

# Spider-Man 491

## Chapter 491: Adoption?

In the depths of her own universe, hidden from the eyes of mortals, Wanda Maximoff, the Scarlet Witch, sat in her darkened sanctum. Before her, the pages of the ancient and accursed Darkhold floated, suspended by her power. The ancient tome had become her obsession, a gateway to alternate realities where her heart's deepest desires could be realized.

As she gazed upon the pages, her eyes sparkled with a maniacal fervor. The Darkhold whispered promises of power and the reunion she so desperately craved. She watched, her smile widening, as an alternate version of herself played in a serene playground with her beloved children. It was a tantalizing illusion, a fleeting vision of the happiness she once had.

But in that blissful moment, an unsettling ripple coursed through her being. A sensation of failure, of loss, pierced her like a dagger. Her eyes widened in horror as the illusion shattered, replaced by an overwhelming sense of dread.

"No...no, it can't be..." Wanda muttered, her voice trembling with disbelief.

In an instant, her attention shifted from the illusion to the horrific truth. The demon she had unleashed into the multiverse, the monstrous abomination born from the darkest recesses of her desires, had been defeated. It was dead, its malevolence extinguished, its purpose unfulfilled.

Anguish clawed at her heart, and an agonizing scream tore from her lips. Her powers surged uncontrollably, lashing out at the objects and surroundings in her hidden chamber. Arcane energies tore through the walls, shattering ancient relics, and reducing treasured possessions to dust.

Tears streamed down her face as she realized the extent of her failure. It was not the first time that one of her creations had been vanquished, but this loss struck deeper. The monster had been her most potent, her most malevolent creation, and it had been utterly defeated.

Unbeknownst to her, the Darkhold responded to her raw emotions, its pages pulsating with a malevolent light. It fed upon her anger, sadness, and unbridled rage, siphoning the dark energies that radiated from her. The eldritch tome hungered for her despair, craving the turmoil that churned within her soul.

Wanda's powers spiraled further out of control. Objects levitated and shattered around her, a tempest of chaos and destruction. She screamed, her voice echoing in the twisted chamber of her sanctum, as her reality unraveled before her eyes.

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After stashing the demon's body and dealing with the curious police officers who had shown up due to the neighbors' reports, Peter let out a weary sigh as he returned to the living room. The atmosphere was heavy with the weight of recent events, and everyone sat around, trying to process what had just transpired. The Ancient One, Lily, America, and MJ were gathered there, sharing a collective sense of relief and exhaustion.

May and Grace were currently out of town on vacation together, blissfully unaware of the chaos that had unfolded in their absence. They were a bit mad about being left to clean the backyard after America's arrival, so Peter sent them to Hawaii for a couple weeks to relax.

As Peter sat across from the group, he turned his complete attention to America, his expression filled with concern. "America," he began gently, "do you have any idea why these demons keep chasing you?" His voice was soft, encouraging her to share her burden. "Well, I already have a pretty good idea, but it's still good to make sure."

America looked down at the floor, her gaze distant and troubled. Memories of her time before meeting the Parkers flooded her mind, and she hesitated for a moment, struggling to find the words. Memories of her past weighed heavily on her shoulders, but she knew it was time to explain.

MJ shot Peter a pointed glare, silently conveying her disapproval of pushing America too hard. She reached out and placed a comforting hand on the young girl's back, offering her support. "You don't have to say anything if you don't want to, America," MJ reassured her. "You're safe with us, and we'll protect you, no matter what."

Sighing deeply, America realized that it was time to open up and share the painful truth. She wiped away a tear that had escaped her eye before starting to speak. "A few months ago," she began, her voice trembling with emotion, "I started getting chased by monsters, like the two you've seen already... I think they want my powers."

Her voice quivered as she continued, recounting the events that had forever changed her life. "During that time, I met Doctor Strange. He protected me from them and tried to take me to the Book of Vishanti to find a way to stop whatever was after me."

America paused, her memories of that fateful journey still vivid in her mind. She swallowed hard, her eyes welling up with tears. "When we arrived so did the monster," she continued, "Doctor Strange desperately tried to hold off the creature, but he couldn't contain it... and then, just like the monster, he tried to take my powers as well, even though he knew it would kill me."

Tears streamed down America's cheeks as she recalled that moment of betrayal. "It was so painful... it felt like my whole body was on fire... and I could see the way he looked at me too, like he planned it all along. I asked him what he was doing, and told him we were friends, and he... he said my sacrifice would be worth more than I'd ever know."

MJ scooped America into her arms, cradling the young girl as she cried into her chest. "I-I think he's dead..." She couldn't say anymore as nothing but sobs escaped her.

The betrayal of someone she had thought was a friend, or even a father figure, had left deep emotional scars on America. In that moment, she found solace in MJ's comforting embrace, feeling safe and loved despite everything.

Peter watched the scene with a heavy heart, realizing the immense pain that America had endured. Her story matched his knowledge of the movies, but due to America's much younger age, the alternate Strange's betrayal seems to have hit her much harder than her movie counterpart.

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After America had settled down, her exhausted body finally succumbing to slumber in MJ's comforting embrace, MJ carefully lifted the sleeping girl into her arms.

She cradled America's form with a gentleness that spoke of the deep bond forming between them, and with quiet steps, she made her way upstairs to the guest room they had prepared for her. Soft moonlight filtered through the curtains as she tucked America in, making sure she was comfortable and safe.

As MJ returned downstairs, she turned to her daughter. "Lily," she began, her voice low and concerned, "do you mind sitting with America for a while? Just in case she wakes up and needs someone. I'll come and trade places with you in a minute."

Lily nodded in response, a mixture of determination and protectiveness in her expression as she hurried upstairs.

With Lily gone, MJ turned her attention back to Peter. "Where did the Ancient One go?" she asked, her brow furrowing slightly. "She was just here a moment ago."

Peter sighed and ran a hand through his hair. "She had to leave," he explained. "Something about a demon trying to buy souls in Budapest. She offered to stay and help with America, but I told her we'd handle it."

MJ nodded, though concern still lingered in her eyes. "So, what are we going to do about this situation?" she asked, leaning in closer to Peter.

Peter looked thoughtful for a moment. "I'll go and find whoever is doing this to America," he decided. "You and Lily should stay here and keep her safe. The house is the safest place for her, with all the defensive enchantments I've placed on it."

MJ nodded in agreement but then pressed further, her gaze intense. "And what about after that?" she asked. "What's the plan for America?"

Peter could sense the weight of MJ's unspoken thoughts. She had grown attached to the young girl, and her concern for America's well-being was evident. "America has a family already," he stated, knowing that MJ most likely wants to adopt her.

MJ corrected him gently, her voice soft but determined. "Peter, she's been separated from her parents since she was four years old," she said. "She's been searching for her parents for almost seven years, and she hasn't found them. The multiverse is infinite, so what if she never finds them? Are we just going to let her grow up parentless?"

Peter sighed deeply, realizing the complexity of the situation. He took a seat on the couch, and MJ joined him, sitting in his lap and looking up at him with imploring eyes. "Can't we just adopt her?" she asked, her voice filled with earnestness. "We can still help search for her parents. It's not like we're stealing her."

Peter hesitated, his gaze locked with MJ's, and he voiced his concern. "And what happens if we find her parents?" he questioned. "You're going to be heartbroken when she leaves. Lily will probably feel the same. Even May, Grace, and I will grow attached."

MJ leaned in, placing a tender kiss on Peter's cheek. "Peter," she said softly, "it's not about us. It's about America needing parents to take care of her. She's been lost and hurt for seven years, doing who knows what across the multiverse. She needs us."

Peter let out a sigh, realizing the depth of MJ's compassion and love for the girl they had taken in. He knew that she was right, and he couldn't deny that America deserved a stable and loving home. "Okay," he relented, a small smile tugging at his lips. "We can do it, but we have to get America's permission. And we can't slack in searching for her parents."

MJ's eyes lit up with happiness, and she couldn't contain her excitement. She peppered Peter's face with quick kisses before rushing off to see if America was awake.

As MJ left the room, Peter let out another sigh, hoping that he made the right decision. 'Whatever, we'll deal with any consequences when they appear...' Putting thoughts of adoption to the back of his mind, Peter focused on the main threat at hand. 'The Scarlett Witch...' He needed a way to travel the multiverse and stop her from bothering America.

Peter debated whether to take some of America's blood and copy her powers, or to test out the multiverse ship that he and Tony have been building. But then he realized, why not both? Copying her powers was certainly appealing, and it could come in handy in case the ship ever breaks or malfunctions, leaving Peter stranded in the multiverse.

'I could just go with her powers, but I'd have no idea where I'm going. Besides, the ship needs testing anyway...' Peter thought as he walked up to America's room, ready to take some blood.

## Chapter 492: Back to the Multiverse!

After injecting and assimilating America's blood, which was a rather uncomfortable and slightly painful experience, Peter tried to use her powers, hoping to open up a star shaped portal.

And thanks to his mastery over his abilities, it didn't take more than a single try to see a small shining star appear. It wasn't large enough for him to fit through yet, but with enough practice he should be able to master this new ability of his.

Peter smirked. "Thank you America. I'll be sure to pay you back somehow..."

With that done, Peter donned his sleek spider suit and opened a portal, stepping confidently into the heart of Tony's workshop. The air was thick with the scent of machinery and the hum of advanced technology.

Tony, the genius billionaire, philanthropist, and whatever other titles that fuel his ego, was hard at work on the finishing touches of a new Iron Man suit, using the tech taken from Kang the Conqueror.

Tony looked up from his workbench, a concentrated look on his face as he spotted Peter, setting aside his tools. "Hey, what's up?" Usually, when Peter comes to his lab, he isn't in uniform, so something had to be up.

Peter gave a casual wave. "Yo," he greeted. "I've got a bit of a situation, and I need to use the ship we've been working on."

Tony's brow furrowed with interest and a small bit of concern. "Does this have something to do with that demon monster thing that attacked your house?" he asked curiously.

Peter raised an eyebrow in surprise. "You already heard about that?" he asked, amazed at how quickly word had spread.

Tony chuckled and pointed to the AI interface hovering nearby. "Jarvis here monitors police frequencies and keeps an eye on all our fellow Avengers," he explained. "Safety first, you know."

Peter felt a bit annoyed with Tony's surveillance of him, but in the end, he appreciated Tony's protective behavior. "Well, you're not wrong," he admitted. "And yes, it has everything to do with that demon."

Tony's expression shifted to one of curiosity. "What do you need me to do?" he asked, always eager for a new challenge.

"Nothing," Peter shrugged, speaking in a hushed tone. "I'm going after someone who's causing trouble," he explained. "A witch with reality-altering powers and a very dangerous book."

Tony's eyes gleamed with excitement. "Count me in," he declared, already eager to join the adventure. "We built that ship together, and I wouldn't miss its first test run for anything. Besides, I've always wanted to meet a witch."

Peter nodded. "Sure, you can come. Just remember," he cautioned, "this isn't just a joyride. We're going into a universe with a fairly powerful opponent, so be prepared."

Tony rolled his eyes playfully. "Prepared is my middle name, Pete," he said, though he didn't mention that his middle name was actually Edward. "I'll just need an hour to finish up this new suit. Gotta test out the tech during the mission, right?"

