

# Spider-Man 411

## Chapter 411: Heist

Natasha Romanoff felt the weight of the past pressing down on her, unsure whether or not her sacrifice aided her friends in their fight against Thanos. 'I hope everything went as planned...'

She had managed to acquire a disguise, which was mainly a plain hoodie pulled up over her head, and made her way through the bustling streets of New York City, blending in with the crowds. The events of the past, her sacrifice on Vormir, felt distant and hazy, almost as if they belonged to another lifetime.

But here she was, displaced in time, with no explanation for how or why she had been transported to the future. She had hoped that her fellow Avengers would have some answers. As she approached the entrance of the Avengers Tower, she noticed the security guards eyeing her suspiciously.

"Hey, you there! Stop!" one of the guards called out, causing Natasha's heart to race. She knew she couldn't afford to draw attention to herself, not until she had some answers. "Take that hood off! And keep your hands where we can see them..."

Reluctantly, she complied, removing her hood and turning around slowly, her hands raised above her head.

The guards' expressions turned from suspicion to shock as they recognized the face before them. "Black Widow? But... you're supposed to be dead," one of them stammered.

Natasha gave a small, wry smile. "You know? That's not the first time I've heard that... Can you take me to the team? I need to speak with them."

Before the guards could respond, the doors to the Avengers Tower swung open, and a large and odd looking group came waltzing in. Tony Stark led the way, with May, Ned, MJ, Tom, Tobey, Andrew, and the villains in tow. Their eyes widened in disbelief as they caught sight of Natasha, who was surrounded by guards.

"Natasha?" Tony's voice was filled with equal parts shock and joy as he approached her. "Is it really you?"

Natasha nodded, her eyes turning to the many onlookers around them. "Maybe we should talk somewhere more private..."

Tony's expression softened, and he gestured for her to follow them inside, the guards parting on his command. "We have a lot to catch up on. Let's go to my workshop."

As they walked through the familiar halls of the Avengers Tower, Natasha couldn't help but feel a sense of both nostalgia and displacement. Everything looked the same, yet different. The memories of the past clashed with the reality of the present, creating a jumble of emotions within her.

Looking over her shoulder, she squinted suspiciously as she laid eyes in the multiple Spider-Men and bound villains. "What the hell is going on?"

Soon enough, Natasha took a deep breath, ready to finally uncover the truth behind her unexpected journey through time. She turned to Tony, her gaze steady. "I need you to explain everything. How am I here? What happened after... after Vormir?"

Tony took a moment, his eyes searching hers for understanding. "Natasha, you sacrificed yourself on Vormir to obtain the Soul Stone. We mourned your loss, but Thanos still needed to be dealt with. Apparently I died killing him, but then, just recently, I found myself here as well. Somehow, Strange f\*cked up some spell and it's bringing everyone that knows Spider-Man's identity..." He went on to explain their predicament in detail.

Natasha's brows furrowed as she tried to process Tony's words. "This is so confusing... I'm starting to understand why Fury worried so much about magic users..."

Tony sighed, running a hand through his hair. "Yeah, it's a pretty big mess..."

Feeling bad, as he held a part of the blame for all of this, Tom frowned. "I'm sorry..."

"Don't worry about it." Tobey clapped him on the shoulder. "We'll figure this out. Besides, Peter already has a plan."

Natasha's confusion deepened, but she nodded, taking in the information. "So, we're not the only one's who we're brought here?"

Tony shook his head. "No, you're not. We're all trying to find a way to send everyone back to their respective universes and timelines. But it's complicated..."

Natasha's gaze shifted to the partially cured villains, still bound and awaiting a complete cure. "What about them? Are they going back too?"

Tony's expression grew somber. "We're working on it. One of the Spider-Man's has a plan. He has powers like Strange, so he's raiding the New York Sanctum to gather materials while we finish curing the rest of these guys." he motions to the villains.

Natasha nodded, her mind racing with the possibilities and challenges that lay ahead. "I want to help."

Tony placed a hand on her shoulder, offering a reassuring squeeze. "Yeah, sure, but before that..."

A flicker of suspicion sparked in Tony's eyes as his red and gold glove appeared on his hand, sending a current of electricity through Natasha, which swiftly knocked her out.

Shocked, Tom jumped forward to catch her as she collapsed. "What the hell was that for?!" He shouted.

"We have to run some tests to make sure she is who she says she is." Tony replies as he steps past Tom, motioning for him to follow. "Come on, the faster we confirm her identity, the faster we can cure these guys and meet up with that magic twin of yours."

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Speaking of Tom's better self, Peter stepped into the New York Sanctum, the weight of anticipation heavy in his chest. 'I might actually be able to save Tony's life...' he thought, happy to undo the tragic scene that caused him to break down in tears in the middle of a crowded movie theatre.

Venom clung to his shoulder, observing their surroundings with curious eyes. Lily dashed in behind them, she couldn't contain her excitement, her gaze wide and filled with wonder.

"Wow, Dad, this place is amazing!" Lily exclaimed, her voice filled with childlike awe. She took in the intricate details of the Sanctum, her eyes glimmering with fascination. "It's like stepping into Hogwarts or something..."

Peter smiled, watching Lily's enthusiasm. Despite her advanced intelligence, she still possessed a childlike sense of wonder and excitement. "I'm glad you're enjoying it, Lily," he said, ruffling her hair affectionately. "Just remember to be careful. Some of the artifacts here are pretty powerful and dangerous."

Lily nodded eagerly, her eyes still wandering over the ancient relics and mystical texts. "Don't worry, Dad. I'll be careful. I'm more interested in learning about them than touching them."

As they made their way through the Sanctum, Lily couldn't help but feel her excitement grow. She had heard about this place countless times from her father, but being here in person was an entirely different experience. The air was heavy with magic, and the atmosphere carried a sense of ancient wisdom.

"Alright, Lily, how about a quick tour?" Peter said, guiding her through the grand halls of the Sanctum. He pointed out various artifacts and explained their significance, feeding Lily's thirst for knowledge. She soaked up every word, her eyes bright with curiosity.

As they toured the place, Peter didn't hold back his sticky fingers. He had a mission to accomplish, and time was of the essence. He scoured the Sanctum, searching for relics and books that could aid him in his plan. With each discovery, he carefully stored them away in his necklace, utilizing its pocket dimension.

As Peter collected the last item, a voice echoed through the Sanctum, cutting through the silence. "And where do you think you're going with that?"

Startled, Peter turned around to see Wong, the new Sorcerer Supreme, standing in the doorway, his eyes narrowed with suspicion. Venom tensed on Peter's shoulder, a low growl rumbling from deep within its form. Lily took a step back, sensing the tension in the air.

"Wong..." Peter greeted, his voice tinged with a brief moment of surprise. "I... uh, didn't expect to run into you."

Wong's gaze flickered between Peter, Venom, and Lily, his expression stern and disapproving. "That much is evident," he replied, his tone laced with authority. "But what I'm more interested in is whether you plan on returning what you've stolen or not."

Peter's mind raced, weighing his options. He knew that trying to explain himself would be futile. After all, he had taken dangerous artifacts and forbidden texts without permission, not to mention the fact that Strange was still imprisoned in the basement. Wong was unlikely to trust his intentions or agree to his current plan.

Taking a deep breath, Peter met Wong's gaze, his voice calm but resolute. "I can't return them just yet," he said, his words filled with sincerity. "But I promise you, they won't be used for anything nefarious..."

Wong's expression hardened, his eyes narrowing further. "Words alone are not enough. You have taken things that are not meant for mortal hands. The consequences could be catastrophic."

Venom's tendrils twitched with restlessness, sensing the tension in the air. Lily moved closer to Peter, ready to fight alongside her father. The atmosphere crackled with anticipation, the silence heavy with the impending clash.

"I understand your concerns," Peter said, his voice steady. "But I can't stand by and let everything fall apart. Lives are at stake."

Wong's face remained unmoved, his gaze piercing through Peter. The air around them seemed to grow heavier, charged with magical energy. It was clear that Wong was not going to back down easily.

## Chapter 412: Peter Vs Sorcerer Supreme!

Peter watched as Wong's gaze hardened, his eyes narrowing further, and the air around them seemed to grow heavy with an intense, unseen energy.

Lily, sensing the tension in the air, moved closer to her father, ready to fight alongside him. Venom's tendrils twitched with restlessness, eager to join the fray. But Peter knew he had to protect them. He couldn't risk his daughter getting hurt in the battle. Especially against an opponent like the Sorcerer Supreme.

After all, magic was a hard ability for those without it to fight.

"Lily, take Venom and stand aside," Peter grabbed the black blob and handed it to his daughter. "I'll handle this."

Lily's eyes widened, her brows furrowing in defiance. "But Dad, I can help! I'm not weak, you know."

Peter placed a hand on her shoulder, looking into her defiant eyes. "I know you're strong, Lily. But you've never faced a sorcerer." Seeing his daughter's disappointment, he decided to cheer her up. "How about this... If you promise to sit this one out, I'll teach you some magic when we get home. Does that sound fair?"

Instantly, Lily nodded, her expression shifting from disappointment to sheer and utter excitement. "Okay, Dad," she agreed happily, her voice filled with joy as she took Venom into her arms. "Kick his butt!"

Peter gave her a reassuring smile, his eyes filled with fatherly love. "I will. You and Venom stay safe."

With a final pat on her head, Peter turned his attention back to Wong, who observed the exchange with a hint of approval. Wong, having no intention of hurting a child, respected Peter's decision and didn't intervene.

"I'll give you one last chance," Wong spoke, his voice laced with authority. "Return what you've stolen and all can be forgiven."

Peter smirked, finding it hard to stay serious in this situation. "You know, this is a weird interaction for me. Because in my universe, you usually call me 'Young Master'." Peter revealed, enjoying the confused look on Wong's face. "Believe me, it's true. I didn't like it at first, but the title sort of grew on me over time. It's really shocking that you became Sorcerer Supreme in this Universe. This Young Master is impressed." He said, nodding like a proud cultivator.

"It seems you can't be reasoned with..." Wong spoke, his gaze hardening into a deadly glare.

With a swift motion, Wong raised his hands, and the Sanctum responded to his command. The air crackled with energy, and the walls seemed to shimmer with arcane symbols. From the corner of

Peter's eye, he watched as the many statues and sets of armor in the sanctum came to life, ready to do Wong's bidding.

"Huh?" Peter grunted in interest. "I didn't know they could that..."

But Peter wasn't scared whatsoever. After all, he's faced much worse. With confidence radiating from his every move, Peter's Spider-Sense blared as he prepared to take on the Sorcerer Supreme.

In a blur of motion, Peter leaped into action, his spider-like reflexes allowing him to dodge the attacks of the animated statues with ease. With each graceful move, he closed the distance between himself and Wong, his fists charged with glimmering golden Eldritch energy, which he used to destroy each animated enemy that crossed his path.

