

# Spider-Man 511

## Chapter 511: Mass Execution

In the dimly lit meeting room of the Justice League headquarters, the weight of their decision hung heavy in the air. Superman and Wonder Woman exchanged a long, silent look, understanding the gravity of the task they were about to undertake.

Superman turned to Wonder Woman, his voice steady but filled with determination. "Diana, you don't have to do this. I'll take care of it..."

She shook her head, her eyes reflecting the same resolve. "No, we'll do it together."

After a moment, they both nodded in unison, volunteering themselves for the daunting role of executioners.

Peter spoke up, hoping to continue his kill streak. "I'll tagalong as well. There's over 40 names on that list, so more hands will expedite the process."

Tony echoed his sentiments, realizing the urgency. "Yeah, and we better get moving before someone blabs to Bruce."

The decision had been made, and they couldn't afford to delay. The four of them united, ready to carry out the grim task ahead.

The villains on the list, each locked securely in their cells, were all located only a few floors below in the maximum-security wing of the Justice League's headquarters. Many of them were just recently captured during the orchestrated attack on the League.

The heroes moved together, their steps echoing ominously in the sterile, dimly lit corridors of the prison. As they approached the first cell, a wave of tension washed over them.

The man inside, the notorious Eobard Thawne, the Reverse-Flash, known for his malicious manipulation of time, stood defiantly behind the reinforced bars. He glared at the four of them, a sneer curling his lips.

Peter stepped forward, his voice rather casual for the situation. "Thawne, sadly for you, It's time to face the consequences of your actions."

"?" Thawn gave him a confused look. After all, the Justice League has never done anything like this before.

Seeing his confusion, Peter stated it plainly. "You've been sentenced to death."

Thawne's eyes darted from one hero to another, realization sinking in. With a bitter smile, he muttered, "Do your worst..."

Without hesitation, Wonder Woman used her Lasso of Truth to immobilize Thawne, and Clark, his eyes glowing in red light, administered a quick, painless end to the villain by decapitating him with his laser eyes.

"!?" Thawne's eyes widened in shock as his head toppled off of his body, never truly expecting the Heroes he knew so well to execute him.

As the group moved to the next cell, Peter managed to discreetly swipe a tiny bit of Thawne's blood before tossing a wisp of Phoenix flames at the body. 'I wonder if I can get the Speed Force with this?' He wondered as the body quickly turned to ash.

The procession continued, cell by cell, as the heroes went down the list. Some villains, aware of their imminent fate, begged for mercy, their pleas falling on deaf ears. Others remained defiant, vowing vengeance even as their lives were extinguished.

As the minutes turned into hours, and the list dwindled, the atmosphere grew increasingly bloody. Everyone, each with their unique abilities, played their part in the grim task. In order to spare Clark the entire responsibility, each person took turns killing off the irredeemable villains.

Superman didn't enjoy this at all but he knew that it had to be done. Wonder Woman wasn't as pure as him, and seemed to take a small bit of pleasure in the deaths of these villains, who over the years have caused her and her comrades so much trouble and heartache.

On the other hand, Peter and Tony were very used to killing scumbags at this point. As long as the f\*ckers deserved it, then they wouldn't cry over their deaths. In fact, they enjoyed the killing about as much as Wonder Woman did.

At last, they reached the final cell on the list. It contained Brainiac, a ruthless artificial intelligence responsible for the destruction of countless civilizations and worlds. Unlike the others, Brainiac was not defiant or remorseful. Instead, it regarded them with an eerie calmness.

Superman stepped forward, determination etched on his face. "Brainiac, you've caused immeasurable suffering. It ends today."

With a nod from Superman, Tony activated a new feature on his armor from Kang's tech, designed to disable nearby tech. As the malevolent AI's lights flickered and its metallic form slumped, Peter completed the task like he did with all of the others, tossing a small ball of Phoenix flames inside.

"..." The group watched in silence as the last name on their list was burned to ash before their eyes.

Soon enough, the heroes exited the prison. Superman trailed behind them, his steps heavy with the weight of their actions. They had carried out a grim duty, sparing the world from the potential resurgence of these villains, but it had come at a high cost.

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Only a few hours later...

In the dimly lit confines of the Batcave, Bruce Wayne's keen eyes were glued to the multiple screens displaying live security footage from the Justice League headquarters.

Batman was well known for his unwavering dedication to justice and his staunch opposition to killing, so seeing what he saw now certainly brought his blood to a boil. His jaw clenched, and his gloved hands tightened into fists as the shocking events unfolded before him.

As he was returning from his usual nightly patrol of Gotham, a member of Batman's faction had alerted him to a disturbing development in the prison. Many of the captured villains had vanished from their cells, leaving nothing behind but scorch marks and ash. The member's voice, tinged with disbelief, had relayed the news to Batman. It was a report that chilled the Dark Knight to his core.

Rushing to his Batcave, Bruce hastily pulled up the security footage from the prison, his expression darkening with each passing moment. His once-trusted ally, Superman, along with Wonder Woman, and their multiverse traveling guests, were seen on the screens, executing the defenseless prisoners, one after another. The heroes showed no mercy, and Peter incinerated the lifeless bodies as they moved on to the next victim.

Batman watched in disbelief and horror, his gloved hands tightly clenching his chair's armrests. The heroes, who were supposed to be the beacon of hope and morality, had committed an act he considered unforgivable. He had always been firm in his belief that taking a life, regardless of the circumstances, was an evil act. Now, the actions of those he once held in high regard shattered his faith.

"Clark... Diana... What happened to you?" He couldn't help but ask himself.

As the killing spree reached its gruesome conclusion, with a body count of 47 defenseless prisoners, Batman refused to sit still any longer, he just couldn't. He stormed out of his seat, his voice firm but tinged with anger as he spoke to his allies over their secure communication channel.

"Listen up, everyone," Batman's voice resonated with steely resolve. "I need everyone suited up and at the Justice League Headquarters within the hour. We're finally making our move." He calls out as he pulls out a handheld device and taps the touch screen a few times. "I've just sent a video to all of you. Watch it and prepare yourselves for the battle to come. Because it won't be easy..."

His faction, filled with heroes who had shared his principles and values, listened in shock and disbelief as they received the video footage of the prison executions. Their responses ranged from anger to disbelief, mirroring Batman's own emotions.

Flash's voice crackled over the comms. "That can't be real... Is that really Superman? It can't be, right?"

Green Lantern spoke in agreement. "Yeah, are we sure that's Superman?"

Batman grunted in response. "It's him alright..."

Martian Manhunter added, "This goes against everything the Justice League stands for. It's a betrayal of our core values."

As the heroes digested the shocking information, Batman prepared to confront Superman and the others. He knew that it would be a confrontation of epic proportions, pitting friend against friend, and testing the very foundations of the Justice League.

With a deep breath, Batman declared, "We can't let this stand. I need each of you ready for action. We're going to confront them and demand an explanation for this atrocity. Get to the rendezvous point, and be prepared for anything. It's about time we put a stop to this madness."

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Relaxing in the Justice League Headquarters, Peter and Tony lounged in the dimly lit media room, the silence between them broken only by the soft hum of the A/C. Tony's patience wore thin, a growling reminder from his stomach that he hadn't eaten in hours. He shot a disgruntled glance at the wall clock.

"Come on, Peter," Tony complained, the frustration evident in his voice. "We've been waiting here forever, and nothing's happening. I'm starving. Can we just grab a bite to eat?"

Peter, however, had a thoughtful expression on his face. He turned to Tony with a knowing look, and his response was laced with significance. "Tony, have you thought about what happens when Batman finds out about what we did?"

Tony's eyes widened in realization as the gravity of their actions sank in. "You mean... Justice League civil war?"

Peter nodded in agreement. "That's exactly what I mean. We've just set the stage for a major conflict among them, which will no doubt be interesting to watch. Are you sure you still want to leave? We might miss the good parts?"

Tony shook his head, a wry smile playing on his lips. "You know, you have a knack for situations like this. I'll stay. After all, who would want to miss out on the show?"

Peter grinned, his thoughts mirroring Tony's. As they settled back into their chairs, they knew that the peaceful calm they currently enjoyed was merely the eye of the storm that was to come.

## Chapter 512: Eve of Civil War

In a secluded meeting room, Superman, Wonder Woman, and the other members of their faction gathered to discuss their approach to handling Batman's impending arrival. It was a somber and grave conversation as they grappled with the weight of their actions.

They weren't stupid. They knew that Batman would quickly learn about what they did in the prison cells. Killing so many criminals, irredeemable or not, will no doubt p\*ss off Batman. And they knew he wouldn't sit still.

"..." A nervous silence filled the room as everyone contemplated the chaos to come.

Superman, with a furrowed brow, was the first to break the silence. "Batman will undoubtedly confront us about the executions. Our actions, while necessary in our eyes, go against everything he stands for. How do we handle this, and how do we convince him that it was the right choice?"

Wonder Woman, her eyes reflecting the same turmoil, chimed in. "We need to make it clear that they were beyond redemption, that they were a threat not just to us but to the world. The likes of Brainiac, Thawne, and others like them have caused untold suffering. It was our duty to ensure they could never harm anyone again."

Cyborg, his metallic features revealing a sense of unease, added, "But we also need to consider how we can prevent an all-out conflict with Batman and his side of the League. We can't afford to be divided, especially now, when we're trying to shape the new order of the League."

Superman nodded in agreement, recognizing the need for unity. "Yeah, we should try to reason with them. Batman's a strategist, and we should try to present a strong case for our actions. Convince him that this was the only option."

As their conversation continued, the tension in the room remained high, but they hoped to resolve the coming conflict with words alone. They knew that their once-united League was at risk of splitting, and the consequences of that division could be dire.

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Meanwhile, as Superman and his faction were hoping to solve things peacefully, Peter perked up in his seat, catching Tony's attention. "They're here..."

Hopping to his feet, Peter walked to the lobby of the Justice League, followed by Tony, who already activated his suit. Outside the floor to ceiling windows, Peter let out a whistle as he watched a small army of heroes standing outside.

"Hey! Did he copy my suit?!" Tony asked, eyeing the man at the front of the army forming outside.

Batman, in a mechanical Iron Man-like suit, led his faction to the Justice League headquarters. His eyes glowed in a green light, which matched the sleek outlines on his suit. He came for a fight and seemed to bring along the Kryptonite as well.

Peter shrugged as he and Tony casually stepped outside. "It does look a lot like your armor, doesn't it? Though I doubt he has any of your tech."

Tony glared at Batman unhappily. "Jarvis, when did he scan my armor?"

Jarvis replies. "I apologize, sir, but there's no record of any scans."

As Tony was trying to figure out how Batman reverse engineered a template of his armor, the doors behind them opened once again, revealing Superman and a long trail of League members.

As the two sides stood across from one another with Peter and Tony at the center, Superman's eyes landed on Batman and widened as he caught sight of the armor he was wearing, realizing the presence of Kryptonite. It was a calculated move, a clear indication that Batman was ready to take extreme measures to make his point.

