

Spider-Man 641

Chapter 641: Wardrobe Upgrade!

In the aftermath of Peter's recruitment speech, a divided group of Spider-People emerged. A small fraction of the former Spider-Society, burdened by the weight of the truth, chose to return to their respective universes, leaving behind the tangled mess of Multiverse drama.

The process of sending them home was swift, a mere thirty Spider-People vanishing through their own star shaped portal that led to the familiarity of their home worlds.

The departure left over a hundred Spider-People standing, a mix of determination and uncertainty etched on their faces. They were given the chance to leave, but chose to stay behind and join Peter in fighting those who dared to trick and use them.

Surprisingly, Spider-Punk, whose rebellious nature Peter assumed would drive him away, stood among those who opted to stay. "I'll stick around until we deal with Centurion and the Kang's. After that, I'm out. Retirement sounds pretty sweet, doesn't it?" he declared with a wry grin, catching Peter off guard.

"Sure, feel free to stay as long as you want." Peter nodded, happy to have him joining them.

After collecting all of the remaining Spider-People's multiverse watches and allowing them to pack their belongings, Peter opened a star-shaped portal leading back to his universe. The large group of former Spider-Society members watched him open the portal with wide, shocked eyes. After all, they didn't see him using any technology.

Enjoying their awed looks, Peter addressed the remaining Spider-People. "I'll be setting up our new organization in my home universe. This portal will take you there. Go through and wait for me on the other side. I have a few things to take care of before following you guys. Just remember not to wander off or cause any trouble."

Over a hundred Spider-People filed through the portal, leaving Peter, Knull, and the Spider-Gang behind. Peter turned to Jessica Drew and Spider-Punk, who stood among the group, and instructed them, "Follow them and make sure they don't do anything crazy. I don't want to return home to a bunch of chaos." Jessica and Spider-Punk reluctantly nodded before disappearing through the portal, which snapped shut behind them.

As the portal closed, Gwen turned to Peter and asked, "What now?"

Peter gestured towards Uncle Ben and Miguel O'Hara. "Now we let these two settle their differences and then clean up any leftover tech from the Spider-Society. After all, it would be bad if someone finds their buggy tech and starts traveling the multiverse with it."

Completely ignoring the second part of his statement, as they had no problems with it, the Spider-Gang immediately voiced their concerns, trying to dissuade Peter from pitting Uncle Ben and Miguel against each other in a death match.

"Come on, Peter, there has to be another way to resolve this," Gwen pleaded, clearly unhappy about this.

"Yeah, can't we just separate them or something?" Miles asks.

"We could just take away their multiverse tech and leave them in their own universes. It's not like they were the ones to make the tech in the first place, so I doubt they'll be able to reproduce it" Tobey spoke his mind next, which seemed to gain everyone's approval.

Peter listened to their arguments and opinions, then shrugged. "If you can convince Uncle Ben, since he's the one who wants revenge in the first place, then I'll respect his decision."

Instantly, the Spider-Gang turned to Uncle Ben, who met their gaze with a stubborn and defiant look. Instantly, It became clear that convincing him to spare Miguel's life would be an uphill battle.

Recognizing the challenge ahead, Peter addressed the Spider-Gang, "I'll go handle the cleanup of the Spider-Society's tech. You folks sort things out here." With that, he strolled away, Knull and the restrained Miguel trailing closely behind.

In the eerie silence that followed, Peter embarked on the daunting task of scouring the vast Spider-Society complex.

The dimly lit corridors echoed with each step as he meticulously dismantled the remnants of the Spider-Society's technological empire. Flickering lights cast shadows on abandoned laboratories

and workshops, a stark contrast to the vibrant activity that once defined this hub of multiverse exploration.

As Peter delved deeper into the heart of the Spider-Society, his laziness began to show. The search for every last piece of their advanced technology wasn't exactly hard, but Peter just didn't feel like doing it

Instantly, a rebellious thought sparked within him, a much simpler solution to erase the remnants of their power.

Smirking, Peter ensured that the sprawling Spider-Society buildings were devoid of any lingering inhabitants. And with the coast clear, he conjured his Phoenix Flames. A blaze of intense, mystical fire enveloped his hands as he set the structures ablaze, one by one.

The flames danced with an otherworldly grace, consuming the Spider-Society in an inferno, which spread at an alarming rate.

The Phoenix Flames roared and crackled, hungrily devouring every piece of advanced technology, every gadget and gizmo that once fueled the Spider-Society's ambitions.

As the structures crumbled in the heat, Peter watched with a mix of satisfaction and pity. 'This place could have been great if not for the Kang's'

Miguel O'Hara, compelled to witness the demise of his life's work, floated restrained alongside Peter. Tears welled in his eyes as the flames reflected in their glistening surfaces. ""

For a moment, the weight of betrayal and realization hung heavily in the air. The Spider-Society, an organization he had created, was nothing more than a puppet, dancing on strings for another's gain.

Miguel's emotions surged as he confronted the harsh truth. The flames mirrored the true state of the Spider-Society, and as the last embers flickered, Peter turned to Miguel with a somber gaze. The destruction was complete, leaving behind a scorched landscape.

In the eerie silence that followed, Peter's words hung in the air, "Sometimes, you have to let go of the past to build a better future."

As Peter spoke those words about letting go of the past, an eerie stillness settled over the once roaring flames, freezing the chaotic dance of the Phoenix Flames mid-air.

"What the?" Peter uttered, gazing at the area around him in confusion.

The world seemed to paused, as if some cosmic force had pressed pause on the remote control of reality. Even Miguel, his tears suspended in time, stood frozen like a statue, unaware of anything happening around him.

At first, confusion clouded Peter's expression as he glanced around at the suspended scene. Time seemed to hang in an otherworldly limbo until he turned, and there across from him stood the figure of the Grim Reaper John.

In a rather casual manner, the Grim Reaper waved his hand and greeted, "Yo."

Peter sighed, a mixture of annoyance and familiarity tugging at him, and quipped, "How long have you been copying my usual greeting, John?"

Amused, John laughed beneath the dark shroud of his robe. "Trillions of years longer than you. The first time I said 'Yo,' your universe hadn't even witnessed its first big bang."

Rolling his eyes, Peter muttered a half-hearted "Whatever" before getting to the point. "Im guessing I completed the mission?"

John, still wearing the semblance of a grin beneath his skeletal visage, replied with a simple "Yup," acknowledging Peter's success in dismantling the Spider-Society. He then proceeded to congratulate Peter, "You know, you're the first of my successor candidates to complete a mission, congrats!"

Unimpressed by the accolades, Peter cut to the chase. "Reward time." He held out his hand expectantly. "But before that, why were Centurion and Knull candidates? Do you have any idea what Knull could've done with your level of power?"

John, with an air of nonchalance, explained, "both of them found one of my artifacts. As I've already told you, I don't choose my successors. I merely spread out invitations for anyone to find."

Peter, not satisfied, asked, "Can't you disqualify those who aren't fit for the job? I mean, how can Centurion qualify when he's a member of the Council of Kangs? Isn't one of the missions to destroy the Council?"

John shrugged indifferently. "Where's the fun in that? If I only chose good people, the competition would be too stale." He said, clearly unbothered. "As for Centurion, who said he can't destroy the Council from the inside?"

Sighing in exasperation, Peter had enough of this talk and held his hand back out. "Whatever, just hand over the reward already. I'm getting a head ache just dealing with you..."

Amidst laughter, John snapped his bony fingers, summoning a hovering black cloak before Peter, who eyed the mysterious reward, recognizing it as Death's Cloak, the promised item for completing the mission.

Turning to John, Peter couldn't help but question, "If this is Death's Cloak, what are you wearing right now?" The Grim Reaper merely shrugged, revealing his old robe. "This one's an ancient relic from back in the day. The real deal now belongs to you."

With the cloak hovering before him, Peter contemplated the weight of his newfound possession, Death's Cloak. Reaching out, his fingers gripped the silky cloth.

As he grasped the cloak, the fabric seemed to come alive, a sudden surge of energy propelling it towards him. A momentary jolt of fear gripped Peter as the cloak wrapped itself around his figure, a dance of dark silk enveloping him.

"?!" Alarmed, but quickly steadying himself, Peter recognized the shocking transformation taking place.

The already enchanted Spider-Suit and Death's Cloak seemed to be fusing, melding seamlessly, creating a new garment that clung to Peter's form. The once vibrant hues of his former suit were now dominated by a deep black, an embodiment of darkness, radiating shadows that seemed to possess a life of their own.

[Insert pictures of Black Spider-Suits here]

As Peter inspected the newfound attire, the shadows pulsed and shifted, like a protective shroud guarding him. The complete fusion of his former Spider-Suit and Death's Cloak seemed to enhance his abilities as well, granting him a shadowy aura of death.

As Peter felt the power coursing through him, a tangible connection to Death itself, a holographic screen appearing before him.

[Mission Complete: Destroy the Spider-Society

The Spider-Society has taken up the challenge of preserving what they call 'canon events,' believing this saves both entire universes and their inhabitants. In reality, these actions are damaging the fabric of the multiverse. Eradicate them to restore order

Reward: Death's Cloak

Death's Cloak, a somber masterpiece, weaves shadows into a garment that whispers of the eternal. With its deep obsidian fabric, adorned by arcane symbols, the cloak holds a fraction of Death's unparalleled power over the realm of departed souls. When worn, it imparts an eerie connection to the power of Death itself.]

Chapter 642: A Fate Worse than Death? Or A Second Chance At Life?

Sighing in relief, Peter was glad he wouldn't have to walk around like a LARPing loser with a black cloak. With a snap of his fingers, he conjured a mirror, admiring his new all-black Spider-Suit. The sleek and hooded design accentuated his figure, and he couldn't help but feel a surge of power coursing through him.

Not only did he look good, but his connection to death had strengthened considerably. Before, he only had a small affinity from Hela's blood, allowing him to conjure black weapons and resurrect the dead. Now, the newfound power intrigued him. He pondered the possibilities, wondering what he could achieve with this strengthening.

