father had a special way of making people uncomfortable and confused. To put it simply, he likes messing with people, but she knew he meant no harm.

She took a deep breath, steeling herself, and pushed open the door. Her eyes narrowed as she saw her father, still dressed in his Spider-Man suit, leaning back in his chair, laughing like a madman.

Danny looked perplexed, his brows furrowed and a mixture of shock and concern etched on his face.

"Hey!" Lily's voice rang out, her tone stern and assertive for someone her age. "Stop being mean to my new friend!"

MJ followed closely behind, a small smile playing on her lips. She knew Lily had a knack for handling her father's antics.

Peter's eyes widened in surprise as he turned to face his daughter.

He tried to hide his amusement, but his grin couldn't be contained. "I was just... having a little fun."

Lily crossed her arms and narrowed her eyes even further. "You're Spider-Man, you're supposed to help people, not pretend to be a villain."

Peter's smirk remained, though he nodded. "Sure, but playing the villain can be fun sometimes..."

Danny glanced between Peter and Lily, the tension in his body slowly dissipating.

He could hear the genuine concern in Lily's voice, and it helped him realize that Peter was just messing with him.

Still, one question remained at the forefront of his mind.

"How do you know so much about me and K'un-Lun?" Danny asked, his voice filled with a mix of curiosity and wariness.

Peter hesitated for a moment, his mind racing with possibilities. 'I guess it's finally time to reveal it.'

Taking a deep breath, he decided it was time to reveal one of his secrets.

"Well..." Peter began, his voice calm yet tinged with gravity, "I have something to tell you. Something that very few people know, not even the Avengers." He paused for a moment, collecting his thoughts. "I am the leader of the Hand."

Danny's eyes widened in surprise, his mind struggling to process the revelation.

He had known the Hand as a group of ruthless killers, sworn enemies of K'un-Lun.

But Peter's words suggested something entirely different.

"You... you're the leader of the Hand?" Danny's voice wavered, a mixture of disbelief and curiosity.

Peter nodded solemnly. "Yes, but things have changed. A few years ago, I had a confrontation with the Hand and eliminated their leadership. Since then, I've taken over and redirected the organization's purpose. The Hand now operates as an organization of small-time heroes, helping people in need. We've established bases all over the world."

Danny's mind swirled with conflicting emotions, but most of all, he found himself still feeling a bit wary and fearful of Peter.

The only thing keeping him from running off or fighting was Lily, who has shown him a lot of kindness and sincerity up until now.

"I want to make peace with K'un-Lun, Danny." Peter continued, his voice earnest. "With the gate open, I believe it's time for us to have a meeting. The Chaste already knows of the change in leadership and direction, but K'un-Lun has been sealed off until now."

Danny's wariness began to slowly subside as he processed Peter's words. And with that, he recalled the hawk that flew from K'un-Lun, signaling his departure.

At the time, he felt that the hawk was a sign, telling him that it was finally time to journey outward, even though doing so would put the home that adopted him in danger.

'Is this why I had to leave?' He wondered.

Although he wanted to meet with Joy and the other Meachums again, visit his family home, take back his family's company, and eat all of his favorite foods again, the main reason that Danny left his post was that he felt that it was necessary.

Not only for himself but also for the safety of K'un-Lun.

"Wait, what's the Chaste?" Danny asks as he was never told about them before. "And what exactly do you want from me?"

"The Chaste is another enemy of the Hand, or at least they used to be. They follow the elders of K'un-Lun." Peter explains as MJ and Lily took a seat beside him. "We haven't had any issues with one another for years now, but I doubt they fully believe that the Hand has changed."

"And you want me to help you show that it's different now?" Danny asks curiously.

"Yes, I would like it if you can send a message back for me." Peter says as a sealed letter appeared in his hand. "This will explain everything that's happened and also contains a request for a meeting, which the elders are free to choose the location and time of." He hands over the letter.

Danny takes the letter with a dumb look on his face. "Uhh, okay..."

"My only request is that you and a member of the Chaste attend the meeting as well." Peter adds as Danny stashes the letter away. "I'd like this to be a meeting that ends the centuries of conflict and bloodshed that the old Hand started."

"I'll be there." Danny nodded. "But I'll need some time to get this letter back to-" he stopped as a golden portal opened up beside him, showing the mountainous landscape near the entrance of K'un-Lun.

"I can take you there in a matter of seconds." Peter says as the portal snaps shut. "But before that, let's talk about your problems as Danny Rand."

"What do you mean?" He asked as he tried to stay calm after witnessing a portal open up out of nowhere.

"Well..." Peter gestures to the floor-to-ceiling windows, where the Rand Enterprises building could be seen in the distance. "First, let's talk about Harold Meachum."

Danny raised an eyebrow. "What about him? He's dead."

"No, he's not." Peter shook his head.

"What? But..."

"Harold faked his death." Peter interrupts. "He used to work with the old Hand, so from what I can put together, the guy is bad news. He currently runs Rand Enterprises from the shadows."

"Why?" Danny muttered in shock.

"Why what?" Peter asks.

"Why would he work with the Hand? The old Hand, I mean." He clarifies.

"Well." Peter stared Danny straight in the eyes. "I don't know how to say this..."

"Then just say it." Danny says impatiently.

"I don't know this for sure since a lot of the old high-level members of the Hand are dead, and they don't exactly keep detailed records, but..." Peter frowned, knowing this would infuriate his new acquaintance. "I believe that Harold Meachum betrayed your father and sabotaged your plane."

"..." Danny stood in silence, processing what he just heard.

And as time passed, his fist began to tighten and glow once again, his brows furrowed as a frown marred his face.



"...How do you know this?" Danny growled out, finding it hard to keep himself calm.

"Well, I'm the leader of the Hand and old members talk. I've heard that Harold started working with Madame Gao only a week before your plane crashed. I'd say that's a bit more than a coincidence, wouldn't you?" Peter explains.

"Where is Madame Gao?" He asks, wondering who this person was, as he knew very little of the Hand.

"She's dead." Peter answers. "I killed her myself, but if you'd like some answers, then the best person for that would be-"

"Harold Meachum..." Danny nods as his fist loosens and the light dies down.

"Yeah, but before we make any moves, why don't we get you brought back to life?" Peter smirks as he pulls out his phone and makes a call.

"We?" Danny asks.

Lily smirked as she gave him a nod. "Of course. Did you think we would stop helping you? My Dad is the strongest in the world. He can help you with anything."

Smirking at Lily's bragging, Peter starts talking on the phone. "Hey there, Mr. Mayor... Yes, we got your gifts. Tony especially liked the rare metals you sent over... Yeah, I need you to help me with something..."

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After a quick conversation with the Mayor of New York City, a blood test was scheduled.

And luckily, the Rand family has a long medical history alongside a few blood samples taken over the years from private physicians, so the Mayor was able to get a warrant for the samples to be handed over for testing.