Peter agreed with a nod. "Sounds good," he said. "I need some time to work out the coordinates for our destination anyway. We'll meet here when we're ready."

As Tony returned to his work, Peter pulled out his smartphone and tapped on an app called 'Spider-Verse Group Chat.' The app had been created using a blend of mystic arts and technology, allowing the Spider-People that Peter's met across the multiverse to communicate with each other.

Opening the app, Peter checked the chat history. The members, including Ben, Gwen, Spider-Pig, Tom, Peni, Noir, Miles, Tobey, and Andrew, had been discussing their recent encounters with villains and sharing a few jokes at Ben and Tobey's expense.

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Gwen: Ugh... I'm so tired. I had to fight like a thousand mutant mole people today... They just started spilling out of sewers.

Ben: I remember my first sewer mutant attack... They tried to take over the surface world with 30 guys riding giant mutant rats.

Tobey: Yeah, back in my day...

Gwen: Boomers...

Miles: +1

Peni: +2

Spider-Pig: +3

Tom: +4

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After catching up on their riveting conversations, Peter typed out an important notice.

Peter: Yo. I'm pushing through an update for the app in five minutes. Please make sure your phones are charged and on. It includes some new features like video calling, a trade system, and a few bug fixes.

The group chat buzzed with excitement and curiosity as members inquired about the new features. They were thrilled to have Peter actively participating in the chat for once, as he was typically the least active member, with only a few messages a week or sometimes even a month.

After addressing their questions, Peter initiated the update. The app's software was a unique blend of magic and technology, so the update required a complex spell along with a software update. When it was complete, everyone in the chat noticed the new features and eagerly tested them out, calling one another and even trading some useless items to see if it would work.

Unbeknownst to the others, Peter's update had also secretly added a tracking function. A multiverse map appeared on his phone, lighting up with nine different locations, each marking the position of a chat member. It was a brilliant move on Peter's part, as it would help him navigate the multiverse more efficiently, like a GPS system.

Peter couldn't help but chuckle to himself as he marveled at his ingenuity. With the updated app and the ship that he and Tony had built, they were more than ready to travel the multiverse.

As he waited for Tony to finish his suit, Peter couldn't help but wonder how Tom would react when their ship appears in front of him. After all, Peter is fairly certain that it's his universe that the Scarlett Witch is in. 'I can't wait to see the look on his face...'

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After the final preparations were made, Peter and Tony stood side by side in the far corner of the workshop, facing an empty wall. The wall looked like an ordinary wall, but it was actually a high-tech access point that concealed their most precious and ambitious creation yet. They both raised their hands to the wall's surface, their fingerprints scanned, and a series of tests and passcodes completed.

With a soft hum, the wall began to shift and change, revealing a big cylindrical structure behind it. The size of a phone booth, the multiverse ship stood tall and imposing. Its metal surface gleamed under the workshop lights, and it exuded an air of otherworldly technology.

Peter had been the one to choose the ship's shape, inspired by the Tardis from the iconic show Doctor Who. Although the Tardis typically disguised itself as a British police box, its true form was that of a metal cylinder, just like this one. Tony, however, regarded the design with a skeptical frown.

"I still can't believe you convinced me to make it look like this," Tony grumbled, shaking his head as he examined the ship's exterior.

Peter rolled his eyes at Tony's complaint. "Come on, Tony," he retorted, a playful smirk hidden under his mask. "You know we can make it look however we like. The cloak can make the ship look like anything. We can change it to look like a porta-potty or a police box, if you want."

Tony huffed and crossed his arms. "Yeah, yeah," he conceded. "But I call dibs on picking the cloak. I need to make this ride look better. I can't trust your taste anymore."

Peter chuckled at Tony's response, understanding that his friend had a particular aesthetic in mind. Without further ado, he approached the ship, and as he did, the ship telepathically confirmed his identity before the door swung open automatically, revealing the interior.

Just like the real Tardis, Peter and Tony had used their knowledge of mystic arts to carve all sorts of runes into the ship, making the interior much larger than the exterior would suggest. Stepping inside, they found themselves in a spacious, high-tech chamber that resembled the interior of an advanced spacecraft. It was an impressive sight, a testament to their combined skills and creativity.

Once they were both inside and the door sealed shut behind them, Peter made his way to the control panel at the center of the room. He plugged his smartphone into the console and accessed his specially designed app. With practiced fingers, he began opened the multiverse map and selected Tom's universe.

As Peter worked on the controls, he turned to Tony and asked, "Are you ready?"

Tony's nervousness was evident, but it was eclipsed by his excitement. His eyes shimmered with anticipation as he grasped onto a nearby railing for support. "Ready as I'll ever be," he replied with a determined nod.

With everything in place, Peter initiated the ship's activation sequence. Just like the Tardis, the cylinder ship flickered in and out of existence before completely disappearing from their universe Al side it's passengers.

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-Original MCU Universe-

Out of nowhere, a cylindrical ship shimmered into existence in a dimly lit bedroom, causing Tom and MJ to break apart in surprise. They had been lost in a passionate kiss on Tom's bed, their hearts racing with the intensity as they tore off each other clothes.

But, the sudden appearance of the metal cylinder in the room was more than enough to make them jump apart, wide-eyed and startled. Tom's heart pounded in his chest as he tried to process what had just happened, preparing for some sort of villain to jump out and attack.

As the ship settled in the room, its presence casting a surreal glow over the space, the door swung open and Peter stuck his head out, pulling his mask off to say hello, "Yo," he called out as usual, grinning as he noticed Tom and MJ's distinct lack of clothing. "Did I interrupt something~?"

Chapter 493: Two Daddies?

As he and MJ finished putting their clothes back on, Tom blinked in surprise, trying to wrap his head around the situation. "Peter?" he asked, "What are you doing here?"

MJ, standing next to Tom, also wore a puzzled expression. "Yeah, and why are you with Mr. Stark?" She pointed at Tony, who stood beside Peter, his appearance clearly throwing them off. "Didn't you say you'd be spending the weekend with Morgan and Pepper?"

Peter gestured to Tony. "Ah, right. Allow me to introduce you. This is Tony Stark from my universe." He then gestured to his lookalike. "And this, Tony, is a version of me and MJ from this universe."

Tony raised an eyebrow, looking between the two Peters. "Two Peter Parkers? And you both somehow ended up with MJ? You've really outdone yourselves.."

Tony couldn't help but feel a mix of surprise and curiosity. Tom and Peter looked remarkably alike, except Peter seemed a bit taller, and maybe even a little older.

"This is... surreal," Tom muttered as he eyed Tony, still trying to process the situation. "You look so young..." He's used to the older grey haired Tony Stark, not this young clone of him.

Meanwhile, MJ couldn't resist her curiosity any longer. She approached the cylindrical ship and peered inside the open door. Her eyes widened as she stepped back, pacing to circle the ship before peeking inside for a second time. Finally, once she was done, she glanced back at Tom in disbelief. "You won't believe this... It's bigger on the inside! How is that possible?"

Peter couldn't help but smirk at MJ's discovery. "I always wanted to hear someone say that." He had always heard people say it in Doctor Who when they first enter the Tardis, but now it was real and it was his ship they were taking about.

Tom, intrigued, walked over to the ship and repeated the same steps as his lovely girlfriend, confirming her observation. "She's right. It's like a Tardis from Doctor Who or something. What is this?"

"You have Doctor Who here too?" Peter asked before stepping over to the ship to explain, a hint of pride in his voice, "This, my friends, is a multiverse-traveling ship. Tony and I built it together with some donations from various bad guys. I truly have to thank all of those villains that sacrificed themselves to bring me their tech. May they Rest In Peace, or in jail, or wherever I sent them..."

MJ eyed the ship's metallic exterior, unimpressed. "For a badass multiverse traveling Tardis, it looks a bit bland, don't you think?"

"It does sort of look like a tin can..." Tom nodded in agreement, standing beside her.

Peter let out an annoyed sigh, shooting a look at Tony, who merely shrugged and said, "I told you so."

Peter turned away from Tony and huffed, "Just go ahead and activate the cloak already... None of you understand what real art is..."

With a triumphant smirk, Tony entered the ship and began fiddling with the controls. The ship seemed to twitch for a moment before shimmering into a new form, molding itself into a closet right before everyone's eyes, matching the decor of the bedroom.

Tom marveled at the transformation. "Now that's cool. How did you make it do that? Is it some sort of illusion with the lighting or something?"

Peter smirked and answered with a single word, "Magic."

Tony stepped out of the closet-turned-ship with a satisfied grin. "That'll do for now. I'll give it a proper makeover later since we don't have much space in here."

As Tom was still eyeing the ship, MJ noticed a shining ring on Peter's finger. "Is that what I think it is?" She asked, shocked.

Everyone turned to Peter, following the direction of MJ's stare. "Yeah, my MJ and I are engaged."

"Congratulations..." Tom smiled, glancing over at his MJ, wondering if or when they'll get engaged.

"Yeah, congrats..." MJ follows up, blushing a bit as she peeks over at Tom.

Tony raises a single eyebrow at Peter. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"It only happened a couple days ago, and truthfully, I've been so busy since then that I haven't told anyone besides family, and that's only because we live together. Actually, I don't even think Fury

knows yet..." Peter explained, causing Tony's betrayed look to slowly simmer down. "Besides, I've been wearing the ring, so I'm not trying to hide it."

"Yeah, fine, you're forgiven. Just tell me next time." Tony huffed, but ultimately let the matter go.

Tom, still processing everything, asked Peter, "So, you're here just to test your new ship? And why would Nick Fury need to know about your enhancement?"

Tony chimed in, correcting, "Our new ship. And he needs to know because he's MJ's father. At least in our universe."

MJ's eyes go wide while I'm shocked. "That can't be right..."

Peter turned to MJ. "Yep, I'm afraid it is. You're lucky you're cute, you know. Because dating the daughter of Nick Fury is a very dangerous position to be in. I mean, the guy shot me at least 10 times. But I'm guessing he's not your father in this universe." He said as MJ nodded.

Tom sighed as a wave of relief spread throughout his entire being. "Oh, thank god..."

"It's actually not as bad as you'd think." Peter shrugged. "As for why we're here... I'm looking for Wanda Maximoff. Do you know where she lives?"

Tom raised a questioning brow. "No, but we can go to the Avengers tower and find out..."

"What did she do?" MJ asks curiously.

"I'll explain on the way..."

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Before leaving for the tower, Peter took extra precautions to secure the multiverse ship. He and Tony had implemented a multitude of technological and magical seals and security measures, making it nearly impenetrable. Only someone as knowledgeable as the Ancient One could hope to crack it, and even then, it would take months, if not years.

Portaling over to the tower, they left their fortified ship behind in Tom's room. The vessel was locked up tighter than anything in the known universe. Peter, Tony, Tom, and MJ emerged from the portal into a luxurious penthouse at the top of the tower.

As soon as Tony stepped out of the portal, his eyes widened in shock. Before him, an utterly unexpected scenario unfolded. Standing there were this universe's versions of Pepper, Tony Stark, and their daughter, Morgan.