Wong, impressed by Peter's agility, countered with his own display of magical prowess. He conjured gusts of wind, aiming to knock Peter off balance, but the webslinger adapted, simply stocking his feet to the ground to anchor himself, defying the sudden and invisible attack.

As the battle intensified, Wong called upon the elements themselves. Flames roared to life, encircling Peter, but his Spider-Sense allowed him to easily anticipate and dodge the fiery onslaught. With acrobatic finesse, he somersaulted through the air, maneuvering around the flames with the grace of a seasoned superhero.

Finally, Peter made it through all of the obstacles and unleashed a flurry of blows upon Wong. His fists connected with precision, each strike infused with both physical and magical energy. The clash of their powers sent shockwaves rippling through the Sanctum, causing mystical artifacts to tremble on their pedestals.

"You know, I take it all back." Peter says as he plants his fist in Wong's gut, sending him flying across the Sanctum. "I thought you'd be stronger than this... I mean, Strange put up a much better fight. Maybe he should have been Sorcerer Supreme?"

Hearing these slanderous words as he picked himself up off the floor, Wong couldn't help but grit his teeth in frustration. After all, that wasn't the first time he's heard those words. Everyone seemed to think Doctor Strange deserved the position.

Deciding to prove Peter wrong, Wong retaliated with a dazzling display of magic, summoning ancient artifacts to bolster his defense. Weapons materialized in his hands as pieces of armor

appeared on his body, each of them crackling with raw power, creating a spectacle of light and energy, illuminating the room in dazzling hues.

Leaping forward with a new found superhuman agility, Wong headed straight for Peter, ready to make him eat his words. He swung his dual swords with expertise, ready to chop his opponent to pieces.

But sadly, Peter seemed to glide around each swing, gracefully dodging every attack sent his way.

With each passing moment, Peter's confidence grew. He knew that Wong probably wasn't weaker than Strange. At least, not by much. But either way both were relatively easy fights.

As the battle raged on, Peter seized an opportunity, using his agility to dart beneath Wong's defenses and deliver a powerful uppercut to his chin. Wong staggered backward, his jaw cracking under the pressure, momentarily stunned by the force of the blow. Sensing an opening, Peter continued his assault until Wong was on the floor, panting in exhaustion.

Peter stepped forward, his gaze turned down at his opponent. He knew that Wong didn't have much fight left in him.

"Give up, Wong," Peter said, his voice firm. "It's over."

Wong glared up at Peter, his defiance evident even in his beaten state. "Are you prepared for the consequences of your actions...?"

Peter shrugged uncaringly. "I'm ready for whatever comes next..."

Peter knew that Wong was mainly talking about provoking Kamar-Taj, which has many powerful Masters at its disposal, who would hunt him to the ends of the Earth for this. But that didn't matter. After all, Peter would return to his Universe soon, so they wouldn't be able to do anything.

'Well, not unless they use that America girls portals, but I doubt they'll do it.' Peter knew Wong would calm down after the relics and books were returned.

"Well, this has been fun, but I have some important business to take care of, so..." Peter says as he forms a quick spell circle and slaps it down on his defeated opponent.



"W-What...?" Wong struggled to feel his magic, but Peter's spell held firm, restricting his use of energy for the time being, similar to Doctor Strange.

With a final surge of magical energy, Peter summoned some restraints for Wong, and the sorcerer was officially subdued. Glancing toward Lily and Venom, who watched the battle with wide eyes, awe clear to see on their faces, Peter enjoyed their impressed gazes.

"That was great!" Lily exclaimed, her voice filled with pride. "Can you teach me how he made those statues move?"

Peter approached his daughter, a smile gracing his lips. He ruffled her hair affectionately, a surge of fatherly love filling his heart. "Sure, it's actually a pretty simple spell. Though you'll have to get through the basics first."

Lily nodded, determination shining in her eyes. "I'll do my best!"

"I'm sure you will, but first..." Peter smiled before turning back to Wong, who was wiggling against his restraints like a worm, hoping to somehow break free.

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Peter dragged the bound Sorcerer Supreme, defeated and restrained, down to the Undercroft. The air grew colder, and the atmosphere in the dimly lit space was heavy with tension. Doctor Strange was confined in a cell, his powers neutralized by Peter's spell, his cape hovering around him, its cloth slumped over in boredom. As they approached, Strange's eyes widened in disbelief at the sight of his friend being dragged in.

"Wong? What happened?" Strange's voice was laced with concern and surprise.

Peter smirked, finding amusement in the unexpected reunion. "Surprised to see your friend here, are you? Well, I had to borrow some stuff from the Sanctum for a spell and Wong here found me. So, it looks like you'll have a neighbor for the time being."

Wong shot Peter a disapproving glare, his restrained form struggling against the bindings. "This is a grave mistake you're making. Release us immediately!"

Peter chuckled, his eyes glinting mischievously. He unlocked the restraints on Wong before tossing him in the cell beside Strange, allowing him some form of freedom. "Sorry, but I can't let you guys out just yet. You and Strange would just get in the way."

Strange, still reeling from the shock of seeing Wong captured, attempted to reason with Peter. "Peter, surely we can come to an agreement. I can help you. We should work together."

Peter raised an eyebrow, clearly suspicious of Strange's sudden bout of helpfulness. But then he shook his head, a smirk playing in his lips. "Sorry, but I have a date with Tony Stark."

"Stark?! The same Stark from this universe?" He exclaimed, realizing that his failed spell was worsening as Peter nodded his head. "This... This isn't good! We need to send him back immediately! You need to let me out NOW!"

Thoughts of Thanos returning filled Strange's mind, sending him into a panic, which was totally justified. After all, the murderous purple dinosaur was extremely hard to get rid of in the first place.

Peter shook his head. "Yeah, that's not happening. I'll deal with it."

As Strange's hopes for freedom began to fade, Peter turned his back to the trapped sorcerers. "I'll see you guys later." He waved nonchalantly, the gesture dismissive.

With those parting words, Peter strode away, leaving Strange and Wong behind in the dimly lit Undercroft. The sound of the door leading to the Undercroft closing echoed through the chamber, sealing their fate for the time being.

## Chapter 413: Waiting Villains

Natasha's eyes fluttered open, her vision blurry for a moment before the sight of Tony Stark's smirking face came into focus. Her head throbbed slightly, and she felt a slight tingling sensation coursing through her body, remnants of the electrocution she had endured moments ago. She sat up, feeling a bit disoriented but quickly regained her composure.

"Congratulations, Nat. You passed the test," Tony said, his grin widening as he offered a hand to help her up. "You're not a clone, shapeshifter, robot, or any other sort of imposter."

Natasha scowled and swatted his hand away, standing on her own. "Test? Did you really have to electrocute me to prove my identity?" She asked as he looked away awkwardly. "But I do understand the need for caution. Though you could've just asked for a blood sample or something..."

Tony chuckled. "Hey, desperate times call for desperate measures. I needed to make sure you were really you."

"Well, next time, maybe give me a heads up," Natasha replied, her tone still slightly annoyed.

Tony's smile softened into a more genuine expression. "Fair enough. Anyway, we're glad to have you here. Now that we're all convinced of your identity, let's get to work."

Tom stepped forward, eager to get back on track. "Can we finally start curing the others now?"

Tony nodded. "Sure. I'll give you full access to my lab, and we can use the resources here to make the cures."

As everyone made their way through Tony's state-of-the-art lab, the atmosphere was a mix of hope and urgency. They had come so far and had overcome many obstacles, but the finish line was still ahead of them.

The lab was an impressive sight, filled with advanced technology and equipment. Tom, Tony, Andrew, and Tobey quickly got to work, using their scientific and engineering expertise to analyze the remaining villains DNA. Meanwhile, Natasha and the rest of the non-scientific people in the room observed from the sidelines, impressed by the work being done.

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Hours passed in a blur as they tested different combinations and refined all sorts of serums and antidotes. They encountered setbacks and moments of frustration since Lizard and Green Goblin's little metamorphosis made them harder to study, but they persevered. The breakthroughs finally came when the sun began to rise on the horizon, illuminating the workshop with natural light.

Tom, Tobey, and Andrew set out to administer the cure to the defeated villains, starting with the Lizard, Dr. Curt Connors. They placed an oversized mask over his scaly, sleeping face and turned a knob on a canister, releasing a green gas into the mask. They watched as Dr. Connors breathed in the gas, and gradually, his monstrous form began to morph and shrink. The scales receded, and he returned to his human form, still unconscious but no longer the Lizard.

Next, they turned their attention to the Green Goblin, who was still very green. They injected Norman with the perfected serum, watching as the green-skinned, goblin-like features gradually vanished, revealing the aged face of the man beneath the madness. Though his madness should be gone with this.

As the last traces of the Goblin serum dissipated, Norman opened his eyes, confusion and fear evident in his expression. "What... what happened?" he asked, looking around at the faces of the Spider-Men.

Tobey stepped forward, his voice firm but compassionate. "You've been through a lot, Norman. But you're safe now. We'll explain everything once everyone else is cured."

Finally, it was time for Electro. Andrew approached him, a mix of determination and sympathy in his eyes. Electro still seemed lost in his thoughts, wrestling with his past actions and contemplating the possibility of a different path.

"I don't deserve to be a hero..." Electro mumbled, his voice tinged with sadness. "I've done terrible things."

Andrew placed a device on Electro's chest, and it began to hum softly, drawing the excess electricity out of his body. "We all make mistakes," Andrew said gently. "But it's never too late to change and make amends."

The electric blue energy around Electro started to dissipate, leaving him weakened but no longer a threat. The process was swift and painless, and when it was over Andrew stood by him, offering a hand of support.

Electro looked up at Andrew with a mixture of relief and sorrow. "Thank you," he whispered.

Andrew smiled warmly. "You're welcome. And it's good to have to back, Max."

As the morning sun continued its rise, the Spider-Men stood in the lab, victorious but exhausted. The villains were no longer a danger, and they were one step closer to finding a way back to their own universes.

"We've made progress, but there's still more to do," Tobey said, his voice filled with determination. "We need to meet up with Peter and figure out what to do next."

May stepped up and gestured to the former villains. "What about them?"

"We'll just have to take 'em with us." Tony answers, unwilling to leave them in his workshop.

"Unless we're walking or taking the subway, we'll need a few cars to get there..." Tom says, missing Peter's portals already.

Tony nodded and whipped out his phone. "I'll call for a bus..."

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The sun had fully risen by the time Tom and the rest of the group left the Avengers Tower, heading towards his and May's apartment. They rode a luxury bus through the busy streets of New York City, relaxed now that the group of villains weren't a threat anymore.

As they approached the familiar building, Tom's heart raced with anticipation and worry. He hoped that Peter didn't face any setbacks at the Sanctum, and prayed that everything was going smoothly on his end.