Hanging up the phone, Peter turned back to Danny, who stood shocked at how easily his biggest problem was just handled. "Now, we just wait and hope that your family's doctors kept good records."

"T-Thank you..." Danny didn't know what else to say.

"No problem." Peter shrugged.

"See." Lily says in an 'I told you so' sort of manner. "My dad can do anything." She held her head high.

"Yes, I'm the greatest." Peter nodded in mock agreement.

\*Smack!\*

MJ couldn't take it anymore and slapped him on the back of the head. "Sweetie, stop fueling your father's ego. It's big enough already."

"..." Danny couldn't help but smile as he saw images of his old family in the masked heroes before him.

And as soon as that smile came, it swiftly disappeared as he was forced to remember that his parents were long dead.

Chapter 365: Complications...

Danny stepped out of a golden portal, his heart pounding in his chest as he returned to the familiar mountainous landscape near the entrance of K'un-Lun.

The air was crisp and carried a sense of tranquility, but Danny couldn't fully enjoy it. The weight of his recent actions weighed heavily on his conscience.

Truthfully, if he didn't have a very important letter to deliver, Danny definitely wouldn't be returning to K'un-Lun right now.

Especially not after abandoning his post.

As he made his way towards the towering gates of the ancient city, Danny's footsteps echoing through the silence, he braced himself for the inevitable confrontation with the Order of the Crane Mother.

The elders and leaders of K'un-Lun, the ancient warrior monk society that took him in and trained him as their own, would undoubtedly be disappointed in him for leaving his post without a word.

Passing the gate, which was now being guarded by members of the order, Danny quickened his pace as his former comrades stared at him in shock.

Though that shock swiftly turned into harsh, piercing glares.

And after a short trip through the city, where every citizen of K'un-Lun parted, making way for the Iron Fist as they eyed him in confusion.

After all, word of his disappearance spread all across the city only a day after he left.

Murmurs throughout the crowd containing words like traitor and deserter caused Danny to hang his head lower as he passed by.

Finally, Danny arrived at a huge Chinese-style temple, which sat at the center of the city.

The temple stood tall and majestic, its vibrant colors and intricate architecture was a testament to its rich history and spiritual significance.

The entrance, adorned with ornate red pillars and golden embellishments. A carving of a tranquil Crane stood proudly on the towering double doors.

Dragon motifs coiled around the pillars at each side, their scales shimmering in the sunlight, symbolizing strength and wisdom.

Stepping forward, the gates creaked open, and Danny entered the courtyard where a few elders have already gathered, waiting for his arrival after hearing of the Iron Fist's return.

Their expressions were a mix of concern, disappointment, and sternness. He could feel their piercing gazes on him as he approached.

One elder, with a long white beard and wise eyes, stepped forward. "Danny... Iron Fist, you have returned to us." He said in a solemn voice, his tone laced with a hint of relief and concern. "You left your duty without explanation. Explain yourself."

Danny bowed respectfully before the elders, his head lower than usual. "I apologize for my sudden departure," he began, his voice filled with guilt. "But I had to leave to seek answers and confront the truth about my family's past."

Another elder, a woman with a stern expression, spoke up. "And what answers did you find?"

Danny took a deep breath, gathering his thoughts. "I discovered that the Hand, our sworn enemies, have undergone a transformation." He revealed.

"?" Questioning looks flashed on each elder's face.

Danny continued. "Although I wasn't able to investigate, I've been told they're no longer the organization they once were. They now operate as a force of small-time heroes, helping people in need."

"If you weren't able to investigate, how do you know this?" The bearded elder asks doubtfully.

"I... I met their new leader." Danny says, his words sending waves of confusion and suspicion amongst the Elders.

The elders exchanged glances between one another, unsure how to handle this odd bit of information.

The female elder spoke again, her voice tinged with skepticism. "You expect us to believe that the Hand, the ancient enemy of K'un-Lun, has suddenly changed its ways? This is nothing but another deception. How could you fall for this, Danny?"

Danny's eyes met the elder's gaze, his determination evident. "I understand your doubts, but the leader of the Hand, Spider-Man, has requested a meeting. He wants peace." He takes out a sealed letter an Avengers 'A' stamped proudly on the front. "He sent me to deliver this letter."

"This is obviously a trap!" An Elder scoffed.

"I thought that as well." Danny nods his head. "But apparently, we get to choose the location and time of the meeting."

The elders exchanged glances once more, their expressions softening slightly.

The bearded elder took the letter from Danny's outstretched hand and began to read it, his eyes scanning the words carefully.

Silence hung in the air as the elders absorbed the contents of the letter. Danny could feel the weight of their decision looming over them all.

Would they accept the invitation for peace? Would they trust the words of a former enemy?

Finally, the bearded elder folded the letter and looked at Danny with a mix of contemplation and worry. "Iron Fist, you have returned to us with a proposition that holds great significance. The decision lies with the Order of the Crane Mother, and we shall convene to discuss this matter further. But until then..." The elder sighed as he eyed Danny regretfully.

"?" Danny frowned in confusion as he saw this.

He had taken a risk by returning after leaving his duty behind...

As Danny frowned, the courtyard of the temple was suddenly surrounded by countless members of the Order of the Crane Mother.

The stern expressions on their faces made it clear that they were prepared to enforce the consequences of Danny's actions.

The weight of his choice to abandon his duties as the Iron Fist hung heavily in the air.

The bearded elder, who had been the first to confront Danny, looked at him with a mixture of disappointment and concern.

He had been like a father figure to Danny since his arrival in K'un-Lun, but even he couldn't protect him from the consequences of his actions.

"Danny," the bearded elder said with a heavy sigh, stepping forward to stand beside him. "I understand your frustration, and your desire to seek the truth, but you know that abandoning your post is a grave crime in K'un-Lun. Especially for the Iron Fist."

Danny's fist tightened and began to glow involuntarily as his anger and frustration surged.

He contemplated fighting his way out, but the bearded elder's calming presence and pleading voice urged him to reconsider.

"Please, Danny," the elder pleaded, his voice filled with genuine concern. "Resorting to violence will only strengthen the belief that you are a traitor. Many already questioned the decision to grant the Iron Fist to an outsider. We need to handle this situation with wisdom and diplomacy."

Danny's fist slowly dimmed as he realized the truth in the elder's words.

He had always believed in the principles of peace and harmony that the Order of the Crane Mother upheld.

His actions now could either restore or shatter that belief, as well as his reputation.

Reluctantly, Danny nodded, his expression showing his acceptance of the consequences.

He turned himself in, raising his hands in surrender as members of the order approached to restrain him.

Chains with odd carvings were placed around his wrists, binding him tightly, but also suppressing his Chi at the same time.

As he was led away, the bearded elder's voice echoed in his ears. "I will do everything in my power to fix this, Danny. The decision lies with the Order of the Crane Mother, but I will advocate for you. We will convene and discuss this matter further. Have faith."

Danny's heart felt heavy as he was taken through the winding corridors beneath the temple.