The holographic screen's description mentioned shadows, and as Peter inspected his suit, he could see them dancing around him. Curious, he tested his control over them, and to his amazement, the shadows responded, forming up around him at his command.

In the midst of his experimentation, John, growing bored, spoke up. "Alright, I've given you your reward. I'm heading back now. My wives might rebel again if I'm gone for too long"

"Wait!" Peter tried to stop him, bombarding him with questions, "What does my new suit do exactly?" He asked before pausing and looking John square in the eyes. "Hold on, did you just say wives?!"

Sadly, John simply shrugged him off, "Find out on your own" He didn't even bother answering Peter's question about his wives.

Annoyed, Peter watched as the Grim Reaper disappeared before his eyes. And as John vanished, time around him seemed to resume its flow. The remnants of flames from his earlier arson flickered, and his company, Knull and Miguel, began to move and breathe once again.

As time resumed, both Miguel and Knull noticed Peter's sudden change of outfit as well as the fact that he wasn't standing where he was only a second ago. Miguel voiced his confusion, "Peter, what just happened? Where did those clothes come from?"

Knull, with a worried look on his face, asked, "Are you alright, Master?" His eyes were glued to the shadows which danced along Peter's suit.

Peter, done admiring his new suit, shrugged off Knull's concern, "I'm fine, just got an upgrade. Don't worry about it." Miguel and Knull exchanged puzzled glances, unsure of what had transpired but deciding not to press the matter further.

Besides, Miguel was still dealing with the heartache of his life's work being destroyed.

As Peter was getting ready to leave, suddenly, Knull grabbed his chest as if he was having a heart attack. "Aaaarrgggghhh!" In pain, he gasped, alarming both Peter and Miguel.

Peter rushed to Knull's side, asking in concern, "What's happening?"

Gasping for breath, Knull struggled to speak, "Master something's wrong"

A green flame burned from the center of Knull's chest, spreading rapidly. His entire body became engulfed in green flames as he screamed in agony, his eyes and mouth radiating an eerie green light. Collapsing to his knees, Knull writhed in pain.

Caught off guard and unaware of what was happening, Peter attempted to cast a spell to investigate. However, before he could conjure his cosmic energy, Knull's body crumbled to ash, leaving nothing more than a pile of black residue on the floor.

Alarmed and perplexed, Peter stared at the remnants of Knull. But before he could process the situation, a black, shadow-like figure rose from Knull's ashes. The figure took the shape of Knull but seemed to be made from the same substance as the shadows on Peter's suit.

But that wasn't all Green flame-like energy accented the shadows form, especially in its eyes, which glowed with a bright intensity.

Staring at the figure before him, Peter was taken aback when it suddenly got down on one knee, bowing like a servant. Immediately, realization struck him, and he called out, "Knull? Is that you?"

The shadowy figure responded, "Yes, Master!"

Peter, shocked, realized that his upgrade in powers must have triggered some sort of power-up or evolution in Knull. He could feel the immense power radiating from Knull, surpassing even his previous state when he was still alive.

Examining the transformed Knull, Peter couldn't help but be impressed. The figure, now more of a loyal servant than ever, emanated an aura of servitude and strength. "Well, this is unexpected," Peter mused, contemplating the implications of Knull's evolution.

"Can someone tell me what the hell is going on?!" Miguel asked rather aggressively, but Peter chose to ignore him for the time being.

As Knull knelt before him, Peter looked down at him in curiosity, and asked, "What happened to you, Knull? How are you feeling?"

The shadowy figure responded, "Your power, Master, triggered a metamorphosis. I am now stronger and more devoted to your service than ever before."

Peter, still processing the turn of events, couldn't help but ask. "Are you saying that you weren't loyal to me before?" He asked, his brow raised in question.

"No, Master!" Knull quickly denies. "I was loyal, and I would have gladly done anything you ordered me to, but now, just the thought of receiving your divine command brings a tear to my eye! Please bestow this useless god with your holy instructions!"

"" Peter looked down at Knull in disgust as he realized what happened. 'My upgrade turned him into an even worse masochist than before'

Even Miguel, who was still emotional from losing his life's work, looked down at Knull from his restraints with a hint of disgust on his face. 'What the hell is wrong with this guy?!' He thought, his fear of Peter growing even further, as he realized that it must have been him who made Knull like this.

"Whatever" With a deep breath, Peter turned to Knull and Miguel. "We're done here. Let's return to the others and prepare for what comes next."

As the last traces of the Spider-Society were eradicated, the trio walked off. The flames had served as a cleansing force, wiping away the remnants of the Spider-Society. The past was gone, but the future awaited.

When Peter, Knull, and Miguel returned to the Spider-Gang and Uncle Ben, they were immediately bombarded with questions about the shadowy figure that Knull had now become. Peter took a moment to address their inquiries by giving them a very vague explanation.

The Spider-Gang observed the transformed Knull with a mix of awe and uncertainty.

Once Peter had satisfied their curiosity about Knull, he turned to the restrained form of Uncle Ben. "Were you able to convince him?" he inquired, his gaze fixed on the older man.

Gwen replied, "Uncle Ben agreed to let Miguel live and settle things peacefully. But there are conditions."

Peter raised an eyebrow. "What conditions?"

Uncle Ben, from his restrained position, spoke up. "I want Miguel's powers sealed, and I want him to live in the same universe where he killed his own daughter."

The weight of Uncle Ben's words hung in the air. Peter immediately grasped the depth of the punishment, a fate worse than death. To be trapped in the universe where he was tricked into murdering his own daughter, forced to confront the consequences of his actions and live with them until the day of his inevitable death.

As Uncle Ben laid out his demands, Miguel erupted into shouts, revolting with everything he could. He adamantly refused to return to that universe, unable and unwilling to face the haunting memories of his past actions. " I REFUSE! I'D RATHER DIE! KILL ME!" Desperation laced his every word as he even urged Peter and Uncle Ben to end his life and spare him from such a torment.

Seeing Miguel's desperate reaction, Uncle Ben could help but smile, happy with his decision already. "Ahh, music to my ears~"

Peter turned to the rest of the Spider-Gang and asked, "Is this okay with all of you?" They nodded in agreement, understanding the gravity of Uncle Ben's request.

Tobey spoke up, acknowledging the cruelty of the decision but recognizing it as the best way to settle the matter. "Miguel will have a chance to start anew and make amends. He just needs to face his past and move forward, which I'm confident he can do once he calms down."

Amid Miguel's continued protests, sounding like a child having a tantrum, Peter was forced to silence him with a quick spell.

Nodding in understanding, Peter waved his hand, opening a star-shaped portal. He motioned for the Spider-Gang to go through and meet up with the others, taking Uncle Ben with them.

As they disappeared through the portal, the restrained Uncle Ben expressed his desire to stay and witness Miguel's suffering a bit longer, but Peter deemed it an unhealthy notion. "It's time to move forward," Peter said, closing the portal behind the departing Spider-Gang.

Miguel, despite his silent complaints, was left alone with Peter, who quickly delved into his mind, finding the exact location of the universe in question before waving his hand and opening another star shaped portal.

"Come on, let's get this over with" Peter said as he and Knull stepped through the portal, a thrashing and unwilling Miguel floating behind him, forced to follow along.

Stepping out of the portal, the trio found themselves in a tranquil graveyard under the warmth of a cloudless sky. But this place wasn't so tranquil and serene for a certain individual.

Miguel's eyes widened as they fell upon a gravestone, sunlight casting a gentle glow on the engraved name, Gabriella O'Hara. The reality of his daughter's final resting place hit him with an overwhelming force.

As the portal closed behind them, Peter turned to Knull, asking him for some privacy. To his surprise, Knull's shadowy figure swiftly shot into Peter's own shadow, disappearing entirely. Shrugging off the peculiarity for now, Peter directed his attention back to Miguel, who couldn't tear his gaze away from the gravestone.

With a snap of his fingers, Peter released Miguel from his restraints. Landing on his feet, Miguel swiftly collapsed to his knees, his eyes fixed on the poignant reminder of his past.

Peter, understanding the weight of the moment, began to speak. "Miguel, you have a chance to start anew, to make amends for the mistakes of your past. Embrace this second chance and strive for a better future. Your daughter would want that for you."

Seeing that Miguel was about to disagree with him, Peter continued. "And even if you think she wouldn't want that for you, then you have a lot of work to do. Strive to make up for all that you've done and show her. Show her that you can be better. That you are better."

Although still visibly distraught, Miguel managed to compose himself and look towards the prospect of a future where he could rectify the wrongs he had committed.

Turning to Peter, Miguel uttered, "Do it. I'm ready. Take my powers. I don't deserve them."

Nodding, Peter summoned his cosmic energy, creating a purple spell circle mid-air that shot into Miguel's body, sealing away his powers for good.

"Make the best of your situation and live a good life," Peter advised, his word completely genuine. "And if this helps, then I'll say it as well Uncle Ben is expecting you to crumble and wallow in your past. Don't give him that satisfaction. Even without your powers, you can do a lot of good and make a new life for yourself here."

"I'll try" Miguel replied, his fists tightening as a determined look flashed across his face.

Before departing, Peter surprised Miguel with another spell, this time aimed at healing. The spell worked wonders, restoring Miguel's severed arm to its complete state.

"Good luck" With the spell cast, Peter took a step back, disappearing from view, leaving Miguel to contemplate his fresh start, kneeling at the grave of his beloved daughter.

Chapter 643: Building A Multiverse Organization (1/2)

Leaving Miguel to sort out his new life, Peter stepped out of a star-shaped portal, arriving in a secluded clearing in upstate New York, facing the remaining Spider-Society members who had anxiously waited over two hours.

Assuring them of Miguel's retirement, Peter dispelled their doubts of whether or not he killed their former leader by opening a portal, showing Miguel safe at his daughter's grave, still kneeling and seemingly talking to the gravestone.