However, as they reached the entrance to the apartment, they were greeted not by Peter but by three menacing figures. A huge bald-headed man in a black suit stood menacingly, towering over two others. A messy haired woman in a lab coat, and an ash skinned man with white, slicked back hair.

Kingpin, Olivia Octavius, and Tombstone. They stood there, their expressions cold and calculating, seemingly waiting for somebody's arrival.

Tombstone, a tall figure with impenetrable skin and superhuman strength, moved forward as they stepped out of the bus, a cruel grin spreading across his face. "Well, well, well, if it ain't Spider-Man-" he began to taunt, but froze in place as three separate Spider-Men appeared. "Uhhh... Boss... are there supposed to be three of them?"

"One or three insects. It makes no difference." Kingpin shrugged it off.

Olivia spoke up, an interested gleam in her eyes. "Let's just kill them already." She said, her tentacles appeared from under her lab coat. "Just try to keep their bodies in tact. I need to dissect them for my research!"

Doc Ock's eyes widen as he stepped out of the bus. "Is... Is that?" He asked in shock, his own tentacles looming behind him.

Tom clenched his fists, his eyes narrowing as he glared at Tombstone and the rest. "I take it your from another universe?" he asked confidently. After all, he has two other Spider-Men, Iron Man, and Warmachine at his back. He could confidently face an entire army right now.

As Tom prepared for a possible fight, Olivia Octavius smirked in his direction. "I see we aren't the only ones," she said, her eyes moving to her male counterpart. "Fascinating..."

"It is, isn't it?" Otto replied as he eyed her up and down. "I never thought in a million years that I'd meet myself from another universe. Or that I'd be a woman... no offense."

"None taken." Olivia shakes her head uncaringly. "I'm quite glad you're here actually... I thought I'd only be dissecting Spider-Man today, but who knew I'd be able to cut myself open? This is truly a blessing for my research!"

Tony stepped up, his red and gold suit quickly building itself along his body, encasing him in a formfitting set of high tech armor. "You know, I've dealt with some crazy women in my life. One even tried to cut off my..." He gestures down at his crotch. "but you might just be the worst I've ever met."

"Can we not make everything about the women you've slept with..." Rhodes sighs as he steps up beside Tony, his armor covering his body as well.

"I never said that I slept with her..." Tony says as he turns to Rhodes, a grin forming in his face. "But I did."

Aunt May frowned alongside MJ. "Men are disgusting..."

MJ wanted to agree but then she remembered her sweet boyfriend and shook her head. "No, Tony Stark is disgusting."

Doing his best to ignore his group, Tom turned to Kingpin and his goons, his voice laced with defiance, "If you're from another universe, then give yourselves up and we'll help you as best as we can."

Kingpin chuckled darkly as his giant hands tightened into fists. "Ah, the arrogance of youth. It will be a pleasure to put you all in your place."

Olivia's tentacles twitched with anticipation. "I've been waiting for a chance to dissect a Spider-Man, and now I get three for the price of one. And myself included. Lucky me."

Tombstone cracked his knuckles, grinning menacingly. "Enough talk. Let's get the killing started, shall we?"

#### Chapter 414: Vs Kingpin & Goons

As the tension in the air reached its peak, everyone split off into teams, picking an opponent at random, except for Natasha, who stayed behind to protect the weaker portion of the group.

Tom, clad in his Spider-Man suit, and Tony, encased in his armor, stood side by side, facing Tombstone, his imposing frame was a stark contrast to their slender and agile forms, but they remained undeterred.

Tombstone cracked his knuckles, a wicked grin spreading across his face. "I hope you two are ready for a beating. I've taken down plenty of wannabe heroes in my time, and you'll be no different."

Tom's eyes narrowed, his Spider-Sense tingling as he prepared for the fight. "We'll see about that," he retorted confidently, his muscles tensing in anticipation as he turned to Tony. "Let's show him what we're made of."

Tony smirked under his helmet. "Oh, I've been itching for a fight ever since I got back."

With a burst of energy, Tony shot forward, flying at incredible speed toward Tombstone. The air crackled with the force of his repulsor rays as he unleashed a barrage of energy blasts. Tombstone, however, proved to be surprisingly agile for his size, effortlessly dodging the attacks and lunging forward to deliver a powerful punch.

Iron Man managed to evade the strike, but it was clear that Tombstone's strength was no joke. The sheer force behind his blows sent shockwaves through the ground, causing the surrounding area to shake.

Meanwhile, Tom relied on his enhanced reflexes and acrobatic skills to dart around Tombstone, striking him with precision blows whenever an opening presented itself. His agility allowed him to evade the brute's heavy attacks, but he knew that he couldn't rely on evasion alone.

Analyzing the situation, Tom looked for an opportunity to exploit Tombstone's weaknesses. He noticed that while the villain was strong and durable, his speed was not as impressive. With this realization, Tom came up with a plan.

"Hey, I've got an idea!" Tom called out to Tony, whilst keeping his distance from Tombstone.

"What is it?" Tony replied, keeping his eyes on the pale brute.

"Keep him distracted with your ranged attacks. I'll go for his legs," Tom said, his mind racing with the strategy.

Without hesitation, Iron Man unleashed another volley of repulsor blasts, drawing Tombstone's attention toward him. As he focused on Tony, Tom sprang into action. He used his web-shooters to create webs beneath Tombstone's feet, entangling his legs and restricting his movements.



Tombstone roared in frustration, trying to break free from the sticky trap, but Tom continued to shoot more webs, securing him in place.

"Nice work, kid!" Tony called out, impressed by Tom's quick thinking.

With Tombstone temporarily immobilized, Iron Man swooped in, his gauntlets charged with energy. He unleashed a powerful beam of energy directly at the brute's chest, sending him crashing backward into a nearby building.

The impact created a cloud of dust and debris, obscuring their view for a moment. But as the dust settled, they saw Tombstone lying on the ground, knocked out and defeated.

Tom landed gracefully beside Tony, feeling the rush of victory. "That was easier than I expected," he remarked, almost surprised.

Tony chuckled. "Well, it was two against one. And we make a pretty good team. But let's not get too cocky. Leave that to me." He smirked as he walked over and restrained their opponent.

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As Tom and Tony began their fight with Tombstone, the confrontation between Kingpin and the team of Andrew and War Machine was just getting started as well.

The towering figure of Wilson Fisk, also known as Kingpin, exuded an intimidating aura. His immense size and strength made him a formidable opponent, and he seemed entirely unfazed by the presence of his two opponents.

Andrew took a deep breath, preparing for the battle to come. He didn't know anything about his opponent, so he wasn't sure whether taking on someone like Kingpin would be an easy task or not, but he wouldn't back down either way.

War Machine, clad in his powerful suit of armor, stood confidently beside Andrew. "Damn, how tall do you think this guy is?," he asked curiously. "Because he can't be less than 9 feet tall. And that's a conservative guess..."

Andrew nodded, also in astonishment by Kingpin's size. "I'm more shocked by how wide he is..."

Unwilling to listen any longer, Kingpin lunged forward, closing the distance between him and the two heroes with astonishing speed for someone of his size. He swung his massive fist at Andrew, who managed to dodge just in time, the rush of wind from the punch sending a shiver down his spine.

War Machine unleashed a barrage of repulsor blasts from his gauntlets, trying to keep Kingpin at bay. The powerful energy beams struck the crime lord's thick hide, but he barely flinched, his dark eyes locking onto his targets.

Andrew used his agility to move around Kingpin, evading his punches and strikes with impressive skill. He delivered quick, precise blows to Kingpin's midsection and legs, trying to find weak points in his defenses.

However, Kingpin's durability was astounding. Each punch from Andrew seemed to have little effect on the massive crime lord. Kingpin retaliated with a powerful spartan kick that sent Andrew flying back, crashing into a nearby car.

War Machine, witnessing the exchange, quickly adjusted his strategy. He unleashed a barrage of missiles from his shoulders, aiming to disorient Kingpin and create an opening for Andrew to regroup.

The missiles exploded around Kingpin, causing plumes of smoke and debris to fill the air. In the midst of the chaos, Andrew took the opportunity to recover and assess the situation.

Kingpin emerged from the smoke, his suit burning and covered in soot, but his resolve unshaken. "Is that all you've got?" he taunted, his deep voice resonating with arrogance.

Andrew gritted his teeth, refusing to be discouraged. He knew that taking on Kingpin head-on would be futile. He needed a different approach.

With a quick burst of webbing, Andrew swung to a distance, surveying the battlefield with a thoughtful look on his face.

While Andrew was thinking of a plan, War Machine engaged Kingpin once again, firing his repulsor blasts with increased intensity. He strafed around the crime lord, trying to stay agile and avoid his crushing blows.

Meanwhile, Andrew quickly formulated a plan. He needed to take advantage of Kingpin's size and use his momentum against him. With a determined look in his eyes, Andrew swung back into the fray.

War Machine moved away just in time as Andrew shot a web-line at Kingpin's arm, yanking it backward. The sudden force caused Kingpin to stumble, momentarily losing his balance.

Andrew seized the opportunity, springing forward and delivering a fully powered kick to Kingpin's torso, hoping to send the behemoth flying.

Kingpin roared in pain as he stumble back a few steps, but his resolve remained unwavering. He retaliated with a powerful backhand, sending Andrew tumbling across the ground.

War Machine rushed to Andrew's aid, unleashing a barrage of missiles at Kingpin to draw his attention away from the fallen hero. The explosive display created a momentary distraction, allowing Andrew to catch his breath.

But Kingpin proved to be relentless. He pushed through the smoke and debris, his eyes locked onto Andrew and Rhodes. With a fierce determination, he charged forward, his footsteps creating tremors in the ground.

Andrew knew they had to end this quickly. He couldn't let Kingpin get the upper hand again. With newfound resolve, Andrew shot a line of web at War Machine's back.

"Quick! Give me a boost!" Andrew called out.

War Machine understood the plan and activated his repulsor thrusters, soaring toward Kingpin at full speed, whilst dragging Andrew behind him.

Kingpin saw Rhodes coming from a mile away, but his eyes widened when instead of crashing into him, as he expected, War Machine pulled up and veered off course, revealing Andrew torpedoing in his direction.

Andrew unleashed a powerful punch, imbued with the combined force of his Spider-Strength and War Machine's propulsion. The punch connected with Kingpin's jaw, sending shockwaves through the crime lord's massive frame.

For a moment, Kingpin staggered, his eyes wide with surprise. Andrew used this moment to his advantage, delivering a swift series of blows to Kingpin's head, trying to put the giant to sleep.

Finally, with one last powerful hit to the forehead, Andrew sent Kingpin crashing to the ground, his colossal figure causing the earth to tremble upon impact.