The chains clinked with each step, a stark reminder of his actions. He couldn't help but wonder if he had betrayed the trust of those who had raised him, trained him, and believed in him.

The cell door creaked open, revealing a small, dimly lit room with cold stone walls. Danny was pushed inside, the heavy door slamming shut behind him.

Alone in the darkness, he knew he had to gather his strength and hope that the letter he had delivered would sway the Order of the Crane Mother in his favor.

As he sat on the cold stone floor, Danny couldn't help but feel a sense of isolation. His fate now rested in the hands of the order, and he could only wait, hoping that his actions would be understood and forgiven.

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Outside K'un-Lun, on the lush mount top, the portal that Danny arrived in floated ominously.

Inside the portal, the meeting room back in the Avengers Tower could be seen, where Peter, Lily, and MJ sat, waiting patiently for Danny's return.

## Chapter 366: Clash at The Gate

In the spacious meeting room of the temple, the elders of K'un-Lun gathered around a large round table.

The atmosphere was tense, and the elders sat in silence, their expressions revealing the weight of the decision they were about to make.

At the head of the table sat a formidable figure with a long white beard, Lei Kung, the champion of K'un-Lun and the most respected elder in the city.

He promised to help Danny get out of this precarious situation, and he would do his meat to uphold it. His wise eyes scanned the room, taking in the faces of his fellow elders.

"We have gathered here today to discuss the matter of the Iron Fist's return and his actions." Lei Kung began, his voice firm and commanding. "It is undeniable that he has committed a grave offense by abandoning his post. However, we must consider the circumstances that led him to make such a choice."

One of the elders, a stern-looking man with a bald head and a scar across his cheek, raised his hand to speak. "Lei Kung, I understand your compassion for the boy, but we cannot overlook the fact that he broke our laws. He is an outsider, and his allegiance has always been questionable."

Murmurs of agreement echoed through the room, and several elders nodded in support of the bald elder's words.

Doubt and suspicion hung in the air, threatening to sway the decision.

Lei Kung's gaze hardened as he met the eyes of each doubting elder. "I acknowledge your concerns, but let us not forget that Danny has served K'un-Lun with honor and bravery. His devotion to our cause has been unquestionable up until now, and we cannot discount that."



A female elder, her voice filled with skepticism, interjected. "But what about this letter he claims to have delivered on behalf of the Hand? How can we trust the words of our sworn enemies? Is it, not a trap, a ploy to deceive us? The boy must be in on it!"

"Danny would never." Lei Kung shook his head, his gaze shifting to the sealed letter that lay on the table before them. "Though I have considered the possibility of this being a deception, but we cannot dismiss the potential for peace. If the Hand truly desires a new path, it is our responsibility to explore that possibility."

A burly elder with a grizzled beard leaned forward, his voice laced with anger. "And what if this is all a ruse? What if the five fingers of the Hand aren't dead, as the letter says? What if the Iron Fist has been compromised, and his allegiance lies with the Hand? Should we risk the safety of K'un-Lun for his sake?"

Lei Kung's eyes blazed with determination as he stood, his voice resonating with authority. "We shall not rush to judgment! Instead, we shall investigate the truth. I propose that we set an advantageous meeting point and assess the situation firsthand. We must determine the sincerity of the Hand's offer."

The room fell into a tense silence as the elders contemplated Lei Kung's proposal. The weight of the decision hung heavily in the air, and the fate of the Iron Fist rested on their judgment.

Finally, a few of the elders nodded in agreement, their doubts slowly dissipating. It was clear that Lei Kung's words carried great influence, and they respected his wisdom.

Lei Kung turned to the doubting elders, his voice filled with conviction. "Let us not forget our core values of honor, forgiveness, and the pursuit of peace. We should give the Iron Fist a chance to prove his intentions. If he has indeed betrayed us, we shall deal with him accordingly. But if there is a possibility for reconciliation and peace, it is our duty to explore it."

The room erupted in a heated discussion as the elders debated the course of action.

Some still held onto their doubts, while others were willing to grant Iron Fist a chance. Voices clashed, each elder argued with no end in sight.

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Peter, MJ, and Lily had been waiting patiently in the meeting room of the Avengers Tower for hours, hoping to see Danny return through the portal.

They ordered some food and watched TV to pass the time, but no matter how long they waited, Danny didn't seem to be coming back.

The room was filled with tension as they exchanged concerned glances, their worry mounting with each passing minute.

Peter sighed, his fingers tapping anxiously on the table. "He should have been back by now. It shouldn't take this long to deliver a letter."

MJ nodded in agreement. "Something must have gone wrong. Maybe the monks didn't take too kindly to Danny leaving his post."

Lily, who had been sitting quietly for some time, fidgeted in her chair.

Her mind couldn't help but imagine the worst-case scenarios. "Do you think he's in trouble, Dad? We should go check on him."

Peter hesitated for a moment, knowing the dangers that awaited them in the hidden city of K'un-Lun.

Of course, he wasn't worried about the monks. It's the dragon that made him cautious.

Not a lot is known about Shou-Lao, the mystical dragon of K'un-Lun, so he wasn't sure how a fight would go between them.

But seeing the genuine concern in Lily's eyes, he couldn't bring himself to refuse her. "Alright, but you both have to promise to follow my orders. K'un-Lun is more dangerous than you realize."

Lily nodded, her eyes filled with determination as she hopped out of her seat. "Yes! Now let's go!" She couldn't help but feel excited.

After all, K'un-Lun is a mystical hidden city, so she felt like an explorer, heading out to discover the Chinese version of Atlantis.

With a nod of agreement, Peter led his family toward the portal that had brought Danny back earlier.

Stepping through, they found themselves transported to the lush mountaintop outside K'un-Lun. The portal snapped shut behind them.

As they approached the towering gates of K'un-Lun, the gate guards stepped forward, blocking their path. Their expressions were stern and unwelcoming.

Peter held up his hands, trying to reason with the guards. "We're here to see the Iron Fist. He came here to deliver a letter for me. We just want to make sure he's okay."

The guards remained unyielding, their weapons at the ready. Ignoring Peter's words, they lunged forward, attacking without warning.

Instantly, MJ and Lily's reflexes kicked in, their Spider-Sense tingling as they rushed forward, dodging the guards, and launched a few attacks of their own.

Meanwhile, Peter stood back, his demeanor calm and collected, as he watched his girls effortlessly take down the monks.

They seemed to work in perfect synchronization, knocking the guards unconscious before binding them in web.

"How was that, Dad?" Lily asked as she held her head high beside her MJ. "We were practicing our teamwork at a bank robbery earlier. Cool, right?"

"Very cool." Peter nodded as Lily bounced on her feet, happy with her father's praise.

But their victory was short-lived as more guards emerged from the city gate, ready to avenge their fallen brothers and sisters.

It became apparent that talking their way through wasn't an option.

Peter sighed, knowing that this wouldn't be as easy as he originally hoped. "Alright, now it's time to let Daddy show you how it's done-" He stepped forward, hoping to show off a bit for his daughter but...