Anthony was currently being chased around by Morgan, who was dressed as a princess, wielding a plastic sword. Her father, however, wore a comically ill-fitting dragon costume, which he was no doubt forced into by his cute daughter.

Pepper watched the spectacle with an affectionate smile. It's been over a year since Anthony came back to life and she's love every second of it. But no one loved it more than Morgan, who barely ever separated from her father ever since. As the saying goes, you only know the value of something once you've lost it, but luckily, they were given a second chance.

"Come on, Daddy!" Morgan exclaimed, her voice bubbling with enthusiasm. "Stop running! The princess has to slay the dragon! You're not allowed to run away! It's against the rules!"

Tony was momentarily frozen in place, processing the surreal scene. He realized he was a father in another universe, and based on Pepper's joyful expression, they had a daughter together. It was a revelation that left him both astounded and slightly overwhelmed. He had never imagined himself as a father, always finding children to be an annoyance. Moreover, he had been determined not to turn out like his own distant and preoccupied father.

Suddenly, Anthony and Pepper noticed the unexpected guests in their penthouse and froze. Morgan, seizing the opportunity, continued her pursuit and dramatically swung her fake sword at her father, declaring, "I slayed the evil dragon!"

However, when her father didn't play along as he usually did, Morgan grew curious. She glanced around the room and realized they had some uninvited guests, her expression shifting from playful confidence to a shy, puzzled demeanor. She instinctively ran away, seeking refuge behind her mother's legs, peeking out cautiously.

Peter waved. "Yo, sorry for dropping by unannounced."

"Peter?" Anthony muttered in confusion. "How did you come back? I didn't think I'd see you again... And this is..." He trails off, eyeing Tony, who steps up to get a good look at him.

The two Starks look one another up and down with judging eyes. Tony was the first to speak. "You look... old."

Anthony raised a brow at him, looking quite offended. "Well, excuse me for aging." He turns his attention to Tony's suit and sneers. "Where'd you get that suit? Goodwill? I remember donating it about 8 years ago."

Tony gestures towards Anthony's dragon costume. "Are you sure that you want to mention clothes right now?"

Anthony sighed. "Fine, you got me there..."

"Morgan, sweetheart," Pepper began, crouching down to her daughter's eye level. "These are... special guests." She exchanged a knowing look with her husband, silently acknowledging the complexity of the situation.

Morgan, her curiosity overcoming her initial shyness, looked back and forth between the two Tonys once more. With childlike innocence, she finally voiced her question, "Why are there two daddies?"

Tony felt a mix of emotions surging within him, from disbelief to a strange sense of connection to this alternate universe's daughter of his. He exchanged a glance with alternate, older self, realizing how happy he looks. 'Maybe I should think about having a kid?'

Chapter 494: Vs. Scarlett Witch (1/2)

As Pepper and MJ led Morgan away to give the two Peter's and Tony's some privacy, Peter wasted no time in getting to the heart of the matter. He turned to Anthony with a determined look in his eyes.

"I need to know where Wanda Maximoff lives in this universe. It's urgent," Peter said, his voice laced with a sense of seriousness.

Anthony, still baffled by the sudden appearance of an older version of himself and another Peter Parker, initially hesitated. "Why do you need to find Wanda?" he asked cautiously.

Peter didn't beat around the bush. He decided to lay out the truth, or at least part of it. "In my universe, I've been protecting a young girl named America Chavez. I have reason to believe that Wanda is after her."

Anthony raised a brow. "Why would she be after some random girl?"

Peter shrugged. "I think it's because of America's ability to travel the multiverse, but who knows really? I have a feeling your Wanda has been corrupted by the Darkhold, so she's probably not thinking clearly."

Anthony frowned, his skepticism evident. "The Darkhold? What's that?"

"The Darkhold, or also known as the Book of Sins, the Book of Spells, or the Book of the Damned, is a dark magic spell book based on ancient engravings carved by a powerful demon named Chthon." Peter explained. "I've seen some of what the Darkhold can do when I destroyed it in my universe. And If my suspicions are correct, Wanda might be a danger not only to America but to this entire universe."

Anthony weighed the gravity of the situation. While he didn't fully believe that Wanda would do such a thing, he trusted Peter, especially after all that Peter's done for him.

"Alright," Anthony conceded. "I'll tell you where she lives. But on one condition... I'm coming with you. If there's a chance she's in trouble or needs help, I want to be there to for her. It's the least I can do..."

Peter didn't hesitate to agree. "Sure, two Tony's is probably worse than one, but we should be fine. Try to follow my lead and stay quiet though. I have an idea to solve this without fighting. But of course, I doubt she'll accept."

Tom raised a curious brow. "Why not?"

"As I said, she's been corrupted by the Darkhold. I doubt she's even thinking straight at the moment, so we'll most likely have to beat some sense into her before anything else." Peter explained.

With their agreement sealed, Tony told them the address and Peter opened a portal using his newfound magical abilities. The swirling vortex of energy transported Peter, Tom, Tony, and Anthony from the luxurious penthouse to an open piece of property surrounded by lush fruit trees, just outside a small town.

The sight that greeted them was unexpected. Wanda Maximoff, the Scarlet Witch herself, was leisurely picking fruit from the orchard surrounding her home and filling her basket. Her presence was calm, and she seemed entirely unaware of their arrival.

Though it didn't take long for her to sense their presence, her powers tingling with awareness. She turned slowly, her gaze locking onto the newcomers with a facade of surprise and curiosity.

Tom, Tony, and Anthony exchanged glances as Peter walked up to Wanda, realizing that their mission had just taken an unexpected turn. Based on what Peter said, they expected to find Wanda in some dark cave, changing an evil ritual over a black leather book, not peacefully licking fruit in the sunlight.

Wanda eyed each set of twins with a guarded expression, her powers crackling around her. "Who are you, and why have you come here?"

Peter took a step forward, his voice calm and reassuring. "We mean no harm, Wanda. We just want to talk."

Peter eyed Wanda Maximoff warily as they stood in the lush orchard, surrounded by fruit trees. With a snap of his fingers, Peter summoned a table and chairs into existence beneath the shade of a nearby tree. He gestured for everyone to take a seat, including Wanda.

Eyeing Peter warily, Wanda hesitated for a moment before finally taking a seat. Her crimson eyes bore into Peter's. "So, are you related to Spider-Man, or?"

Peter offered a small nod, confirming, "I'm from another universe. But I have a feeling you know a lot about that, considering your recent activities."

Wanda's eyes widened momentarily, realization dawning upon her. She had been sending her monstrous creations across the multiverse, all in pursuit of America Chavez. It seemed her secret was no longer safe.

Her clothes shifted, and her appearance transformed into the iconic red Scarlet Witch attire, a manifestation of her power and abilities. Anthony and Tom watched in awe as her transformation unfolded before their eyes, realizing that was telling the truth.

Wanda's voice took on a more authoritative tone as she spoke, "So, you've figured me out. What do you want?"

Peter wasted no time in addressing the matter at hand. "I want to know why you're after America Chavez."

Wanda's gaze remained fixed on Peter, her expression unyielding. "She's important to me. I need her. You should just hand her over, and we can make this quick."

Peter raised an eyebrow, unwilling to give in so easily. "Why do you need her?" Well, technically he already knows. But he can't appear to be too omniscient in front of others.

Wanda's frown deepened as she contemplated whether to reveal her true intentions. Finally, she decided it was time to confide in Peter, hoping her story could help speed things along. "I dreamwalk into other universes every night, and in every one of them, I have two beautiful children, twin boys. But in this universe, they never existed. At least, not really."

She continued, her voice tinged with sorrow, "After finally beating Thanos, I was devastated and lonely. In my grief, I used my powers to warp reality, creating a family with a fake Vision and our two children, Tommy and Billy. But they were never real, and now they're gone, erased by the actions of others."

Wanda's voice trembled as she spoke, revealing the depths of her pain and longing. "Can't you see? I'm just a mother, trying to reunite with her children."

Peter nodded in understanding, empathizing with her plight. "I see your perspective, Wanda. You want to kill America by taking her powers and then go take another Wanda's children. Maybe kill off their mother and just replace her without them knowing, right?"

Wanda didn't like the way he worded it, but he wasn't wrong. "Yes..."

Peter nods as those behind him didn't look happy with their fellow Avenger's plans. "But what if I said that I have a better proposal?"

Wanda's eyes narrowed. "What do you suggest?"

Peter leaned forward, his voice earnest. "I can find you a universe where the Scarlet Witch is dead or dying, leaving poor little Timmy and Bobby alone."

"Tommy and Billy." Wanda corrects, an annoyed frown marring her face.

Peter shrugged uncaringly and continued. "Right, anyway... The multiverse is infinite, and it shouldn't be too hard to locate such a universe. I can transport you there, free of charge. You can be with your children, give them the love and care they deserve. No need to kill off any mothers or steal any children. Sounds good, doesn't it?"

Wanda's mouth dropped in astonishment at the unexpected offer. She had never imagined such a possibility, and it tugged at her heartstrings. "How... how would you transport me to another universe? And how can you find one with a dead version of me?"

Peter grinned mysteriously. "Let's just say America isn't the only one who can travel the multiverse."

Wanda pondered his words for a moment before finally making a decision. "I accept your offer, but how can I trust you to keep your end of the bargain?"

"Wait, not so fast..." Peter leaned back in his chair, his expression thoughtful. "There's one small thing that you need to do to before anything else."

Wanda raised an eyebrow, wary of what Peter might ask of her. "What is it?" She thought this was supposed to be free of charge...

Peter's smile turned wry as he stated, "Hand over the Darkhold, Wanda." He said, holding out his hand.

Wanda's entire body tensed at the mention of the ominous book. The Darkhold appeared in her arms as she clutched it protectively. She regarded Peter with a mixture of defiance and apprehension.

Seeing the book in her possession, the truth of Peter's claims became undeniable. He was right, she did have the Darkhold and it was most likely corrupting her mind.

Peter leaned forward, his voice filled with urgency. "Wanda, the Darkhold is not safe. It was created by a demon with malicious intent. If you keep it, there's a high likelihood it will find a way to hurt your children, or even make you hurt them. To protect your family, you must let go of the Darkhold."

Wanda hesitated, torn between her maternal instincts and the realization that the Darkhold posed a genuine threat. But as she considered Peter's words, her ears began to ring and a cacophony of sinister whispers echoed in her mind, urging her to keep the book at any cost.

The Darkhold was fighting back, manipulating her thoughts and emotions, making her believe that Peter was lying. With a sudden surge of red energy, Wanda unleashed a blast that cut down the surrounding trees, destroyed their seating arrangements, and sent Peter and his group flying backward.

#### Chapter 495: Vs. Scarlett Witch 2/2

Instantly, the lush orchard transformed into a battlefield as Wanda Maximoff, the Scarlet Witch, her powers enhanced by the malevolent influence of the Darkhold, unleashed a torrent of crimson energy toward the group. The shockwave sent Peter, Tom, Anthony, and Tony flying in different directions.

Tony was the first to regain his composure, activating his Iron Man suit equipped with Kang the Conqueror's technology, which quickly formed along his body. Reacting swiftly, he formed a protective energy barrier around himself as Wanda's red energy bolts slammed against it. The barrier held, but Tony could feel the strain on his suit's systems.