War Machine landed beside Andrew, both of them catching their breath after the intense battle. "Nice work," War Machine said, giving Andrew a nod of approval.

Andrew smiled, feeling a mix of relief and satisfaction. "Thanks. You too."

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As Andrew and Rhodes battled the giant Kingpin, Tobey and Otto Octavius faced off against their formidable opponent, Olivia Octavius.

Olivia stood confidently, her tentacles swaying ominously behind her as she grinned at her newfound test subjects. "Well, let's get this show on the road. I'd like to get your bodies in my lab by the end of the day..." she purred, her voice laced with both arrogance and excitement.

Tobey kept his emotions in check, his experience as Spider-Man guiding his actions. He knew that facing Olivia would be no easy feat, especially given her twisted and ruthless nature. "If you give yourself up, we can help you," he replied calmly as he gestures to the man beside him. "Especially if you have the same problem as Otto."

Otto, on the other hand, could not hide his astonishment at seeing Olivia. He examined her with both fascination and concern. "It's remarkable," he mused, "the differences and similarities in our lives, all leading to this moment."

Olivia scoffed. "Spare me the philosophical musings. I'm not interested in your petty reflections. I'm here for one thing only." Her tentacles thrashed in excitement, almost like a predator sensing its prey. "Now, try not to get too hurt. I'd hate to ruin a perfectly good cadaver."

Tobey and Otto exchanged a quick glance, silently communicating their strategy. They knew that facing Olivia together was their best chance at success.

Without further delay, Olivia lunged forward, her tentacles striking with deadly precision. Tobey's Spider-Sense tingled, allowing him to dodge her attacks with remarkable agility.

Meanwhile, Otto utilized his mechanical prowess, devising a plan to neutralize Olivia's tentacles. He struck out with his metallic tentacles, quickly maneuvering around her green tentacles, hoping to entangle them.

Olivia hissed in frustration, but her intellect was just as formidable as her physical prowess. She manipulated the tentacles, swiftly breaking free from Otto's hold and countering Tobey's attacks.

Tobey and Olivia engaged in a fast-paced battle of agility and strategy. He used his experience and knowledge of his powers to outmaneuver Olivia's tentacles, dodging, and weaving through her attacks with skillful precision.

However, Olivia was relentless. She adapted to Tobey's movements, anticipating his next steps. Her tentacles struck with blinding speed, forcing Tobey to remain on the defensive.

Tobey could feel the weight of the battle, the pressure mounting as Olivia's attacks seemed never-ending. He knew he couldn't keep up this defensive stance forever, and they needed a way to turn the tide of the fight.

Seeing Tobey's struggle, Otto realized that they needed to combine their efforts more effectively. "Tobey, distract her! I have a plan," Otto called out, his mind working quickly to devise a strategy.

Tobey nodded and engaged Olivia head-on, using his agility to keep her occupied and dodging her tentacles as best as he could. He knew he needed to create an opening for Otto to execute his plan.

Meanwhile, Otto's mechanical tentacles whirled and shifted as he analyzed Olivia's movements. He spotted a pattern in her attacks, a brief moment when she was momentarily off balance after striking with a single tentacle.

Seizing the opportunity, Otto took action. He swiftly joined the battle once again and maneuvered one of his tentacles to grab Olivia's outstretched tentacle mid-swing, effectively restraining it. Olivia growled in frustration, trying to break free, but Otto's hold was unyielding.

With a tentacle immobilized, Olivia was momentarily vulnerable. Tobey, seeing the chance, delivered a powerful kick to her midsection, forcing her back and causing her tentacles to flop to the floor.

Acting quickly, Otto struck out, pinning all four of his tentacles against Olivia's, completely restrained by her male counterparts mechanical appendages. She struggled against the grip, but it was clear that she couldn't break free easily.

Tobey didn't waste a second. He swiftly swung his webs into action, firing a volley of webbing to wrap around Olivia's torso and arms, further restraining her movements.

Tobey sighed in relief, a sense of satisfaction washing over him. "Good job, Doc," he said, extending his hand to shake Otto's. "We'll make a hero out of you yet."

Otto accepted the gesture, a hint of a smile tugging at the corners of his lips. "The same goes for you. I couldn't have done it without your assistance."

As each separate battle came to an end, with each villain restrained and captured, the group suddenly heard a familiar voice calling out to them.

"Yo, did we miss anything exciting?"

They turned to see another Peter, stepping out a portal, alongside his cute daughter Lily, who was holding Venom in her arms like a soft, plushie doll.

## Chapter 415: How to Cheat Death

The aftermath of the intense battles left the group of Spider-Men and their allies with a mix of exhaustion and triumph. The defeated three, Kingpin, Olivia Octavius, and Tombstone, were securely bound and restrained, unable to cause any further trouble. With their adversaries taken care of, the focus now shifted to Peter life saving spell and ultimately sending everyone back to their respective universes.

As Peter returned from the New York Sanctum, he carried all of the necessary supplies in his necklace. He noticed the restrained new arrivals and instantly recognized them from his trip to Miles's universe. Whether they were actually from his universe or a parallel one was a mystery.

Peter turned to the group, Lily standing at his side. "What's with these guys?"

"They were waiting here when we arrived..." Tom quickly explained everything that happened before Peter's arrival.

Peter nodded. "We'll deal with them later. Right now, our priority is my spell." He says as he looks up at the sky. "After all, we're running out of time..."

Following Peter's gaze, everyone looked up at the sky, finding it in perfect condition. They began to wonder if he could see something that they couldn't.

And they would be correct.

Sending a small amount of Eldritch energy into his eyes, Peter could see the tiny purple cracks beginning to form along the blue sky. Cracks leading to other universes, filled with all sorts of dangerous beings. Strange's spell has been active for far too long, and it's starting to grow into an even bigger problem...

'We only have until sunset.' Peter thought as he prepared to speed things along.

Turning back to the bewildered group, Peter noticed Natasha standing among them. "I take it she was pulled out of her time as well?" He asked.

Tony nodded. "Yeah, don't worry. I've already checked her over. She's the real Natasha." He says as he frowns thoughtfully. "Will your spell be able to work for two people? Because if not, I'd rather you save Natasha."

Peter shook his head firmly. "No, That won't be necessary. I grabbed some extra supplies just in case, so I can make it work." He said as he turned to Natasha and smiled. "It's good to see you, Natasha, or at least a version of you. You know, in my universe, you're one of the few teachers I've ever had. You, the Ancient One, a few master in Kamar-Taj, and that's about it."

"What about school?" Lily asks as she squeezed Venom on her arms.

"Meh, I don't count them..." Peter shrugged. After all, they didn't really teach him anything that he didn't already know.

Natasha's curiosity piqued as she heard Peter's words. "Nice to meet you, Peter," She said with a small smile, extending her hand. "I'm not sure what happened in your universe, but I'm glad I could help."

Peter took her hand, his respect evident in his eyes. "It's an honor to meet you too, Natasha."

"So, did you run into any problems?" Tom asked.

MJ stepped up as well. "Yeah, is Doctor Strange still in his cell?"

"Yeah, he's still locked up. And nah, it went pretty smooth." Peter shook his head. "Though the Sorcerer Supreme did catch me stealing," Peter revealed, catching everyone off guard.

"And you call that smooth?!" Tony shouted in a mix of exasperation and worry.

Peter shrugged. "Meh, he didn't put up much of a fight. We had a bit of a battle, and then I locked him up with Strange in the Undercroft cells. He shouldn't cause us any trouble."

Everyone was shocked to hear that Peter had defeated the Sorcerer Supreme, but Peter downplayed it, saying he was just a bit weaker than Strange, so it wasn't a massive fight.

Lily, always proud of her father, chimed in. "You should have seen it!" She boasted with a huge smile on her face. "Dad even promised to teach me magic when we get home!"

Tony chuckled at her enthusiasm, then turned to Peter. "So, you can save both of us?" He asked once again, for clarification. "Without messing anything up? Thanos still dies and the Universe won't implode?"



Peter nodded confidently. "Yes, I can make it work. We'll get everyone back to their universes and save both you and Natasha."

Still not fully convinced, Tony expressed concern about using May's apartment, suggesting they use the Avengers tower instead. Peter agreed, knowing it was a more suitable location for the delicate spell. He glanced at Kingpin, who was still unconscious, and realized he wouldn't even fit through May's front door.

"Good call. Let's head to the tower. We have everything we need, and I can set up the spell there," Peter suggested as he waved his hand, conjuring a portal to the roof of the tower.

As the group piled into the portal, leaving behind the bus they had arrived in and the wreckage of their previous battle, police sirens could be heard in the distance, growing closer and closer. It seems that super-powered fights were breaking out all over the city lately, but they always seem to arrive just a minute too late to catch anyone.

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The group arrived at the Avengers Tower, where Tony and Rhodes led Peter to a large and open room suitable for his spellcasting. As Peter started pulling out artifacts, odd ingredients, and ancient tomes from his storage necklace, Tony couldn't help but be curious about the nature of the spell.

"So, what exactly is this spell going to do?" Tony asked, his eyes flickering with a mix of fascination and concern.

Peter continued setting up the components, drawing intricate symbols on the floor with blood, and placing ingredients at crucial points around the room. He consulted the ancient books he had taken out, double-checking every detail. "This spell will allow us to save you and Natasha, while also sending you back to finish off your last moments," Peter explained as he worked diligently. "After all, we have to make sure your past actions, the ones that were crucial to this universe, still happen."

Tony raised an eyebrow, trying to comprehend the complexity of the situation. "You're going to send us back to our deaths?" he asked, a hint of uncertainty in his voice.

"Not exactly," Peter clarified, pausing for a moment to meet Tony's gaze. "You both have to go back to those moments in time, but I have a plan to get around the whole dying part."

The group leaned in, curious to hear Peter's solution.

"I'll create soulless and mindless clones of both you and Natasha," Peter explained. "I'll tie your astral bodies to the clones and send them back to your respective timelines, where you'll be able to perform the necessary actions. Once you've fulfilled your destinies and faced your deaths, I'll use a spell from this book I got from the New York Sanctum to pull your astral bodies back to your main bodies here." He said as he held up an aged, dusty tome.

The room filled with a mix of confusion and intrigue as Peter held up the dusty book.

"What's an astral body?" Lily asked, her eyes wide with curiosity.

"It's like your soul and conscious mind mixed together," Peter explained with a warm smile. "Think of it as the essence of who you are spiritually and mentally."

Tom frowned thoughtfully. "Aren't the clones people too? I don't think we should be sending them to their deaths..."

Peter shook his head. "No, the clones will only appear human. I'm not giving them an astral body. And even if I wanted to, it would be extremely difficult to do so. After all, creating actual life is hard. Which is why we have to put Tony and Natasha's astral bodies inside of them."

"But didn't you make me with magic?" Lily asks curiously. "Do I have an astral body?"