Lily was already gone. "Haha!" She laughed melodiously as she dove headfirst into the second group of warrior monks, her mother following closely behind her.

As the battle raged on, Peter couldn't help but feel dejected as MJ and Lily took all of the fun for themselves. 'I want to fight too, you know?'

The girls' enhanced strength and agility proved invaluable as they swiftly incapacitated their attackers.

Peter wanted to make peace with K'un-Lun, so they both knew that killing would be extremely detrimental to his plans.

Finally, they passed through the massive city gate, guarded by the few remaining guardsmen.

They looked on in shock as MJ and Lily stood before them, with Peter following along, making sure not to step on the countless unconscious monks that littered the ground.

"We're not here to cause trouble," Peter said as he stepped over the bodies of their fellow brothers and sisters. "We just want to see Danny Rand. Please, let us through."

The guards exchanged glances, uncertainty flickering in their eyes.

It was clear that their presence had caused a bit of a stir, and their intentions were being questioned.

One of the guards, a burly man with a spear in hand, stepped forward. "If you'll wait a moment, I can send someone to inform the Elders of your arrival..." He offered, hoping to use that time to gather more forces and come back with a few elders, who would undoubtedly be able to handle these intruders.

Or at least, he thought they would.

Peter nodded his head as he and his family stepped back outside of the gate. "Sure, we'll just wait here." He says amiably as he conjured a comfy couch, which they all sat on, shocking the monks.

And as they settled in, the burly monk sent a messenger off, who would no doubt inform the Elders.

## Chapter 367: Escape

The messenger from the gate hurried through the corridors of the temple, his footsteps echoing against the stone floor.

His heart raced with urgency as he sought out the elders, knowing that time was of the essence.

Finally, he arrived at the spacious meeting room where the elders had convened earlier.

Breathless, he burst into the room, bowing deeply. "Elders, I bring grave news!" he exclaimed, his voice filled with urgency. "There are intruders at the gate!"

Lei Kung, the champion of K'un-Lun, raised an eyebrow, his wise eyes narrowing in concern. "Intruders? Are they hostile?"

The messenger nodded fervently. "They claim to be here to see the Iron Fist. They say he delivered their letter."

Whispers of alarm and suspicion filled the room as the elders exchanged worried glances.

That letter was from the Hand, and their supposed arrival raised immediate red flags.

One elder, a woman with sharp features and a steely gaze, spoke up. "This must be an attack orchestrated by the Hand. They seek to infiltrate our city. We must keep them at the gate. They can't be allowed inside!"

Lei Kung's expression grew grave as he considered the implications. "If the Hand is involved, we cannot afford to underestimate the threat they pose. We must mobilize our forces and prepare for an imminent attack."

The other elders nodded in agreement, their faces etched with determination. The safety of K'un-Lun and its Dragon was their utmost priority, and they would not allow either to fall into the hands of their most hated enemy.

The scene inside the temple had transformed from a room filled with doubt and debate to one of united action and preparedness.

"Summon every able-bodied warrior monk under our command!" declared an elder with a deep voice and a stern demeanor. "Prepare the defenses and station guards at key points throughout the city. We must be ready!"

As the elders hurriedly organized their forces, Lei Kung stood from his seat at the head of the table, his voice resonating with authority. "I will lead our main force to assess the situation outside the city gates."

The room buzzed with a sense of urgency as the elders rose from their seats, each taking on a specific role in the preparations.

They knew the importance of swift action and unity in the face of such a grave threat.

Lei Kung turned to the messenger, his eyes filled with a steely resolve. "Take us to the gates..."

The messenger nodded, leading the way as the elders followed closely behind.

They moved with purpose and determination, their thoughts consumed by the impending battle and the protection of their sacred city.

Outside the temple, the warriors of the city gathered, their expressions grim and their weapons at the ready.

The air crackled with tension as they awaited the arrival of their leaders and the imminent clash with the intruders.

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In the dimly lit cell beneath the temple, Danny Rand, the Iron Fist, sat with his back against the cold stone wall.

His hands were bound tightly by chains, each link etched with ancient Chinese symbols that suppressed his Chi, rendering him as powerless as any other normal man.

He had been left alone in his confinement, the only sounds echoing through the silence were his own steady breaths and the faint drip of water in the distance.

Though that suddenly changed as guards, who were supposed to be stationed around the prison, were ordered away, rushing passed his cell with weapons in hand.

Danny's mind raced with worry and frustration.

He had trusted in Lei Kung's words, believing that the Elder would handle his situation diplomatically. But the sudden absence of guards outside his cell made him uneasy.

"What's happening?" he muttered to himself, tugging at the chains that held him captive.

He strained against their unyielding grip, feeling the weight of his situation pressing down on him.

Danny couldn't shake the feeling that something was amiss. The urgency in the air, the guards rushing off to join the defense... It all felt too coincidental.

'Was Spider-Man lying to me?' Doubts clouded his mind.

As his thoughts raced, Danny's determination grew. He couldn't sit idly by while his fate hung in the balance.

He had to find a way to break free and discover what was truly happening.

Summoning his focus, he channeled his Chi, attempting to draw upon Shou-Lao's power. But the chains sapped his energy, leaving him weakened and unable to access the full extent of his abilities.

Gritting his teeth, Danny continued his struggle, twisting and turning, hoping to find a weakness in the chains that bound him.

He had trained since he was 10 years old, honing his martial arts skills to such an extent that he was able to become the Iron Fist.

He couldn't let himself be defeated by mere chains.

A glimmer of hope flickered in Danny's eyes as he noticed a hairline fracture forming in one of the links.

Encouraged by this small victory, he redoubled his efforts, pouring every ounce of his remaining strength into breaking free.

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Meanwhile, in the city, the army of K'un-Lun gathered, their footsteps resounding with purpose and determination as they marched to the gate.

The warriors lined up in disciplined formation, their weapons gleaming in the sunlight.

At the forefront stood the elders, their expressions stoic and unwavering.

Soon enough, they arrived meters from the gate and Lei Kung, the champion of K'un-Lun, raised his hand, signaling a halt to the marching army.

He glanced at the gate, eyeing the three oddly dressed intruders, wondering where the Hand could have found such weird individuals.

Peter, MJ, and Lily still sat comfortably on the couch, watching the army across from them.

Peter had hoped to avoid a confrontation, to find a peaceful resolution to this tense situation. But that didn't seem to be possible.



Just as Lei Kung was about to give the order to proceed, Peter stood up, his red and blue suit standing out among the sea of warrior monks.

Beside him stood MJ and Lily, both ready to fight at any moment.

"Hello!" Peter called out, his voice echoing across the open space between them. "We're not here to fight. We just want to talk and find out what's going on with Danny."

Lei Kung nodded, grateful for Peter's intervention. "Stand down," he ordered the army, hoping to defuse the tension. "Let them approach."