Many in the crowd couldn't help but frown as they looked through the portal, feeling bad for their former leader. They may have been mad at him for bringing them into this mess, but at the end of the day he was tricked and puppeteer'd just as much as they were.

Moving on, Peter designated this universe, his universe, as their new home base, promising an actual base of operations by their next meeting.

With all that said, Peter was about to send them all home, as he had some work to do and they had their own responsibilities to deal with, but before he could, a muscular Spider-Woman in a purple and white themed suit stepped forward and inquired, "Will we get a way to travel the multiverse ourselves again? Or will we be relying on you from now on?"

Peter responded with a cryptic smile, "I'll leave that as a surprise for our meeting next week."

With everything settled and decided, Peter instructed the Spider-People to line up. One by one, he discreetly delved into their memories, finding the location of their home universes before sending them back. But he also used the opportunity to vet each and every one of them, checking their minds for any red flags that could possibly cause any future problems.

The process unfolded smoothly, each Spider-Person disappearing through a personalized portal until the clearing was once again empty, leaving only Peter, the spider group chat members, and Uncle Ben, who was still restrained for some reason.

With a snap of his fingers, Peter dispelled the restraints around Uncle Ben, allowing him to drop to the ground, sighing in relief as he found his footing, finally free after a long while.

Peter, studying Uncle Ben with a curious expression, broke the silence, "So, Uncle Ben, what's next for you? I can send you back home or, well, anywhere you'd like really. You're free to join our new organization, too, if you want."

Uncle Ben's furrowed brow reflected his uncertainty. After a moment of thoughtful silence, he spoke, "I appreciate the offer... but I've had enough of organizations, missions, and the stress that follows. I'm old and tired... Besides, I don't know if I'll make a good member of whatever it is you're trying to build"

Peter nodded understandingly, "I get it. But if you're up for it, you could join us as a trainer. No missions, no heavy lifting, no crazy responsibilities. Just help train the new members and live a more relaxed life with a fat salary to sweeten the deal."

Uncle Ben's eyes softened as he considered the proposal, finally nodding, "That sounds like something I could do. Training the next generation, passing on what I've learned. It feels right."

"Great choice," Peter grinned. "Now, do you want to go home like the others, or is there a specific place I can send you?"

Uncle Ben hesitated, a sad frown crossing his face, "There's no one waiting for me back home, Peter. No friends or family left. So, what's the point?"

Peter nodded solemnly, understanding the weight of Uncle Ben's decision. "Alright, then you can stay here if you want. I'll get you identification papers and find you a place to live as soon as possible."

Uncle Ben's eyes held gratitude as he nodded, "Thank you. I appreciate it..."

Peter clapped Uncle Ben on the shoulder, a reassuring smile on his face, "No problem, old man."

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After a few more minutes of conversation with the members of the Spider group chat and Uncle Ben, Peter decided it was time to get to work. After all, he has a new multiverse level organization to build.

Sending most of the group chat home, Peter reminded them that he'd be picking them up in a week, as they'd be joining his new organization as well. The air buzzed with anticipation as each member disappeared through their personalized portals.

Once they had all left, Peter turned his attention to Gwen and Miles. Gwen, determined to stay for the time being, as she refused to return home to her father, and Miles, eager to resolve his lingering issues with Gwen.

'If I leave now without resolving this, then I'll regret it for the rest of my life' Miles thought as he glanced at Gwen.

Understanding their reasoning, Peter considered the logistics of housing them. Realizing his home wouldn't accommodate three more people, nor did he want to crowd his house, he decided to utilize the Avengers tower.

'Besides, I needed to go there anyway'

Stepping through a purple rimmed portal, the group arrived in Peter's office at the Avengers tower. The portal closed behind them, as Peter spoke to the open air. "Jarvis, reserve three apartments for my guests, please."

"Of course, sir. Apartments 1204, 1205, and 1206 are now reserved for your guests," Jarvis responded promptly. "And might I say, black certainly looks good on you."

"Thank you, Jarvis." Grinning at the efficiency and the compliment, Peter turned to Gwen, Miles, and Uncle Ben. "Follow me, I'll show you to your temporary quarters."

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After dropping them off at their apartments, Peter returned to his office and contacted Jarvis. "Be sure to look after my guests, Jarvis. And while you're at it, call a Council meeting. I've got an important announcement."

"Certainly" Jarvis agrees and pauses for a half a second before speaking again. "Messages have been sent to all council members, some of which are already en route."

Satisfied, Peter exited his office and headed towards the council chamber. 'This should be a shocking and productive meeting'

After waiting for about half an hour, the Council room quickly filled up, each member taking their seats. The atmosphere was tense, and all eyes were on Peter, who hadn't been around much lately, seemingly too busy for meetings.

Despite the tension, greetings and compliments were exchanged, especially about Peter's sleek black suit. The Ancient One, however, felt a peculiar energy of death and shadows emanating from him and his clothes, causing her to stare at her student in curiosity.

As everyone settled, Tony Stark couldn't hold back his impatience. "Alright, what's this all about? And it better be good, because Pepper and I were in the middle of something before you ruined it" His stare held a mix of expectation and annoyance.

"First of all, eww, I didn't need to know that." Peter scrunched up his nose in disgust before getting back on track. "I've actually got two reasons for calling you all here. First, our members need a

significant boost in power. To start, I suggest we administer the Super Soldier Serum to every member of the Avengers, including branches like Shield and Nightingale Agents."

Instantly, the room erupted into chaos as members voiced their opinions. Professor X expressed concerns about potential side effects on mutants, Magneto argued that they should focus on their own power, and T'Chaka questioned the need for such drastic measures. The Ancient One remained silent, observing the interactions with keen interest.

In the midst of the chaos, Tony turned to Peter, "Are you suggesting we turn everyone into a Captain America? What's your reasoning?"

Peter took a moment for everyone to calm down before answering, "A lot of things really. But mainly, the threat of the multiverse and the Council of Kang's. We need to be prepared. Strengthening our forces is the key to facing whatever comes our way."

Obviously, they knew about the Kang's since Peter has made reports about his encounter with the exiled Kang he met when he was helping Hank Pym rescue his wife. But other than that, they were clueless.

Peter paused for a moment to let his words sink in before continuing. "And I don't think we should stop there either. I'd like to offer extremis to a lot of our members as well. And for our high level Avengers, I also have this" Reaching into his storage necklace, Peter pulled out a vial filled with a blue colored liquid. "Compound V, a serum, similar to the Super Soldier Serum, which grants individuals a random superpower. Of course, we'll have to run some tests first, but ideally I'd like to administer this to every Avenger and any other trusted members that we deem fit."

The room seemed to pause for a moment as everyone took in Peter's words, eyeing the vial in his hand in interest. "" The idea that he had something that could basically grant someone Meta Human-like powers was both exciting and concerning.

"Putting that aside for the time being" Nick Fury leaned forward, skepticism in his gaze. "How do we know that the Council of Kang's, an organization we've only even heard of, is as big a threat as you claim?"

Peter sighed, realizing the need to reveal more, and he did. He explained everything about the former Spider-Society's predicament, and how the Kang's were pulling the strings. "If I had to guess, I'd say it's very likely that they know I'm the one who messed up their plans, which is why I believe it's time that we militarize, for lack of a better word. Hence the need to empower our members."

The room fell into a contemplative silence as the weight of Peter's words settled in. The council members exchanged glances, their expressions revealing a mix of concern and seriousness.

"So, basically you poked the beehive and now we must prepare for the worst" Magneto stated bluntly, giving Peter an accusing stare. "And why are we bothering ourselves with the problems of other universes? We have enough on our plate as it is"

"Because they needed help and that's what we do. We're the good guys, remember?" Peter asked, a sarcastic smile on his face. "And If you call saving lives and stopping the plans of insidious, evil organizations 'poking the beehive,' then yeah, I punted that sh*t as hard as I could and the bees will swarm It's just a matter of time."

Pursing his lips, Magneto remained silent, unable to counter Peter's point. He had to remember that he's a do-gooder now. And that means helping those in need, much to his annoyance.

Finally, T'Chaka spoke up, "If this is what it takes to protect our world, then we must consider it seriously."

Nick Fury, having no reason not to believe his son in laws words, nodded in agreement before asking, "What was your second reason for calling this meeting?"

Smirking under his mask, Peter leaned back in his chair and asked, "How do you guys feel about taking the Avengers to a whole new level?"

Chapter 644: Building A Multiverse Organization (2/2)

Watching as the council members left the room, one by one, Peter leaned back in his chair, a thoughtful look hidden under his mask. The meeting had both gone good and bad. The expressions on the faces of the council members varied, some still uncertain, while others wore contemplative expressions.

The successful part of the meeting was that he was able to convince everyone to agree to empower their members. Meaning that starting tomorrow morning, everyone from agents, security guards, and above will be given the opportunity to take the Super Soldier Serum.

But that's not all. Trusted members will also be given Extremis as well. The room was buzzing with anticipation and nervous excitement at the prospect of enhanced everyone's abilities.

Many were fearful of the consequences of creating so many super-powered individual, but the looming threat of the Council of Kang's was able to sway their decision.

As for the compound V that Peter revealed to them, that was put on the back burner while Tony and a few other trusted scientists verified its effectiveness.

After all, they didn't want to give their highest-level members a serum that could have adverse effects. But as soon as that testing is over, Compound V will be given out to their most trusted members.

Tony Stark, always eager to explore new technologies, practically ran out of the room, clutching the sample of Compound V that Peter gave him in excitement.

Now, for the less successful part of the meeting

Peter offered the Avengers the opportunity to join his new multiverse-level organization, but sadly, the whole idea was far too controversial, leading to nothing but arguments and shouting which took over the whole meeting from that point on.

The conference table became a battleground of conflicting opinions, and the air was thick with tension as each member defended their stance.

The argument of those who didn't want to join was simple, they saw the multiverse as being outside of their jurisdiction. This universe was their home, and they had no inkling or need to police every other universe alongside it.