"I..." Peter froze for a moment. "I don't know..." he answered truthfully.

"Is there a way to find out?" Lily asked with a small frown on her face.

Peter nodded. "Yeah, but are you sure you want to know?"

"Yes!" Lily answered instantly.

"Okay, hold still..." Peter says as he reaches out and grasps Lily by the top of her head. And with a single pull, everyone watched as a ghost-like transparent Lily came flying out. "Venom, catch her."

In an instant, Venom morphed into a small bed, which Lily's pilotless physical body collapsed on.

"Woah!" Ghost Lily exclaimed in awe as she left her fathers grasp and floated around. "This is so cool!"

"I guess you do have an astral body." Peter muttered in shock. "I wonder how I did that?"

Tony processed the information, his analytical mind trying to grasp the intricacies of the spell. "So, you'll pull our souls out like that, stick them in these clones and send us to die in our timelines, but then our souls will be brought back here?" he asked, seeking confirmation.

"Exactly," Peter nodded. "It's a way to cheat death, allowing you both to continue living here. This is the best I can do on such short notice. If I had a week or two, then maybe I could come up with a better plan."

The room fell silent as everyone absorbed the gravity of Peter's plan. The weight of altering time and tampering with life and death hung heavily in the air. But Peter was confident in his abilities and knew the risks were worth it to save Tony and Natasha.

While everyone was shocked, processing all of the information they were just given, Peter continued readying his spell, whilst Lily dashed around the room, looking like a cute little poltergeist.

## Chapter 416: Cure & Parting Gifts

Before diving into the critical preparations for the spell, Peter turned to the group, who were watching him in interest. His eyes lingering on the more scientifically minded and of them. Tony, Tom, Tobey, and Andrew in particular.

"Hey," Peter called, his tone dismissive. "Make yourselves useful while I'm getting the spell ready, I need you to check over Kingpin, Olivia, and Tombstone. Try to cure them like we did with the others."

Tony crossed his arms, looking reluctant. "Can't we just wait and watch you do your thing? We don't want to miss it..."

Peter rolled his eyes. "If you want to learn magic, then beg the Sorcerer Supreme to accept you into Kamar-Taj. Besides, I won't be done for at least another 3 or 4 hours. You won't miss any magic."

Tony hesitantly nodded in agreement. "Fine..." He said, ideas of visiting Kamar-Taj swirling inside his head.

Andrew sighed, accepting the responsibility. "Alright, we'll do it. But we expect you to call us when it's time to do the magic. I don't want to miss it..."

"Sure," Peter said with a small grin. "Now, I doubt Kingpin can be cured. I've run not him before and his abilities seem inborn, but Olivia Octavius most likely has a malfunctioning inhibitor chip, just like Otto. If we can fix that, she should return to her senses. And as for Tombstone, I have no idea how he gained his powers, so good luck with that."

With their mission clear, the four Spider-Men reluctantly left Peter to his work and proceeded to drag the restrained and now awakening villains toward Tony's lab. The villains struggled and protested, but their efforts were in vain against the combined strength of the three seasoned Spider-Men and Iron Man.

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Tony, Tom, Tobey, and Andrew stood in Tony's high-tech lab, the subdued villains, Kingpin, Olivia Octavius, and Tombstone, securely restrained nearby. The room hummed with the sounds of machines and computers, and the air was tense from the venomous glares that the prisoners were sending their captors.

Tony ran a diagnostic scan on Kingpin, hoping to find some way to cure him. But as expected, the results showed that Kingpin's immense power was an inherent genetic trait rather than the result of an accident or experiment gone awry.

"Well, Peter was right," Tony muttered, studying the data on the holographic screen. "Kingpin's abilities seem to be an innate part of his biology. There's no accident or scientific mishap we can reverse."

Tom sighed, disappointment evident in his voice. "So, he'll stay like that forever?"

"Hey!" Fisk shouted in protest, not liking how Tom said that.

"It appears so," Tony confirmed with a frown, ignoring the prisoner. "His muscle and bone density are off the charts, which explains his superhuman strength. He's basically just an oversized human, but that alone makes him superhuman."

Tobey chimed in, concern etched on his face. "What about Olivia? Can we help her?"

Tony nodded and motioned for them to follow him. They moved to a separate area of the lab where Olivia Octavius was restrained. She glared at them, still filled with anger and madness, but they could sense a flicker of despair in her eyes.

"Get away from me!" She shouted as they inched closer and closer. "I won't be dissected, like some common lab rat!"

Tom took a step closer to her, hoping to calm her down. "Olivia, we can help you. Just like we did for Otto. You don't have to be scared. We won't hurt you."

Olivia scoffed, but there was a hint of desperation in her voice. "And why should I believe you? Why would you help me?"

"Because we're the good guys?" Andrew stated the obvious. "I mean, when's the last time you've met a Spider-Man that dissects and tortures people. Jeez... Just relax."

Tony nodded, showing her the Inhibitor Chip he had prepared, as well as a holographic schematic of her extra appendages. "It seems that you never installed an inhibitor chip in your tentacles, so we'll go ahead and do that for you. With this, you'll hopefully stop being crazy. If not, well... I guess you'll end up somebody else's problem."

Olivia hesitated for a moment, but the unwillingness in her eyes was undeniable. Thankfully, they didn't need her permission, as she was restrained completely, so they simply install the chip into the back of her neck.

"..." The transformation was immediate. The malicious gleam in her eyes vanished, replaced with a mixture of relief and surprise. "Oh my... It's like a... a weight has been lifted from my mind," she said, her voice tinged with wonder. "This... This is incredible. T-Thank you..."

Tom smiled, glad to see her mind slowly restore itself to sanity. "You're welcome, Olivia. Just don't remove or damage the chip and you should be fine."

The group then turned their attention to Tombstone, the ashen-skinned gangster, who sat quietly, awaiting his fate. He seemed to enjoy his physically superior condition, so did not welcome their little experiments.

Tobey approached him and asked gently, "Do you know how you got your powers?"

Tombstone shook his head. "Not much. It was a long time ago, and it all happened so fast. And even if I did know, I wouldn't tell you..."

Of course, he knew exactly what happened. Tombstone was shot and sent tumbling into a room with the experimental chemical Diox-3, which gave him enhanced strength, speed, and durability.

Tony examined the test results they had gathered and devised a serum that could potentially reverse Tombstone's transformation. They dragged him to an airtight room and locked him inside while they released the serum in gas form.

As the serum misted into the sealed room, encompassing his body, Tombstone's skin began to lose its ashen hue, and his muscles gradually returned to a more human appearance. Within seconds, he sat before them as a regular-looking man.

Tombstone froze in disbelief as he felt all of his strength disappear. "I'm normal again..." he whispered in dread.

Andrew smiled warmly. "Yes, you are. Now, you have a chance to start anew."

Tombstone merely glared in his direction, p\*ssed off at his predicament. Only Olivia expressed her gratitude for their help, and even shed some tears of relief. Despite her past actions, she was given a second chance, and she was determined to make the most of it.

Meanwhile, back in the spacious room, Peter continued his intense preparation for the spell. Sweat dripped from his brow, as he tirelessly and meticulously prepared every detail of the spells. The tiny purple cracks in the sky above continued to grow and multiply, threatening to unleash chaos upon the multiverse.

Lily sat on a nearby chair, back in her physical body with Venom sat on her lap, watching her father work tirelessly. She could see the crazy amount of effort and detail that he was putting into it, which only made him look cooler in her eyes.

"Dad, are you sure you can handle this alone?" Lily asked, concern lacing her voice.

Peter looked up, giving her a reassuring smile. "I'll be fine, sweetheart. I've done some pretty difficult spells before. But this one might be the biggest one yet." He looked up from his work for a moment, smirking in his daughters direction. "I do love a good challenge though."

Lily couldn't help but smile in return, her trust in her father unwavering. "Just be careful, okay? We need you."

"I promise," Peter replied, returning to his work. "Now, I need you to do something for me, Lily."

"What is it?" Lily asked, eager to help in any way she could.

"Go and get the others," Peter instructed as he stood up and admired his work.

Lily nodded and hopped to her feet. "Sure, do you need a few more hands? Should I bring Tony?"

"No, I'm already done..." Peter stated, surprising her.

The ritual was ready. Or rather both rituals were ready. One to make the clones and another to bind Tony and Natasha's Astral forms to said bodies, while also anchoring them to this timeline.

The room looked like a murder scene at a crazed cult. Blood and body parts covered the room in intricate designs alongside the oddest looking objects and tomes. If any normal person, were to arrive and see this, they would shriek and pass out or run for the police.

Excited to see the rituals in action, Lily rushed out of the room to gather everyone. "I'll be right back! Don't start without me!"

Moments passed before the room was full, and the sun began its descent toward the horizon. They only had an hour at most before he would have to send everyone back to their respective timelines and universes.

"This is it," Peter announced with a mixture of determination and trepidation. "Once the spell is complete, everyone needs to be ready to return to their respective universes immediately. The longer we linger here, the more dangerous it becomes. But before that..." Peter says as he pulls out three matching smartphones.

Tom, Tobey, and Andrew looked at him in confusion as he handed them over. And as they hesitantly took the phones, each screen lit up as an application opened, filling the scene and revealing a message.

[Welcome to the Spider-Verse Group Chat!]

Chapter 417: Venom's Host?

Tom, Tobey, and Andrew looked at each other, confused by what they've been given. "What's this?" Tom asked.

"It's a way for all of us Spider-People to stay connected across the multiverse," Peter explained. "I created it during my last visit to another universe, and it already has some members."

He instructed them to open the chat on the three phones, revealing an active chat room.

Spider-Pig: Did everyone else get that notification? 🙄

Gwen: Yeah, did Peter add more members to the chat?

Miles: It's crazy that he has time to find new members, but can't find the time to talk to us 😞

Ben: Right! He doesn't even know about me and MJ's engagement 😞

Peni: Isn't it just your ex-wife?



Noir: Yeah, you've already married that dame once before. Just let us know when you're divorced again 😏

Ben: ...

"These are the members already in the chat," Peter continued, ignoring their conversation altogether. "They're all from different universes, just like us. With the group chat, we can share information and be there for each other whenever we need help or support."

Tobey raised an eyebrow, impressed by the idea. "So, we're part of a superhero support group?"

"Essentially, yes," Peter nodded with a grin. "But I like to think of it as more of a discord channel, where we call all keep in touch."

Andrew seemed intrigued but also a bit hesitant. "What if we accidentally reveal something that alters the course of someone's universe?"

Peter shook his head. "That's the point. I made this chat so you guys can be better equipped to overcome any obstacles." He explained matter of factly. "Need information on a villain or help with some tech, or possibly some romantic advice? Ask the chat and we can help. Though based on what we just witnessed, they may also tease you a bit along the way."