As Peter, MJ, and Lily cautiously made their way passed the gate for a second time, the other elders exchanged wary glances.

They were not as willing to listen and negotiate. Suspicion clouded their judgment, and they saw only intruders threatening their sacred city.

One of the elders, a stern-faced man with a staff gripped in his right hand, stepped forward. "You dare speak such flagrant lies after the Iron Fist's betrayal?" he sneered, his voice dripping with disdain. "You, who are allies of the Hand?"

Peter shook his head, a smirk hidden under his mask. "I'm not an ally of the Hand. I am the new leader of the Hand." Peter revealed, shocking the army of Monks before him.

"Then your death would be a great blow to our enemies, wouldn't it?" That same elder scoffed as he rushed forward, raising his staff dangerously.

Without hesitation, MJ sprang into action, launching forward as she swiftly evaded the elder's attack.

Her movements were fluid and graceful as she countered with her own strikes, her punches and kicks delivered with precision.

And seconds after a member from both sides clashed, the rest wouldn't sit still either.

The army of Monks yelled a deafening war cry as they charged forward without receiving any orders from the Elders.

"Stop! Halt this instant!" Lei Kung ordered, though no one could hear him.

Not even the other Elders, who have already joined their army, charging forward at the enemy.

Lily, not one to be left behind, joined the fray, her small frame darting in and out, striking with lightning-fast kicks and punches.

Her agility was matched only by her determination, and she fought with the ferocity of a seasoned warrior.

Peter, too, joined in on the action, his enhanced strength and acrobatics on full display.

He gracefully dodged attacks while delivering his own, taking out a handful of Monks every few seconds without a single scratch on his pristine suit.

Even the Elders that came his way were thwarted with relative ease.

The battle raged on, the clash of metal against metal and grunts of effort filling the air.

The warriors of K'un-Lun fought with discipline and skill, their numbers seemingly endless. But the spider trio weren't deterred one bit.

In fact, they seemed to be enjoying themselves.

"Mom!" Lily called out excitedly as she jumped into the air. "Watch this!" She said as her legs extended, kicking two monks square in the face.

"Good job, sweetie!" MJ encouraged her like the loving mother she was, whilst roundhouse kicking a group of monks into the ground.

"Lily!" Peter called out as he pulled out his phone, dismantling any monks that came his way while focusing his full attention on his daughter. "Hold still! I want to take a picture of your first large-scale battle."

Lei Kung stared at the spider family, bewildered. 'What the hell is happening?' He felt as though he was dreaming.

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Back in Danny's cell, time seemed to stretch on, the sound of his labored breathing filling the confined space.

Sweat trickled down his brow as he fought against the constraints that held him captive.

He tried everything to break the chains, from using his body as leverage to simply bashing it against the hard stone floor.

And then, with a resounding crack, the weakened link finally gave way, setting a single hand free.

Danny exhaled a breath he hadn't realized he had been holding, a mixture of relief and determination coursing through him.

His task was far from complete. He still had to free himself from the remaining chains and find out what was happening outside his cell.

With renewed purpose, Danny focused his attention on the remaining restraints, determined to break free and reclaim his power as the Iron Fist.

As he worked, the distant sounds of battle reached his ears, and he couldn't help but feel a surge of adrenaline. His instincts told him that time was running out, and he needed to act swiftly.

With each chain that snapped apart, Danny's resolve grew stronger, as did his access to his Chi, making every following chain easier and easier to break.

He had a responsibility not only to himself but to K'un-Lun. He would face whatever challenges lay ahead and protect his home at all costs.

Finally, the last chain fell to the ground, leaving Danny standing tall, his body pulsing with renewed energy.

He took a moment to steady himself, the weight of his decision settling upon his shoulders. His fist glowed a bright yellow, illuminating the dark cell.

**\*Boom!\***

And with one smooth punch, the heavy door that held him captive was blown off its hinges, impacting the wall on the other side of the hall before clattering to the floor.

## Chapter 368: Awakening

With Danny finally breaking free from his cell, the battle between the army of Monks and Peter's group continued to rage on.

The clash of weapons and the grunts of effort filled the air as both sides fought with unyielding determination.

Peter danced along the battlefield, his agility and reflexes allowing him to effortlessly dodge attacks and return them in an instant, decimating countless Monks along the way.

He used his webs to swing around, finding no reason to use any of his more overpowered abilities on such weak opponents.

His fists alone packed a powerful punch, sending opponents flying and crashing into the ground.

MJ moved with calculated precision, her spider abilities enhancing her already impressive combat skills.

As a member of the Avengers, she was forced into basic training like everyone else, and luckily, she was taken in by Natasha, who she learned from like a sponge.

She weaved through the chaos, her movements fluid and graceful.

Her silk threads lashed out, immobilizing the monks and rendering them helpless before she delivered precise strikes that swiftly incapacitated them.

Lily, in her Spider-Girl persona, showcased remarkable acrobatics and speed. She somersaulted through the air, landing devastating kicks on her opponents.

Her small size allowed her to dart in and out of the fray, striking with lightning-fast precision.

Unlike her mother, who spent months upon months training under the Black Widow herself, Lily cheated her way to martial arts mastery.

As an AI, she was able to analyze countless videos, specifically the surveillance footage from the tower's many training rooms, and incorporated everything she saw into one fighting style.

'It's practically Instant Mastery...' Peter thought jealously. 'Lucky little cheater...'

The army of Monks fought valiantly, displaying their years of training and discipline. Though it wasn't enough.

Their strikes were powerful and precise, their coordination almost seamless. But they were simply met with a stronger enemy.

Peter, MJ, and Lily didn't go very easy on them. They only held back just enough to leave the Monks alive and without any serious injuries.

As the battle intensified, Lei Kung, still bewildered by the turn of events, decided it was time to intervene.

With his fists clenched, he launched himself into the fray, his every move a testament to his legendary martial arts prowess.

"Decided to finally join the fun, old man?" Peter quipped, a playful smirk hidden beneath his mask.

Lei Kung's lips curled into a knowing smile as he stroked his long beard. "I can't let you young people run wild, can I?" he replied, his voice laced with a hint of amusement.

His presence boosted the morale of every Monk, who redoubled their efforts to overpower Peter's group.

They fought with renewed vigor, their determination to defend their sacred city evident in every strike they threw.

But MJ and Lily were not easily defeated. They fought back with unwavering resolve, their individual skills combining to create an unstoppable force.

"I'll let you have the first move, Gramps." Peter offered as he took a calm stance, waiting patiently for his opponent.

With that, the two combatants squared off, their eyes locked in a silent exchange.

Silently, Lei Kung harnessed the Chi in his body and launched himself forward, his strikes swift and precise, aiming to exploit any weakness in Peter's defenses.

Peter simply stood there as hit after hit pummeled his body, not making any moves to dodge or parry whatsoever.

Lei Kung's strikes landed with calculated precision, connecting with Peter's body.

The impacts reverberated through his frame, causing the onlooking Monks to cheer in elation.