Superman began, his voice laced with regret and determination. "I know what you all have seen, and I understand how it looks. But we need you to understand the reasons behind our actions. These were not decisions taken lightly. Each of those criminals we executed posed a clear and present danger to the world, a danger that we couldn't allow to persist."

Batman, on the opposite side, his mechanical suit a constant reminder of the impending battle, remained stoic. His voice was cold as he responded. "You slaughtered those people in their cells like animals. Actions like these can never be justified. We stand for justice, not vengeance. You took the law into your own hands, and you executed prisoners without a trial. This goes against everything we stand for."

Superman attempted to plead with his longtime friend, his voice tinged with desperation. "I had to make a difficult decision for the greater good. I hope you can understand that. I didn't want to put the world at risk by keeping those individuals alive. Their powers and ambitions were a threat we couldn't ignore."

Wonder Woman, who had long shared Superman's view but had never voiced it, stepped forward to support him. "I, too, felt that these villains had exhausted every chance at redemption, and would no doubt escape their imprisonment at some point. We're not evil, Batman. We're just trying to protect the world."

Black Adam, a formidable figure in his own right, nodded in agreement. "We must look at the bigger picture. Some threats cannot be held at bay with mercy alone. We had to take action to prevent further suffering."

Flash, unable to contain his anger any longer, interjected, his voice charged with accusations. "This isn't the League I joined. Before these two," he pointed to Peter and Tony, "showed up, we never even thought about killing anyone. They've corrupted our values, and it's time we got back on the right path."

Peter and Tony, caught in the middle of this intense standoff, attempted to mediate. Peter's voice was earnest as he spoke. "We understand your concerns, Flash, but not every situation can be resolved without making difficult choices. The world is not black and white. Sometimes, there is no other way to protect innocent lives but to kill those that would threaten them."

Tony chimed in as well. "We've seen firsthand the devastation these villains can cause. Sometimes, it's not about corruption but about adapting to the changing times. They're just doing what's best, and we're offering some guidance based on experience."

Despite the attempts at resolution, it was clear that both sides were entrenched in their positions. Batman remained unwavering, his hatred of murder in any form clear. "This can't stand. What you've done is murder, and I can't make exceptions, not even for friends and colleagues. I have no choice but to place you under arrest."

The room grew even tenser, and the threat of imminent conflict loomed. It was a moment none of them had ever anticipated, a fractured League, divided by ideals and actions that seemed irreconcilable.

"He knows he isn't a police officer, right?" Tony whispered to Peter.

Peter nodded. "Yeah, I told him that already, but I don't think that he cares."

Wonder Woman turned to Batman, her eyes filled with sorrow. "Please reconsider what you're about to do. We can't allow our differences to destroy everything we've built. We're supposed to be a team."

But Batman's response was resolute. "I'll do whatever it takes to uphold the principles we stand for." He says as he turns to Superman. "The same principles that you once stood for as well."

Instantly after those words left his lips, the atmosphere crackled with tension as the two factions faced off, their once-united alliance now fractured beyond repair. A mere spark would ignite the powder keg of conflict.

Superman and his faction, their actions justified in their eyes, were prepared to stand their ground, even if it meant clashing with their fellow League members. Batman, resolute in his commitment to justice, stood firm, prepared to arrest his friends for the murders they had committed.

And with a powerful rush of air, the clash began.

Cyborg, surrounded by the hum of his mechanical body, was immediately attacked by Aquaman, the sea king's trident clashing against Cyborg's integrated weapons. The air echoed with the sounds of metallic strikes as the two collided.

Wonder Woman, her lasso in hand, clashed with Green Lantern, their fighting styles a stark contrast. The green constructs formed by the power ring met Wonder Woman's agile, sword-wielding techniques. Sparks flew as they exchanged blows, each determined to prove their point.

Flash, his speed a blur of crimson, darted across the battlefield, taking on both Peter Parker and Tony Stark. He delivered lightning-fast strikes, creating afterimages that left his opponents disoriented. Peter's spider sense tingled as he barely evaded each assault, while Tony's armor provided him with some much-needed protection.

Black Adam, radiating electric energy, faced off against the formidable Martian Manhunter. Their powers clashed, as Black Adam's might and Martian Manhunter's many abilities created a mesmerizing and destructive battle.

Superman and Batman, the leaders of their respective factions, locked eyes from their original positions. Their unwavering gazes were filled with sorrow and determination. Their clash, a confrontation between two pillars of the League, was inevitable.

As the tie sides fought with all their might, the area became a battleground. Debris and sparks filled the air as powers collided, and technology clashed with ancient weapons. The very foundations of the headquarters trembled under the strain of the conflict.

Each member of the League was a titan in their own right, and the battle was a mesmerizing display of their abilities. It was a testament to the power of the strongest organization in the world.

And as the clash unfolded, Superman looked to Batman, a sad frown on his face. "We don't have to do this... We can stop the fighting before it gets out of hand and solve this peacefully."

Batman looks at him for a moment, contemplating his offer before shaking his head side to side. "No, I think we've done more than enough talking. It's time for action."

#### Chapter 513: Peter Vs. Flash

The tension in the battlefield, which was once the entrance of the Justice League's planetary headquarters, was palpable as the worlds most powerful heroes clashed, like gods descended to earth. In the midst of the chaos, Peter found himself facing off against the Scarlet Speedster, The Flash.

"Tony, go find your own punching bag," Peter said, a smirk tugging at the corner of his lips. "I call dibs and on this one."

Tony Stark hesitated for a moment, sizing up the situation. The Flash, his red suit a blur of motion, had already accelerated toward them, intent on preventing Tony from leaving. But Peter had a trick up his sleeve. He flicked his wrist, casting a swift spell that removed the friction from the floor beneath The Flash.

In an instant, the speedster's footing gave way, and he slipped uncontrollably across the polished surface, slamming headfirst into the nearest wall with breakneck speed. The impact was a resounding crash, and for a moment, The Flash was left dazed and disoriented.

"Haha! What an idiot..." Tony couldn't help but laugh at The Flash's misfortune, a smirk playing on his lips as he made his escape to engage another member of the opposing faction. Peter turned his attention back to his downed opponent, a wicked grin stretching across his face.

"Flash, you really need to watch your step," Peter quipped, his tone laced with mockery. "This is no ordinary fight, and you can't simply rush in mindlessly, like I'm sure you've grown used to doing over the years."

The Flash, shaking off the dizziness from his collision with the wall, shot a glare in Peter's direction. "You won't get away with that cheap trick, and you certainly won't get away with corrupting my friends and turning us against each other."

"And what are you going to do about it?" Peter chuckled, weaving strands of Eldritch energy between his fingertips. "You're quick, I'll give you that. Bit speed isn't everything, my friend. Watch and learn." He smirked and disappeared, teleporting directly behind Flash and smacking him upside the head.

"Wha...?!" Flash muttered in confusion as he was hit, launching across the battlefield. 'I didn't see him move!'

Quickly recovering from the surprisingly fast attack, the speedster darted around the area, his movements almost too swift for the human eye to follow. Peter, on the other hand, exhibited a remarkable combination of perception and agility.

Flash delivered a flurry of rapid punches, his fists a blur as he aimed for Peter. With his enhanced spider senses, Peter effortlessly dodged the lightning-fast strikes, narrowly avoiding the speedster's blows with the assistance of his short ranged teleportation spell.

Appearing beside Flash, Peter retaliated by launching a web line, which coiled around The Flash's legs, tripping him up for a moment.

"Eww, what is that!?" Flash asked as he recoiled at the foreign body fluid, which was now glued to his legs. However, the speedster quickly vibrated his molecules, phasing through the webbing and regaining his footing.

"Nice try. But you'll have to do better than... whatever that was," The Flash taunted, his confidence unwavering.

Peter's response was a mischievous grin as he activated another spell, which he had been sneakily preparing since the beginning of the fight. "Okay, then try this."

Suddenly, Arcane symbols glowed beneath The Flash's feet, and instantly, the frictionless surface reappeared, sending the speedster sliding once more. This time, however, he didn't just slide off into a wall, but instead, ran in place like a treadmill, trapped in the same spot no matter how much he struggled to get free.

"You know... this reminds me of that meme with the guy who's trying not to fall on the ice," Peter said, feigning innocence. "You know what I'm talking about, right?"

"..." With no other choice, Flash was forced to allow himself to fall, so that he might be able to slide out of the trap he's found himself in, but once again he didn't get very far.

\*Crunch... Crunch... Slurp...\* Breaking from his struggling situation, Flash looked up to find Peter sat down in a couch, which wasn't there before, whilst eating snacks.

"Don't mind me." Peter waves at him dismissively. "I'll wait until you're ready, so just take your time. I know it's hard for you to use your brain, so it may take a while before we can continue our fight, but I've got food and a show to watch in the mean time, so don't worry."

"!" Instantly, an infuriated look appeared on Flash's face as he vibrates his body once again. Phasing through the floor by a single inch, he was able to bypass the spell and leap out of the area, landing on the friction-filled ground once again.

"So you do have a brain... incredible." Peter muttered as he stood from his seat and clapped his hands in applause.

Infuriated by Peter's condescending and sarcastic words, Flash rushed at him, a mad glint in his eyes. But infuriatingly enough, Flash was always a millisecond too late before Peter would simply disappear, dodging his speedy attacks with relative ease.

The battle raged on, a dynamic exchange of blows, dodges, and spells. Peter's mastery of the mystic arts allowed him to teleport at short range and even create portals, making it difficult for The Flash to predict his movements. Meanwhile, every time The Flash failed in his attacks, Peter would

punish him with a quick punch, slap, or kick that left the poor speedster with a torn costume and minor cuts and bruises all over his body.

And soon enough, after using his opponent like a living punching bag, Peter cast a binding spell, restraining The Flash with mystical chains. The speedster struggled against the ethereal restraints, but Peter's control over his magic was absolute.

"Give it up," Peter declared, his voice firm. "You won't be able to escape."

The Flash, panting and bloodied, tried to vibrate his molecules once again, but soon realized the futility of his situation. He finally relented, his voice strained. "Fine, you win. Kill me already."

"Is that what you think of me? That I'm some mindless killer who slaughters everyone that I meet?" Peter asked with a scoff as he released the mystic chains, allowing The Flash to stand once more.

"What...?" Flash mutters in confusion as he picks himself up off the floor.

Peter gazed at the speedster with a mixture of triumph and sympathy. "I don't want to kill you, Flash. I just want you to understand that sometimes, the world isn't as black and white as we'd like it to be. Some threats are beyond redemption, and we have a duty to protect innocent lives, even if it means taking the lives of others."

"..." Flash looked down at the ground, unsure how to feel about all of this.

"Come on, you can't tell me that you didn't feel the least bit relieved knowing that people like the Joker or Reverse Flash were dead?" Peter asks incredulously. "I mean, Gotham literally held a parade and named Joker's death date a citywide holiday. How can you not see the logic and good in ridding the world of its most heinous criminals?"