"Isn't that dangerous?" Andrew asked. "Shouldn't we try not to alter our destiny's or whatever?"

"Dude..." Peter sighed in exasperation. "You've been watching too many sci-fi movies. This is the real world. Getting some info or advice from a chat room isn't going to bring about the end of time and space..."

Tom smiled, admiring his new phone. "This is actually pretty cool. I'd like to be a part of it."

"Me too," Tobey chimed in, sharing Tom's sentiment.

Andrew, convinced, nodded in agreement. "Alright, count me in."

"Welcome to the team," Peter said with a smile as they familiarized themselves with the chat app. "Feel free to introduce yourselves to the other members later. After all, we have to-"

Tony cut in, interrupting Peter mid-sentence. "Do we get one of those as well? If not, how much do I have to pay to get one?" He asked, excited at the possibility of studying messages that travel through the multiverse.

And he wasn't the only one that wanted their own phone. Almost everyone in the room, stared at Tom, Tobey, and Andrew and their phones with envious gazes.

"No." Peter flat out refused. "Sorry, but this is kind of a Spider-People only sort of thing."

The three Spider-Men glanced at each other, feeling a bit smug after hearing that, as if they were VIP's or something. They were now part of a unique community, connected with their counterparts all across the multiverse.

Ignoring the depressed and almost hostile feeling that suddenly filled the room, Peter brought everyone back on track. "Alright, let's finish these rituals and get everyone back to where they belong..."

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The Avengers Tower was abuzz with anticipation as Peter prepared to perform the intricate rituals that currently filled the room. The whole place was bathed in the eerie glow of Eldritch energy, as Peter stood at the center, his very being pulsating with power. Lily watched her father with wide eyes, her heart filled with both excitement and admiration.

"Alright, everyone," Peter called out, gathering the attention of the group. "This is the first part of the spell. I'm going to create the clones now, and then we'll proceed with the second part to bind their astral forms. Stay back, and don't, under any circumstances, interrupt the ritual." He added, a very serious look on his face.

They all nodded in understanding, knowing the importance of precision in magical workings. They watched in awe as Peter began the spell, his hands tracing complex patterns in the air. The room seemed to tremble with energy as the symbols took shape, glowing with otherworldly power.

The components laid out around the room glowed in response, each contributing to the spell's power. Lily's eyes sparkled as she observed the magical display, and even the cured villains watched in fascination, curious about the sorcery they had never witnessed before.

As the symbols began to take form, a soft hum filled the air, and the atmosphere became charged with raw energy. It was as if the very fabric of reality was bending to Peter's will. The symbols coalesced into two coffin-shaped shadows, and from within them, two ethereal figures started to emerge.

The figures slowly took shape, from bones to muscles, tendons, nerves, skin, and hair, they materializing into the exact replicas of Tony Stark and Natasha Romanoff. They were perfect duplicates, down to the finest detail, bearing the same appearances, clothes as their originals.

"Whoa..." Lily gasped, her excitement bubbling over. "Dad, you did it! You created them!"

Peter smiled at his daughter's enthusiasm. "Your dad's cool, huh?" he replied proudly before preparing for the next ritual. "Now, I need Tony and Natasha to come forward."

Tony and Natasha hesitated for a moment, unsure of what to expect. They looked at each other, silently seeking reassurance. Finally, they stepped forward, drawn toward Peter and the two identical clones.

"Now, you both need to take a deep breath and relax," Peter instructed. "I'm going to pull your astral forms from your bodies, but don't worry, you won't feel any pain."

He reached out with his hands, carefully manipulating the Eldritch energy surrounding Tony and Natasha. He focused his willpower on their astral forms, coaxing them to separate from their physical bodies.

Tony and Natasha gasped in shock as they felt a strange sensation wash over them. It was as if they were floating, weightless and intangible. They looked down and saw their own physical bodies below, lying unconscious on the floor.

"Oh my... We're souls?" Natasha said, her voice filled with wonder.

Peter nodded with a smile. "Exactly. Now, stay calm and trust me. I'm going to bind your astral forms to your original bodies."

With practiced precision, Peter initiated the second part of the ritual. "Galthronyx lumenya thurindal, Klaatu barada nikto, Kocoum tonan, Klaatu verata nikto, Zǐrán mǐngtiān, biàn xīngliè, Kalimát fátiḥá, Elen síla lúmenn' omentielvo, Ankalimon suishentori, Yagami Raito, Híríl nín, lû govaded, Koronare boromene amiles." He chanted ancient incantations, drawing runes in the air and intertwining their energies with the astral forms of Tony and Natasha.

The glowing symbols spiraled around them, connecting them to their original, physical bodies below. As the ritual reached its climax, the runes glowed brighter and brighter, until they emitted a blinding burst of light that enveloped Tony and Natasha. The light seemed to merge with their astral forms, drawing them down into their respective clone bodies.

In an instant, the light subsided, leaving Tony and Natasha gasping for breath as they opened their eyes and took in their surroundings. They were now in very familiar, yet unfamiliar vessels. But they could feel a sort of pull, magnetizing them toward their original bodies, which laid sprawled on the floor at Peter's feet.

"That was incredible..." Tony exclaimed, still reeling from the experience.

Natasha looked at Peter with a healthy bit of fear and wariness in her eyes. "That was..." She had no words to describe it.

With the rituals completed and the clones successfully integrated with Tony and Natasha's astral forms, Peter took a step back, feeling a surge of satisfaction and a bit of exhaustion. He wiped the sweat from his brow, looking at his handiwork with a mix of relief and pride.

Lily approached her father with a grin, full of admiration. "You did it, Dad! That was so awesome!"

Peter chuckled, ruffling his daughter's hair affectionately. "Thanks, It was my most challenging spell yet."

After moving Tony and Natasha got used to their temporary bodies, it was finally time to head home...

"Alright, that's it, I guess..." Peter announced in a somber tone, as he activated his storage necklace, pulling out the large cube he stole from Doctor Strange. "The spell is done, and everything is ready. Now, we need to proceed with the next part of the plan, which is sending everyone back to their respective universes and timelines."

"Wait!" Lily exclaimed as she held her new slime pet tightly. "What about Venom?"

Peter's eyes widened. "Oh, I almost forgot about that." He muttered.

Peter had been so engrossed in the rituals that he forgot about Venom. He almost activated the cube without thinking, which would have sent The poor blob back to his universe.

Tony and Natasha's original bodies are safe since the cube will only target their souls, which are currently inside the clones, but everyone else would've been sent right back to their home universe.

"Hmm..." Peter hummed in thought as he wondered what to do about the little slime ball.

After a moment of thought, he could only come up with a single solution on such short notice. Venom would have to attach to whichever host he wants to go with them, or else he'll go right back to Tobey's universe. The shared connection should bypass the cubes spell. He would basically be hitching a ride in someone else's body.

Peter quickly explained. "...I guess, you'll have to attach to a host-"

Lily instantly jumped, her arms tightly wrapped around the black blob. "Can I be Venoms host?!" She exclaimed eagerly.

As the room fell into a momentary silence, Peter stared at his daughter. His heart raced with concern, but before he could utter a word, Venom spoke, a sharp teeth mouth forming on the slime.

"I accept your offer," Venom declared, his tone deep and otherworldly.

Lily squealed in excitement, her eyes filled with a mix of curiosity and thrill. She had spent a lot of time with Venom, and was more than delighted with his acceptance.

"Lily, wait!" Peter called out, feeling a wave of apprehension washing over him.

But it was too late. Before he could say anything more, Venom surged forward and engulfed Lily in his black, swirling mass. The symbiote seemed to wrap around her like a cocoon, covering her entire body.

""""""???!!""""""

## Chapter 418: Farewells & Cheating Death (1)

The Avengers Tower fell into a stunned silence as Lily and Venom combined, their forms intertwining. The swirling mass of the symbiote wrapped around Lily, covering her entire body.

As the transformation completed, Lily's Spider-Girl suit took on a sleek black appearance, with sharp, spider-like symbols crawling across its surface. Lily's mask became Venom's face, his vicious teeth and malicious eyes now on full display.

"Whoa..." Tom whispered, taken aback by the sight before him.

Everyone, besides Tobey, stared in awe at the transformation, having never seen anything quite like it in their universes. Tony was especially interested, his inquisitive, scientific eyes glued to alien Symbiote.

Peter, on the other hand, was overwhelmed with worry. His heart raced, and a thousand thoughts raced through his mind as he watched his daughter bound with a being as dangerous as Venom. He knew that Venom was harmless now, but he couldn't help but worry. It's what parents do.

"Lily!" he called out, his voice tinged with concern.

But before he could say anything more, Lily's mask moved and Venom spoke. "Don't worry, I would never harm Lily. She offered herself willingly, and I'll protect her as my host."

As Venom finished, Lily's mask retracted, revealing her unblemished face. "Dad, it's okay! Venom and I are friends, so please don't make us separate... I'll take good care of him! I swear!"

She spoke as if he were a pet, which did little to quell Peter's worry, but he let out a sigh and decided to trust his daughter. He took a deep breath. "Alright, Lily... but please, be careful," he said, his voice softening with concern.

Lily nodded, her voice filled with excitement. "Don't worry, Dad. I'll be fine! And Venom and I will be right here if you ever need us."

Peter managed a weak smile, still grappling with the strange mixture of emotions inside him. "Alright... I'll trust you. But once we're back home, we're talking about this with your mom."

Lily nodded in agreement, happy that her father was willing to at least consider the idea of her being Venom's host.

As the room settled into a tense silence, Lily brows furrowed, realizing that she can telepathically speak to Venom. And after a moment of talking, the symbiote retreated back into Lily's body, disappearing completely. And thankfully, Lily looked the same as before, dressed in her Spider-Girl attire.

A few people in the room couldn't help but feel a twinge of jealousy at Lily's symbiotic pet, mostly the villains, but they wouldn't say a word.

MJ gave Lily a smile and said, "You looked really cool, Lily."

Lily grinned, genuinely excited. "Thanks! I'm going to show my mom when I get home."

Tobey's eyes narrowed, looking at the familiar sight before him. "Just be careful, alright?" He was once Venoms host and it didn't end well.

Peter nodded. "Don't worry, I'll be watching carefully." Although it's not very likely that Venom will cause Lily trouble, he still has to be cautious. 'I should stock up on chocolate when I get back...' After all, he didn't want Venom eating people, especially now that Lily is his host.

With everyone's concerns voiced and Lily's excitement palpable, Peter knew it was time to proceed with the next part of the plan. He checked out the window and noted that the cracks on the sky were getting worse. It was time.

'Any longer and I'll have to make everyone forget about Tom...' Peter frowned, unwilling to let that happen.

He placed the cube that he had stolen from Doctor Strange onto a nearby table and turned back to face the group. "Alright, everyone," he said somberly. "It's time for goodbyes."