They were witnessing their esteemed elder, the champion of K'un-Lun, fighting against a seemingly invincible opponent.

The Monks' morale soared as they watched Lei Kung exchange blows with the powerful intruder.

They were inspired by their leader's unwavering resolve and saw a glimmer of hope that victory was within their grasp.

However, Lei Kung himself knew the truth.

Despite his best efforts, he could sense that Peter was not exerting his full strength. In fact, he wasn't even trying.

He could feel the power that the young masked man was holding back, almost as if he were toying with him.

"Fight! You insult me with this behavior!" Lei Kung called out between strikes, his voice filled with urgency.

He instinctively knew that Peter and his group meant no harm to K'un-Lun, especially after seeing how they didn't kill a single monk.

So, Lei Kung wanted to test Peter's true capabilities and gauge the extent of his power. And in doing so, gauge his own as well.

Peter nodded, acknowledging Lei Kung's request. "Just remember that you asked for it."

With a sudden burst of speed, he disappeared from the elder's sight, his figure reappearing behind him in an instant.

Lei Kung, caught off guard, turned just in time to see Peter's fist hurtling toward him.

He barely had time to react as the blow connected, sending him flying through the air, crashing into a group of Monks, who quickly scrambled to help him to his feet.

The battle momentarily paused as Lei Kung regained his composure, his eyes locked with Peter's. There was a newfound respect in the elder's gaze, an acknowledgment of the true extent of Peter's abilities.

Or at least, what he thought was Peter's true extent.

"Well, this was fun, old man." Peter comments as he cracks his knuckles. "But I think it's time to end this."

With a newfound determination, Peter's eyes blazed with an intense focus as he prepared to bring an end to the battle.

The remaining army of Monks stood before him, their faces etched with a mix of fear and determination.

Lei Kung stood in front of them, his emotions hidden under a calm facade, seemingly ready for whatever was about to come.

In a blur of motion, Peter darted forward, his speed leaving a trail of afterimages behind him.

His strikes were swift and lethal, each blow finding its mark with surgical precision.

The Monks attempted to defend themselves, but their efforts were futile against the overwhelming force that Peter unleashed upon them.

The battlefield transformed into a whirlwind of action as Peter weaved through the ranks of the Monks.

His fists moved like lightning, shattering their defenses and rendering them unconscious with each strike.

The clash of his blows echoed through the streets of K'un-Lun, drowning out the cries of the defeated.

Within a matter of moments, the once formidable army lay defeated and motionless at Peter's feet.

The ground was littered with bodies, both young and old, as every Monk and Elder bore witness to the might of Spider-Man.

As the last Monk fell, Peter's attention turned to Lei Kung, who lay on the ground, his body motionless but his breathing steady.



Standing over him, Peter's presence was both imposing and triumphant. 'Now let's find Danny and-'

Speak of the devil...

Suddenly, a disheveled Danny Rand burst onto the scene, sprinting down the road with worry etched on his face.

He had followed the sounds of battle, fearing for his friend's safety. But what he witnessed upon his arrival shattered his expectations.

With a mix of shock and anger, Danny took in the sight before him.

The bodies of countless Monks and elders strewn across the city street, and Peter standing over the seemingly lifeless body of Lei Kung, a man who raised him like his own son.

The assumption that formed in Danny's mind was one of betrayal and bloodshed.

Filled with righteous anger, Danny's voice cracked with fury as he confronted Peter. "What have you done?!" The words dripped with accusation, his fist shining in a dangerous yellow light.

Peter's mask hid the genuine surprise that washed over his face. He didn't expect Danny to arrive at such a bad time, nor did he think a misunderstanding would form.

He opened his mouth to speak, but before he could form the words, Danny's attack began.

Driven by a sense of justice and his misinterpretation of the scene before him, Danny unleashed a barrage of punches and kicks upon Peter.

His movements were fueled by a combination of anger, betrayal, and sorrow, his strikes carrying the weight of his accusations.

Peter's reflexes kicked into overdrive as he expertly evaded Danny's attacks, each blow landing just inches away from its intended target.

Despite his skill, Peter refused to retaliate, instead attempting to explain the truth.

"Danny, It's not what you think..." Peter said, his voice calm and collected. "If you just calm down, I can explain."

But his words fell on deaf ears as Danny continued his assault, his anger blinding him to any reasoning or explanation.

The clash between the two allied acquaintances echoed through the streets of K'un-Lun in a battle born out of misunderstanding.

...

Meanwhile, in a nearby cave, hidden behind the ancient city, two large red eyes opened, shining ominously in the darkness.

Chapter 369: Deal w/ a Lizard

Peter's reflexes continued to shine as he effortlessly evaded Danny's relentless barrage of Kung-Fu-style attacks.

He bobbed and weaved, his body moving with fluid grace as he narrowly avoided each strike.

Danny's frustration grew evident with each missed blow, fueling his anger and determination to bring down the man he believed had betrayed him.

As the fight carried on, Lily and MJ stood at a safe distance, watching the clash between the two heroes.

Lily's young eyes widened with concern, her heart pounding in her chest as she observed her fathers struggle to explain himself.

"Shouldn't we do something?" Lily asked, her voice filled with worry.

MJ placed a hand on Lily's shoulder, offering her a reassuring smile. "Your dad knows what he's doing, Lily. He'll handle this. Sometimes people need to work things out on their own."

Lily nodded, still anxious but trusting in her father's abilities. Her eyes remained fixed on the battle, witnessing Peter's skillful dodges and Danny's growing frustration.

With a deep breath, Peter finally decided that enough was enough. His patience wore thin, and he chose to end the fight, and in found so, bring an end to the misunderstanding.

Peter's eyes narrowed, a spark of determination igniting within them.

In a split second, Peter shifted his stance, his movements transitioning from defensive to offensive. With a sudden burst of speed, he closed the gap between himself and Danny, closing the distance in an instant.

Danny barely had time to react as Peter's fist connected with his midsection. The impact sent him hurtling through the air, crashing onto the hard ground with a loud thud.

The wind was knocked out of him, leaving him momentarily breathless. The onlookers gasped in disbelief as Peter's blow landed with such force.

MJ's hand flew to her mouth, her eyes widening in shock.

Lily's worry escalated as she rushed forward, concerned for her friend's well-being.

"Dad!" Lily cried out, her voice filled with a mix of fear and concern.

Peter turned to face his daughter. "He'll be alright, Lily. Sometimes you have to knock some sense into people. Just stay back for now." He said, reassuring her.

Danny struggled to his feet, his vision blurred and his body aching from the impact. He glared at Peter, still clinging to his belief that he had been betrayed.

"You... you won't get away with this," Danny spat, his voice filled with defiance and bitterness.

Peter's expression softened, his mask hiding his genuine concern. "Danny, please listen to me. This isn't what it looks like. We were defending ourselves."

But Danny's anger continued to cloud his judgment.

Ignoring Peter's words, he lunged forward once again, launching himself at his former ally with renewed determination.