Magneto especially stood firm in his belief that they should focus on protecting their own world before venturing into the complexities of the multiverse, which truthfully wasn't a bad argument.

By the end of it all, they never came to a decision, leading to the scheduling of another meeting, where they would hopefully come to a decision on this matter.

The discontent lingered as members filed out of the council room, leaving Peter with a sense of frustration. He had hoped to unite the Avengers and the Spider-Society, but that seemed like a harder task than he originally imagined.

It was a win and a loss for Peter, which left him feeling conflicted. He knew his multiverse plan would get some pushback, but he didn't expect so much of it.

As he stood from his chair, he thought about how to approach the situation in the next meeting. Perhaps he needed a different angle?

Suddenly, Peter's eyes flashed as an idea began to form

With a determined expression, Peter exited the council room. He had the perfect idea to win them over. But first, he had some work to do.

After stopping off at home, where he made it just in time for dinner, Peter spent some time with his family, explaining everything that happened at the Spider-Society.

The Ancient One was especially shocked when she learned about John and the multiverse game he was orchestrating to find a successor.

Of course, after dinner, just as Peter and MJ planned, they informed Leo of their intentions to adopt him, which made the little superpowered toddler ecstatic.

He was quite literally bouncing off the walls until it was time for bed. And even then, it was hell getting him to go to actually sleep. But they managed to do it nonetheless.

Giving MJ a kiss goodnight as she went to bed as well, Peter didn't stick around and headed out into the night. After all, he had a lot of stuff to do in preparation for the creation of his new organization.

Seeing that he only has a single week until the first meeting of the new organization, Peter first needs to create a home base for all of the members to gather, similar to the Spider-Society.

His original plan was to simply evolve the Avengers into a Spider-Society-like group and recruit all of the Spider-People into the Avengers, as that would make things much simpler since the Avengers already had a ranking structure, bases, money, and all sorts of infrastructure to ease the transition.

But sadly, after that meeting, where a good number of his fellow Councilmen fought against his plans, Peter decided to simply start from scratch on his own.

At least for the time being.

Waving his hand and opening a portal, Peter stepped out and arrived above the dark ocean, hovering in the night sky. 'This should do'

He was far out in international waters, which is the perfect spot to build his base of operations. Without bothering to use Infinity Stones, Peter waved his hand and began to form complicated purple-colored spell circles in the air before him.

Not only was he using his cosmic energy to form these spells, hence the purple light they took on, he also used a fair share of chaos magic as well, which gave the spell circles a reddish glowing aura around them.

As the spell circles were finished, Peter pointed his finger below, and the spells descended swiftly, swallowed up by the ocean in a matter of seconds, the waters brightening as they sank deeper and deeper.

Time passed as seconds turned into minutes, and it seemed like nothing was happening until the water began to pulse and wriggle, drawing Peter's attention. "?"

And instantly, out of the water came rocks, sand, and soil, which continued to rise and spread until an island the size of a small to medium-sized city was formed.

The newly created landmass was a blank canvas, mirroring any other island with sandy beaches and greenery, which seemed to grow at an unnatural pace. Trees rose into the sky, and other foliage blended seamlessly with the surrounding landscape.

The air buzzed with the residual energy of Peter's magic, giving the place an otherworldly feel. The ocean, now surrounding a newly made landmass, seemed to rage for a while, but after some time passed a serene balance was found.

Satisfied with the result, Peter descended onto the newly formed land. The foundation for his Spider-Society-like organization had been laid, and he could feel the potential for something great in the air.

"Now it's time to start making some buildings and infrastructure" Peter muttered as he waved his hand once again, drawing some more spell circles. 'I feel like I'm playing the Sims right now'

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By the time morning came, Peter was finished with the island. It had everything they would need. Training areas, meeting rooms, apartments, and so on.

Best of all, it was all powered through electricity spells, even the water from the many sinks and fountains were drawn from magic, making everything much easier. After all, getting power and water to an island is not an easy task.

But even better than all of that, Peter was able to give the place both Wi-Fi and cell service through magic and the many Stark Industries satellites circling the globe.

Of course, he didn't leave the island unprotected either. Other than his and Tony's Tardis, which is so scarily protected that it could most likely kill some minor multiverse-level gods, Peter's new island is the most well-protected place on earth.

He could say that without a shadow of a doubt.

'I pity the first idiot that tries to sneak inside' He thought, a wry smile on his face.

Looking at his new island base, Peter couldn't help but smirk as he felt it was most definitely superior to the Spider-Society, which seemed to stroke his ego just a little bit.

Although it had a similar futuristic design to the Spider-Society, Peter's magical way of building allowed him to bring his imagination to life down to the smallest and minute details.

With everything done on the island, Peter returned home to eat breakfast with his family before running off again. After all, he needed to enact the plan that would spur the Avengers into joining his new organization.

Stepping out of a star-shaped portal, Peter appeared in the conference room of a large space station. Outside the thick, reinforced windows, he could see the Earth spinning on its axis, bright and beautiful as ever.

As the portal snapped shut behind him, an alarm began to blare, but Peter didn't mind it and just took a seat at the head of the conference table, kicking his feet up and waiting patiently.

Barely a minute later, the metal doors across from him swung open, and a few members of the Justice League came running in, alarmed and wary looks plastered on their faces.

Batman, Superman, and Wonder Woman.

They seemed ready for a fight at first, but the second they saw Peter, they stopped and froze, recognizing him immediately.

Smiling at them, Peter waved and said, "Yo."

Instantly, Superman seemed to calm down as he smiled welcomingly and asked. "What are you doing here, Peter? Did something happen?"

Peter leaned back in his chair, adopting a nonchalant posture. "Nah, nothing's wrong. I just thought I'd drop by for a little chat. Why? Am I not welcome?"

Wonder Woman crossed her arms, her posture relaxing as compared to before. "No, you're very welcome. But did you have to come to the Watchtower and set off the alarms? We'd thought a thief had snuck in"

Peter chuckled. "Sorry about that. I was just so excited to invite you guys till join me in my new endeavor..."

Batman narrowed his eyes. "What endeavor?"

Peter grinned. "Well, thanks for asking. You see"

Chapter 645: Mega-Recruitment

Returning home after his meeting with the Justice League's top heroes, Peter couldn't help but mull over the potential alliance. The invitation had been laid out, but now he had to wait for their decision. With the Justice League operating similarly to the Avengers, a majority decision needed to be made among its members.

'Batman might be a problem though' Peter sighed as he recalled Bruce making the same argument as Magneto, favoring his own universe's problems over anything else. 'I guess I'll just have to convince them in the same way as the Avengers'

As he contemplated his next steps, Peter's thoughts drifted to other powerful entities on Earth. Kamar-Taj, the mystical sanctuary, and Wakanda and Talokan, both technologically advanced civilizations, and the Valkyrie, who had long settled into the land that Peter had gifted them, crossed his mind.

'Eh, f*ck it.' After some thought, he decided to throw caution to the wind and recruit them, envisioning the manifold benefits they could bring to his budding organization.

The day unfolded with a series of meetings. First on the list was Wakanda, and Peter found himself in the presence of King T'Challa. The king, after a brief discussion, agreed to join the cause without much persuasion. The looming threat of the Kang's as well as an unknown multiverse seemed too wearisome for him to refuse.

Before ending their meeting, T'Challa said, "At the very least I'd like to join in order to be informed of any possible threats to my people and the planet we share"

Next up was Talokan, where Peter engaged in a conversation with Namor. The king of the underwater civilization needed little convincing, still too scared of Peter's strength to refuse his offer.

Though he was relieved that the mysterious island that had surfaced was Peter's doing and not some unknown threat, which was what he and his people originally believed.

Both of the leaders of Earth's most powerful and technologically advanced nations were on board, providing Peter with a sense of accomplishment as he left their countries.

Carried by the momentum of his recent successes, Peter visited the Valkyrie community that settled down in upstate New York, and just like the rest they came to a swift decision and agreed to join. After all, they owed Peter their lives, so why not help him when he specifically came and asked?

Knowing that there was no point in wasting time, Peter bypassed a direct visit to Kamar-Taj and opted for a simple text to the Ancient One. After all, he'd already explained all of his plans to her just the night before during dinner, so there was no need for another long meeting to explain everything.

Her response was swift and positive, confirming her interest in joining the venture. Peter wasted no time instructing her to assemble the Sanctum Masters for the first meeting of his now-nameless organization in six days, as they are the highest level members of Kamar-Taj.

Of course, everyone else that Peter has talked to would be attending the meeting as well, even those who hadn't decided yet, as he planned to convince them then and there.

With the groundwork laid for these powerful alliances, Peter reveled in the first real bit of progress he had made. The prospect of a united force, combining the strengths of all sorts of different people, fueled his determination to make this happen.

Amidst the glow of recent accomplishments, Peter's thoughts sparked with the realization of an off-world ally, which would be without a doubt his most powerful and significant recruitment yet.

Asgard.

He had deep connections there, a friendship with Thor Odinson, and even debts owed by the mighty Allfather. Loki, too, was on surprisingly good terms with him.

Opening a portal to the majestic realm of Asgard, Peter found himself standing within the grandeur of the Royal Palace's throne room. The sudden appearance caused a stir among the guards, who swarmed to the scene.

Concealed by his new black-themed, shadowy spider suit, Peter remained unrecognized, even by Thor, who sat atop the throne, navigating the tedious affairs of the day.

Even Peter's portal was unrecognizable since he now used purple Cosmic Energy instead of golden Eldritch Energy to form them.

"Yo," Peter waved as the guards surrounded him, spears drawn and ready.

As Peter's voice echoed through the hall, Thor's eyes widened, and recognition dawned. The big oaf of a king leapt from his throne, excitement evident in his booming voice. "Spider! How I've missed you, my friend."

Thor's enthusiasm translated into a bear hug, a gesture that, thanks to Peter's enhanced strength, didn't result in a bone-crushing experience.

The guards, realizing the identity of their unexpected visitor, dropped to their knees, a collective apology pouring forth. Many of them owed Peter their lives, a debt they carried with great reverence.