"Jarvis..." Tony called. "How are the upgrades holding up? Any problems?"

"No sir." Jarvis replied. "The psionic energy converter seems to be working well. Though more tests are required to truly test it all."

Peter found himself momentarily tangled in a web of psychic energy since he was the closest to her outburst. Wanda's psionic abilities proved formidable as they encased him in a pulsating red cocoon.

With a quick thought, Peter managed to summon golden flames. Suddenly, a burst of fiery Phoenix energy surrounded him, melting his way to freedom.

"That wasn't very nice..." Peter muttered as he landed perfectly on his feet, swatting away anymore attacks with the back of his hand. "We were having a nice conversation, and you just blew up on me. Is that how a mother should act?"

Wanda flinched, growing more aggressive with every whisper of the Darkhold. "Shut up!"

Meanwhile, Tom swung into action, his agility and web-slinging skills put to the test. He darted through the trees, avoiding Wanda's energy blasts and conjured projectiles with acrobatic finesse. Tom's suit, enhanced by Anthony Stark, allowed him to adapt to Wanda's unpredictable attacks as four mechanical spider legs appeared in his back.

Anthony Stark, not to be outdone, deployed his state-of-the-art Iron Man suit's weaponry. Blasts of repulsor energy shot from his palms and chest, colliding with Wanda's red-hued psionic attacks. With his suit activated, he flew at high-speeds to avoid taking damage, the sky illuminated by bursts of energy.

Wanda, her eyes glowing with dark determination, was a formidable adversary. She levitated above the chaos, her gaze locked onto Peter, who had just broken free from her psychic snare. She directed her energy toward him, sending a barrage of red bolts streaking through the air.

Peter either swatted them away or chose to simply evade the relentless assault. First and foremost, he needed to protect his allies and find the right opening to take her down. His thoughts raced as he considered his next move. The Darkhold's influence made Wanda's attacks erratic and random, which made it even harder for him to predict.

"Tony," Peter shouted, his voice carrying over the battlefield as he rushed toward Wanda, who kept teleporting away, never allowing him to get too close. "We need to find a way to either knock her out or destroy the Darkhold!"

As Peter chased after Wanda, who did nothing but teleport or fly away whilst firing at them from a distance, he began to realize that this would be a bit of a challenging battle without his infinity stones. After all, his precious stones might as well be paperweights in this universe.

Tony acknowledged him with a nod as he continued his long range duel with Wanda, attempting to analyze her movement patterns as he used Kang's tech to teleport across the orchard, following her as he tested his new suits abilities.

Meanwhile, Tom swung in close to provide support, but that might not have been a good idea. "Hey! Over here!"

Seeing him, Wanda smirked as she vanished from sight. Tom had no idea what happened. Suddenly, he felt his spider senses blaring before he was hit with a telekinetically powered punch, which sent him flying across the orchard.

"Tom!" Anthony yelled in worry as he fired a barrage of missiles at Wanda, creating fiery explosions to obscure her vision. But once again, Wanda simply teleported behind him, unleashing a similar attack that Tom just felt, which sent him flying as well, a large dent in the back of his armor.

"Hello there~" Wanda's eyes went wide as she heard a voice over her shoulder. Before she could even think to teleport away, Peter's super powered fist connected with the back of her head, sending her flying across the sky as blood leaked from her ears and nose.

Wanda, slightly hurt, unleashed a wave of psychic energy that rippled outward as she recovered, sending shockwaves through the air. Peter, sensing the danger, conjured a protective barrier of Phoenix flames his allies and their opponent. The wave of energy crashed against the barrier but failed to breach it.

The battlefield had become a chaotic dance of power, with energies clashing and the air crackling with tension. The Darkhold continued to fuel Wanda's strength, making her a relentless force to contend with. Peter's concern grew as he saw his allies struggling to keep up with her.

Only Tony seemed to hold his own, which was no doubt thanks to Kang's tech. As for Tom and Anthony, well, they weren't looking too good. Both of them weren't necessarily equipped to fight a battle against the Scarlett Witch, who stands among the strongest MCU villains. Peter and Tony had to constantly protect them, which left them little room to counterattack against Wanda's nonstop bombardment.

Suddenly, with a surge of frustration, Peter made a bold decision. He opened a portal behind Tom and Anthony, who were engaged in a coordinated assault against Wanda. Without warning, he grabbed both of them and shoved them through the portal. "Hey?!/What are you-?!"

"You two are dead weight!" Peter exclaimed, his irritation evident. "Get lost!"

As the portal closed behind them, Peter turned back to face Wanda, a determined grin spreading across his face. "Now, Tony, it's just you and me. Time to show her what we can do."

Tony Stark, his upgraded Iron Man suit gleaming, gave a wry smile. "Finally, some quality time with my bestie."

Peter and Tony faced Wanda, the Scarlet Witch, who stood at the pinnacle of her power, fueled by the Darkhold's malevolent influence.

Wanda, her eyes glowing with an eerie crimson light, unleashed a barrage of psionic energy projectiles at the two heroes. With precision honed through countless battles, Peter and Tony moved in perfect synchronization. Peter, with his enhanced reflexes, deftly evaded the incoming energy bolts, while Tony's advanced Iron Man suit allowed him to either deflect and absorb the attacks, or simply teleport away.

Tony was the first to retaliate with a swift laser blast aimed at Wanda, who countered with a conjured barrier of psychic energy. The shining beam collided with the barrier, creating a dazzling explosion that momentarily obscured their vision.

Seizing the opportunity, Peter leaped into action and snaked through the smoke. Flicking his wrist forward, a shot of webbing, which he infused with Eldritch energy, ensnared Wanda's legs, momentarily immobilizing her and sealing her teleportation. Peter then unleashed a powerful burst of fiery Phoenix energy, which climbed up the glowing webs, enveloping her in searing flames.

Wanda cried out in pain, her form flickering as the flames surrounded her. But her resolve was unbroken, and with a tremendous effort, she tore free from the webbing. Her red energy expelling the flames, as she retaliated with a telekinetic shockwave that sent Peter and Tony hurtling backward.

As they regained their footing, Peter shot a web-line toward Tony, swinging them both back into the fray. "Tony, shake and bake?" He asked, knowing Tony would know what he meant.

Tony nodded, his helmet's visor displaying tactical data. "Agreed. Let's show her a little magic of our own."

Wanda, hovering above the battlefield, unleashed a telekinetic wave that sent debris hurtling toward them. Peter and Tony synchronized their movements, Peter using his agility to evade the incoming objects while Tony used his suit's short range teleportation.

With a swift hand gesture, Tony initiated a hard-light holographic projection, creating multiple duplicates of himself and Peter. The solid illusions scattered in different directions, confusing Wanda as she struggled to pinpoint the real targets.

Peter used a bit of Eldritch energy to summon an invisible shield, protecting himself and Tony from Wanda's continued barrage as they rushed forward, blending in with their clones. Tony, flying among the illusions, fired repulsor beams. And he wasn't the only one. Each illusionary Tony fired as well, forcing Wanda to defend herself on multiple fronts.

Wanda's powers were stretched thin as she tried to ward off the relentless assault. Her attacks became more erratic, and her crimson aura flickered intermittently.

Seeing an opening, Peter and Tony launched their coordinated counterattack. Peter shot a reinforced web cocoon around Wanda, entrapping her within its sticky embrace. Simultaneously, Tony unleashed a powerful hard-light hologram that struck the cocoon with tremendous force, reinforcing it in a sphere of energy.

Wanda struggled to break free, her powers surging in a desperate attempt to escape. But it was too late. Peter and Tony's synchronization was flawless, as they both appeared beside her, fists wound back. Without missing a beat, Tony struck first, smashing his mechanical fist into her face, and launching her upwards, where Peter could be seen waiting patiently.

"Night night~" Peter smirked as he spun, his fist colliding with Wanda's nose, which shattered with a sickening crack.

The combined assault overwhelmed Wanda, as her head snapped back before her body followed along after, smashing into the ground below. Instantly, the cocoon of web and hard-light shattered upon impact, creating a huge crater in the ground. Peter and Tony landed gracefully, their eyes locked on the fallen Scarlet Witch.

Wanda groaned, her strength depleted as she slowly fell unconscious. Peter moved closer, his gaze filled with empathy. "It's over, Wanda. But don't worry, I'll still keep my side of the deal."

Tony approached as well, clapping Peter on the shoulder. "That was a good test run for my suit. I have so many ideas for upgrades now..."

But the mission wasn't over yet. Peter extended his hand, palm outstretched, as a swirling vortex of fiery Phoenix energy appeared. Laying beside Wanda's sleeping and battered form was the malevolent Darkhold that had caused all of this.

With a determined expression, Peter tossed the flame onto the book. The ancient tome shrieked in agony as it ignited, its pages curling and burning to ash. The fiery vortex consumed the book entirely, leaving nothing but a smoldering pile of ashes.

The air crackled with the residual energy of the Darkhold's destruction, and Wanda, now free from its influence, unconsciously let out a sigh of relief.

'Now I just have to destroy the castle and I'm done...' Peter thought as a golden portal opened up behind him.

"What's going on here?"

#### Chapter 496: Farewell (1/2)

The dust and smoke from the battle with the Scarlet Witch had barely settled when a rippling portal opened nearby. Out stepped Wong, the Sorcerer Supreme of this universe, and Doctor Strange, who had both been at Kamar-Taj when the alarms rang out, urgently calling them to the scene.

Peter turned and smiled as he recognized the two sorcerers. "Hello again, gentlemen," he greeted them. "No hard feelings from our last encounter, I hope."

At first, Strange and Wong believed that the individuals before them were their universe's Peter Parker and Tony Stark, but as Peter spoke, memories of their past meeting began to resurface. Memories of how Peter demolished both of them in a fight and then locked them away in their own prison. The realization hit them... this Peter was not their Peter.

Strange stepped forward, his eyes intense with determination. "What brings you to our universe once again, Peter?."

Wong joined Strange's side, a look of resolute readiness in his eyes. The last time they had faced this interdimensional visitor, they had been defeated and imprisoned. They wouldn't let that happen again, or so they thought.

Peter held up his hands in a placating gesture. "I'm not here to fight," he assured them. "I only came for Wanda and the Darkhold."

The mention of the Darkhold sent shockwaves of alarm through Strange and Wong. They had learned about the evil book many years ago, and they couldn't allow Peter to take it.

"Where is the Darkhold?" Strange demanded, his tone stern.

Peter smirked and gestured to the smoldering pile of ashes beside the unconscious Wanda Maximoff. "There it is. Wanda was using it to send demons to my universe, so I destroyed it."

Instantly, the air seemed to escape Wong and Strange's sails. It appeared that Peter was not the antagonist in this situation, as they had initially thought.

Wong raised a curious brow. "What are your plans for Wanda?"

Peter shrugged, "I'll talk to her and decide her fate once she wakes up. But right now, I've got to make a quick trip to Mount Wundagore."

Wong's eyes widened at the mention of the ominous location. "You should stay away from that place. It's far more dangerous than any dark book."

"..." Strange and Tony were clueless about its significance.