Peter sighed, realizing that talking would be pointless in this moment. His reflexes kicked into high gear once more, evading Danny's strikes with ease.

Each attack seemed to slow down in Peter's perception, giving him ample opportunity to respond.

With each dodge, Peter saw the openings and weaknesses in Danny's technique. His strikes became more precise and targeted, aiming to disable rather than harm.

It was a delicate dance, one that showcased Peter's skill and control.

Danny's frustration grew with each failed attempt to land a blow.

He was no match for Peter's speed and strength, and it only fueled his rage further. But he was blinded by his misconceptions, unable to see the truth before him.

Peter seized the opportunity, his movements becoming a blur as he closed in on Danny.

In a swift and calculated series of strikes, Peter aimed for pressure points, temporarily incapacitating his opponent.

As Danny crumpled to the ground, unconscious, Peter turned to Lily and waved her over. "See? He's fine. We'll explain everything when he wakes up, okay?"

Lily nodded her little head up and down as she rushed over to Danny's side, checking to make sure he wasn't hurt too badly.

The aftermath of the intense battle left the streets of K'un-Lun littered with fallen monks and elders.

Peter stood over the unconscious body of Lei Kung, a man who had tried his best to resolve the situation peacefully. 'I should probably heal him...'

The elderly take longer to heal, after all. And he would no doubt be helpful in explaining everything later on.

Waving his hand, Peter healed the sect leader-looking grandpa, slowly erasing all of the damage along his body.

And as he turned to check on Lily, suddenly, a shadow began to creep over them and everyone else, who lay unconscious on the ground.

A deep, rumbling growl resonated through the air, causing Peter to look up in awe.

The sun's rays were slowly blocked out, casting an eerie darkness over the entire city.

The source of this ominous phenomenon became clear as Peter's gaze locked onto a gigantic, mythical dragon hovering above him.

Shou-Lao, the ancient dragon of K'un-Lun, revealed itself in all its majestic and fearsome glory.

Its long, serpentine body snaked through the sky, its scales shimmering with a fiery crimson hue.

The dragon's immense size was beyond comprehension, its head alone towering over buildings and casting a terrifying shadow across the whole city.

The creature's eyes glowed with an intense red light, emanating an otherworldly power.

[Insert picture of Shou-Lao/Slifer the Sky Dragon/or just about any Eastern Style red Dragon here]

Its gaze shifted between Danny's fallen form and Peter, as if assessing the situation and determining the appropriate course of action.

Peter's heart skipped a beat as he realized the implications of Shou-Lao's appearance.

The dragon was the source of the Iron Fist power, granting the chosen warrior a crazy amount of dragon Chi.

And yet, Peter had defeated Danny with relative ease, shattering the assumptions and expectations tied to the Iron Fist.

'Is he mad that I beat the guy that he chose?' Peter pondered the dragon's intentions.

Shou-Lao had always been a guardian of K'un-Lun, helping to protect its sacred grounds.

Though this is the first time he's had to come out of his cave, and surprisingly, there was a battle-hungry look in its bright red eyes.

"..." Peter quickly understood the look in Shou-Lao's eyes. 'This old lizard is looking for a fight...'

With the city's defenses decimated and the Iron Fist defeated, the dragon was left with no choice but to intervene and safeguard its home from the perceived threat.

But most of all, it's been such a long time since Shou-Lao has had a good fight. And he was practically vibrating with excitement.

The air crackled with otherworldly energy as Shou-Lao prepared to make his move.

The many wings along its long body unfurled, the sound of their movement resembling the thunderous roar of a hurricane.

The dragon's body glowed with an intense aura as if priming itself for a devastating attack.

Peter's mind raced, searching for a way to defuse the situation, but none appeared.

Letting out an exasperated sigh, Peter turned to Lily and MJ, who were gawking at Shou-Lao's appearance.

"Daddy..." Lily called, shakily. "Is... Is that a real Dragon?" She asked, recalling the bones that the Hand excavated recently.

"Yeah, which means your time here is up." Peter informs them as he waves his hand, opening a portal below the mother-and-daughter duo.

""Huh?!"" The two grunted in surprise as they disappeared, falling onto the couch in their living room.

And as the portal snapped shut, Peter could hear Lily yelling at him, disgruntled. "Wait! I want to fight the dragon too!"

"Maybe next time." Peter muttered with a small smile as he turned back to Shou-Lao.

Summoning his courage, Peter stepped forward, smirking under his mask.

His voice carried a mixture of friendliness and taunting as he addressed the ancient dragon. "Hey there, Mr. Lizard. Do you need something? I don't have any bugs or whatever it is you eat, so..."

The dragon's piercing gaze bore into Peter, its immense power palpable in the air.

Silence hung heavy between them as Shou-Lao seemed to contemplate Peter's words, unused to anyone talking to him like that.

After what felt like an eternity, Shou-Lao's fiery eyes narrowed, a glimmer of understanding flickering within them.

Slowly, the dragon's massive head tilted, its immense presence casting a shadow over Peter.

A deep, rumbling voice echoed through Peter's mind, resonating with ancient wisdom and authority. "It's been a long time since anyone has insulted me... Prove yourself, young warrior. Show me a good fight and I promise to spare your life, as you did with the warriors of K'un-Lun."

Peter nodded, acknowledging the dragon's challenge. "And what do I get if I win?"

A surprised look flashed across the dragon's eyes, not expecting such a reply. "You will not." He replied simply.

"But what if I do?" Peter asks again.

Shou-Lao remained silent for a moment, contemplating his answer. "Then I will grant you three requests." He offered, knowing that he could never lose to a human.

Instantly, the smirk on Peter's face grew wider and wider. And luckily, the mask covered it up.

"Deal!" Peter swiftly agreed. "I hope you're a lizard of your word..."

#### Chapter 370: vs Shou-Lao (1)

The streets of K'un-Lun were in disarray, with fallen monks and terrified citizens seeking safety in their homes, peaking out of their windows in fear and worry.

Peter stood before Shou-Lao, the ancient dragon, his mask hiding a smirk that betrayed his eagerness for the upcoming battle.

Peter took a step forward. "Alright, Mr. Lizard. If you're looking for a fight, let's do it. But before we get started and end up tearing this city apart, how about we take it somewhere else?" He offered, gesturing around him.

After all, he spent a lot of effort keeping the Monks alive, so killing them in the upcoming battle would be a huge waste.

Shou-Lao's fiery eyes glimmered with amusement as he regarded Peter.



The dragon's massive head nodded in understanding, sharing Peter's exact concerns. "You wish to take our battle elsewhere? Very well. Follow along, young warrior."

Shou-Lao's immense form seemed to quiver with anticipation before gracefully gliding through the air, heading towards a mountain in the distance.

Leaving the monks and civilians behind, Peter kicked off the ground and soared through the air, following after the slithering dragon.

As the commotion settled in K'un-Lun, the frightened citizens cautiously emerged from their homes, their hearts filled with concern for the fallen monks.