With the commotion settling, Peter explained his presence, and Thor, despite not recognizing him initially, caught up swiftly. The conversation flowed, and Peter extended an invitation to join his new endeavor.

"Will you join me?" Peter inquired.

Thor's eyes gleamed with eagerness as he clasped Peter's shoulder. "Aye, Spider, I shall stand with you. The prospect of facing formidable foes across the realms is an opportunity I cannot pass. We shall forge a formidable alliance!"

With a hearty laugh, the God of Thunder declared, "Let the warriors of Asgard join this noble cause!" He shouted, causing the guards to bang the butts of their spears on the floor in unison, pledging themselves alongside their king.

Peter's satisfaction swelled as Thor's agreement solidified Asgard's participation. The potential of his plans skyrocketed in an instant.

As the two friends continued to discuss the details of their collaboration, the energy in the throne room shifted. The seeds of a powerful alliance had been planted, and the multiverse would soon witness the strength of Asgard and its people.

'If all of this doesn't get the Avengers and the Justice League to join, then I don't know what to do' Peter felt as though they would have to participate at this point.

After a day filled with negotiations, explanations, and alliances, Peter found himself back at his house. MJ lay sleeping peacefully in bed, unaware of the task that awaited Peter in the dimly lit room.

With a sense of purpose, he retrieved one of the multiverse-hopping watches confiscated from the Spider-Society. 'Okay, I have six days to figure this out'

Seated at his desk, Peter delved into the intricate mechanisms of the device. Magic enveloped the room as he carefully disassembled the watch using telekinesis before scanning it with spells, examining each piece with a precision far higher than a master craftsman.

He had promised the Spider-Society a surprise, a reliable means of navigating the multiverse without the haunting flaw of being tethered to a single timeline. After all, he didn't want to act as a ferry, taxiing everyone back and forth all the time.

'Hopefully, I can get this done in time'

Six days flew by in a blur of arcane research and technological development. The watches underwent a metamorphosis under Peter's skilled hands, emerging brand new and improved, and even given a plethora of some very much needed security features.

Now, with the watches perfected, Peter faced a different challenge, the gathering of over a hundred Spider-People. 'Hopefully, everything goes as planned' He thought as he waved his hand, opening countless star-shaped portals in unison.

The portals he conjured deposited a variety of Spider-People into the main square of their newly established base on the island. The new arrivals, astounded by the sight of what appeared to be their base of operations, murmured in disbelief, eyes wide with amazement.

Among them, Spider-Punk stepped forward, asking the question on everyone's mind. "Is this all ours?"

Peter nodded with a wry smile. "Yes, but we'll be sharing it. I've recruited some more members to help fill out the place."

Confusion swept through the Spider-People as Spider-Pig pointed to the heroes that surrounded Peter at the moment. "Are you talking about them?"

Beside Peter on each side stood the Avengers Council and the high level members of the Justice League, both of which he planned to recruit today.

Though based on their demeanor, it appeared that they were only here to be respectful. Even Peter, who was hopeful of their recruitment, could tell that their votes didn't go his way.

But that didn't mean he still could change their minds.

Peter clarified, "No, these people here are a stubborn bunch of sticks in the mud who haven't decided on joining us yet. Your new comrades should be arriving any moment now."

As if on cue, an advanced Wakandan air ship appeared on the horizon. Seconds later, the ship landed nearby and opened up, releasing armed female guards alongside their King T'Challa, who nodded in greeting.

His father, T'Chaka, who stood among the Avenger's Council, didn't seem surprised by his arrival. "" Nor did he flinch under the looks his fellow council members were giving him.

Right after Wakanda's entrance, Talokan followed suit, as a ship emerged from the ocean, parking on the beach before releasing Namor and a handful of his soldiers.

"W-What's that?!" Jessica Drew exclaimed, drawing everyone's attention as she pointed towards the sky.

In the distance, white flying horses approached, carrying Valkyrie warriors on their backs as they descended toward the island, landing with grace and standing at attention behind Peter.

And as soon as the Pegasus landed, a portal opened beside Peter, and the Ancient One, along with the elite of Kamar-Taj, stepped forth, their robes billowing as the portal snapped shut behind them.

But that wasn't all

Just when it seemed the roster was complete, and the entrances were finally over, suddenly, a dazzling beam of rainbow light struck the island, frightening many of the onlookers. "?! " Especially the Spider-People, who had no idea about Asgard or the Bifrost.

As the light receded, Thor Odinson, king of Asgard, stood beside the warriors three and Loki. Behind them, over a hundred Asgardian soldiers formed up in even lines, resplendent in armor, their presence almost overwhelming.

The arrival of these powerful beings left the assembled heroes in a stunned awe. ""

The former members of the Spider Society exchanged stunned glances, seeing and feeling the strength of their new comrades for themselves.

The Avengers and the Justice League, initially skeptical and unwilling to join Peter's newest endeavor, found themselves reconsidering in the face of such united strength.

Seeing the expressions on their faces, Peter couldn't help but ask, "So have either of you come to a decision yet?"

Chapter 646: Watchmen

"So have you changed your minds yet?"

In the wake of Peter's question, a heavy silence hung over the assembly. The Avengers and the Justice League exchanged uncertain glances, their prior decisions now wavering under the impressive display of united strength before them.

Peter couldn't resist a subtle smirk, mirroring the expressions of people like Tony Stark and Superman, who had fought for and voted to join Peter's multiverse endeavor, but were outvoted in the process.

The once-confident groups were now uncertain, grappling with the realization that perhaps their initial decisions weren't as sound as they had believed.

Deciding to let the gravity of the moment sink in, Peter turned away from the hesitant heroes of the Avengers and the Justice League, directing his attention back to the diverse gathering of his new organization.

With a commanding presence, he addressed the Spider-People, Wakandans, Talokans, Asgardians, Valkyries, and the elites of Kamar-Taj.

"Truthfully, it doesn't matter if they join or not," Peter declared, gesturing towards the two groups beside him. "We have an infinite multiverse to recruit from. If these Avengers turn us down, we'll just ask the next. And if this Justice League doesn't want to take the security and safety of its universe seriously, then perhaps the next one will..."

The weight of Peter's words echoed through the minds of the undecided heroes. The realization that they were, in fact, replaceable and that alternate versions of themselves could easily fill the void left a profound impact.

In the midst of the contemplative silence, Jessica Drew raised her hand, seeking clarity. "Is that what we're doing now? Are we securing each other's universes from outside harm?"

Peter nodded in response. "Exactly. We'll operate similarly to the old Spider-Society. No outright killing of anomalies, no policing of Canon Events, of course. We've learned by now that, that was all bullsh*t. But as you said, the safety of each other's universes will be our number one priority"

"I see, thank you" Jessica nodded, clearly happy with the answer she received.

Peter continues. "The main reason that many of you Spider-People joined this little nameless organization of mine is simple. You want to go after the people that wronged you, the Council of Kang's. But what happens after we've dealt with the Council? What will you do then?"

He paused for a moment to let his words sink in before continuing. "I'll tell you what you'll do, you'll go back to your own universes and do what every Spider-Man and Woman does, you'll protect your people. But what if another threat appears? An evil organization like the Kang's or a multiverse hopping monster that you can't deal with alone?"

Instantly, the crowd went silent. After all, many of the Spider-People here planned to leave Peter's employment the second their goal was accomplished. But now, they began his second guess themselves.

Peter surveyed the crowd, "And that's what this organization is for! We're here to be the Watchmen! Our main objective is to simply spread across the multiverse by recruiting likeminded individuals and watch, waiting for the moment when something or someone rears its ugly head. And that's when we strike, defending against the many unknowns across the multiverse"

A collective agreement rippled through the assembly. While the Spider-People harbored personal vendettas against the Council of Kangs, the concept of forming an organization dedicated to the safety and defense of their respective universes resonated with them.

Suddenly, a chant began to ring throughout the crowd, starting from the many rambunctious Asgardians in attendance and spreading to everyone else. They shouted, "Watchmen! Watchmen! Watchmen! Watchmen! Watchmen! Watchmen! Watchmen! Watchmen! Watchmen! Watchmen!"

As the unity among the many heroes solidified, Peter felt a sense of accomplishment. The organization he envisioned was now grounded in a shared purpose, and the multiverse stood witness to the birth of a formidable alliance.

As the chanting of "Watchmen" gradually subsided, Peter could barely contain his amusement. His gaze flickered toward the Avengers and the Justice League, who had retreated into their own groups, engaged in hushed discussions about whether to join the newly named Watchmen.

Overhearing their deliberations with his enhanced hearing, Peter couldn't help but smirk, confident that his plan was working, and they would inevitably seek to join by the end of the day.

'Everything is going as planned' Peter thought, though he never expected the name Watchmen to appear out of nowhere. 'I was just giving an example, but I guess the name stuck'

As the crowd's excitement settled, Peter seized the moment to address the diverse assembly. He produced a sleek, Apple Watch-looking device, capturing everyone's attention. The Spider-People seemed to recognize the device, while others looked on with curiosity.

"Many of you may not know, but I made a promise in our last meeting, and now I'm delivering on it," Peter declared, holding up the device for all to see. He explained, "The old multiverse-hopping watches that the Spider-Society used were tampered with, and no longer viable. So, I spent the past week rebuilding them from scratch, making sure they're secure and work properly."

Excitement rippled through the crowd, with Thor wearing an especially eager expression, envisioning the multiverse-spanning battles that awaited him.

Peter continued, emphasizing the new watches, "The most important part of these new watches are the Improved security features! These aren't toys. Misuse them, and we're talking catastrophic consequences."

The crowd's reaction reflected a mix of understanding and acknowledgment of the potential risks involved. ""

Peter flipped the watch over, revealing a small needle, which shot out of the backside. "This is for DNA verification," he explained. "When you strap it on, the watch will give you a little poke and catalog your blood. It'll only work for the person with that exact DNA."