Peter didn't seem worried or bothered at all by Wong's warning. "I've been to Mount Wundagore in my universe, and the Ancient One and I managed to destroy it. I plan to do the same in this universe. Now that the Darkhold is gone, the final piece of the puzzle is eradicating its source, Darkhold Castle. It's the only way to ensure this universe's safety." He suddenly smirked. "You're welcome, by the way."

Strange seemed to agree with him, his expression serious. "I'll come with you... I don't know much about the place, but I'm sure that I can be of help."

Wong let out a sigh before coming to the same decision. "I'll join you as well. We should not underestimate the threat that place poses."

Peter shook his head and turned to Wong with a request. "Actually, can you take Wanda into custody and keep her restrained until we get back? Her connection to the Darkhold makes her presence at Mount Wundagore rather dangerous. And I can't just leave her here alone..."

Wong reluctantly nodded in understanding. With a flick of his fingers, he conjured ethereal chains that wrapped around Wanda's unconscious form. Hovering her slightly, he guided her through a shimmering portal, leading her back to Kamar-Taj, where she would be securely held in check.

"Alright, let's go destroy a haunted castle..." With the immediate threat dealt with, Peter waved his hand, opening a golden portal, which both Strange and Tony followed him through.

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As Peter, Strange, and Tony Stark stood at foot of Mount Wundagore, they gazed up at the imposing structure known as Darkhold Castle. It loomed ominously against the gray skies and white snow, a place of ancient malevolence.

Their mission was clear, destroy the source of the Darkhold's power. But they knew it wouldn't be easy. Well, Peter knew it would be easy, but that's just because he's been through this before.

As they approached the castle, a deafening howl filled the air, and what seemed like a thousand flying wraiths burst forth from the dark spires of the castle, darkening the sky as they swarmed their way, stopping them from entering the castle.

Peter, who had already experienced this ordeal in his own universe, conjured a comfortable chair and sat back, observing the chaotic spectacle. He reached out, and a bag of chips appeared in his hand, making himself comfortable among the chaos.

Tony and Strange, on the other hand, were in the midst of an intense battle against the wraiths. Arcane energy and repulsor blasts filled the air as they fought to keep the wraiths at bay.

...

After an arduous battle, they finally managed to dispatch the last of the wraiths, panting and disheveled.

Tony wiped the sweat from his brow, casting an annoyed glance at Peter. "You could have helped, you know."

Peter, still lounging in his conjured chair, offered a nonchalant shrug. "I've been through all this before. Now it's your turn to do the heavy lifting."

They entered the ominous castle, navigating its eerie corridors and encountering demonic golems guarding the interior. Each step forward felt like a descent into a realm of nightmarish proportions. But once again, Peter lazed around at the back whilst Tony and Strange did all the work.

Tony glared at his best friend. "You're really starting to p\*ss me off..."

Eventually, they reached a chamber with a large stone casket at its center. Demonic carvings covered the walls, floor, and ceiling, as if the very room itself pulsed with dark energy.

Peter, who had done absolutely nothing since their arrival, conjured a flickering ball of flames in his hand. As the fiery glow danced in his palm, a sinister voice filled the room, resonating with ancient malevolence. It was C'Thon, or at least what remained of the deceased demon.

C'Thon began to offer them anything they could desire in exchange for leaving his castle untouched, but Peter interrupted, his tone laced with indifference. "I've heard this spiel before, C'Thon, and I'm still not interested."

With a casual flick of his hand, Peter tossed the flame onto the casket, and as the flames rapidly spread throughout the room, they could all hear the agonizing, ear-piercing screams of C'Thon as what remained of the demon was consumed by the relentless fire.

Leaving the room, they retreated back to the castle's entrance. As they turned to watch, Peter's flames engulfed the sinister structure. The castle shuddered and crumbled, disintegrating into ash as the flames devoured it. Within moments, all that remained was a desolate mountain peak, a stark contrast to the malevolent fortress that had once stood there.

The Darkhold's source of power had been eradicated, and the world was free from the menace that had plagued it for so long.

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The short trip to Kamar-Taj was full of celebration, marked by the absence of the ominous Darkhold Castle on Mount Wundagore. As they stepped into the mystical sanctuary, Peter, Strange, and Tony were met with an unexpected sight.

Wong, alongside a few other Masters of the Mystic Arts, surrounded a thrashing Wanda Maximoff, who was struggling against her restraints. Each master was concentrating their power, infusing it into the many chains that held their prisoner in place, barely able to keep her contained.

Upon seeing this chaotic scene, Peter let out an exasperated sigh. He knew she would cause trouble the second she woke up. With a hint of annoyance, he walked over and delivered a firm slap to the back of her head, temporarily halting her frantic struggles. "What do you think you're doing? I leave for an hour and you're already causing trouble..."

Wanda glared up at Peter, her eyes burning with resentment. "You need to return the Darkhold, now!"

Peter, unfazed, met her gaze with a calm expression. "I can't do that, Wanda. I destroyed it."

Wanda's reaction was immediate, her face twisting into an expression of heartbreak and despair. It was as if Peter had torn something precious away from her, leaving a void she couldn't bear.

Her addiction to the Darkhold had been like a vice, manipulating her with its malevolent influence. She had lashed out in her desperation to keep it, not fully comprehending the horrors it had led her to commit.

But before she could sink too deeply into her distress, Peter spoke again, his voice carrying a note of unexpected compassion. "My deal is still on the table, Wanda. I can find a universe where you can be with your children again. A universe where Wanda Maximoff is gone, leaving her children in need of a mother."

Wanda looked up at Peter, stunned by his offer of help after her attempts to kill him. She hesitated for a moment, torn between her pride and her desire to be reunited with her children.

Tears welled up in her eyes as she accepted the lifeline Peter was offering, her voice trembling. "Please, please help me."

Peter extended a hand, patting her head, his expression holding both sympathy and understanding. "I will, but you have to stop causing trouble." He says and Wanda nods her head frantically. "Good, we'll find a way to make things right, I promise."

With that said and done, Peter snapped his fingers, which caused Wanda's restraints to shatter before crumbling away completely, setting her free.

"!" The many Masters formed up behind Wong, ready to fight should Wanda try anything. But more than that, they were shocked that Peter could so easily destroy their restraints, which held their combined power.

Thankfully, Wanda simply stood up and stuck close to Peter, like a lost puppy. 'Now, I just have to find the right universe for her and I can go home and relax... Though I should probably find one without a Darkhold in it as well...'

#### Chapter 497: Farewell (2/2)

After a short discussion at Kamar-Taj, Wong came to a decision. As he addressed Peter, Tony, and Wanda, his tone carried a mix of politeness and sternness. "I appreciate your help in dealing with the Darkhold, but it's time for you to leave Kamar-Taj. It's in your best interests and ours."

Peter nodded in agreement. "Sure, we'll take our leave."

Wong's decision made it clear that the sorcerers of Kamar-Taj were wary of the intruders from another universe, and Peter understood their concerns.

But that wasn't all, they were also wary of Wanda, who was already corrupted and manipulated by one dark artifact. They didn't want her anywhere near their library or vaults, which safe-kept many other dark artifacts and books from the wrong hands. And Wanda just so happened to be the wrong hands in this scenario.

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Returning to the Avengers tower, Anthony and Tom sat side by side on a plush couch, sulking like children who'd been reprimanded. They had been kicked out of the battle by Peter, who had called them "dead weight" and unceremoniously sent them through a portal. They were slightly offended but mostly disheartened.

When Peter and Wanda stepped through a portal, alongside Tony, they couldn't help but voice their grievances. Anthony was the first to speak up. "Dead weight, huh? I'll have you know that we defeated Thanos. You know? The guy who snapped half the universe away in a single second?"

Tom, with a more subdued demeanor, chimed in, "I mean, I've been doing this Spider-Man thing for a while. I'm not that useless... am I?"

Peter sighed, listening to their complaints in silence. When they finally ran out of steam, he looked at them with a hint of exasperation. "If you don't want to be dead weight, then you need to step up your game. What I saw back there was pitiful. You both have the potential to be great, but you need to work on your skills." He then turns to Anthony, "and you need to upgrade your suit."

Peter's words sent both Anthony and Tom back into a sulking mess once again. Peter had a point, but it was hard to swallow their pride and acknowledge their shortcomings.

Turning his attention to Wanda, Peter asked, "Is there anything you need to grab before we leave this universe?"

Wanda shook her head, her voice tinged with sorrow. "Everything I've ever treasured is either gone or never truly existed. And I can always buy new clothes and other essentials..."

Peter nodded and turned to Anthony and Tom. "It's time for us to leave..."

Although Peter had wounded their egos just moments earlier, they still considered him a friend and said their goodbyes with a mixture of gratitude and disappointment.

With goodbyes exchanged, Peter opened a shimmering portal back to Tom's room. Soon enough, they stepped through an unassuming closet that was, in fact, their multiverse-traveling ship. Wanda couldn't help but be astonished by the ship's interior, exclaiming, "It's bigger on the inside!"

Peter chuckled, and Tony chimed in, "Will you ever get tired of hearing that?"

Peter shrugged, "I haven't yet." He moved toward the control panel, a fusion of advanced technology and mystic arts, and hooked up his phone, opening the Spider-Verse Group Chat app before tapping the GPS icon. Instantly, an interface showing a partially mapped multiverse appeared.

The possibilities lay before them, numerous realms and universes unexplored. Peter, having charted two distinct MCU universes, both his own and the current one they were in, had a sense of where to go next. They would have to venture blindly into the multiverse, a prospect that excited and intrigued him and his passengers.

Setting the course to a random universe, Peter activated the ship. It flickered in and out of existence before finally vanishing entirely from this universe, taking its passengers along for a journey through the endless tapestry of the multiverse.

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After almost a month of relentless travel through the multiverse, Peter, Tony, and Wanda had traversed countless universes, seeking the ideal universe for Wanda to call home. Each day brought them to around ten new universes, exploring various MCU-related alternate realities.

They encountered both the awe-inspiring and the bizarre, from dark universes where Thanos had ultimately triumphed to gender-bent versions of the Avengers, like Antonia Stark and Petra Parker. In one particularly f\*cked up universe, they found a gender-bent Nick Fury named Nichole Fury, but worst of all, she was one of the most beautiful women that they had ever seen.

Peter was still traumatized to this very day. 'I need to ask the Ancient One to erase my memory when I get back, or else I'll never be able to look at Fury the same way again...'

In their exploration, they witnessed all sorts of advanced universes filled with flying cars and other futuristic marvels. But they also found some less developed ones resembling a Wild West rendition of the MCU, with the Avengers toting revolvers and a Native American Thanos defending his people.

Peter couldn't help but realize that Thanos was probably 100% in the right in that universe. 'I mean, how can he be the bad guy there?'

Through their efforts, Peter had mapped enough MCU-related universes to navigate efficiently, leading them to the ideal place for Wanda.

As their Tardis-like ship materialized in this new universe, Peter turned to Wanda and Tony, explaining, "This universe falls between a reality without the Darkhold and another where Wanda faces a tragic fate due to cancer. It should be a perfect blend of the two."