One by one, the members of the group said their farewells. The atmosphere in the room grew heavy with emotion as some hugged and exchanged heartfelt words. The cured villains who had now become allies, the alternate Spider-Men, and Lily with Venom all said their goodbyes with a sense of camaraderie and appreciation for the time they had spent together.

Finally, it was time for Peter to activate the cube and send everyone back to their respective universes and timelines. With a deep breath, he pressed the button at the top of the cube, activating Doctor Strange's spell. A surge of energy filled the room as the spell took effect and expanded, covering the city, and eventually encompassing the whole world.

One by one, the members of the group vanished in flashes of light, disappearing from the Avengers Tower and returning to their own realities.

Watching everyone disappear, Peter turned to Tom and gave him a wave, his body glowing in the process. "I'll see you soon, so don't slack on your training, okay?"

"Sure thing, sensei..." Tom answered, a sad tilt to his voice.

Just as he was about to disappear, Peter motioned toward MJ. "Oh, and be sure to use the knowledge we gave you that night." He said wiggling his eyes brows as he disappeared, leaving behind a few final words. "Lose that virginity of yours before college..."

"D-Don't say things like that!" Tom exclaimed in embarrassment, whilst MJ blushed and looked away, avoiding his eyes. "Wait! Don't listen to him..."

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Soon enough, the room was left with only Tom, MJ, May, and Ned standing together, surrounded by the echoes of their friends' departures. On the floor, Natasha and Tony's original bodies remained, waiting for their astral forms to return. Outside, the invisible cracks that threatened to break open universe itself slowly mended, disappearing completely after a few minutes.

The silence that followed was heavy with the weight of their absence. MJ wiped away a tear and looked at the empty space where the others had been just moments before. "I'm going to miss them," she said, her voice choked with emotion.

May nodded, her eyes misty as well. "Me too..."

Ned sighed, feeling a sense of loss. "It was like we had this whole superhero team going on... and now they're all gone."

Tom put his arm around MJ, offering her comfort. "Yeah, but we'll always have the memories, and who knows? Maybe we'll see them again someday." He says as he pulls out his new phone. "Besides, we can message them anytime."

May smiled at her nephew, remembering the Spider-Verse Chat. "You're right."

Ned nodded, eyeing the phone curiously. "Maybe you should ask if they got back alright?"

Tom agreed and opened the app. "Okay, one second."

Tom: Uhh... hey 🖐️...

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After disappearing from the tower, Natasha Romanoff found herself back in her own timeline, standing on the desolate planet of Vormir. Confused and disoriented, she looked around, trying to make sense of the situation. She had just said her goodbyes to her newfound friends and was ready to crash into the ground and die, but the spell seemed to have taken her back a few minutes earlier than expected.

Annoyed, she realized that she was once again faced with the heart-wrenching choice she had made before. She had to fight Clint Barton, her dear friend and ally, to sacrifice herself and obtain the Soul Stone. Natasha sighed, frustrated with the annoying turn of events. She had already made peace with her decision, and now she had to go through it all over again.

"Seriously?" Natasha muttered under her breath. "I thought I was done with this part."

Hawkeye approached her, his eyes filled with pain and determination. "Nat, we can't do this. Let me go. It has to be me."

Natasha shook her head, her resolve just as firm as before. "Clint, we both know it has to be me. You have a family, a chance to get them back. I don't. This is the only way."

They both knew there was no changing the outcome. The two friends had been through too much together, and now they found themselves in this cruel and agonizing predicament. They fought fiercely, each trying to save the other, but they both knew there was only one way this could end.

'I doubt he'll believe me if I said I won't really die...' She thought, knowing Peter's spell would save her.

Natasha grunted as she blocked Clint's attacks, her mind racing with frustration. She didn't want to do this all over again. She had already accepted her fate once, and now she had to face it twice.

But she had a duty to fulfill, a sacrifice to make. She couldn't let Clint anywhere near the cliff side, especially now that she knows she'll survive. With renewed determination, Natasha gathered her strength and pushed herself harder in the fight.

Clint, too, fought with all his might, knowing that he had to do this for Natasha, the woman he considered his sister. They exchanged blows, each strike a testament to their friendship and the love they held for one another.

"I'm sorry, Clint," Natasha said between breaths. "But I'll be fine, so don't worry."

Clint's eyes filled with tears as he replied, "And I'm sorry too, Nat, but I can't let you."

The battle reached its climax, and Natasha found herself at the edge of the cliff, looking back at Clint, who laid on the ground, beaten and defeated. The battle was decided yet again.

Natasha hesitated for a moment, a small smile gracing her lips. "I love you, Clint," she whispered, her voice choked with emotion. "And I'll see you soon..."

Clint's heart broke, and tears streamed down his face. "I love you too..."

With one final look, Natasha jumped off the cliff for the second time, trusting that Peter's spell would do its work.

As she fell, Natasha's mind flashed with the memories of her life as an Avenger. She smiled through her tears, grateful for the bonds she had formed and the love she had experienced.

'If the spell fails, then this isn't such a bad way to go out...' She thought.

In that moment, Natasha felt a sense of peace. She had found a family in her friends, and that love would live on in her heart, even in death.

And as the famous Black Widow's life came to an end with a sickening splat, her body remained unmoving at the bottom of the cliff.

But moments later, a faint wisp of light could be seen, shooting out of her body and disappearing over the horizon.

## Chapter 419: Cheating Death (2/2)

Tom, May, MJ, and Ned stood in the Avengers Tower, their hearts heavy with the weight of their friends' departures. They were anxious and worried, waiting for Tony and Natasha's souls to return to their bodies.

Time seemed to slow down as they watched Natasha's lifeless form lying on the floor, hoping for any sign of her return. Minutes passed, feeling like hours, and just when they were starting to lose hope, a faint wisp of light shot into the room and merged with Natasha's body.

"Did you see that?" MJ exclaimed, her eyes widening in surprise.

Ned nodded, excitement and hope welling up within him. "I think that was it! Natasha's soul just came back!"

Tom's heart skipped a beat, and he rushed over to Natasha's side, closely followed by May, MJ, and Ned. They watched with bated breath as Natasha's body twitched, her eyes fluttering open.

Natasha gasped for breath, her body jerking as life returned to it. She blinked a few times, disoriented and confused, before finally focusing on the worried faces surrounding her.

"Natasha!" Tom exclaimed, relief washing over him.

May's eyes were glistening with tears, happy that everything was working out. "Welcome back."

Natasha took a deep breath, her memories flooding back. She remembered the fight with Clint, the fall, and then... nothing. "I... I'm alive?" she whispered, almost unable to believe it.

Ned practically jumped in excitement. "Peter's spell actually worked!"

Natasha managed a weak smile, still a little disoriented. "What... what about Tony?" She asked as all eyes turned to Tony's body, which continued to lay lifeless on the cold hard floor.

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As Tony Stark descended down to face Thanos, he felt a rush of familiarity. He had been in this exact situation before, with the Infinity Stones in his possession, ready to face the Mad Titan. But something felt different this time...

As he landed and saw Thanos in front of him, his gauntlet still adorned with the stones, it dawned on him that Peter's spell must have sent him back a few minutes earlier than he had anticipated.

"Great," Tony muttered, annoyed. "I just had to deal with this once, and now I have to do it all over again."

Thanos turned to face him, a grin forming on his face. "You again?" he taunted. "I thought you learned your lesson last time."

Tony chuckled, brushing off the comment. "Yeah, well, I've got a bad habit of coming back for more."

Without further ado, the two engaged in battle once more. However, just like before, it was a one-sided affair. Tony's frustration over having to repeat this fight coupled with the knowledge of what was to come gave him a sense of recklessness. He fought with all his might, but he couldn't match the raw power of the Mad Titan.

Blows rained down on Tony's suit, denting and cracking the once-impenetrable armor. He struggled to keep up, but he refused to back down. Even though he knew the outcome, he fought with every ounce of strength he had left.

As the battle continued, Thanos kept the upper hand, his immense strength overwhelming Tony's efforts to fight back. Soon, Tony found himself pinned against the ground, his armor and body in tatters.

"You're no match for me, Stark," Thanos said with a wicked grin. "Your persistence is commendable, but it won't change the outcome. No matter what you do, I will always be... Inevitable!"

Tony, panting heavily, managed to speak through the pain. "I'm not... giving up... that easily."

As Thanos lifted Tony by the throat, ready to deliver the final blow, Tony repeated history once again. He discreetly activated his nano-bot Iron Man suit, which extended its tendrils, silently reaching for the Infinity Stones on Thanos' gauntlet. With precise movements, the nano-bots started detaching the stones one by one.

Thanos, unaware of Tony's actions, continued to taunt him. "You should have gone for the head like last time."

With all the Infinity Stones now safely in his Iron glove, Tony smirked triumphantly. "Well, this time, I'll do better than that."

Thanos frowned in confusion as Tony lifted his hand, revealing all six Infinity Stones. "!??"

"What was it you said again?" Tony asked with a sh\*t-eating grin plastered across his face. "Oh, I remember! It's... I'm Inevitable!"

With a smug look, Tony snapped his fingers together, activating the Infinity Stones, and the universe erupted in a blinding light. The ground shook, and everything around them seemed to disappear into a void of pure energy.

As the blinding light engulfed them, Tony Stark felt the toll the stones took on his body. Unadulterated pain and agony filled his entire being, engulfing him completely.

And with that pain came a rush of emotions. Memories of everything he had fought for, his friends, his family, and the world he loved, flooded his mind. It was all coming to an end once more, but this time, there was a small sliver of hope that Peter's spell would work, allowing him to reunite with his family and friends once again.

But as the light subsided and the echoes of Thanos' defeat faded away, Tony found himself alone on the battlefield with no sign of Thanos or his army. The universe around him seemed different, altered.

"Did it work?" he muttered as he collapsed on the ground, his body fried from using the stones.

As he looked down at his gloved hand, the one that held the Infinity Stones, he knew that something had changed. The stones were gone, and he could feel the lingering power within him.

Tony's mind raced with possibilities. "Did I succeed?"

However, before he could find any answers, a feeling of exhaustion washed over him. The strain of wielding the Infinity Stones took its toll, and Tony's body started to give in to the immense power he had just harnessed.

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As the dust settled and Thanos's army disappeared, Pepper Potts watched in horror as the blinding light dissipated, revealing the aftermath of the battle. Her heart pounded in her chest as she searched desperately for Tony, praying that he had survived the onslaught as well.

"Tony!" she called out, her voice trembling with fear.

Moments later, she spotted him, collapsed on the ground, his Iron Man suit battered and broken. Pepper's heart sank as she rushed towards him, pushing past the debris that littered the battlefield. Her eyes locked onto his face, which was pale and filled with a mixture of pain and exhaustion.

"Tony!" she cried out again, falling to her knees beside him. "Are you okay?"