"..." Flash remained silent for a moment, but after a few seconds of thought, he spoke. "I admit, when I heard Thawne was gone, I couldn't help but feel a sense of relief. I thought, no one will ever have to suffer because of him again, but-"

Peter raised a questioning eyebrow, interrupting before he could add anything else. "Then why are you on Batman's side? It seems like you agree with us..."

"Just because I was relieved doesn't mean I agree with their deaths..." Flash said weakly, as if he were internally conflicted

"So you like that they're gone but don't like what was needed to be done in order to make that happen?" Peter asked in annoyance.

"I guess?" Flash answered.

"You're really an idiot, you know that?" Peter stated matter of factly. "You remind me of animal lovers, who would argue all day long for the lives of cows or other farm animals, whilst still regularly enjoying meat from their local grocery store. You're a hypocrite who doesn't have the balls to do what they know is right."

"..." Flash winced at his every word.

Peter continued. "Just like they should either shut up and enjoy the food, or cut it out of their diet for good, you should either shut up and do what needs to be done, or hang up that suit and retire."

"I...I..." Flash stuttered in self doubt before turning into a blur and disappearing into the distance.

Peter watched his opponent leave the battle, wondering whether he should chase after him. But ultimately, he decided to give the speedster some space to think. 'Maybe he'll change his mind?'

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Moments earlier...

Amidst the chaos and discord, the moment everyone had feared had finally arrived. Superman and Batman, the pillars of the Justice League, faced each other with a heavy burden of responsibility and regret. The front yard of their once-united headquarters bore the scars of the confrontation between heroes, each determined to defend their principles to the end.

Superman, his blue and red costume still pristine despite the turmoil around him, floated just above the ground, his expression a mix of sorrow and determination. He knew that this would happen, yet he still hoped that words alone would be able to solve everything.

On the other side, Batman, his mechanical suit gleaming with the unmistakable green glow of Kryptonite, stood resolute. He couldn't turn a blind eye to Superman's behavior any longer.

Seeing that Superman wasn't making the first move, Batman decided to be the one to kick things off. With a burst of inhuman speed, he lunged forward, his every move enhanced by the suit, which covered his entire body.

#### Chapter 514: Batman Vs. Superman

The whole battlefield was a chaotic storm of clashes and powers, heroes and villains locked in a fierce struggle. At the epicenter of it all, two titans faced off, each with their own convictions and strengths pushing them towards conflict.

Superman, his eyes burning with a mix of betrayal and annoyance, floated a few feet above the ground, cape billowing behind him. His chiseled muscles were barely contained by his iconic blue and red suit, a symbol of hope that had inspired many. Yet, in this moment, hope seemed to be in short supply.

Opposite him, Batman, encased in a formidable mechanical suit, gazed at Superman with steely resolve. The suit's metallic surface gleamed in the flickering light of the ongoing battle, alongside the faint green glow of Kryptonite.

Superman broke the silence, his voice laced with disappointment. "Bruce, I never thought you'd stoop this low to use Kryptonite against me..."

Batman's response was curt, "You left me no choice, Clark."

With a burst of inhuman speed, Batman lunged forward, closing the gap between them in the blink of an eye. The first punch was a blur, the mechanical suit amplifying Batman's strength, and it collided with Superman's jaw, sending him staggering backward.

Superman shook off the impact and retaliated with a powerful heat vision beam. The searing energy scorched the ground as Batman deftly dodged, jets on his suit roaring to life. He maneuvered through the sky, firing a volley of missiles that exploded around Superman, momentarily blinding him.

As the smoke cleared, Superman charged forward, fists clenched. His punches landed with earth-shattering force, creating shockwaves that rattled the battlefield. Batman's suit absorbed much of the damage, but he felt the impact in his bones.

"Is this the only way, Bruce?" Superman asked, his superhuman speed allowing him to land blows faster than the eye could follow. "To fight your friends and comrades to prove your point?"

Batman parried a strike and countered with a precision blow to Superman's midsection, his fist pulsing in a green light. Superman gasped, a searing pain ripping through him. "Ugh!" The weakened Kryptonian spit out a mouthful of blood as his ribs cracked, buckling under Batman's assault.

"I'll do what I must to protect the world, even from you," Batman growled, his voice distorted by the metallic helmet of his suit.

Superman's frustration was evident as he unleashed a devastating heat vision blast, forcing Batman to activate an energy shield that shimmered to life in front of him. The intense heat caused the shield to crack and sizzle, but it held.

Their battle continued, each move a calculated dance of power and strategy. Batman's suit enhanced his physical abilities, giving him the strength to hold his own against the Kryptonian powerhouse. Meanwhile, the Kryptonite in his suit served as a constant reminder to Superman of his vulnerability.

"Is this what it's come to, Clark?" Batman asked, grunting as he landed a punishing blow to Superman's face, splitting his lip. "Your godlike powers brought you adoration, but they also brought fear. Fear that one day, you'd turn against us all, which is why I created this suit... Though I hoped I'd never need to actually use it..."

Superman retaliated with a super-speed flurry of punches, his frustration mounting. "You think I'm the enemy? You, the man who came here in a suit made specifically to kill me? You, who allowed the Joker to slaughter so many people, over and over again?" He said accusingly. "Why can't you just see that you're wrong?"

Blood trickled from Batman's mouth as he ducked and weaved to avoid the blows. "Sometimes, Clark, even heroes have to make the hard choices. Do you think I didn't want to kill the Joker? I would have loved to snap his neck and watch the life leave his eyes, just like you did, but life is precious, no matter who it belongs to."

Their battle raged on, the whole league, including its leaders, waging war on one another. Batman's suit was battered, and Superman's invulnerability was useless thanks to the presence of Kryptonite. Blood, cuts, and bruises adorned their bodies, evidence of the brutal confrontation.

Superman's frustration grew with every punch he threw, his godlike powers momentarily usurped by the brilliant strategy of a mortal in a suit of armor. Batman's combat skills and unwavering resolve allowed him to hold his ground.

As their brutal contest carried on, they closed the distance one another, and in a final, desperate lunge, Batman delivered a crushing blow to Superman's chest with the Kryptonite-infused gauntlet. The Kryptonian gasped as the painful energy surged through him, sapping his strength.

A guttural cry escaped Superman's lips, and he stumbled backward, his hands clutching his chest where the green glow of Kryptonite persisted. The strength slowly drained from his body, and he fell to one knee, weakened and vulnerable.

It was a moment of triumph for Batman, who stood over his fallen friend, the Kryptonite gauntlet still radiating with its ominous glow. He was unyielding in his determination, undeterred by the betrayed look Superman was giving him, awaiting his death. "Don't worry, I'm not like you. You'll have your day in court just like everybody else. I'm not a murderer."

Superman looked into his eyes and scoffed. "And I'm not a criminal. At least by my standards..."

"Your standards don't matter." Just as Batman prepared to deliver the final blow, a voice rang out from above.

"Yo!" Peter appeared overhead, his presence completely unexpected. He executed a swift kick, knocking Batman off balance and sending him crashing into the closest building, which exploded upon impact, sending debris flying everywhere.

Superman, weakened from the Kryptonite exposure, which has seeped into his many injuries, slowly pulled himself up into a seated position. His eyes met Peter's, and there was a sense of gratitude in his gaze. "Thank you."

Crouching down beside the fallen hero, Peter asked with genuine concern, "Are you okay?" He asked, noticing the precious blood that dripped from Superman's wounds. "Don't mind if I do..."

Superman nodded, his voice strained. "I'll be fine."

In that moment, as Peter bent down to check over the battered Kryptonian, he discreetly collected a few drops of Superman's blood and stashed them in a hidden compartment in his suit. No one saw him, and the exchange looked completely normal.

Peter smirked, 'With Sinestro's ring as well as Reverse Flash and Superman's blood, I would say this accidental trip was definitely worth my time...'

Although Peter wasn't sure whether the Speed Force could be transferred through blood, he was 100% sure that Superman's many powers would be. After all, every Kryptonian has the potential to be like Superman. All they need is the right sun to make it happen.

As for the Speed Force, Peter was hopeful, but he wasn't confident. From what he knows, the Speed Force is a cosmic energy field and force based around velocity and movement, and one of the Seven Forces of the Universe. It is the representation of reality in motion, being the very cosmic force that pushes space and time forward.

It grants all speedsters their power, which means he may not be able to take the ability without consent. 'Not to mention the fact that I don't even know if the Speed Force exists outside of the DC multiverse...'

Though technically, Wanda's brother, Pietro, could count as a speedster, so there is a possibility. 'Maybe I can use some of Pietro's blood if it doesn't work?'

Either way, Peter was more excited about getting Superman's powers than anything else. Especially due to the fact that Kryptonite doesn't exist in his universe. 'A Superman with no weaknesses is a scary thing to imagine...' He thought, the smirk never leaving his face. 'It's going to be so awesome!'

As the dust from his impact settled, a disheveled figure emerged from the rubble of the headquarters building. Batman, battered and bruised, struggled to his feet, his mechanical suit showing signs of extensive damage. He glared at the interruption that had halted their confrontation.

"Peter," he growled, his voice laced with irritation. "This was between Clark and me. You had no right to interfere."

Peter, standing confidently, raised an eyebrow and smirked. "No right? Bruce, you brought Kryptonite to a fistfight with Superman. You're lucky I stepped in before things got even messier."

Batman's frustration boiled over as he lunged at Peter, his movements fueled by anger and desperation. His gauntlet, charged with Kryptonite, was ready to strike. But sadly for him, Kryptonite has zero effect on him. After all, Peter wasn't a Kryptonian.

At least not yet.

With ease, Peter leaned away from Batman's attack, a taunting chuckle escaping his lips. "You really think that's going to work, Bruce? You're out of your league here."

Before Batman could react, Peter backhanded him across the face, sending him tumbling through the air. The Dark Knight crashed into the ground with a resounding thud, his suit's systems flickering as it struggled to maintain functionality.

Superman, still recovering from his battle and the effects of the Kryptonite, watched the whole battlefield with a mixture of sadness and resolve. He knew he had done what was necessary to eliminate dangerous threats, but seeing his former allies fight like mortal enemies weighed heavily on his conscience.

The League's battles continued around him, heroes clashing and powers colliding. It was a stark reminder of how much had changed, how alliances had shifted, and how trust had eroded.

With a sense of resolution, Peter declared, "I think this has gone on long enough."

Superman, surprised by Peter's words, watched as the agile hero disappeared in a blur of speed.

## Chapter 515: Ending the War

The battlefield was a chaotic maelstrom of power, and Peter launched right into it without an ounce of fear or hesitation. He moved with unparalleled grace, a fusion of spider-like agility and skills honed through years of practice. Heroes clashed, but in the midst of the turmoil, they were unaware of one crucial detail...

Peter was coming to put an end to this, and they wouldn't stand a chance.