With a collective sense of purpose, they formed a makeshift assembly line, helping each other tend to the wounded and unconscious warriors.

The streets filled with determined whispers as the civilians worked diligently to mend their injured protectors.

In the midst of this tender display of unity, a group of curious onlookers couldn't help but turn their gaze toward the retreating figures in the distance.

Peter, soaring through the sky, trailed behind the magnificent form of Shou-Lao, the ancient dragon.

The spectators were torn between awe and apprehension, captivated by the unfolding spectacle.

As the dragon and Spider-Man approached the mountain peak, the crowd of civilians had grown in size. They watched in anticipation, unable to tear their eyes away.

Excitement and nervous energy permeated the air as the onlookers held their breath, caught between the desire to witness the epic battle and the concern for their beloved city.

From their vantage point, the civilians observed as Peter and Shou-Lao reached the mountain's summit.

The wind whispered through the trees, their leaves rustling softly, as if nature itself recognized the importance of the imminent confrontation.

The dragon's scales shimmered in the sunlight, and Peter stood ready, his agile form brimming with determination.

The spectators exchanged glances, their faces a mix of anticipation and trepidation. Some leaned closer to each other, sharing whispered speculations, while others clung to each other's hands for support.

They were grateful for the distance that allowed them to be mere observers, yet their hearts yearned to protect the dragon who safeguards their city.

The scene was set, and the stage was ready for the battle that would unfold before their eyes.

The onlookers prepared themselves for what was to come, their minds racing with a mixture of fear, awe, and unyielding hope.

They knew that whatever transpired atop that mountain would leave an indelible mark on their memories and the future of K'un-Lun.

But for now, in this suspended moment, the spectators remained transfixed, waiting to bear witness to the clash between their sacred dragon and the powerful intruder, the outcome of which would ripple through their lives and the fate of their city.

...

As Peter landed on the peak of the mountaintop, and Shou-Lao quickly took his place in the sky, the two locked eyes, a clear signal that the time for talk had passed.

Peter extended his arms to his sides, assuming a defensive stance, taking this fight a bit more seriously than the rest.

His voice reverberated with a mix of respect and challenge as he addressed the ancient dragon.  
"Alright, Lizard. Show me what you've got!"

The dragon's response was a deafening roar that echoed through the mountains, shaking the very ground beneath their feet.

Even the inhabitants of K'un-Lun felt the city shake with their guardian's war cry.

It was a call to battle, an invitation to let their respective powers loose and engage in a fight for the ages.

'You know what?' Peter thought as he felt the urge to test out an ability of his. 'I might as well...'

The air crackled with tension as his muscles began to ripple, veins pulsating beneath his skin.

A sudden transformation overcame Peter, his body growing in size and bulk. The clothes he wore strained against his expanding frame, threatening to tear it apart.

But amazingly, his spider suit responded to his changing form, stretching and expanding seamlessly as his limbs thickened and muscles bulged.

The red and blue fabric adapted to his new proportions, accommodating the incredible power that now coursed through him.

The metamorphosis wasn't the most enjoyable experience though.

Peter clenched his jaw, gritting his teeth as the changes brought brief waves of intense discomfort.

Every cell in his body seemed to shift and rearrange itself.

He felt a growing pressure building up, a power surging within him. And then, with a mighty roar of his own, it erupted.

His body, once microscopic compared to the dragon above, could now only be said to be tiny or small.

Peter transformed into the Red Hulk, a towering figure which he planned to hide as a sort of trump card. But thanks to the secluded dimension of K'un-Lun, he decided to give it a test run.

His now-massive fists clenched, the ground quaking beneath his feet as he prepared to confront Shou-Lao.

Speak of the devil, Shou-Lao's eyes widened in surprise at the sudden transformation.

He had not anticipated his human opponent to possess such a formidable ability, but his excitement for a worthy fight only grew.

The dragon bared its fangs and let out a thunderous roar, shaking the very foundation of the mountain once again.

Peter's confidence surged as he launched himself into the air, creating a crater under his feet as he propelled himself with the incredible force of his enhanced muscles.

With a mighty swing of his massive fist, he aimed a powerful blow at Shou-Lao's jaw, hoping to catch the dragon off guard.

The impact reverberated through the mountain, sending shockwaves in all directions.

Shou-Lao staggered backward, his massive head recoiling from the force of Peter's punch.

The dragon's scales shimmered, and even a few cracked under the blow, but most remained intact, protecting him from a devastating attack.

The ferocity in Shou-Lao's eyes intensified as he regained his balance, his fiery gaze fixated on the Goliath of a man before him.

Without hesitation, the dragon launched himself into the air, his wings beating with incredible power. He unleashed a barrage of countless fireballs, each one hurtling toward Peter with blistering speed.

Peter's agility and reflexes kicked into high gear as he evaded the fiery onslaught. He somersaulted through the air, twisting and turning with remarkable grace, narrowly avoiding the searing flames that threatened to consume him.

And as he dodged the attacks, he noticed an opening in Shou-Lao's defenses.

Seizing the opportunity, he propelled himself toward the dragon with a powerful leap, his massive fists primed for another strike.

The clash of titans shook the mountain once more as Spider-Man's fists collided with Shou-Lao's scaled hide.

The impact reverberated through the air, causing cracks to form in the surrounding rocks and trees.

Peter's blows carried immense force, and Shou-Lao roared in pain and fury.

Unfazed by the dragon's thrashing counterattacks, Peter pressed on, his movements fluid and calculated.

He ducked and weaved, avoiding the swipes of Shou-Lao's powerful claws, and retaliated with bone-crushing punches of his own.

The battle raged on, their clash echoing on for miles and miles.

Peter utilized his strength and speed to his advantage, landing devastating blows on Shou-Lao's vulnerable spots, while the dragon responded with bursts of fire and powerful tail swipes.

Minutes turned into hours as the two warriors pushed each other to their limits.

The mountain trembled beneath their relentless assault, and the air crackled with raw energy.

Peter could feel the exhilaration coursing through his veins, the thrill of testing his powers against a legendary opponent.

Shou-Lao's determination was unwavering, and Peter admired the dragon's indomitable spirit.

But as the battle raged on, it became clear that Peter's agility and raw strength were proving to be an equal match for the ancient creature. And his small size, compared to Shou-Lao's, gave him the added benefit of being a small target.

With each blow, Peter could sense the dragon's shock mounting. Shou-Lao never expected to fight equally with a human, but somehow this impossibility was unfolding right before his eyes.

Peering down at his opponent as the battle came to a brief standstill, Shou-Lao couldn't keep the smile from forming on his scaly face. "Haha! I seem to have underestimated you!" He laughed happily.

"Well, I don't know about you..." Peter replied as he stomped one foot, denting a large portion of the mountain in seconds. "But I still have a lot more strength to show..."

Shou-Lao didn't reply and simply laughed once more, his body seeming to radiate with a red-hot energy, which just kept building and building.