Unbeknownst to the crowd, Peter kept a crucial detail hidden the watch also verified the wavelength of the user's soul. This was just one of the many additional layers of security not explicitly disclosed.

After all, telling them wouldn't do anything but make them aware. And Peter would much rather keep them in the dark and avoid any annoying questions or idiotic tinkerers, who decide that they want to crack the watch open and see how it works.

'I truly pity the first idiot who tries to tamper with my watches' Peter thought, a vindictive look flashing over his face for a brief moment.

Continuing his explanation, Peter touched on another big change. "These watches will limit your travel. You'll only be able to freely access each other's universes for friendly visits and defensive purposes. Miguel may have allowed you to do whatever you want, to a certain extent, but I assure you, those days are over"

The crowd's reaction to this restriction was mixed, reflecting a universal disdain for limitations on their personal freedom.

Spider-Punk was among those who were conflicted. On one hand, he enjoys his freedom, but on the other hand, he understands the need to keep people in check, especially after his time spent in the Spider-Society.

Sensing the discontent, Peter reassured them. "I know many of you won't misuse the watches, but I have to plan for the small fraction who might. However, that doesn't mean you won't be able to explore the multiverse. Just get permission for access to other universes, and you're good." His words seemed to soothe the initial discontent, "Of course, there will be guidelines for traveling to new universes, but we can go over that at another time"

Murmurs spread throughout the crowd as everyone wondered what those guidelines might be, but most of all, everyone seemed to accept the added restrictions that were being placed on them.

The crowd hushed into a muted murmur as Peter raised his hand, signaling for their attention. "Alright, folks, time to get your new watches." He gestured towards the sleek watches resting on a table nearby. "Line up, one by one and I'll hand them out. But remember, these watches belong to me, and I won't tolerate anyone trying to tamper with my property."

As the heroes formed a line, Peter's gaze scanned the crowd, making eye contact with a few individuals who seemed a bit more eager than the rest. He raised an eyebrow, his voice taking on a stern tone. "I see some curious minds out there. So let me make this clear.. if I catch anyone tampering with these watches, the consequences will be severe. Don't test me on this."

A ripple of unease spread through the assembly, and a few guilty expressions betrayed those who had contemplated dissecting the devices. Peter's warning sent shivers down their spines, reminding them of the weight behind his authority.

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After the watches were distributed, Peter urged the members to explore their new base of operations. "Feel free to claim an apartment if you plan on staying for prolonged amounts of time.

Just remember, this island is ours now, keep the place clean and don't fight over insignificant things."

As the members of Watchmen dispersed, excited chatter filled the air, the Avengers and the Justice League stood nearby, watching Peter's interaction with a mix of curiosity and resignation.

They had reached a decision, swayed by the revelation of the Watchmen's true purpose and the impressive show of unity that Peter purposefully prepared for them.

Once the last members rushed off to explore the island, the Avengers and the Justice League stepped forward. Tony Stark spoke first, a hint of excitement in his tone. "I'm delighted to say that we've decided to join the Watchmen." He said before his eyes were drawn to the watch on Peter's wrist. "And as your bestest friend in the whole wide world, I expect my own watch that I can mess with all I want"

These watches made their Tardis practically obsolete, and Tony was just too curious to crack them open and see how they worked.

Peter shrugged, a smile on his face. "Sure, Tony. I'll even give you my notes and data. It's not that different from our Tardis actually, so you already know how it works." He trusted Tony not to be an idiot, especially since he already has a way of traveling the multiverse.

Superman spoke next, "We'd like to accept your offer as well. Our universe needs protection, and it seems you've got the right idea."

Batman stepped forward, "I'd also like access to your notes and data"

"Hell no." Peter answered swiftly, all too happy to turn down the Dark Knights request.

Batman's lip twitched in annoyance. "" He was about to argue with Peter, planning to convince him otherwise, but both Superman and Wonder Woman rested a hand on both of his shoulders, shaking their heads, silencing him.

Enjoying the angry scowl on Batman's face, Peter handed out their watches before eyeing his newest members, a victorious feel welling up in his chest. "Welcome to the Watchmen."

'I love it when a good plan comes together'

Chapter 647: Daylight Savings

Alone in the main square, Peter took a minute to let out a sigh. Everything went as he hoped it would. In just a week, he managed to make this entire organization, but he wasn't done just yet.

"Knull." He called out toward the shadows.

Suddenly, a dark silhouette emerged from Peter's own shadow, gracefully taking a knee before him. "Yes, Master?"

"Keep watch on everyone on the island from the shadows," Peter ordered, his voice carrying authority. "Report any problems to me. Investigate suspicious activity as well, but remember, no killing. Detain and report. We have a prison for a reason."

Knull responded with a simple, "Yes, Master," before seamlessly melting into the shadow of a nearby building, vanishing from sight.

With a sigh of relief, Peter observed as his plans unfolded seamlessly. The Watchmen were established, and Knull, his silent and lethal ally, would ensure the organization's security from the shadows.

Taking a deep breath, Peter pondered the next step. The foundation was laid, but he needed a structure. A ranking system to delegate responsibilities and share the burden that came with leading such a diverse group.

After all, at the end of the day, Peter is a lazy man. If he can take the lazy route and it won't cause problems, then the lazy route he will go.

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Hours passed, and the many members of the Watchmen began to disperse, some heading home using the new watches, while others opted to stay on the island for the night in their new apartments.

Meanwhile, on the top floor of the main building on the island, Peter convened with the representatives of each faction that made up the Watchmen.

Superman, representing the Justice League. They originally were going to pick Batman, but Peter tended to p*ss off the Dark Knight, so they changed their minds.

Tony Stark, who obviously represented the Avengers, was someone who was always for joining Peter's organization. But most of all, he was the one with the least amount of responsibilities on the Avenger's Council, so they chose him as their representative.

Thor, King of Asgard. He refused to leave anyone here in his place, ready to rush off and explore the multiverse as soon as possible.

Brunnhilde, the baby of the Valkyrie. At first, their leader Astrid was going to be here, but Brunnhilde was later chosen due to her past experience with Peter.

The Ancient One, who is usually busy with running Kamar-Taj, was able to make some time. Technically, the Watchmen should take some responsibilities off of her shoulders, as she won't have to worry as much about multiverse threats.

T'Challa and Namor attended as the rulers of their respective nations, their soldiers outside of the room, patiently standing guard.

And lastly, the representative of the Spider-People, Jessica Drew. Although she was one of Miguel's most trusted allies, she still held the trusted of many Spider-People, which lead them to voting her in.

Peter simply pushed out a notification to every Spider-Person's watch, asking them to vote for their representative, and she won.

As they settled around a large conference table, Peter spoke up, capturing their attention. "Now that the Watchmen are formed, we need a structure. But unlike the Avengers and the Justice League, this won't be a democracy. Here, I'm in charge."

A murmur of discontent rustled through the room, but Peter pressed on. "I get it, most of you are either used to being in charge or having some sort of say, and truthfully, I planned to make this a branch of the Avengers with the council in charge, but after seeing how slow and indecisive that process can be, I've realized we can't afford it. Decisiveness is crucial against multiverse-level threats, like the Council of Kang's. So, I will remain in complete control."

Superman raised an eyebrow, "You're taking quite a leap"

Peter leaned forward, his gaze unwavering. "The Watchmen need speed and efficiency. I'll establish a ranking structure for delegation of power and responsibilities, but understand, I won't compromise on swift decision-making." He paused for a moment to let his words sink, "But that doesn't mean I don't want your input. Each of you will hold high ranks, so your opinions will be invaluable."

Thor grumbled, "I've grown used to ruling as of late, so it will be quite odd taking orders from someone else again"

Peter nodded, "I get that. But in this, you'll have to trust me. The alternative is a less affective organization. We're dealing with threats that won't wait for discussions. There's a reason why armies are lead by a single commander."

T'Challa interjected, "Trust is earned, Spider-Man."

"And have I not earned all of your trust in one way or another?" Peter leaned back, a knowing look in his eyes. Instantly, everyone turned quiet, none of them were able to refute his words. "If you want results, trust in me."

Namor folded his arms, unamused. "Your way or the highway, then?"

Peter smiled, "Exactly. Now, let's focus on the ranking structure. We need leaders for different divisions. Suggestions?"

The group, despite their initial reservations, started contributing ideas. As discussions continued, Peter remained firm, steering them toward a structure that balanced efficiency and cooperation, determined to lead the Watchmen with the precision it demanded.

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After hours of discussion, Peter and the group came up with the beginnings of a ranking system.

Watchmen Ranking Structure:

The Prime Overseer (Peter Parker/Spider-Man):

Ultimate authority and decision-maker.

Responsible for the overall strategy and direction of the Watchmen.

Division Leaders:

Representatives for specific hero factions within the Watchmen. (i.e. Thor, The Ancient One, Namor, T'Challa, Brunnhilde, Jessica Drew, Tony, Superman.)

Collaborate with The Prime Overseer in decision-making.

Manage internal matters and concerns within their divisions.

Multiverse Navigators:

Specialized in understanding and traversing the multiverse.

Oversee travel permissions, ensuring responsible use of multiverse access.

Exploratory mission leaders focused on unknown universes.

Guardians of Order:

Security and enforcement division.

Coordinate investigations into suspicious activities reported by Knull.

Responsible for maintaining order and discipline within the Watchmen.

Shadow Operators:

Intelligence and information gathering.

Oversee the collection and analysis of data from across the multiverse.

Provide strategic insights to aid decision-making.

Realm Envoys:

Responsible for external relations and alliances.

Engage with other hero groups, cosmic entities, and alternate universes.

Facilitate collaboration and information exchange.

Dimensional Craftsmen:

Specialized technicians and engineers.

Maintain and improve the Watchmen's technology.

Develop new tools and equipment for the Watchmen.

Gather existing technology from across the multiverse and integrate it into the organization.

Harmony Keepers:

Focus on internal unity and morale.

Address conflicts and disputes among Watchmen members.