The first to notice his arrival, Aquaman, who raced towards him at lightning speed, trident aimed to deliver a devastating blow. Peter's senses, sharpened by his spider-powers, allowed him to track every millisecond of the sea king's movement. In a seamless dance of combat, Peter countered with a web-line, entangling Aquaman's weapon and halting his momentum.

"You're far too slow, Fish man." Peter taunted as he sent an electric pulse through the webbing, electrocuting and temporarily disorienting the fish king. Before he could react, Peter unleashed a barrage of webs that immobilized him completely before pulling him closer and delivered a punch to the back of his head.

"Oh, that looked like it hurt..." Peter muttered as he watched Aquaman impact the ground, falling unconscious immediately. "Have a nice nap, okay?"

Next, Peter turned his attention to Wonder Woman, who was currently fighting off five separate opponents. Black Canary, Robin, Batgirl, etc. Appearing behind the five weaker League members and associates, Peter made quick work of them before eyeing his real opponent.

"What are you doing?" She asks, confused by the way Peter was looking at her. After all, they were on the same side. At least, she thought they were.

Peter shrugged, his lips quirking into a bloodthirsty smirk. "I decided to put an end to the fighting, but I thought it would be more fun if I beat everyone, don't you agree?"

Raising an eyebrow, Diana stepped forward with her lasso in hand. "This really isn't the time for this, but I doubt you'll change your mind..."

"Nah, I won't, sorry." Peter spoke uncaringly.

"I see..." Wonder Woman dashed forward, her movements fluid, and her sword gleaming in the chaos. She lashed out, aiming to ensnare Peter with her truth-compelling weapon.

Peter reacted with an acrobatic flip, narrowly avoiding the lasso's reach. He used a burst of webbing to disarm her, sending the sword spiraling through the air before he swiftly webbed her arms together, creating the perfect opening.

"I'm in a bit of a rush, so I'll end this quickly," Peter excused himself as he appeared beside her, knocking her out with a spiraling kick, a smirk on his lips. "Maybe we can have a longer spar later?" He offered as she collapsed to the ground, falling unconscious.

Just as Peter was about to go looking for his next victim, a green glowing figure shot towards him, a hateful look in his eyes. "Oh, hello there, Mr. Lantern." Peter greeted as he took a step to the side, narrowly dodging the green torpedo.

Green Lantern, undeterred by his near miss, summoned a colossal, glowing construct of a giant fist, aiming to crush Peter. The construct descended with immense force, but Peter's senses alerted him to the imminent threat. With a flick of his wrist, he cast a binding spell that immobilized the construct.

"Nice try," Peter said, casually avoiding the incoming construct and charging forward. He punched through the emerald energy, his fist making contact with his opponents jaw, sending the Green Lantern sprawling backward, falling to the ground below.

Without wasting anymore time, Peter opened a small fist sized portal and stuck his hand through, plucking the ring from the Lanterns finger.

"?!" Green Lanterns eyes widen in shock as his powers disappear, realizing that his ring is gone.

"Night night." Peter says as he walks over and kicks Green Lantern in the head, sending him straight to bed.

...

Meanwhile, Superman and Batman stood side by side, their eyes locked on the unfolding battle before them. Their allies, members of the Justice League were being beaten like children, laying bound or incapacitated, all thanks to Peter, the man who had suddenly and unexpectedly entered their lives, turning their world upside down.

Superman, his body still weak from the effects of Kryptonite, watched in amazement as Peter moved with astonishing grace and power. The casual way he dispatched their allies sent shockwaves of realization through the Man of Steel. For the first time in a long time, he felt vulnerable and outmatched.

"I never realized he had this much power," Superman muttered, his voice tinged with amazement and relief. "If he were an enemy, we'd all be in trouble."

Batman, his armored suit in tatters, his body battered and broken, shared the sentiment but couldn't help but feel a twinge of fear. "He is a threat, Clark. Look at what he's doing. He's taken down the League like they're nothing."

Superman's eyes returned to the ongoing battle, where Peter had now turned his attention to Beast Boy, who had transformed into a massive dinosaur, attempting to overpower Peter with his shapeshifting abilities.

Superman turned his gaze toward Batman, his eyes filled with a mix of doubt and understanding. "Bruce, he hasn't killed any of them. He's incapacitating them, ending the fight, not their lives. There's a difference."

Batman's expression grew more severe. "He's a wildcard. We don't know his true intentions or what he's capable of. We can't afford to underestimate him. After all, he's already managed to corrupt your ideals and split the League into what it is now."

"He hasn't corrupted anything, nor has he split the League." Superman insisted, his tone firm. "All he did was help open my eyes to the truth. We weren't doing things the right way. It may have felt right because we never bloodied our hands, but it wasn't. People continued to die and lives were constantly being ruined for senseless reasons."

Batman's scowl deepened, he wanted to refute Superman's logic, but it was growing harder and harder to find the right words to get his point across. Not to mention the fact that a small part of him agreed with Superman, though he would never admit it.

As the battle raged on, Peter subduing Beast Boy with a combination of portals and pure strength, Batman and Superman couldn't help but be awestruck by the man's abilities. They had fought countless battles and faced formidable foes, but Peter was something else entirely.

The realization that Peter was far more than they had initially assumed had dawned upon them. He wasn't just a man with spider-like powers... he had many other bewildering abilities up his sleeve as well, and his combat skills were unparalleled. He was a force to be reckoned with, and he had the potential to reshape the dynamics of their world.

...

Peter moved through the battlefield, he noticed that most of the League has been dealt with already. But as he went to clean up the few remaining stragglers, a green skinned man phased through the floor and appeared in his path.

Martian Manhunter, one of the most formidable members of the Justice League. "I don't know what your plans are, but it stops now." He stated as he glared at Peter.

Instantly, a hint of caution crept into Peter's mind. J'onn J'onzz, a powerful shapeshifting telepath, possessed an arsenal of abilities that made him a genuine threat.

'If I had to rank the League by power, Martian Manhunter would stand at the top of that list...' Peter surmised as he returned the Martians stare, shrugging his shoulders. "I don't have any plans. Right now, I'm just having a bit of fun."

J'onn didn't seem to believe a word out of Peter's mouth. Their gazes locked, a silent acknowledgment that this battle wouldn't be avoidable.

Peter didn't give J'onn a moment to initiate and launched himself forward, winding back his fist. As J'onn attempted to turn himself intangible to dodge the strike, Peter's hand was instantly coated with swirling Eldritch energy. With a swift and fluid motion, Peter struck at J'onn's phasing form, utterly surprising and confusing his opponent.

The Martian's phase was met with resistance, his body unable to pass through Peter's charged hand. It was a split-second miscalculation, and Peter's fist landed squarely on J'onn's chest, a shockwave of energy bursting from the point of impact. The Martian Manhunter was sent hurtling backward, crashing into a nearby building, creating a shower of rubble and dust.

Peter didn't let up, leaping after his foe. "Nice try, J'onn, but your intangibility won't work on me." he taunted, webbing launching from his wrists to restrain J'onn's form. Peter then unleashed an electrified pulse that coursed through the webbing, shocking J'onn's system.

In a last ditch effort, J'onn did his best to resist the electricity running through his body as he stared at Peter and tried to attack him using telepathy, hoping to put his enemy to sleep.

"?!" Peter's eyes widen in surprise as he feels a sudden poke at his mental shields, but thankfully it wasn't nearly strong enough to break through. "That's rude, you know?" He says as he delivered a swift kick to the Martians head.

As J'onn slumped to the ground, barely conscious, Peter leaned in, a smirk on his lips. "Guess this is the end of the line for you, J'onn. But don't worry, you'll wake up eventually."

Blood trickled from a gash on J'onn's forehead as Peter left him bound and unconscious. With a quick flick of his wrist, he stealthily collected a bit of the Martians blood, stashing it away for later use. 'This whole trip has been either helping the League see reason and logic, or collecting new superpowers for myself. Maybe I should take some more trips like this in the future?'

Now, with J'onn out of the way, Peter turned his attention to the remaining stragglers. He quickly put down the remaining League members, leaving only him, Tony, Batman, and Superman.

Batman and Superman, though battered and bruised, watched in awe as Peter subdued the last of their comrades.

Peter's gaze swept the battlefield, which was now serene and calm without a single conflict, his eyes shifting to Batman and Superman.

"I think it's time we all come to an understanding..."

## Chapter 516: Imprisoned

Once the civil war was put to an end, Peter, Tony, Batman, and Superman took a moment to assess the battlefield. Many heroes lay injured, and some were unconscious, but not a single one was killed. Of course, Peter wouldn't let them suffer for long.

"Give me a minute..." Peter told them as he waved his hands, drawing a large spell circle in the air.

"?!" Eyes widening in alarm, Batman reaches for his belt, ready to stop Peter from whatever magic he was about to cast, but thankfully, Tony was there rest a hand on his shoulder.

"Relax," Tony says as he gestures to the runes on the spell. "I've studied a bit of magic, and although it's nowhere near as in-depth as Peter, I know that's a healing spell he's cooking up."

And before Batman's skeptical and paranoid eyes, Peter's spell was finished before shooting off to every injured League member.

One by one, the spell tended to their wounds, stabilizing their conditions on a matter of seconds. But not only that, Peter managed to speed up the healing process significantly. Injuries that would have taken weeks or months to heal would be gone by the end of the day.

"Thanks again, Peter." Superman felt even more grateful than he already was as he watched Peter heal his fallen comrades.

Peter paused briefly from his work to meet Superman's gaze. "It's no problem. After all, I can't just leave them suffering, can I?"

"..." Batman scowled in annoyance. Although he felt thankful as well, he would never admit it.

As Peter continued healing, the rest of the group joined him in assisting the injured League members. The four of them worked together to mend their wounds and ensure everyone was stable.

Once the injured were taken care of, Peter turned his attention to those that started this whole altercation.

"?" Batman raised suddenly got a bad feeling as Peter surveyed the area before his gaze landed directly in him. "What are you...?!"

Without a word, Peter quickly webbed and Batman as well as his immobilized followers, ready to lock them up in the League's prison.

Batman, who was too exhausted to fight back at the moment, couldn't help but protest. "What do you think you're doing?!"

Superman, conflicted, stepped in. "Yeah... what's this all about?"

"They started all of this, so they need to be locked up. Otherwise who knows when they'll come back and start another fight, spouting nonsense about right and wrong." Peter answered.

Batman glared in anger, his body tightly wrapped in web. "You can't do this! We aren't criminals!"

Superman frowned in contemplation. "... I don't know, Peter. Maybe we should just let them go?"

Peter shook his head before explaining. "I'm not saying this is permanent, but it's necessary for now. We need to figure out what to do next, how to address this situation."

"Address the situation?" Superman asked in confusion.

"Yes," Peter nodded. "Like, what is the League now? Are you two splitting up? Can there be a compromise? If not, then who gets to keep being the Justice League and who has to go? And most of all, will there be more conflicts like this afterwards?"

Batman tried to argue his way out, "And we can talk about that without locking half the League up like common criminals!"