Wanda's excitement bubbled over as she practically sprinted out of the ship, only to find herself in a dimly lit hospital room in the dead of night. Her eyes widened as she gazed upon a frail and bald woman, who seemed to be lying dead on a hospital bed. This universe's version of Wanda Maximoff was a shadow of herself, her body worn down by the harsh treatments of chemotherapy.

The room was filled with the deafening tone of the heart monitor, which was alerting everyone to Wanda's deceased state, an unsettling reminder of her death. Tony and Wanda stood there in silence, absorbing the somber reality that had unfolded before them, whilst Peter walked over and unplugged the monitor before the nurses were alerted.

Wanda's emotions swirled within her as she looked at her dead counterpart, empathy washing over her. She couldn't understand the pain and suffering this version of herself had endured, as she never had cancer, but she couldn't help but feel a deep connection to the woman in that hospital bed.

"Wait..." Wanda raised a curious brow as she turned to Peter. "How did she die from cancer? I could easily cure cancer with my powers..."

Peter shook his head. "This version of you never awakened any powers. She was just a normal person."

"..." Wanda stared at her counterpart, surprised that even a normal version of her could get f\*cked over as well. Though instead of the man she loves dying or the illusionary children she created disappearing, this one simply got cancer and lost it all. They were the same, just in a different way.

Tony broke the silence, bringing the focus back to the task at hand. "So, what's the plan?"

Before Peter could respond, he felt a peculiar presence in the room. It was an ethereal, ghostly presence, distinct from the living world. Peter's eyes widened as he realized what it was. He reached

out, his hand passing through the deceased Wanda as he grasped onto the form of a translucent figure, pulling it from her body.

Startled, Tony and Wanda watched as a ghostly Wanda Maximoff appeared before them. She looked around in bewilderment, her voice filled with confusion as she asked, "What's going on? Is that me? Why is Tony Stark here?"

Peter moved to explain, but Wanda stopped him, "Wait... Let me talk to her."

"Sure..." Peter shrugged and stepped back, beside Tony.

...

Minutes passed, as the living Wanda explained why they had come to this universe, the ghostly version listening intently. Surprisingly, a relieved smile began to form on her face, her confusion giving way to understanding.

This transformation shocked everyone. They had anticipated resistance from the ghostly Wanda, but it seemed she had a different perspective. Realizing their confusion, she began to speak, her voice soft and filled with a sense of calm. "I'd much rather have a version of me, someone who will love my children unconditionally, take care of them instead of some unknown foster or adoption family... It seems like I have nothing to worry about anymore..."

With that, the ghostly Wanda's form began to shimmer, her presence becoming more ethereal by the second. She looked at the living Wanda with a final, reassuring smile before she dissolved into the air, her soul finally free to move on to the next life, unburdened by the worries that had tethered her to this world.

Wanda stood there, the weight of the moment settling in, realizing that she had gained a chance for a new life and a family of her own.

Ruining the moment, Peter stepped up and conjured a pair of scissors, clippers, a razor, and some shaving cream. "Well, are you ready to take her place?" He smirks as Wanda begins to realize what will happen next.

Wanda's eyes widened. "Can't we just use magic to make people think I'm bald?"

Tony stepped up beside Peter, matching his smirk completely. "How could you ask that? Where's your sincerity and respect for the dead?"

Peter nodded along beside him. "That's right! Do you think she liked going bald from all of her treatments? No, but she had to do it, and so do you..."

Wanda looked at their insufferable faces and felt the overwhelming urge to enact violence. "Fine..." But she held back and simply let go of her attachment to her long, luscious hair. If they wanted her bald, then she would oblige. After all, it was thanks to them that she was even here in the first place.

""Hehe"" Peter and Tony giggled like idiots as they surrounded her, buzzing, slicing, and shaving her hair with a mad glee.

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The next day...

The sun cast a warm glow through the curtains of the small hospital room. It was a new day, one filled with hope and change. In this universe, life was unfolding in a way that had not been expected.

Wanda, who had taken the place of her deceased counterpart, sat patiently in her hospital bed with a renewed sense of purpose. With a contented smile, she looked around the room, marveling at the opportunity she's been given.

And finally, the moment she was waiting for had arrived. The door creaked open, and the two young children, her boys, entered the room. Their faces were a mix of anticipation and apprehension as they approached the hospital bed. One of them hesitantly called out, "Mom?"

Wanda's heart swelled with love as she held her arms out to them. "Come here, my darlings." Her voice was filled with warmth and tenderness.

The children rushed into her embrace, their tears flowing freely. They had experienced a world of pain and loss, and seeing their mother in a much healthier and vibrant state was a dream they had never dared to imagine.

Wanda held them close, her heart brimming with love and gratitude. The tears they shared were not tears of sorrow, but tears of joy and healing. They clung to her as if afraid she might disappear.

As the emotional reunion unfolded, the door to the room opened once more, and her doctor came walking in, a sense of astonishment in his eyes. He glanced at Wanda and then at the children, his voice laced with disbelief as he declared, "This morning's tests show zero cancer cells in your entire body... You're officially in remission."

The room seemed to hold its breath, the weight of the news settling in. Wanda's eyes welled up with tears as she looked at the doctor. "In remission? But I thought..." She played it off well, using her novice acting skills to the best of her ability.

The doctor nodded, understanding her confusion. "It's a miracle. We've never seen anything like it. But I must caution you, Wanda. Cancer is unpredictable, and it can come back. We should remain cautious and continue regular check-ups."

Wanda's children held onto her even tighter, their tears now a mix of joy and relief. One of them looked up at the doctor and said, "Thank you for making Mommy better."

The doctor smiled warmly at Wanda and her children. "I wish I could take credit for this, but it's something beyond our understanding. You should cherish this moment, Wanda."

Wanda's eyes were filled with gratitude as she nodded. "I will, Doctor. I'll cherish every moment of this." She said as she turned to the window, where she could see Peter and Tony stood atop the adjacent building, watching her. "Thank you..."

Peter and Tony nodded and gave her a wave goodbye before entering their ship, leaving Wanda to her happy ending.

## Chapter 498: Injustice

After their month-long journey through the multiverse and helping Wanda with her happy ending, Peter and Tony found themselves back in their ship. Tony, eager to explore the multiverse even further, couldn't help but ask, "So, where are we headed next?"

Peter glanced at him, his brow furrowing with a hint of weariness. "We've been gone for a month, Tony. I need to check on my family, especially America. MJ's thinking of adopting her, not to mention the fact that I have a wedding to plan."

Tony sighed, reluctantly agreeing. "Alright, fine... But we have to schedule the next multiverse trip soon, or else I'll just leave without you."

Peter shrugged. "Deal. Now, let's head back." He said as he walked over to the control panel and began to set the coordinates for their home universe.

But, as the ship's systems came to life, something strange happened. A loud, guttural hum reverberated through the ship, followed by a series of disconcerting bangs. Peter and Tony exchanged concerned glances... this was definitely not normal.

Suddenly, smoke began to rise from the ship's control panel, and circuits were popping with bursts of electricity. Panic set in as the ship phased in and out of their current universe before flickering across the multiverse. It was either a malfunction or some critical issue with the ship's design, and now it was manifesting in the worst way possible. At the worst time possible.

"Sh!t... Sh!t...Sh!t... Sh!t...Sh!t... Sh!t...Sh!t... Sh!t...Sh!t... Sh!t..." Peter quickly tried to take control of the ship and set it to return home, but the problems persisted.

Smoke continued to pour from the damaged systems, creating a tense atmosphere inside. Finally, after a few tense minutes, the ship was able to materialize in another universe, but something was off. Instead of appearing on solid ground, it was suspended high in the sky, hurtling towards the green and blue earth below.

Feeling the free fall, Peter rushed to the ship's door and wrenched it open. Smoke billowed out as he gazed down at the familiar terrain far below.

Acting on instinct, Peter leaped out of the door and summoned Phoenix flames along his body, propelling him forward. Grasping the ship with both hands, his extraordinary strength allowed him to slow the plummeting ship's momentum. Gradually, they descended toward the ground, and with a gentle touch, he set the ship down safely.

They had crash-landed in a dark, industrial part of an unfamiliar city, the surroundings littered with towering factories. Tony staggered out of the ship, still coughing from the lingering smoke. He

surveyed the damage and muttered, "We'll need at least a week to fix all that damage and find out what went wrong..."

As Tony turned toward Peter, the lights of the city revealing a bright symbol in the distant sky, he noted, "At least we made it back home in one piece-" But his tone shifted as he stared at the ominous shape. "Is that what I think it is?" Tony asked Peter.

Peter turned his gaze upward and froze in disbelief. High above them, piercing through the cloudy night sky, was a bat-shaped signal, unmistakably the bat signal. His jaw dropped as the realization hit him. They hadn't returned to their universe... they'd somehow landed in some sort of DC universe.

Peter nods, "That... That definitely looks like the bat signal..."

As the Bat-Signal loomed over them, Tony was practically bouncing with excitement. He turned to Peter, his eyes gleaming. "This is it! We're in a comic book! I get to meet Batman! This is like 10 year old me's wet dream!"

'I wonder how he'd react if he found out that he was a comic book character too?' Peter thought before quickly bringing Tony back to reality. "Hold on. I get that you're excited, but we need to secure the ship and find a safe place to put it first. And we don't even know which DC universe we're in. It could be one where Batman is... not exactly the hero you're hoping to meet."

For all they knew, they could be in the universe with the Batman who laughs, one of the scariest versions of Bruce Wayne.

He's basically the unluckiest Batman. Joker ruined his life before torturing and dosing him with an irreversible strain of joker venom, turning Batman into a hybrid of himself and the Joker.

Though that wasn't what Peter was really worried about. The odds of them landing in an evil Batman universe was slim to none. What he was wary of were entities like Lucifer, Trigon, Apocalypse, etc. When it came to power levels, DC was certainly on par, if not higher than Marvel.

Tony's enthusiasm dimmed as he realized the wisdom in Peter's words. "Yeah, you're right. We should be careful..."

Together, they began the task of moving the ship, their thoughts filled with caution and the potential dangers of the new universe they had landed in. While Tony's dreams of meeting Batman were momentarily put on hold, they both understood the need to prioritize the safety of their ship, which any villain and even some heroes would kill for.

As they carefully moved the ship away from the industrial district, they scanned the area for a suitable location to hide it. The unknown universe held countless possibilities and dangers, and Peter was determined to ensure that the ship was secured before exploring all of it.

---

Metropolis...

In the depths of an abandoned subway tunnel, Batman battled a group of Joker's henchmen. His imposing figure struck fear into their hearts as he moved with unmatched agility and precision, his dark cape swirling around him. Batman was a formidable sight, clad in his iconic black suit, with a cowl that concealed his face, revealing only his mouth and chin.

[Insert picture of Batman here]

In the dimly lit tunnel, the confrontation escalated as the henchmen surrounded Batman, each one brandishing weapons that paled in comparison to the skills of the Dark Knight. They underestimated him, and that was a mistake they'd soon regret.

As the henchmen lunged at him, Batman dispatched them one by one. A flash of his batarangs, a blur of fists and feet, and they were swiftly subdued. But amidst the chaos, one of the goons managed to get dangerously close, aiming a pistol directly at Batman's back.