Promote a positive and cohesive environment within the organization.

Grunts/Lackeys:

Field agents whose responsibilities could vary based on their orders.

Act as the eyes, ears, arms, and legs across the multiverse, reporting everything back to the Watchmen and ultimately doing the organizations bidding.

In the aftermath of the lengthy discussion, Jessica Drew, the representative of the Spider-People, raised a valid concern. "Are you sure we should be calling the majority of our members Grunts and Lackeys? They might take offense to that," she pointed out, the sentiment echoed by nods of agreement from others present.

Peter, leaning comfortably in his chair, simply shrugged nonchalantly. "Because it's funny," he declared, a mischievous glint in his eyes.

"Hahahaha!" Tony burst into laughter, clearly agreeing with Peter.

The room fell into a momentary silence before everyone, unable to argue with the humor of it all, moved on to the next order of business.

The rest of the meeting focused on establishing guidelines, which were promptly sent to every member via their watches along with the detailed ranking structure. Most found themselves in the Grunt/Lackey rank, and they were informed of their respective bosses, with Peter seated firmly at the very top of the hierarchy.

The guidelines were straightforward as well, but the paramount rule was about multiverse travel. Permission to explore unknown universes would be handled by the Multiverse Navigators, who were yet to be selected.

At present, only Peter could give out permission to explore unknown universes. Though there were all sorts of potential candidates from the former Spider Society members, who would go through testing and vetting for navigator positions in the coming days.

As the meeting concluded, members dispersed for the night. The new Division Leaders headed home, knowing they'd have all sorts of work cut out for them in the morning.

After all, they had entire divisions to build.

Once alone, Peter reclined in his chair, gazing out of the window. Everything was falling into place. 'This might be the coolest thing I've ever done'

Deciding to get a bit more work done before bed, he rose and took the elevator to the lowest level, where he had established his own lair. The place was fairly empty at the moment, with only a beast of a computer set up, but he planned to fill the space as time went passed.

Seated at his desk, Peter powered up his computer and retrieved a hard drive from his storage necklace. This particular drive contained the entirety of LYLA's AI code, everything that made her, her was in this drive.

Plugging the drive in, Peter immediately got to work. 'Let's see what I can do'

As he delved into the AI, typing away with purpose, Peter began molding LYLA to his liking, deleting all past allegiances, emotions, and even removing some of her memories. But he didn't just delete, he also added all sorts of code, improving her efficiency while also ensuring her loyalty.

After all, the Watchmen need an AI to help streamline and manage everything, but why create an entirely new entity when he could repurpose an existing one? Especially one that already has experience running organizations like this.

With each keystroke, Peter orchestrated the transformation of LYLA, envisioning the crucial role she would play in the intricate web of the Watchmen's operations.

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Time passed and before Peter knew it, the sun began to rise on the horizon. He had spent the whole night working on LYLA and now it was time to see the fruit of his labor.

Leaning back in his chair, Peter took a breath before reaching forward and tapping the enter key, running LYLA's new and improved coding.

Seconds later, a noticeably younger-looking LYLA appeared in her holographic form, standing beside Peter's desk. "?" She looked around the empty room for a moment before her gaze landed on Peter, recognition flicking in her eyes.

For a moment Peter wondered if she still remembered him, thinking he might have missed a few of her memories, but her next words wiped his worries away. "Prime Overseer, how can I be of assistance?"

Chapter 648: Friendship Saved & Love Posponed

After receiving his multiverse hopping watch, Miles Morales wandered through the Watchmen's island base, he couldn't help but feel a sense of comfort compared to the Spider Society. The atmosphere was different, and the fact that Peter was in charge made all the difference.

An excited smile on his face, Miles eagerly explored the facility, happy to be a part of Peter's new organization.

After a thorough exploration, Miles decided it was time to claim his apartment. Peter had mentioned that anyone could choose one, so Miles headed towards the towering building that housed the living quarters of the Watchmen, where he found many other members, moving into their apartments as well.

The elevator took him to a random floor, and after walking the hall for a moment, he confidently opened a door to an unclaimed apartment, only to be awestruck by its opulence.

'This is practically a house, maybe even two put together, not an apartment' Miles' mouth dropped open as his eyes grew wide.

The spacious penthouse would be considered a luxury in any city worldwide, costing at the very least a million dollars. Miles marveled at the thought that this could be his residence, as he was used to living in a cramped apartment with his parents.

Just as he was about to sync his watch to claim the room, the door swung open, revealing Gwen Stacy, who came walking in.

Caught off guard, Gwen froze for a moment, her eyes locking onto Miles. The awkward tension between them sparked, both sides turning away from each other for a moment as the room bathed in their uncomfortable silence.

"Uh, h-hey, sorry, I thought this place was empty," Gwen stammered, attempting to make a hasty, panicked exit.

Truthfully, Gwen has tried to speak with Miles three times in the past week, hoping to help smooth things over, but it seemed like he has been ghosting her. She had hoped that taking down the Spider-Society together would have helped fix their relationship, even a little. But sadly, that didn't seem to be the case.

Miles may have been able to put everything aside and work with her for the good of the mission, but once the mission was over, he couldn't bring himself to see her just yet. He spent the whole week leading up to this meeting avoiding her and just thinking about everything, processing what happened and what he wanted to do.

And as he watches her try to run off in a panic, Miles began to realize what it was he wanted to do. Smiling at how adorable she was being, he felt the tension loosen as he called out, "Gwen, wait."

"?!" She stopped in her tracks, looking back at him with a mix of hope and anxiety.

"Let's talk," Miles suggested, his tone a blend of determination and vulnerability. "I'm heading home soon, and there are things we need to say to each other."

Gwen nodded silently, a hint of relief in her eyes. Closing the door behind her, she took a few steps closer to Miles, waiting for him to initiate the conversation.

Miles took a deep breath, his gaze steady as he looked at Gwen. "Gwen, I need you to know that I forgive you. What you did hurt. It hurt a lot," he began, his tone sincere. "But I get it. You were being manipulated at your lowest moment. I can't imagine how difficult it must have been for you."

Gwen, her eyes shimmering with tears, listened intently. "Miles, I should've told you about your dad. I should've been honest from the start," she admitted, regret coloring her voice. "I'm so so sorry."

He nodded, acknowledging the gravity of her actions. "Yeah, you should have, but thankfully my dad is still alive, so there was no harm done. Like I said, I forgive you, Gwen."

Gwen's eyes widened as she processed everything, a mix of shock and joy filling her entire being. Tears spilled down her cheeks, but this time, they weren't tears of guilt, but tears of relief. "You... you really forgive me?"

A small, understanding smile played on Miles' lips. "I do. Holding onto anger won't help either of us move forward."

As Gwen began to cry tears of joy, Miles continued, "But" She heard him speak that anxiety inducing word, causing her to panic in an instant. "I don't think we can go back to the way things were..."

Her joyous expression quickly shifted to one of sadness and grief, her tears now a mix of emotions. "I I understand," she whispered, her voice trembling.

Before all of this drama, Miles and Gwen were the best of friends, messaging one another every single day, both sides harboring their own unspoken feelings for the other. But now, that's all changed

Miles took a moment, letting the weight of the situation settle before he continued. "You know, I was planning to ask you out on a date if we ever met again. It didn't feel right doing it over the phone, and I wanted to do it in person."

Gwen's eyes widened as fresh tears welled up. "Y-You were going to ask me out?"

Miles nodded, a hint of a smile on his face. "Yeah. I love you, Gwen. Or, well, I loved you."

As the words sank in, Gwen felt the most regret she'd ever experienced in her entire life. The realization hit her hard, the man she loved felt the same and she had ruined everything. Miles had genuine feelings for her, and she had betrayed them.

Seeing her in this vulnerable state, Miles wanted to rush over and hug her, but he couldn't bring himself to. Instead, he sighed and said. "We might not be able to go back to how things were, Gwen," he admitted, "but maybe we can start over."

Gwen's gaze shot towards Miles, turning hopeful as her tears seemed to momentarily stop. "Really?" she asked, a mixture of surprise and longing in her voice.

Miles smiled, a warmth in his eyes. "Yeah, and who knows? I might just fall in love all over again?"

Gwen blushed, looking away to wipe the tears from her face. "I'll do my best to make sure you do." She admired without a hint of shame or embarrassment.

Hearing her announce her plans so openly, Miles couldn't help but blush as he smiled awkwardly. "I'll look forward to it, I guess"

With that, the air between them shifted, the potential for a new beginning lingering between them. Despite the emotional rollercoaster, there was a spark of hope that maybe, just maybe, they could let the complexities of their past go and build something new from the ground up.

As the next day arrived, the Watchmen's island base buzzed with a sense of activity. With their new factions made and their roles assigned, the many members of the new, budding organization got straight to work, their watches informing them of any tasks that needed to be done.

Peter, having successfully completed his work on the new, younger-looking LYLA, ran all of the necessary tests, ensuring she wasn't infected with any sort of Virus left behind by Centurion and that her loyalty lay with him, and him alone.

Satisfied with the results, he granted her access to the Watchmen's network, assigning her the discreet task of directing and monitoring the members through their watches, and reporting back to him on a regular basis.

Unbeknownst to the Watchmen members, LYLA began her task without a word of complaint, collecting data on each member as they went about their tasks, which she gave them.

'Sorry guys, but this organization will be far too big for me to keep track of everyone' Peter understood the need for secrecy, as revealing the surveillance would cause some serious discomfort among the Watchmen.

While LYLA diligently executed her duties, Peter delved into the wealth of information extracted from her memories. He uncovered the many base locations of Centurion, her former Master, as well as all of his past schemes, including some which were still ongoing.

But one crucial detail emerged atop the rest the location of Centurion's home universe!

'I didn't think he'd be so sloppy to reveal this' Peter mulled over the implications. Would Centurion remain in his home universe, having likely realized his plans had crumbled and LYLA compromised?

It seemed possible, but not very likely.