Peter sighed, looking at Batman with a hint of sadness. "Look, Bruce, I know you have good intentions, but you're a hardheaded man. I've seen it, and so has Clark. Giving you freedom now will only create more problems in the future."

Superman, still uncertain, considered Batman's plea but eventually nodded in agreement with Peter. "We'll lock them up for now, but it won't be for long, and we need to come up with a plan moving forward."

"Clark!" Batman exclaimed, betrayal written all over his face.

"I'm sorry, Bruce. But it's only temporary, I promise." Superman looked away as Peter webbed Batman's mouth shut before opening a portal below him, depositing him safely into a prison cell.

...

After Batman and his followers were placed in their own prison cells, which were then enchanted to thwart any escapes, Peter found Superman sitting in an empty meeting room, contemplating the events that have occurred with a serious look in his face. "Where's Tony?"

Superman looks up, noticing Peter's arrival. "He said he was getting some food... Are they all locked up?"

Peter nods as he takes a seat. "Yeah, how's the rest of the League?"

"Still unconscious. But they'll be fine thanks to that spell of yours." He says as he leans forward, resting his elbows on the table.

"..." Instantly, the room fell into silence as neither side said another word.

...

Soon enough, Superman couldn't contain the turmoil within him any longer. He stared at the table, his voice laced with frustration as he finally broke the silence. "Is this the end, Peter? Is the League supposed to just split up now, with Batman and his side going their way and us going ours?"

Peter remained silent, allowing Superman to vent his feelings and thoughts. It was clear that the Man of Steel was carrying a heavy burden, and he needed to express it.

Superman continued, his voice tinged with a sense of defeat. "I never thought it would come to this, to a point where we're divided like this. I wanted to make a difference, to change the League for the better, to stop heinous, irredeemable criminals. But now... I'm responsible for this splintering, and I can't help but feel like maybe we should have taken things slower..."

Superman's words were a torrent of frustration and self-doubt. He had been torn between his ideals and the grim reality of the situation they were in. They just had a civil war in the front lawn of the Justice League headquarters, and now half the League was imprisoned. What was he supposed to do now?

Peter finally spoke, his voice calm and reassuring. "Clark, you had good intentions, and in my opinion, you did the right thing. You want to make the world a better place, and I still believe that's possible. Maybe this division is a necessary step in the process of change. It's not the end, but a new beginning. Who knows, maybe you guys can learn from this, find common ground, and build a better League."

Superman looked up, meeting Peter's gaze. There was a glimmer of hope in his eyes as he considered Peter's words. "But how? There wont be any common ground with Batman. You said it yourself, he's a hardheaded man. He wont listen. And if he wont listen, then neither will the rest of them."

Suddenly, as Superman finished speaking, a red blur zipped by them before taking a seat at the table. "I'll listen."

"Flash?" Superman muttered in confusion. "How?"

Peter smiled. "He ran away after I beat his a\*s." Peter explained why he wasn't in a cell like the rest of Batman's followers. "Did you change your mind, Speedy?"

Flash scoffed at Peter's taunting. "First of all, you didn't kick my a\*s-"

Peter cut in. "Yes, I did."

"- and second, yeah, I did change my mind." Flash said, shocking Superman as he turned to look Peter in the eyes. "You were right. I'm a hypocrite. I was relieved and happy when you guys killed Joker and the rest of them, but I couldn't admit it. We've been playing this game of catch and release for so long that I just couldn't see anything else working."

"What changed your mind?" Superman asked.

"I..." Flash sighed as he leaned back in his chair. "After I ran off-"

Peter cut in again. "This is after I kicked your a\*s, right?"

Flash did his best to ignore Peter. "After I ran off, I just kept running out of frustration..."

-Flashback-

After getting his a\*s kicked earlier, Flash, ran off, scared of Peter as well as the logic and reason that came along with his beating. As he ran away, he found himself just sprinting around the planet

into he was forced to stop and take a breath, exhausted. Looking around, he find himself in the heart of Gotham City, outside a small pre-school.

As he stood out of sight, Flash noticed a group of parents gathered outside, engaged in animated conversations while waiting for their children to emerge from the school. Barry couldn't help but overhear their discussions, a simple eavesdropping that would change his perspective forever.

The parents were engrossed in a topic that left Barry utterly stunned. They were openly discussing the recent demise of the Joker at the hands of Superman. The conversation flowed with an unexpected candor.

"I can't believe it," one mother said, her voice filled with relief. "Ever since Superman dealt with the Joker, I feel like we can finally breathe easy in this city. I was actually considering moving away, but now I'm not so sure. Moving is expensive, you know?"

Her words struck Barry like a bolt of lightning. It was a startling revelation. These people, ordinary citizens of Gotham, were expressing gratitude for the Joker's death, a sentiment that he'd never expected to hear.

A father chimed in, his tone equally candid. "Yeah, I mean, it's about time someone did it. I don't know why Batman didn't do this years ago. We've been living in fear for too long."

Barry listened as the parents shared their stories of living in constant dread, afraid of ever catching the Joker's attention. It was a situation he had never truly comprehended before, the daily anxiety that the ordinary citizens of Gotham faced.

The realization washed over him like a tidal wave. It was undeniable that the Joker had brought unfathomable pain and fear to this city, and even though Barry had initially been hesitant to endorse killing, the conversations of these parents highlighted the very real impact that a decisive action had on their lives.

The transformation in Barry's perspective was profound. He now understood that there were situations where drastic measures might be necessary to protect innocent lives.

With this newfound perspective, Barry Allen, The Flash, made a decision. He needed to acknowledge that sometimes, the world wasn't just black and white, and that his unwavering stance against killing might not always be the right path either.

-Flashback End-

"So, you finally pulled your head out of your a\*s?" Peter joked as Flash finished his story.

Flash rolled his eyes. "Yeah, I guess so."

Superman seemed happy, though it didn't last long. "This still doesn't solve our problem. Flash may have changed his mind, but that doesn't mean the rest will. And, especially, not Batman."

"No, but it's a start." Peter smirked as he leaned back into his chair. "And I think I have just the idea to help hurry along the rest of the League as well..."

#### Chapter 517: The Video

In the dimly lit meeting room, a flicker of an idea burned in Peter's eyes as he leaned forward, his gaze shifting between Superman and The Flash. The weight of the situation hung heavy in the air, but Peter had a plan, and he was eager to share it.

"Here's what I'm thinking," Peter began, his voice steady and confident. "We need a way to make Batman and his followers truly understand why you guys have taken this drastic step toward executing certain criminals. It's not just about making them agree, it's about making them realize the senselessness of your previous methods."

Superman and The Flash exchanged curious glances, their attention fully captured by Peter's proposal.

"I suggest we compile all the recorded crimes that would have a significant impact on them," Peter continued. "These could be anything from phone recordings and security footage, to news broadcasts and military recordings, all depicting the chaos caused by the criminals they've apprehended or the situations they feel the League shouldn't be policing. The crimes, the suffering of innocent people, the destruction... we'll gather it all."

Superman's brow furrowed as he considered Peter's idea. "Basically, you want to show them the error of their ways. Like the cycle of catch and escape and what happens when we tell ourselves that we can't get involved with wars?"

"Exactly," Peter confirmed. "And I'm sure we can find some juicy war footage for them to watch as well. As for the rest, we don't just have to use just any crime footage. We'll focus on the notorious ones, the likes of the Joker, Lex Luthor, and others. We'll put together a comprehensive hours long documentary of their crimes and the devastation they've wrought on innocent lives."

As Peter spoke, his eyes lit up once again, bright with a new idea. "And afterward, you can use the documentary to help persuade the world to see things our way. After all, not everyone will agree with the new and improved League's actions. Sooner or later, the League will stop a large country from doing something unforgivable, and that certainly won't sit well."

Superman seemed to agree. "I'm sure there's already meetings taking place, discussing our capture of that South American dictator."

The Flash nodded slowly. "Yeah, there was and Batman was a part of them, but we can worry about that later."

Superman raised a brow at that, but decided that ignore it for now. "Back to our current situation, I agree with this plan of yours. If we can help them see the sheer senselessness of what we've been doing, maybe they'll understand why we decided to take more extreme measures."

Peter nodded. "That's precisely my goal. We'll make them watch every single recording, confront the real consequences of the rules they're trying so hard to protect."

Superman leaned back in his chair, deep in thought. The more he thought about it, the more he felt that this approach could provide the perspective that might bridge the gap between Batman and himself.

"But will they agree to this?" Superman questioned. "It's not going to be easy to convince Batman and the others to sit down and watch these recordings. They haven't exactly shown a willingness to compromise."

Peter acknowledged the challenge with a nod. "You're right, it won't be easy. But we can simply make watching the video the stipulation for their release. After all, who wouldn't be willing to watch a movie if it meant getting out of prison?"

Superman couldn't help but agree. "That could work..."

The Flash chimed in, showing his support for the plan. "I think it's worth a shot. If we can get through to them, it's a step toward uniting the League again."

Superman, despite his earlier doubts, felt a renewed sense of hope. "Alright, let's give it a try. If this can help us move forward, I'm willing to do whatever it takes."

Peter smirked, hoping that his plan would work. "Great. Tony and I will get to work on collecting the recordings and setting up the presentation. It shouldn't take too long since we have Jarvis to do most of the work for us, so they shouldn't be prisoner for much longer. Maybe a day?"

"Who's Jarvis?" Flash asked.

"Jarvis is..."

---

The next day arrived, and the large meeting room was set for the awaited gathering. Peter and Tony had been working tirelessly with the invaluable assistance of Jarvis, who had single-handedly scoured databases, swept the internet for relevant videos, and seamlessly edited them into a comprehensive documentary.

The footage they had assembled showcased the full extent of the chaos caused by the villains that Batman and his followers had apprehended and subsequently released, as well as the wars and other atrocities that have been allowed to take place under the League's nose for more than a decade.

As Batman and his half of the League were led into the room, they exchanged wary glances. They hadn't been informed about the purpose of this meeting, only that they were to attend. Their restraints, which seemed to be magical in nature, kept them and their powers under control for the time being.

Superman, flanked by Peter, Tony, The Flash, and Wonder Woman stood at the front of the room. Batman's stern expression remained unchanged, and his voice was laced with skepticism as he asked, "What is this about, Clark?"

Superman stepped forward, his gaze unwavering. "We've organized this meeting to provide you with an opportunity to understand why we've chosen the path we've taken. It's important that you grasp the full implications of our previous methods."

Green Lantern, who had been locked up alongside Batman and the rest, chimed in, his tone defiant. "This is absurd! We shouldn't be imprisoned in the first place."

Superman sighed, understanding their frustration. "And you will be released after you finish watching the video. But first, we need you all to understand the consequences of your actions and why we've resorted to a more strict approach."

The room was filled with murmurs of disagreement and frustration. The Flash, who had once stood on their side, stepped forward, joining Superman and Peter. "I used to think like you guys, too. But then I realized that our old methods were causing more harm than good."

Batman's stern demeanor remained unwavering as he crossed his arms. "What's the catch? It can't be this simple."