Just as the henchman's finger began to squeeze the trigger, a blur of red and blue appeared. Superman descended from above, his chiseled features and iconic S-shield emblazoned on his chest, a symbol of hope and strength.

[Insert picture of Superman here]

Superman's mere presence was enough to send shivers down the spines of the remaining henchmen. He caught the henchman's wrist, his grip unyielding, and with a powerful squeeze, he bent the firearm, rendering it useless.

Batman, still in combat mode, pivoted and swiftly incapacitated the last henchman with a precise blow to the jaw. The criminal crumpled to the ground, unconscious.

Once the dust settled, Batman stood before Superman, and his voice was as cold and calculated as ever. "I had him."

Superman raised an eyebrow, a subtle smirk tugging at the corners of his lips. "Nice to see you, too. And to what do I owe the pleasure?"

Batman, never one for pleasantries, pulled out a small device and began scanning the area, his sharp mind already focused on the next lead. "The Joker is in Metropolis. I'm here to find out why."

Superman nodded, understanding the gravity of the situation. As Batman continued to work on his device, Superman couldn't help but offer a small revelation. "I have news, Bruce."

Batman didn't look up from his device, but there was a noticeable shift in his demeanor. "Lois is pregnant."

Superman's mouth dropped open in shock, and a rare vulnerability flickered in his eyes. "How...?"

Batman glanced up briefly, his voice uncharacteristically gentle. "Your hands didn't tremble when you faced Doomsday. They are now."

The device in Batman's hands began to beep, signaling a specific direction, and he wasted no time in following its guidance. "Congratulations, Clark. I'll be out of your city as soon as I find the Joker. You mind cleaning this up?"

Superman glanced away momentarily, considering the challenge that was always Batman, and when he turned back, he realized the Dark Knight had vanished, leaving him to manage the aftermath alone.

With a wry smile, Superman muttered to himself, "How does he do that every time?"

---

Lois Lane and Jimmy Olsen were no strangers to danger. As intrepid reporters, they often found themselves chasing leads that took them to the darkest corners of the city. Today was no exception as they crouched atop a stack of metal shipping containers at a desolate shippingyard.

Lois, with her signature black hair and a determined glint in her eyes, peered through binoculars, watching the suspicious activity unfold below. She wore her characteristic sharp attire, professional yet ready for anything.

[Insert picture of Lois Lane here]

Beside her, Jimmy Olsen, a lanky figure with short red hair, focused on capturing the evidence with his trusty camera. His face displayed the enthusiasm of a dedicated photojournalist, unaware of the danger that loomed around them.

[Insert picture of Jimmy Olsen here]

"Say 'cheese,'" Jimmy muttered to himself, taking snapshots of some mysterious individuals unloading crates from a ship. He had an innate ability to capture moments in time that told a story in the blink of an eye.

Lois, however, had an instinctive sense for trouble. She noticed subtle signs that something was amiss and tugged on Jimmy's arm. "Something's wrong. Let's go."

Jimmy, intent on getting one more shot, hesitated for just a moment, snapping another picture of the suspicious activity below. But before he could finish, a deafening gunshot echoed through the air.

Suddenly, bullet pierced the side of Jimmy's head, causing him to topple to the ground. The blood flowed from the wound as his body went limp, life extinguished in an instant.

Lois gasped in shock and horror, rushing to Jimmy's side as she called his name, but there was no response. His eyes dimmed, his once vibrant spirit vanishing with the finality of death.

"Hehehaha..." The ominous laughter that followed sent a chill down Lois's spine. She turned to see the Joker, a man with chalk-white skin and a chaotic mop of green hair, grinning wickedly in her direction. He held a smoking gun, a mad glint in his eyes.

[Insert picture of the Joker here]

"Well, well, well," the Joker taunted with a chilling chuckle.

Beside him, Harley Quinn, with her vibrant red and blue hair and her oversized mallet, gazed at the scene with a manic glee. She twirled the weapon in her hand, ready for any chaos that might follow.

[Insert picture of Harley Quinn here]

"Imagine meeting you here, Lois," the Joker mused, his voice dripping with malevolence.

"Vacationing is so fun, puddin'." Harley commented, smirking happily.

"Only the very best for you, Harley." Joker turned back to wink and mistakenly steps into a puddle of blood. "Ew... I got some Jimmy on my shoe..."

## Chapter 499: Dead Bird

In the dimly lit, abandoned building they had chosen, Peter and Tony got to work. Peter waved his hands, conjuring golden spell circles in the air. With a deep focus, he began to transform the building around them. The cracked walls were transfigured to a pristine condition, the old, battered floor turned into polished marble, and the crumbling ceiling regained its sturdiness.

But Peter didn't stop there. With the building up to a livable standard, he then placed some runes along the walls, which would make any passerby's ignore the place.

"Nice job," Tony commented as he watched the room transform. "You know, we could make a fortune flipping houses..."

Peter grinned and replied, "That would be a good idea if I wasn't already a billionaire, and you weren't a trillionair." With a flick of his fingers, he conjured some comfortable furniture, making sure the space wasn't just an empty room.

...

While Peter continued renovating their temporary residence, Tony delved into the ship, his hands moving deftly as he started taking apart and inspecting the fried remains of the control panel. It was a meticulous process, but Tony was determined to get to the bottom of what had gone wrong.

After a while, Tony emerged from the ship, holding the single motherboard in his hand. He looked at Peter with a mix of frustration and relief. "I think I found the culprit. This motherboard was cracked, which triggered a cascade of complications and landed us here."

Peter let out a sigh of relief, rubbing his temples. "At least it wasn't the multiverse engine core. If that had been damaged, I might have actually cried."

Tony nodded in agreement. "Yeah, we got off relatively easy this time."

With a plan in mind, Peter turned to Tony. "I'll go get some supplies and food while you start on the repairs."

Tony, who had been itching to explore Gotham City, whined, "Why do I have to stay here and handle the repairs? We built this ship together, so you know how it works. Actually, now that I think about it, you probably know it better than I do..."

Peter fixed Tony with a dead look and a raised eyebrow. "It's simple, I know you better than you know yourself and I don't trust you not to cause trouble out there. Gotham isn't the friendliest place, and you're too excited. Just stay here, work on the ship, and I'll be back as soon as I can." He said matter of factly. "Besides, I'm just going to get supplies. We can both head out together when I get back."

Tony grunted but didn't protest further as Peter left the building. Watching Peter's back as he departed, Tony muttered under his breath, "Aren't I supposed to be the mature one here? So why is he the one acting like he's the adult?" He knew he had his responsibilities, but that didn't stop him from longing to explore this new and mysterious DC universe.

As Peter disappeared into the dark streets of Gotham, Tony sighed and turned his attention back to the ship. There was work to be done, and he was determined to get their means of transportation back in working order.

---

As Peter walked through the dark streets of Gotham, the looming clouds overhead blocked out the sun's light, giving the city an eerie atmosphere. The pollution was thick in the air, and Peter couldn't help but wonder if it wasn't just smog but a curse that shrouded the city in perpetual gloom.

Making his way through the crowded streets, Peter did his best to blend in with the people of Gotham. He had to purchase supplies and food the old-fashioned way because he knew that items he conjured would disappear after a certain amount of time.

Even conjured food was only worth snacking on, as it held zero calories or nutrition. So if they didn't want to starve to death, then they had to go shopping.

Suddenly, the sounds of car wheels screeching to a halt followed by sharp cracks of gunfire pierced the air, echoing from around the corner. Peter's instincts kicked in, and he strolled toward the source of the commotion. As he turned the corner, he found a gruesome scene unfolding before his eyes.

There, in front of him, was the Penguin, a grotesque figure with a rotund body, dressed in a tuxedo, and sporting a monocle. He waddled back and forth in front of a line of captives, men, women, and children alike, all forced to their knees, with guns aimed at their backs. "You all should've just kept your mouths shut, shouldn't ya?"

One of the hostages, a young girl about the same age as Peter's own daughter, bravely spoke up, "I... I don't even know who you are!"

Penguin leaned in close to the girl, his bladed umbrella poking dangerously close to her tiny neck. "Oh, my dear, innocence doesn't save anyone here. You might not have talked to the Bat, but your dear old dad did, didn't you?" Penguin hissed as he turned his head.

The man beside her, who was indeed her father, began to beg for his daughter's life, "Please, punish me, not her. She's innocent, she doesn't deserve any of this!" He pleading with Penguin.

Penguin's cruel laughter filled the air as he grabbed the girl by her hair, ready to carry out a ruthless execution in front of her father.

Peter, unable to stand by and watch any longer, was about to step out and intervene. But just at that moment, a handful of pellets hit the ground, releasing a thick cloud of smoke that engulfed the area.

As if on queue, the captives climbed to their feet and ran for their lives. And in their place, two figures descended from the buildings above, their presence masked by the smokescreen. The smoke choked Penguin and his henchmen, causing chaos as they struggled to see and breath.

Emerging from the mist were Robin, a young acrobat in a red and green costume with a yellow cape, and Batgirl, clad in a sleek black suit with a bat insignia, her bright red hair flowing in the wind.

One by one, Penguins men were rendered unconscious, collapsing to the ground as the two sidekicks made quick work of them.

"It's the Bat! Shoot! Shoot! God damn it!" Penguin, thinking it was the Batman himself, ordered his men to open fire. Instantly, countless bullets sprayed randomly through the smoke-filled air. Many shots missed, whilst other ended in friendly fire, wounded or even killing one another.

In the chaos, a stray bullet found its mark and struck Robin in the leg. Batgirl quickly came to his aid, holding his wound to stop the bleeding.

By this point, the smoke was starting to clear, and Penguin stood tall, alongside two remaining lackeys. His smirk revealed his overwhelming relief that it was Batman's minions, and not the Dark Knight himself. "Where's you're daddy? Did he send you two idiots out all lone?"

As he taunted the fallen heroes, Peter calmly walked over and set down his groceries, drawing the attention of everyone present.

Robin and Batgirl, spotting a civilian making a very dumb and dangerous decision, exclaimed. "Run! Quickly! Get out of here!" But before they could react further, Penguin motioned for his men to kill Peter, believing him to be just another bystander.

The henchmen, who were aiming at Robin and Batgirl, turned their guns at Peter, and as they opened fire, Peter simply disappeared before their very eyes. The gunmen fired round after round, but Peter was nowhere to be found.

Amid grunts and groans, Penguin turned and found his two remaining henchmen falling to the ground, incapacitated. Their guns dropped to the pavement, Peter standing behind them, his hands casually in his pockets.

Peter, with a playful yet slightly exasperated expression, glanced at his groceries, which had been riddled with bullet holes. "Great, just great... That cost 89 dollars and 30 minutes of my life, which means it actually cost around a million dollars altogether." He turned to Penguin, an annoyed look on his face. "You're their boss right? Pay up... The bank of Spider-Man takes cash deposits only."

Penguin, furious at the audacity of this nobody, cocked his umbrella, which turned out to be a concealed firearm, and opened fire on Peter, thinking he had the upper hand.

With a wave of his hand, Peter summoned a golden barrier made of Eldritch energy, which halted the bullets in their tracks. As the smoke from the gunfire began to clear, and all of the bullets clattered to the ground, Peter remained completely unharmed.