Tony managed a weak smile, though the effort seemed to drain the last of his energy. "Hey, Pep," he said, his voice barely a whisper. "I did it... I made things right..."

Pepper's eyes filled with tears as she gently cradled Tony's face in her hands. "You did, Tony," she said, her voice choked with emotion. "You did."

Tom, who had rushed over, looked on in shock. "Mr. Stark, you did it," he said, noticing Tony's horrible condition. "A-Are you okay...?"

Tony chuckled softly, his breaths growing shallow. "No, I don't think I am," he replied, looking at Tom with a mix of pride and exhaustion. "But I'll be back... So just wait for me..."

Pepper's tears fell freely now as she held Tony close, confused by his words. "J-Just hang in there, okay?" she pleaded. "We can find a way to heal you... Just don't die. Please... don't die."

Tony shook his head gently, his strength waning. "It's too late for that, Pep," he said, his voice barely audible. "I knew what I was getting into... and I'd do it all over again if it meant keeping you and our daughter safe."

Pepper's heart shattered as she realized the gravity of the situation. "No, Tony, please," she sobbed, unable to accept what was happening.

But Tony's gaze remained steady as he looked at her lovingly. "I love you, Pepper," he whispered. "Always have... always will. Just... wait for me-"

With those final, yet cryptic words, Tony's body went limp in Pepper's arms, and she let out a heart-wrenching cry of anguish. Tom placed a hand on her shoulder and joined her, his expression filled with sorrow as well.

"He did it," Doctor Strange appeared, a solum look on his face. After all, he knew this would happen. This was the one in a million chance he was betting on, but he certainly wasn't happy about it.

As Pepper grieved, Tom couldn't tear his eyes away from the fallen hero. Tony Stark, the man he had looked up to and admired, had sacrificed himself so that everyone else could live.

"We'll make sure that everyone knows what he did," Tom vowed, his voice filled with determination. "I'll make sure they remember him, forever."

Pepper looked up at Tom, gratitude shining through her tears. "Thank you," she whispered, her heart heavy with loss.

Together, they mourned the loss of Tony Stark, unaware that they would be seeing him in about a years time.

As the sun set on the battlefield, Pepper held Tony's lifeless body close, unaware as a dim transparent light shot out of his corpse and dashed away, disappearing into the distance.

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"Tony..." Natasha grumbled as she paced around the room. "What's taking him so long?"

"Maybe the spell couldn't bring him back...?" Ned spoke what everyone was thinking and received harsh glares for doing so.

Natasha turned to him, furious. "If you have nothing good to say, then don't speak! He'll make it back. He has to..."

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As they waited, slowly losing hope as time passed, a faint wisp of light appeared in the night sky, like a shooting star. It swirled and danced before shooting in their direction.

"Is that?" Ned whispered.

Natasha snapped. "Didn't I tell you-" She froze as she caught sight of the wisp in the distance.

The wisp of light grew closer, and within its glow, they could see the faint outline of a figure. It was Tony, his form flickering like a mirage.

Natasha's eyes filled with tears. "It worked!" She exclaimed as the flickering figure of Tony surge at the tower and shot into his body.

Tony gasped, his eyes flying open as he took in his surroundings. He was back in the Tower, alive once again.

## Chapter 420: Reactions (1/2)

After the emotional reunion at the Avengers Tower, Natasha found herself filled with a renewed sense of purpose. She knew that she had to see Clint and his family. They were the only real family she had ever been a part of, besides the Avengers. She had a niece and two nephews there that no doubt mourned her death. So, with Tony's promise to meet her later, she bid her friends farewell and slipped away into the night.

Disguising herself as an air hostess, Natasha managed to sneak onto a commercial flight to Iowa without drawing any suspicion. Her many years spent as a top spy allowed her to pass all checks without a hitch. As the plane touched down, she quietly made her way out of the airport and into the parking lot, where she swiftly stole a car.

Driving for hours, Natasha headed deeper and deeper into the barren areas of Iowa, where the landscape was dominated by thick forests. The familiar sights brought back memories of her time

with the Barton family. They had been a part of her life for so long, and she longed to be with them once more.

Finally, she arrived at Barton Farm, but she barely had a chance to step out of the car before an arrow pierced the door next to her. Whirling around, she saw Lila Barton, Clint's middle child, holding a bow and arrow.

"Lila, it's me," Natasha said gently, hoping her niece would recognize her.

Lila's eyes widened in shock. "Aunt Natasha?" she exclaimed, lowering her bow hesitantly.

Before Natasha could respond, another arrow whizzed past her, this time coming from the direction of the farmhouse. She turned to see Clint standing on the porch, with Laura and their other children behind him. The tension in the air was palpable.

"Lila, come here now," Clint commanded, concern and caution written all over his face.

Lila reluctantly obeyed, and Natasha stepped forward, hoping to bridge the gap between them. However, another arrow landed at her feet, preventing her from moving any further.

"Clint, it's me," Natasha said, trying to sound as reassuring as possible. "I'm back. I was brought back by a spell. I know how it sounds but it's true."

Clint's eyes narrowed, not fully believing what he was seeing. Laura stepped forward, a mix of hope and uncertainty in her eyes. "Could it be her?"

Clint hesitated, torn between his skepticism and his desperate desire to believe. "Maybe," he muttered, turning back to Natasha. "Keep your hands in the air and get down on your knees."

"Okay..." Natasha complied easily.

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After tying Natasha up with some wire rope, Clint deposited her in the living room. "If you so much as twitch in those ropes, I'll put an arrow between your eyes, are we clear?"

Natasha nodded. "Crystal."

Clint turns to his three kids, who were hovering around curiously. "Out! All of you. Go upstairs and do your homework." He shoos them off.

As they left, Natasha began to explain everything that happened. From Tom and Stranges failed spell to Peter's spell that brought her back from the dead.

Clint watched her with a skeptic eye. "It sounds like you've had a very magical few days."

Laura, on the other hand, looked much more convinced than him. "Maybe she's telling the truth?"

"I am." Natasha sighed in annoyance. "Just call Tom or Rhodes. They can explain."

Laura nodded in agreement. "We should call Fury too."

Clint nodded. "He should be off planet right now, but we can try." Leaving Natasha tied up for a moment, they walk to the front porch to make some calls.

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Back inside the house, the Barton kids gathered around Natasha, asking her questions that only their Aunt Natasha would know the answers to. They talked about their childhood toys, their favorite games, and all the fun they had together.

Lila held up an old stuffed animal. "What's this bears name?"

"Felix." Natasha answered with ease, a small smile on her lips.

Cooper, the oldest, stepped up next. "What was the first move you taught me?" He asked, taking a combat stance.

"A karate chop. I wanted to teach you some real fighting, like Muay Thai, but you watched too many Kung-fu movies and wouldn't take anything else." She answered perfectly once again.

"What's this?" Nathaniel held up a messy child's drawing.

"We drew that together on your birthday. You said the squiggles in the sky were birds."

Half way through answering their questions, Clint and Laura stood outside the room, listening in with their keen ears.

"It might actually be her..." Clint admitted in a whisper that only his wife could hear.

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After an hour of waiting, the unmistakable sound of a spaceship approaching filled the front yard. A bright light illuminated the surroundings, and the humming grew louder before eventually fading away.

Finally, a knock came at the door, Laura and Clint exchanged glances before Laura opened the door to reveal none other than Nick Fury standing there. He wasted no time with greetings and immediately entered the living room, where Natasha was still restrained.

Fury began to rattle off coded questions to Natasha, a series of statements and responses that only she could provide.

"I walked my dog today." He stated.

Natasha understood immediately. "Was he pulling at his leash again?"

"Did you see the news this morning?" He continued.

"Yeah, they said it would rain, so I brought an umbrella." She answered with ease.

This continued for a full thirty minutes and Natasha answered each prompt without hesitation, confirming her identity beyond a shadow of a doubt.

"Well, f\*ck me..." Fury muttered as he ran out of prompts. "It's really you..."

Satisfied, Fury dropped onto a nearby couch, shocked that one of his best agents actually returned from the dead.

"You can untie her now." Fury ordered.

But just as Clint was about to untie her, Natasha simply stood up, causing the ropes to fall loosely at her feet, showing that she could have escaped at any moment.

Fury chuckled at Natasha's display, finding the look on Clint's face amusing. "I can't believe it's really you," he said, his voice breaking with emotion. "Welcome back from the dead, I guess."

"Yeah, it's me," Natasha replied, her eyes shining with tears of relief. "I'm back."

Laura stepped forward and hugged Natasha tightly. "We missed you so much," she said, her voice filled with emotion.

Natasha hugged her back, cherishing the warmth of their embrace. "I missed you all too," she whispered.

As the rest of the family crowded around, including the children, who were hovering in the hallway, laughing and crying, they embraced their long-lost sister and Aunt. The pain of the past year melted away in the comfort of each other's presence.

Fury stood at the side, a small smile gracing his lips. Though he knew that he'd have to get some answers soon enough. After all, people don't just come back to life. 'But that can wait until tomorrow...' he thought as he watched the family reunion.

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As the hours passed, Natasha found herself overwhelmed with gratitude for Peter's help and the second chance he had given her. She was back with her family, where she truly belonged. The pain and heartache she had endured were fading away, replaced by a sense of belonging and love.

Late into the night, as the stars twinkled overhead, Clint and Natasha sat together on the porch, watching the fireflies dance in the distance.

"I thought I lost you," Clint admitted, his voice filled with emotion.

Natasha placed a reassuring hand on his shoulder. "And I thought I lost you," she replied. "But here we are, together again."

Clint looked at her, his eyes filled with gratitude. "Thank you for coming back," he said softly. "You're family, Natasha. You always have been."

"And you're family to me too," Natasha replied, her voice choked with emotion. "I'll always do my best to come back."

With the weight of the past year lifted from their shoulders, they sat in companionable silence, cherishing the simple joy of being together. As the sun began to rise, Natasha knew that she had found her way back home, not just to the Barton family, but to herself as well.

"Ahem..." The door opens and Fury comes walking out, ruining the mood in an instant. "This is real sweet and all, but I need some answers..."

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Hours earlier, back in New York.

The night was calm as Tony approached the familiar address of his home, his heart pounding with both excitement and trepidation. A year had passed since Pepper and Morgan had seen him, and he couldn't bear the thought of the pain they had endured, believing he was gone forever. The weight of the guilt weighed heavily on his shoulders, but he knew he had to face them.

With a deep breath, he knocked on the door, the sound echoing through the quiet and extravagant neighborhood. He heard the shuffling of footsteps on the other side, and his heart skipped a beat when the door opened to reveal Pepper standing there, looking both shocked and hopeful.

"T-Tony?" she whispered, her voice quivering.

Tony managed a weak smile. "Hey, Pep," he said softly.