Superman met Batman's gaze, his expression solemn. "There's no catch. The only condition is that you must watch the entire presentation without looking away or interrupting."

Green Lantern, still defiant, raised an eyebrow. "And if we refuse?"

Superman's voice was firm. "Then you'll remain in confinement until you decide to watch it. We're not seeking to punish you, but we need you to understand the gravity of the situation."

Martian Manhunter, who had been silently observing, finally spoke up. "This is insane. We've been doing the right thing. You won't change my mind if that, no matter how many videos you have."

Flash shook his head. "It might have felt like the right thing, but was it the right thing for innocent people? Or is it just the right thing for us? To give us a villain to fight, or make us feel good because we did the 'right' thing. No, the right thing would have been to protect the innocent and put a permanent stop to people like the Joker, who had the entire city of Gotham afraid to go outside their homes, for fear that they might catch his eye."

"!" As soon as Flash finished speaking, the room was filled with shouts as everyone tried to counter his opinion.

...

Finally, with everyone agreeable and seated, albeit begrudgingly, Superman took a deep breath and pressed a button on a small remote. In response, the largest screen in the room lit up, casting a glow on the restrained League members. The documentary began, and the room fell into silence as the graphic depictions of crime and chaos unfolded before them.

The documentary was meticulously designed to convey the brutality and senselessness of the crimes committed by the villains they had captured and subsequently released. It was a painstaking montage of raw, unfiltered reality. The scenes depicted were a grim reflection of the darkness that had been allowed to fester, causing untold suffering and chaos.

#### Mass Murder.

Villains, like the Joker, have been almost constantly responsible for mass killings or terrorist acts. The League members were forced to watch the heart-wrenching aftermath of bombings, mass shootings, and large-scale destruction, which took countless lives. The images of grieving families and broken communities left a haunting impact.

#### Kidnapping and Torture.

Cases of innocent people being kidnapped, tortured, and traumatized appear alongside the occasional video. Scenes of victims in captivity, recorded by their own captors. their eyes filled with terror, sent a shiver down the spines of the restrained League members. It was a harsh reminder of the cruelty that had been enabled by their previous actions.

#### Serial Killings.

The overwhelming number of serial killers among villains was shocking to say the least. Almost every villain could be called a serial killer. The faces of their victims and their chilling stories added to the growing weight of despair in the room.

#### Psychological Manipulation.

Some of the most disgusting criminals manipulate and exploit vulnerable individuals, like Harley Quinn, who was once a normal Psychiatrist before the Joker took an interest in her. Stories of survivors haunted by their experiences served as a stark reminder of the villains' capacity for manipulation and cruelty.

Arson.

Fiery destruction caused by acts of arson, committed by criminals like Firefly, resulting in the loss of property and lives. Burned homes, businesses, and lives torn apart by flames were distressing images for the League members to witness.

Drug Trafficking.

The devastating impact of drug trafficking on communities and individuals. Criminals like Two Face, The Joker, and The Penguin made most of their money through dealing drugs. The toll it took on families and the victims of addiction painted a bleak picture of the consequences of the villains' actions.

Human Trafficking.

Next, detailed stories of human trafficking, particularly the exploitation of children and women, unfolded before everyone's eyes. The horrors of human trafficking were laid bare, forcing the restrained League to confront the painful reality of their past decisions.

Corruption.

All around the world, criminals have infiltrated and corrupted institutions, eroding trust in law and order. Stories of justice perverted by corruption left a sense of bitterness and disillusionment.

Escapes from Prison.

One of the main subjects that the video emphasized was the repeated escapes from prison, showing just how broken the justice system really is. The compilation of jailbreaks, eluding capture, and returning to a life of crime was a stark reminder of the inefficacy of their previous methods.

War, war crimes, and countries committing atrocities.

This may have been the hardest portion of the video to watch. The lack of care the League had shown toward the international community and its problems was staggering. The portrayal of war-torn regions, war crimes, and countries committing atrocities, like slavery, genocide, and much more, left a bitter taste in the mouths of the restrained League members.

As the presentation progressed, the restrained League members found it increasingly difficult to watch. Their initial resistance slowly gave way to a profound realization of the flaws in their way of doing things. Shock, sadness, disgust, anguish, and guilt manifested in their expressions. It was a painful journey of self-discovery and understanding.

The room remained silent, save for the haunting sounds and narratives of the documentary. For the first time, Batman and his followers began to question their previous methods and their roles in enabling these atrocities. The notion that Superman might be right had crept into their minds, and the weight of that realization pressed heavily upon them.

#### Chapter 518: Returning Home! W/ Guests?

The dimly lit meeting room held a heavy silence as the screen dimmed, and the lights came back on. Both sides of the League sat in stunned silence, their faces etched with horror and conflict.

Each of them had witnessed the graphic depictions of crime, chaos, and suffering caused by the very villains they had once apprehended and subsequently allowed to be released. The weight of their previous methods and the consequences of their actions now bore down on them.

Batman maintained his usual scowl, but inside, he too grappled with the grim reality the documentary had unveiled. Though he remained quiet, neither confirming nor denying any change of heart.

Taking a deep breath, Peter, the man who had masterfully orchestrated this eye-opening presentation, snapped his fingers, deactivating the magical restraints that had kept Batman and his followers captive. They made good on their agreement to watch the entire video without interruption, so now they were free.

Superman stepped forward, his expression solemn. "I want to apologize for subjecting you all to such atrocities," he began. "But it was necessary to make you realize the harsh truth of the world and the roles we've played in it. We had to show you why we've chosen this new path."

Wonder Woman added, her voice filled with empathy, "We're not seeking to punish you, but to open your eyes to the suffering that we've allowed to continue. We believed we were doing the right thing, but it's time for a change."

The League members who had once staunchly supported Batman's no-killing policy now found themselves wrestling with the grim reality they had witnessed. It was a transformative moment, and their expressions slowly shifted from shock to understanding.

Green Lantern was the first to break the silence. "I never realized the extent of the devastation caused by our methods," he admitted, his voice laced with regret. "We were too focused on the rules and ideals, and we failed to see the bigger picture."

Aquaman reluctantly nodded in agreement. "Flash was right," he said, his voice tinged with regret. "We It felt like we were doing the right thing, but was it truly the right thing for innocent people in that video? If we had just killed certain criminals, then none of that would have happened..."

One by one, the released League members began to voice their agreement, recognizing the need for change. The room's atmosphere shifted from resistance to a shared understanding of the necessity of more extreme measures against unforgivable criminals.

Peter smirked, happy his plan seemed to be working. "What about you, Bats?" He asked, eyeing Bruce curiously.

"..." Instantly, everyone turned their attention to Batman, the one who had always been the unwavering proponent of the no-killing policy. All eyes were on him, wondering how he felt about this revelation and if he too would change his stance.

The silence grew increasingly uncomfortable, broken only by the faint hum of the room's ventilation. Peter's question hung in the air, challenging Batman to reveal his stance on the matter.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, Batman spoke, his voice as resolute as ever, "I understand the need for change. I've seen the devastation and suffering caused by our methods, and it's a burden that I'll continue to carry." He paused, his gaze unwavering. "But I still believe that killing is not the answer."

Peter couldn't help but exclaim, exasperation in his voice, "Ugh... Come on already! You've seen the evidence. You've seen what allowing these criminals to continue living does to innocent people."

Your ideals have merit, but it's not working... You've seen that it doesn't prevent more suffering, it perpetuates it."

Superman, standing by Peter's side, sighed and offered a wry smile, having expected this from Batman. He respected the Dark Knight's unwavering dedication to his ideals, even if it was starting to tax his patience.

Others in the room, those who had once been staunch advocates of Batman's ideals, chimed in with their own perspectives. They pleaded with Batman to reconsider, to adapt to the changing world and the new insights the documentary had provided.

Aquaman added, "Batman, your ideals have their place, but in a world where our actions have led to unimaginable suffering, we have to make a difficult choice. We can't allow these atrocities to continue."

Green Lantern spoke up as well, "It's not about becoming murderers, it's about putting an end to the suffering that these villains have caused for far too long. It's about saving lives and preventing more pain and loss."

However, Batman remained steadfast in his beliefs. He couldn't abandon his principles, no matter how compelling the evidence against them. His determination to preserve the sanctity of life was unwavering, even in the face of overwhelming evidence to the contrary.

Frustration simmered in the room as those present tried in vain to sway Batman's stance. Everyone was ready and willing to follow Superman's new way, except for him.

Finally, seemingly weary of the persistent attempts to change his mind, Batman rose from his seat. The room fell into a stunned silence as he declared, "If the League is so lost that you'd all turn to murderer to solve your problems, then I have no place here anymore."

The shock that rippled through the room was palpable. No one had expected Batman, the stoic leader of the League, to quit. The consequences of his decision hung heavy in the air as he strode toward the exit, each step carrying a weight that echoed like a drum.

But just as he reached the door, Peter couldn't let him leave without one more attempt to reach the Dark Knight. He snapped his fingers, which caused the door to slam shut in Batman's face, locking him inside.

Batman turned back around, looking p\*ssed off. "Open the door... now." He ordered, a threateningly tilt to his voice.

"Not just yet." Peter shook his head before speaking up. "What if I show you that our way works? Would you be willing to change your mind?"

Batman turned his glare to Peter, his gaze questioning. "What do you mean, show me that it works? How?"

Ignoring Batman's question for a moment, Peter turned to Superman and asked, "Can we end this meeting and talk in private? It's a delicate matter, and I think it's best discussed away from prying ears."

There were a few murmurs of protest from the remaining League members, who were eager to hear Peter's plan, but Superman nodded and instructed everyone to leave. "We'll hold another meeting soon to outline the new rules for the League. But for now, please give us some privacy."

As the League members left the room, the heavy doors closed behind them, leaving only Peter, Superman, Batman, and Tony. The atmosphere in the room shifted, and Peter finally revealed his plan.

Peter met Batman's gaze calmly. "I mean, I can take you to a universe where they've adopted a similar approach, where they don't hesitate to deal with these kinds of criminals. You'll see for yourself that it works, especially in the long run, which I'm sure is your main concern."

Batman's skepticism remained evident, but he couldn't help but be intrigued. "And how do you plan to do that?"

Tony smirked knowingly. "We have a ship that can travel the multiverse."

"How else do you think we got here?" Peter looking directly at Batman. "I can take you to my universe where we've been following a similar approach to the one Superman has been proposing. There, you'll see firsthand how it's worked for us, how it's made a difference."

Batman remained skeptical, his arms crossed. "And why would I agree to this?"

Peter's smirked as he spoke, "Because sometimes seeing is believing, Batman. You're not one to take things at face value, and I respect that. I think if you see the results with your own eyes, you might consider a new perspective."

Superman, who had been quietly observing the exchange, couldn't contain his excitement. "I think it's a great idea, Peter. I'd like to come along too, if you don't mind. After all, traveling to another universe is an opportunity that I'd regret missing out on."