Penguin's ammunition ran dry, and Peter waved the barrier away, but not before using his telekinesis to levitate the used bullets into the air. With a mischievous grin, Peter told Penguin, "I think you dropped this."

He then flicked his wrist forward, sending them flying back at Penguin.

Robin and Batgirl watched in shock and horror as Penguin was riddled with bullets and fell to the ground, bloody and lifeless. His grotesque figure lay motionless in a pool of his own blood.

"You... You killed him!" Robin exclaimed in shock.

"W-Why?" Batgirl asked, just as shocked as her fellow sidekick.

"Why? Are you dumb?" Peter asked, a single eyebrow raised. "He just tried to execute men, woman, and children in the middle of the street like some crazed warlord. If you two didn't show up, then he would have slit that little girls throat."

"But no one was hurt!" Batgirl rose to her feet, stood protectively in front of Robin, who was still wounded. "You didn't have to kill him. He was out of ammo. All you had to do was capture him!"

"Right... so you are dumb." Peter spoke matter of factly. "First, I don't know about you, but I hold zero sympathy for child killers, even if it's only attempted. And second, I have a right to self defense. That fat f\*ck unloaded a full magazine on me, so I defended myself. End of story." He shrugged uncaringly as he turned to collect his surviving groceries.

"But-" Batgirl tried to form a rebuttal but a sudden transmission through her and Robins comms stopped her.

"This is a priority call to all Justice League members and affiliates. I need as many of you as we can spare in Metropolis. Lois Lane is missing." Peter's ears perked up as he heard the grizzled voice of Batman.

## Chapter 500: Saving a Damsel

Hearing the call echoing through both Robin and Batgirl's earpiece's, Peter froze for a moment and listened intently. The voice on the other end was unmistakable, the voice of Batman.

"This is a priority call to all Justice League members. I need as many of you as we can spare in Metropolis. Lois Lane is missing," Batman's gruff voice declared.

A second voice crackled over the radio, questioning the urgency, "You want the whole Justice League on a missing person case?"

Peter's eyes widened as he realized the gravity of the situation. Batman's response confirmed his suspicions, "Yes. We believe she was taken by the Joker."

Instantly, Peter was struck by the reality of his current location. He was in the Injustice Universe, a dark and twisted world where the Joker tricks Superman into killing Lois Lane alongside their unborn child, which happens to also trigger a bomb in Metropolis at the same exact time, sending Superman down a path of tyranny and slaughter.

Turning back to Robin and Batgirl, who were still dazed from the earlier encounter, Peter moved swiftly and snatched their earpiece comm devices.

"Hey!/Give that back!" They attempted to fight back and complain, but Peter didn't waste any time. With precise strikes, he incapacitated them, leaving the unconscious sidekicks in the middle of the street, where they would hopefully wake up soon, or else the police might find them alongside Penguins dead body.

Completely ignoring his groceries, Peter opened a shimmering portal back to their temporary hideout and called out, "Tony! Let's go! We're heading out!"

Tony, who had been eager to explore Gotham City, rocketed out of their ship in his Iron Man suit and flew straight through the portal, landing at Peter's side. He couldn't help but notice the downed sidekicks and the bullet-riddled corpse of the Penguin a few meters away.

"I thought you said I'd be the one to get into trouble?" Tony quirked a brow at Peter. "And where are the supplies?"

Peter simply pointed at the bullet-riddled groceries, and Tony raised an eyebrow in response.

Before Tony could inquire further, Peter pulled out his phone and connected to the local internet. He swiftly located Metropolis on the map and stashed his phone away, all while opening another portal to a tall high-rise building in the sunny, futuristic city of Metropolis.

Peter strolled through the portal, and Tony followed, bewildered by the sudden change in scenery.

"Peter, I thought we were going to explore Gotham," Tony began, but Peter interrupted with a question.

"Do you recall the last DC movie we watched together?" Peter inquired.

Tony took a moment to recollect before replying, "The Injustice movie."

As the words left his lips, realization washed over Tony. He surveyed the cityscape and spotted three figures flying in the distance, along with a red streak zipping through the streets below.

Tony couldn't help but ask the question that was gnawing at him, "Is Lois dead yet?"

Peter replied, "No, she's just been taken by the Joker."

Tony nodded and activated his suit's scanning systems, "Jarvis locate the nearest explosive signatures."

Jarvis promptly responded with a confirmation, "On it, sir."

As Tony's suit scanned the city, he picked up a high-level chemical reading emanating from the clock tower at the center of the city. He relayed the information to Peter, "I found Joker's bomb. It's in the clock tower."

Peter smirked and said, "Good. You take care of the bomb. I'll handle the damsel in distress before Superman goes rogue." He said as he tossed over Batgirl's earpiece. "That links up with the Justice League. I have Robins as well. I haven't made our presence known yet, so only talk when you've disarmed the bomb."

Tony begrudgingly accepted the lesser of the two tasks, knowing that disabling the bomb was crucial to preventing a catastrophe. With a burst of repulsor powered speed, he shot off toward the clock tower.

While Tony takes care of the potentially catastrophic bomb, Peter made a swift decision. Shrouding himself in the vibrant and ethereal flames of the Phoenix Force, he launched himself into the sky, his destination the waters surrounding Metropolis.

Casting a quick spell as he descended, Peter scanned the waters below and located a hidden submarine, lurking beneath the waves just off the coast of Metropolis. Not wasting a single second, he donned his spider suit, knowing he'd need its filtration enchantment to protect himself from the Kryptonite laced Scarecrow toxin that was no doubt inside the sub, meant for Superman upon his arrival.

Opening a portal into the submarine, Peter stepped inside, finding the interior engulfed in a thick green gas. The malicious toxin had already been released, but his suit's enchantment kept him safe from its effects.

As soon as the portal closed behind him, Peter could hear it, the eerie and unhinged laughter that could only belong to the Joker. It echoed through the confined space of the submarine, a haunting symphony of madness.

Following the deranged laughter like a beacon, Peter ventured further into the sub and stumbled upon a chilling scene. Joker and Harley Quinn were both standing over a groggy Lois Lane.

A closer look revealed that Lois had a long, stitched cut on her chest. The Joker had linked her heartbeat to the bomb, which is meant to kill thousands of metropolis citizens upon her death.

Joker raised a dubious eyebrow at Peter's entrance, quipping, "Well, you're not Superman..."

Peter nodded, his tone dripping with condescension. "You're quite astute, aren't you?"

Harley couldn't contain herself and rushed at Peter, her oversized hammer at the ready. She screamed, "No one makes fun of my puddin'!"

But before Harley could grasp what was happening, Peter flickered out of view and reappeared behind her in an instant. With a backhanded slap, he sent her hurtling into the unforgiving metal wall of the submarine at breakneck speed.

As Harley collided with the wall, falling unconscious upon impact, Joker stood behind Peter, a revolver aimed squarely at the back of his head. He was ready to fire, ready to blow his brains out.

But Peter, using his speed alone, vanished yet again. He materialized at Joker's side, reaching out and crushing the gun's barrel with his hand into a twisted, deformed hunk of metal.

"Aww, that was my favorite piece! I killed Carmine Falcone and Two Face with that... It had so much history..." Joker whined, tossed the ruined weapon aside, and produced a small spray bottle filled with an unknown, sinister liquid. "Let's try this instead!" He brandished it menacingly, poised to unleash its unknown horrors.

However, Peter moved with superhuman agility and snatched the bottle from Joker's grasp, turning the tables on the clown prince of crime. He sprayed Joker right in the face with his own malicious substance.

Instantly, Joker's maniacal laughter turned to blood-curdling screams as the acid-like liquid seared his face, causing excruciating pain. "Aaaahhhhh!" The deranged villain's face burned and distorted under the corrosive assault.

Tossing the spray bottle aside and leaving Joker to his anguished cries, which eerily merged with his psychotic laughter, Peter collected Lois and opened a golden portal back to the building where he and Tony had parted.

Gently placing Lois on the ground, he turned back to the portal and shot two quick webs, which pulled the unconscious Harley and the still-screaming Joker through.

With everyone out of the submarine, Peter closed the portal and knelt beside Lois, who looked up at him through groggy eyes, seeing him as a nightmarish figure due to the Scarecrow toxin she had inhaled while inside the sub. "No! No! Get away from me!" She cried out in terror, begging for the illusion to disappear.

Casting a quick spell, Peter discerned a device wrapped around her heart, which Joker had no doubt attached. Working his mystical expertise, he delicately opened her stitches and removed the device, erasing any trace of the cut. In an instant, Lois was restored to perfect health, without a scar to be found, and the remnants of the Scarecrow toxin that filled the submarine were flushed out of her system.

Lois finally gazed at Peter, seeing him for who he truly was and not some monstrous apparition. "Huh? Where am I?" She also noticed both Harley, unconscious a few feet away, and the wailing Joker, clutching his deformed face.

As Peter finished, Tony's voice resonated over the Justice League radio, "Spidey, I defused Joker's bomb."

Instantly, confusion filled the airwaves as Batman and the others struggled to identify the unfamiliar voice on the line, not to mention the fact that they hadn't even known about the bomb threat.

Following Tony's announcement, Peter reported, "Good work, I'm back at the building where we split up. I've captured Joker, Harley, and retrieved Lois Lane."

Immediately, Superman's voice, filled with relief, flooded the radio waves. "Where is she?! Is she safe?!"

Peter didn't bother responding, and instead, he gently removed Robin's earpiece and handed it to Lois. Groggily, Lois put it on and heard Superman's voice, "Hello?! Answer me! Is Lois alright?! Hello?!"

"I'm fine Clark... I just feel a bit woozy..." As she conversed with her lover, who was infinitely relieved to hear her voice, Peter's attention shifted to Tony, who had landed beside him, his eyes locked on the infamous Joker, the embodiment of comic book villainy.

"It's really him..." Tony muttered in awe.

Even Peter couldn't deny a sense of excitement at encountering the Joker, though it didn't quite match Tony's level of fanboying.

As time passed, the Justice League was able to find where they were. The Flash, with his signature red suit and lightning bolt insignia, streaked up the side of the building and appeared before them, bringing Batman along with him.

[Insert picture of Flash here]

Green Lantern, a figure clad in a green and black costume, flew over head.

[Insert picture of Green Lantern here]

Wonder Woman, the Amazonian princess with her lasso and sword, descended gracefully from the sky.

[Insert picture of Wonder Woman here]

And the last to arrive, Superman, rushed to his pregnant lovers side, pulling her into his arms. "You're alright..." He muttered in relief.

The mood was generally celebratory, with everyone relieved that Lois was found safe and sound. However, Batman, with his piercing gaze, remained skeptical, silently scrutinizing Peter and Tony, trying to figure out where these unknown heroes came from.

As Batman focused on them, Tony couldn't help but experience a sense of awe and fanboy excitement. He stood before the iconic Batman, a legendary character he had admired since he was a child. 'It's him! It's really him!'

Peter couldn't help but shake his head as he watched his best friend vibrate in excitement, like a child on Christmas morning. 'Is this how I felt when I first became Spider-Man and met everyone?'

Tired of waiting, Batman steps forward menacingly. "Who are you...?"