Tony chimed in enthusiastically. "I can't wait to show you guys how much better the Avengers are compared to the Justice League~" He just wanted to show off, and so did Peter.

Peter shrugged. "Well, that's just obvious..."

Batman sighed, his reluctance evident, but he couldn't deny that the idea intrigued him. "Fine, I'll go. But I'm not promising to change my stance. I just want to see this for myself."

Peter nodded, satisfied with Batman's agreement. "That's all I'm asking for." He says as he waves his hand, opening a portal to his and Tony's temporary base in Gotham. "After you..."

Superman raised a brow. "We're leaving now?"

"Yeah, we might as well get this done before he changes his mind." Peter says as they step through the portal one by one, finding a normal looking room with a tall metallic cylinder sat in the middle.

"Is this your ship?" Batman asks, surprised by how small it was. After all, it's about the size of a small closet or a public phone box.

"Yup..." Peter smirked as he approached the ship. It stood a bit taller than he was, unassuming in appearance. He glanced over his shoulder at the others, his eyes twinkling with anticipation. "Time for my favorite part," he announced, a mischievous glint in his eyes.

Superman and Batman exchanged puzzled glances, not sure what Peter was getting at. Tony, however, rolled his eyes, already familiar with the routine. He knew that Peter thrived on moments like these. "You never get tired of this, do you?"

Peter chuckled and turned his attention back to the cylinder. With a flourish, he opened the door, revealing the interior of the ship. It was incredibly vast, a sprawling expanse of advanced technology and sleek design, a stark contrast to the exterior's humble appearance.

Superman's eyes widened in astonishment, and he couldn't help but utter the words that always seemed to make Peter's day. "It's bigger on the inside."

Peter couldn't help but laugh at Superman's comment, his excitement bubbling over. "Ah, you said it! I love that part." He flashed a grin at Tony, who was unimpressed.

"Seriously, when is that joke going to get old?" Tony asked, though he couldn't deny the wonder of the technology he and Peter possessed.

Peter just shrugged, still grinning. "Never."

With everyone on board, Peter set about starting up the ship's systems. Without explaining anything to his guests, he started up the ship, which soon phased in and out of this universe before finally disappearing altogether. It was a sensation that could make one's stomach churn if they weren't used to it.

Seconds later, the ship reappeared on top of the Avengers tower, with the New York City skyline stretching out below. Peter opened the doors, ushering the shocked Superman and Batman into his and Tony's universe with a wide grin.

"Welcome to our world," he said, gesturing to the cityscape. "Now, let's show you what we're all about."

## Chapter 519: Tour & Reunion

After making sure that their ship was securely stashed away in Tony's lab and locked it up with an array of technological and magical security measures, Peter and Tony set out to show Batman and Superman around the Avengers tower.

The advanced architecture and technology that permeated the building were enough to leave both of their guests in awe. Based on their calculations, the Avengers seemed to be around 20 or 30 years ahead of them when it comes to tech.

As they walked through the tower's sleek corridors, Peter turned to both Superman and Batman. "Okay, before we begin, I ask that you keep my name to yourselves." He says as he pulls on his mask. "My identity is a heavily kept secret that only a few people know, so let's keep it that way, alright?"

Of course, Peter didn't plan on bringing them here when he revealed his face and name back in their universe, so he didn't think that he'd have to worry about it.

Batman sneered. "I would never reveal someone else's identity. Breaching someone else's privacy like that would be a horrible thing to do, don't you think?" He looked Peter square in the eyes, sarcasm clear in his voice.

Peter looked at him, clearly apologetic. "Yeah, that might have been a little messed up... sorry about that."

Batman raised a brow. "Only a little?"

Peter relented. "Okay, it was very messed up. I shouldn't have revealed your identity like that."

Once that awkward moment came to an end, Peter began to explain the origins of the Avengers and the way they handled things in their world. "The Avengers is similar to your Justice League. It was founded by me, Tony, and a few other individuals," Peter began, a sense of pride in his voice. "We came together to protect the Earth from a wide range of threats, both foreign and domestic."

Superman and Batman listened attentively as Peter described their mission. "We've faced everything from alien invasions, sent by a Mad Titan who sought to cull half of the universe's population, to hidden civilizations right here on our planet, similar to Atlantis in your world."

Batman raised a brow, his curiosity piqued. "What kind of civilization is hidden on this Earth?"

Peter grinned, sharing the secrets of his universe. "Well, in our world, there are hidden societies with incredible technological advancements, such as Wakanda, home to the Black Panther. They have advanced technology and resources beyond most nations."

As they continued to explore the tower, Peter elaborated on the way the Avengers operated. "In our world, the Avengers have a public persona, led by our heroes, like Iron Man," he gestured toward Tony, who acknowledged with a nod, "and Spider-Man," he pointed at his own spider-themed suit. "We also have other heroes like Captain America, who's the Director of the Avengers and leads the public side of the team."

Batman couldn't help but raise an incredulous eyebrow. "Captain America? That seems like a rather simple hero name..."

Peter chuckled at Batman's reaction. "Well, when you think about it, aren't you named after a flying rat? It's all a matter of perspective," he quipped, and even Superman couldn't help but laugh.

Peter continued to provide insight into the way the Avengers' public persona operated. "The public side of the Avengers are taught public relations and never kill in the public eye, unless it's in self-defense or in the defense of others. All lethal action is reserved for the more secretive side of our operations."

Batman remained attentive, intrigued by the duality of their approach. "Tell me more about this secretive side."

Peter obliged, revealing another layer of the Avengers. "Behind the public face of the Avengers are two separate divisions for covert operations, Nightingale and Shield. Shield is a covert spying agency that works to protect the world from the shadows. They handle anything from espionage to assassinations if necessary. It's led by Nick Fury, one of the other foundering members."

Peter continues. "And as for Nightingale, it's what remains of a disbanded league of female assassins called Widows, led by the most famous Black Widow, Natasha Romanoff. They handle more discreet and morally complex missions, usually in tandem with Shield."

As Peter finished explaining a brief overview of the Avengers' operations, Batman took a moment to digest the information. He couldn't help but question, "You've outlined an organized system, but how does this convince me that your way is better? You talk about not killing in the public eye and these covert divisions, but it all seems to be under your control. How can I be sure that you don't misuse your power, and that your system truly keeps innocent lives safe?"

Peter nodded, understanding Batman's skepticism. "I get it, you're cautious, and that's a good thing. First, I want to clarify that the Avengers aren't a nation. We don't control any land or people. However, we do serve as a significant global influence. We have the most powerful individuals on

Earth, or even the universe, among our ranks. Every nation wants to stay on our good side, which helps keep them in check."

Tony interjected, "To be fair, it wasn't always like that. When we first emerged, there was a learning period. Nations and leaders tested our limits, trying to figure out what the Avengers would tolerate. But we stopped wars, prevented atrocities, and used diplomacy to talk things out. It didn't take long for nations to realize the benefits of cooperation over conflict."

Superman was curious and hopeful, considering the potential of this approach. "So, you're saying that eventually, nations came together and found a way to live in peace?"

Tony nodded. "Exactly. We still face challenges, but when nations see the alternative, they tend to opt for peace. So, we're not here to enforce a specific agenda, but we've created an environment where nations are incentivized to do the right thing."

Peter chimed in again, adding another layer to their argument. "Crime has fallen dramatically too. By eliminating certain individuals who would undoubtedly cause trouble in the future, we've made significant progress. In fact, major cities around the world now have such incredibly low crime rates that it's gotten to the point where most police officers are basically decorations, who hand out the occasional ticket and other small offenses."

Despite the compelling explanations, Batman's skepticism remained evident. He had been unwavering in his beliefs for so long that it wasn't easy to sway him now. However, Peter wasn't about to give up.

He sighed and finally stated, "I understand that you might be skeptical, Batman, but seeing is believing. If you truly want to understand our approach and its impact, I encourage you to investigate for yourself. Go out into this world, talk to people, and see the results firsthand. You'll find that actions sometimes speak louder than words."

Batman considered Peter's words for a moment, his face shrouded in contemplation. He wasn't ready to admit any change of heart just yet, but he also couldn't deny the logic in Peter's argument. Perhaps a practical examination of this alternate world was necessary to truly understand the merits of their methods.

Without another word, Batman turned and headed toward the elevator, prepared to take Peter's advice and investigate this world further. He couldn't let go of his skepticism, but he was willing to explore a reality that challenged his beliefs.

As Batman made his way to the elevator, Superman, who had been listening to the conversation intently, called out, "Wait up!" His desire to explore this world was clear to see.

"Hey, Clark!" Peter called out, stopping Superman as he stood in the elevators door frame.

"?" Superman turned back just in time to catch a sleek Stark brand smart phone and a wad of cash.

"Call if you need anything. I already put our numbers in the contacts list." Peter says as he gestures to Superman and Batman's costumes. "And feel free to use the money for some normal clothes and any food that you'll need."

"Thank you." Superman said gratefully as he stepped into the elevator alongside Batman, leaving both Peter and Tony behind.

As they leave, Peter turns to Tony. "Have Jarvis keep an eye on them."

Tony nodded. "You hear that?" He called out.

"Yes sir." Jarvis's voice filled the hall. "I'll keep an eye on our guests."

As Jarvis finished speaking, unbeknownst to anyone, a panel in the towers rooftop opened up and a swarm of Tony drones came pouring out. They would keep an eye on Batman and Superman from a distance, especially in places without CCTV.

"Are you sure we shouldn't have had them change? After all, Batman and Superman are pretty well known..." Tony asks worriedly.

Peter shrugged uncaringly. "I doubt anyone will believe that they're actually comic book characters. Well, that's unless Superman starts flying or shooting lasers for his eyes. And even then, people will probably just think he's a meta-human who's copying a fictional character."

Tony nodded before bringing up another point. "But what if they find a comic shop or look themselves up?"

"Well, then they get to have an existential crisis, I guess..." Peter didn't really care. It was too much work to try and hide it. "If they get into any trouble, let me know."

Waving his hand and opened a portal, Peter's living room appearing before them. "I'm headed home for now."

"Alright, I should probably go see Pepper as well..." Tony waves goodbye and walks off as Peter steps through the portal, which snaps shut behind him.

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Peter returned to his home, the familiar surroundings of his living room comforting to him after a long travel. As he stepped through the portal, he couldn't help but let out a contented sigh, glad to be back in his own world again.

However, as he closed the portal behind him, he noticed something unusual. The sounds of laughter and chatter reached his ears, coming from the direction of the kitchen. Curious, Peter walked over to the kitchen door and peaked inside, finding a surprising scene.

His kitchen was bustling with activity. Around the dining table, there were about ten children, including his daughter Lily, who was at the center of the gathering. America Chavez, who was currently living with them, was also among the kids, engaged in the fun and laughter.

Peter froze for a moment, caught off guard as one of the kids, a particularly energetic one, suddenly ran in his direction. In a swift move, Peter leaped up, sticking to the ceiling, where he remained concealed from their view.

From his upside-down vantage point, Peter observed as the child looked around, clearly confused as he could have sworn that someone was there a minute ago. The kid shrugged it off and rejoined their friends, running off to play in another part of the house.

Patiently, Peter waited until he was certain that the children were sufficiently distracted before creating a portal right beneath him. Detaching from the ceiling, he landed on his feet in his bedroom, the portal closing behind him with a soft whooshing sound.

Taking a deep breath, Peter peeled off his mask and tossed it aside. He couldn't help but smile at the close call with the kids in the kitchen. 'I didn't know Lily had so many friends.'

Just as he was about to relax and reflect on the events of the day, the bathroom door, which was connected to his bedroom, creaked open. His fiancée, MJ, stepped out, completely naked, her entire body still damp from a shower.

She looked surprised to see Peter standing in the room, and for a moment, they simply stared at each other. It had been almost two months since Peter had left to deal with whoever was hunting America down, and MJ had been worried for his safety.

However, the initial shock quickly transformed into a wide smile as she realized that Peter had returned unharmed. Ignoring her nakedness, she rushed toward him, her embrace warm, inviting... and wet. But you wouldn't hear him complaining.

"Hello, beautiful~" Peter wrapped his arms around her, allowing them to wander. After all, it's been two months since they've seen each other. "Did you miss me?"

MJ looked up, pecking him on the lips. "Always."

After their loving reunion, Peter and MJ shared a tender moment. The joy of being back together after his absence was undeniable. However, as they held each other close, Peter's heightened senses began to tingle, and he sensed something was amiss.

Before he could react, MJ suddenly withdrew from their embrace and wound her hand back, delivering a resounding slap across Peter's face. It was a sharp, stinging slap, and her expression held a mix of happiness and frustration. She was upset that he had been away for so long, leaving her worried and alone.

Peter could have easily dodged the slap with his spider-like reflexes or even stopped it altogether, but he chose not to. He knew that he deserved it. He had put MJ through a lot with his frequent disappearances and the danger that always seemed to follow him.

He took the slap without complaint, understanding that it was her way of expressing her feelings, a mixture of relief and pent-up frustration. After all, he had a lot of explaining to do about where he had been and the circumstances of his prolonged absence.

Once the sting of the slap began to fade, Peter looked at MJ with sincere eyes. "I'm sorry," he said, not just for being gone but for all the times he had to leave her behind. He knew it wasn't easy, but he hoped she could understand the reasons behind his actions.

MJ's anger seemed to ebb as well, replaced by understanding and concern. She sighed and touched his cheek gently. "You have a lot of explaining to do, Peter Parker," she said, her voice soft and filled with affection.

Peter nodded, knowing he had a lot to catch her up on. But for now, they held each other close, sharing a deep sense of relief and love, regardless of the challenges they faced.

## Chapter 520: Comic-Con

As Peter reconnected with MJ and the rest of his family, Superman and Batman exited the Avengers Tower, stepping out onto the bustling streets of New York City. They still wore their superhero costumes, their striking appearances drew the attention of the people around them.

As they walked through the city, anyone who passed them couldn't help but glance in their direction. Some smiles of appreciation crossed the faces of onlookers, while others couldn't resist a sense of awe, assuming that the two towering figures were merely dedicated cosplayers.

Superman and Batman exchanged puzzled glances, wondering why the pedestrians were paying such close attention. They were well aware that their superhero costumes made them stand out, but it felt as though these people recognized them, and that was more than a little perplexing.

"Why does it feel like we're famous?" Superman questioned, his brow furrowed. "Everyone's looking at us and smiling. It's making my skin crawl..."

Batman, too, was bewildered by the attention. "I don't know, but it's like they know who we are, but that's impossible. We're in a different universe."

And it only got weirder as they continued. Soon enough, people began to comment on their cosplay, appreciating their dedication to accuracy. While a small minority of passerby's laughed at them, calling them comic nerds as they walked off.

Superman couldn't help but chuckle despite the confusion. "I thought wearing our suits wouldn't matter, but it seems our costumes are even more conspicuous here than they are in our universe."

Batman kept his gaze focused ahead, the gears in his mind turning. "There must be a logical explanation for this. Perhaps the people in this universe are simply more social than others? Though I still haven't figured out what a cosplay is..."

Superman was just as confused. "Maybe we should use the money Peter gave us and buy some normal clothes?"

Batman nodded in agreement. "That's probably a good idea..."

As they strolled through the city, looking for a clothing store, they encountered a large building with colorful banners and posters featuring a familiar group of heroes. Batman and Superman froze, recognizing their own images among the depictions of the Justice League and other unknown characters.

"What in the world is this place?" Batman muttered, his eyes locked on the signs and banners.

Superman scanned the surroundings, his superhearing picking up the excited chatter of people nearby. "I think this is some kind of event center. Look at all those people entering the building."

Indeed, they had stumbled upon Comic-Con, a massive convention for fans of comics, movies, and pop culture. To their astonishment, they saw cosplayers in elaborate costumes, many of them dressed as characters from their own universe. The crowd was a vibrant mix of enthusiasts who were deeply passionate about the world of comics.

Batman's analytical mind quickly connected the dots. "It's all starting to make sense... Peter and Tony knew so much about us because they're from a universe where we're just fictional characters."

Superman nodded in agreement. "This must be why people recognized us and thought we were cosplayers, whatever that means. We're not just famous, we're iconic characters in their world."

They shared a moment of realization and confusion, coming to terms with the fact that they were considered fictional characters in this universe. It was a revelation that challenged their understanding of reality.

"Let's go inside and see what we can find out," Batman suggested, his curiosity piqued. "Maybe we can learn more about this world's perspective on the Justice League."

Superman agreed, and together, they entered the convention center. Their costumes were so impressive that the security didn't even both asking for their pass, and merely stepped aside, thinking that they must have some sort of special access.

Inside the vast, colorful world of fan-art, merchandise, cosplay, panels, and unhygienic fans, Batman and Superman marveled at the vibrant display of fan art, merchandise, and the enthusiastic crowd. Their costumes, while clearly not the product of cosplay, gained the attention of many attendees who believed them to be dedicated fans.

As they strolled through the event, a rather large and muscular teenager wearing a costume similar to Superman's rushed over, eyes wide with excitement. He was dressed as a makeshift version of the Man of Steel, with a homemade cape and a symbol drawn with marker on a t-shirt. His enthusiasm was infectious.

"Whoa, your Superman cosplay is amazing!" the teenager exclaimed, looking at Superman with awe. "And Batman, your costume is so intricate! You guys are nailing it!"

Batman and Superman shared a bewildered glance, unsure of how to respond. They didn't know that their real counterparts were fictional characters in this universe. To them, it seemed like Ned was merely complimenting their cosplay.

"Thanks," Superman said, his voice warm, masking his bewilderment at seeing a grown man dressed as a sh\*tty version of him. "Your costume is pretty cool too."

The teen beamed at the praise. "Thanks! I'm Ned, by the way. You guys want to explore the Con together? DC fans gotta stick together, right? There's so much to see here."

Batman and Superman, still trying to grasp the situation, introduced themselves as "Bruce" and "Clark," which Ned seemed to get a kick out of. Ultimately, they found themselves nodding in agreement with Ned, figuring that exploring the convention with him might be a way to learn more about this world's perspective on the Justice League.

"Mind showing us around, Ned?" Superman asked with a friendly smile.

"Sure thing!" Ned replied enthusiastically. "I'll give you guys the grand tour. I was here yesterday as well, so I know where everything is."

As they explored the convention with Ned, Batman and Superman found themselves overwhelmed by the depth of knowledge that fans of their universe possessed. They discovered things they had never known, such as the existence of the Presence, the ultimate creator and Source of all things, often referred to as God.

Batman didn't know how to feel about the existence of god. 'If he's real, then why doesn't he do something about all of the suffering in our world?' After all, it would be as easy as snapping his fingers for God to remake the world.

The multiverse and alternate DC universes fascinated them, and they were surprised to learn about fanfictions and alternate interpretations of their own stories. Though they were shocked, appalled, and disgusted to find some erotic fan-art of themselves, which made both heroes instinctively step away from one another.

Ned expertly ignored the dubious artwork as he eagerly explained all sort of lore and concepts to them, sharing his own passion for the DC universe.

Superman couldn't help but comment, "This is incredible..."

As their journey continued, Batman, with a thoughtful expression, finally broached the subject that had been on his mind. "Ned, I'm curious about something. The Justice League adheres to a strict no-killing rule. How do you feel about that?"

Superman nods. "Yeah, Bruce and I have been arguing over this for a while now. I think they should just dispose of the more heinous criminals, while he thinks they should never take a life, no matter who it belongs to."

Ned paused, considering his response carefully. "Well, in a perfect, idealized world like cartoons and comics, that rule makes sense. But when you bring the Justice League into a real-world setting, it can be extremely challenging. The no-killing rule could potentially hamper the League's ability to keep people safe, especially when dealing with ruthless villains."

Superman and Batman exchanged meaningful glances, silently acknowledging the tension between their different approaches.

Ned continued, "I've read a lot of fanfictions and discussions on forums, and I think most DC fans share this perspective. While the moral idea of not taking a life is admirable, the practicality of it in a world filled with super-powered threats who show no mercy can be quite different."

Batman fell into silence, his thoughts heavy. Superman's eyes met his, conveying a sense of understanding and an unspoken "I told you so."

Ned, unaware of the complex dynamic between the heroes, grinned and said, "But that's just my opinion. There's all sorts of online debates about this stuff..." He said, his mood suddenly turning a bit somber. "I just wish my friend Peter was here. He'd love your costumes. We usually go to Comic-Con together, but he's been busy lately..."

Batman and Superman turned to one another, wondering whether they were thinking of the same Peter. "You mean, Peter Parker?"

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Far across the deepest reaches of the Universe, Thanos, the Mad Titan, finally returned to full health after the poison that almost took his life. He stood in his sanctum, the gleaming Mind Stone embedded inside the long spear in his grasp. The events of his previous encounter with Spider-Man still burned in his memory, and he was determined to exact revenge.

In the dimly lit chamber, Ebony Maw, the loyal servant of Thanos, approached his father and master. His eyes, adorned with a haunting glow, reflected the intense light emanating from the Mind Stone.

"My Lord, you are fully healed and more powerful than ever," Maw acknowledged with a low, subservient tone. "How may I serve you?"

Thanos turned to his trusted servant, the corners of his lips curling into a sinister smile. "It is time."

Ebony Maw inclined his head, understanding the gravity of the situation. "What are your orders, my Lord?"

Thanos raised his spear, the Mind Stone pulsating ominously. "Prepare what remains of the Black Order and our armies. It is time to depart for Earth. We must retrieve the planets Infinity Stones and ensure that Spider-Man pays for what he's done."

The dark promise of revenge hung heavy in the air as Thanos and Ebony Maw prepared to embark on a journey to Earth, where the destiny of the universe would be decided. The Mad Titan's unquenchable thirst for vengeance would be sated, one way or another...