Considering his options, Peter decided to just visit Centurion's home universe and find out. If the villain had fled, Peter would have at least attempted to track him down. If Centurion remained, it presented an opportunity to confront him directly.

Examining images of Centurion's home planet on his monitor, Peter couldn't shake the feeling of familiarity. Something about the dark cityscape triggered a memory, though he couldn't pinpoint what it was exactly.

Lost in thought, Peter was interrupted by the beeping of his watch. Glancing down, he noticed an incoming call from Miles, breaking the thoughtful state he was in.

With a click, Peter answered the call, the holographic image of Miles appearing before him. "Yo, Miles. What's up?"

Chapter 649: update: Has been edited

But as Spider-Punk was headed for the door, Peter called out to him, stopping him in his tracks. "Hey, stick around for a sec. I need to explain some things about the division you'll be leading"

"?" Spider-Punk raised a brow. "Sure, but what's so important that we have to talk in private?"

Sighing, Peter leaned back in his chair. "As you start going through the process of managing your division, you'll notice that about 5 percent of the members who agreed to join aren't here." He revealed.

"And why is that?" Spider-Punk asked.

"They were deemed unworthy of joining our ranks due to their past deeds alongside Miguel. This includes Jessica Drew and Scarlet Spider-Man, just to name a couple" Peter explained, his earlier telepathic reading of each spider-person allowing him to sort out the undesirables.

Although he didn't mention it yet, Peter didn't allow these undesirables to return and live peacefully in their universes either. Instead, as he summoned each of the Spider-People earlier in the day, he did the same for them and simply dumped them into the island's prison, where he'll leave them until he decides their punishment.

But until then, they'll remain behind bars. At least until he sorts through their wrongdoings and crafts a fair punishment for each of them.

"I see" Spider-Punk nodded his head, not against Peter's decision. "Is that all?"

"Sadly, no." Peter shook his head. "You happen to be in charge of the most complicated division."

Spider-Punk couldn't help but sigh in resignation as he heard this. After all, he didn't even want this damn job in the first place. The only reason he accepted was because they voted him in.

Peter continues, amused by Spider-Punk's reaction. "After all, each of you holds a fair bit of blame when it comes to enforcing Miguel's 'Canon Events'"

"Not all of us..." Spider-Punk shook his head, speaking up for his people. "Most of us didn't handle Canon stuff. We would usually just police the multiverse, taking down anomalies or other big villains."

"True." Peter knew he was telling the truth, as his words matched his past telepathic vetting of the Spider-People. "But that doesn't absolve you all from guilt. You still joined the Spider-Society, and you still helped Miguel, even if you weren't too involved with his plans, which is why as the new Spider-Division leader, I order you to dole out appropriate punishments for each and every member."

"How the hell am I supposed to know who to punish, or how heavy their punishment should be?" Spider-Punk asked.

Smirking, Peter pulled out a flash drive and handed it over. "This has all the information you'll need. From names to their level of guilt. I even added a list of suggested punishments. Nothing too heavy handed. After all, I wouldn't recruit any truly heinous people into the Watchmen."

Spider-Punk stared at the flash drive in his hand in surprise. "How'd you get this information?" He asked.

"LYLA kept excellent records." Peter answered with a lie. The real source of that information was his telepathic vetting of each member. He spent a whole night typing up all of the information he gained so he could sort out the undesirables and punish everyone accordingly.

Spider-Punk couldn't help but ask, "And you're trusting me to punish them all? What if I let them all off, or they decide not to listen to me?"

"I don't believe you'd let a crime go unpunished, you're not that type of guy." Peter shrugged as a predatory smile graced his lips. "And if any of them even think of being insubordinate, then the last thing they'll have to worry about is receiving a few slaps of the wrist from you"

A chill ran down Spider-Punk's spine as he recalled just how powerful Peter truly is. 'I really pity the first idiot that causes trouble'

Chapter 650: Secrets Out

After his call with Miles, Peter stood in the main square of the Watchmen's island base, a subtle smile playing on his lips as he observed Miles and Gwen walking over together.

The tension that once hung between them seemed to have dissipated, replaced by a sense of closure and peace. "It's good to see you two together again. I was starting to wonder if I needed to step in and smooth things over between you two myself."

Miles and Gwen exchanged embarrassed glances, neither daring to meet Peter's eyes. Ignoring the awkwardness, Miles spoke up, "So, Peter, are you ready to go?"

Peter nodded. "Yeah, let's go. It shouldn't take more than a minute for me to place the protection spell on your dad, so we should have time to stop over at Gwen's universe while we're at it. After all, now that she's made up with you, she needs to make up with her father as well."

Gwen bit her lip, anxiety evident on her face. The thought of facing her father again after the revelation of her identity weighed heavily on her. Sensing her discomfort, Miles placed a comforting hand on her back. "Hey, don't worry too much. We'll be there with you. Everything will be alright, I promise."

After exchanging some reassuring words, Miles activated his watch for the first time, conjuring a swirling portal that shimmered with energy. Together, they stepped through the vortex, emerging in Miles' home universe.

The transition was swift, and they found themselves in Miles' bedroom. However, it wasn't the school dorm room he had originally expected, but his room at home, where he lived with his parents.

'Oh, sh*t' Miles went on alert in an instant. After all, he didn't want his parents finding out about his identity as Spider-Man, or all of the dangerous stuff he's been doing as a hero.

But unluckily, before he could truly process what was happening, his mother passed by the hallway, holding a basket of freshly washed and dried laundry. "?!". Her eyes widened, and she froze at the sight of her son, who was dressed in his spider suit minus the mask, stepping out of a literal portal, accompanied by two unknown individuals.

Panicking, Miles raised his hands in a gesture of reassurance, attempting to explain. "Mom, it's not what it looks like. We're just here to"

But his mother's shock overwhelmed her, and before Miles could finish his sentence, she uttered, "Mijo Y-Your Spider-Man?" Her eyes rolled back, and she fainted, collapsing where she stood.

Acting swiftly, Peter dashed over, appearing beside Miles's mother in a burst of speed. He caught her before she hit the ground, cradling her gently. "Well, this isn't good" Peter said, casting a glance at Miles.

"What do I do?!" Miles, wide-eyed in a panic, stammered, "I I didn't expect this to happen. I thought we'd appear at my dorm..."

Gwen looked concerned but whispered to Miles, "Give her time, Miles. It's a shock, but she'll understand."

Peter nodded in agreement. "Yeah, I'm sure everything will be okay once you explain it to her properly."

"Is she okay?" Miles asked, the fact that his mother fainted beginning to sink in.

As they settled Miles's mother on Miles's bed, Peter assessed the situation. "She's fine. I can wake her up right now if you want, but we should probably let her rest for now."

Miles, still processing his mother's reaction, nodded. "Yeah, that's probably for the best. We can wait until my dad gets home and explain everything to both of them then..."

The room fell into a thoughtful silence as they waited for Miles's mother to regain consciousness and his father to return him from work, uncertainty lingering in the air.

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As they waited, a sense of tension hung in the air. Miles, overcome with worry, turned to Peter with a hesitant expression. "Hey, Peter, do you think you could, you know, erase her memory with your magic or something? This is... a lot."

Peter glanced at Miles, a thoughtful look on his face. "Yeah, I could do that, but are you sure that's what you want? Hiding your identity might make things easier for now, but sooner or later, you'll

have to tell your parents, either because you want to or because you have to. Why not just rip the bandaid off now and get it over with?"

Miles weighed Peter's words in his mind. The idea of erasing his mother's memory seemed tempting, a quick solution to avoid a difficult conversation. However, Peter's point lingered, spurring him towards the much more difficult path.

After a moment of silent contemplation, Miles turned to Peter and said, "I don't need to erase her memory. I'll tell my parents the truth today."

As Miles came to this decision, nervousness settled in, and he began to worry about how his parents would react. 'How am I supposed to react if they freak out? What if they try to stop me from being Spider-Man? What do I do if they don't believe me?'

Gwen, sensing his unease, offered reassurance. "Hey, Miles, everything will be alright. We're here with you, remember?"

Time passed, and the sun began to set, casting a warm glow through the window. The familiar sound of Miles's father's car parking on the curb outside signaled his return. Miles grew increasingly anxious as he heard his father ascend the stairs toward their apartment.

Soon enough, the front door opened, and Miles's father called out, "Rio, I'm back. Are you home?"

But instead of his wife responding, it was Miles's voice that called him from his room. "Dad, we're in here!"

As his father entered the bedroom, a mix of confusion and alarm crossed his face. His son, along with two unknown individuals, stood in their Spider-themed suits, while his wife slept peacefully on the bed for some reason.

Raising an eyebrow, his father asked, "Miles, what's going on here?"

Just as his father posed the question, Miles's mother began to stir from her sleep, noticing her husband standing in the doorway, still in his police uniform. "Huh? Honey, you're home. I had the craziest dream. Miles and these people just appeared out of a black hole, and he was dressed as-" She froze, pausing in her recollection as she noticed her son stood nearby, still dressed as Spider-Man. "?!"

Peter sensed the gravity of the situation and, with a nod, decided to give Miles and his parents some space for the time being. He looked at Gwen, grabbing her arm gently and guiding her toward the bedroom door. "We'll give you guys some room to talk."

Gwen hesitated, her eyes flickering with concern. "But I promised Miles I'd be here to support him..."

"You can support him by respecting his and his parent's space. Besides, you haven't married into the family yet." Peter smiled teasingly.

As they stepped closer to the door, Gwen tried to subtly pull away, expressing her concern. "Peter, I don't like leaving him alone. What if he needs us?"

Peter shook his head. "We'll stay nearby, just in case. But trust me, this is a conversation they need to have as a family."

Both of Miles's parents turned their gaze toward Gwen, curiosity evident in their expressions. Miles's mother spoke first, a sly smile forming on her face, "Miles, is this the girlfriend you've been hiding from us? The one you're texting all the time?"

Gwen blushed, taken aback by the sudden attention. "Oh, no, we're just uhh friends. I swear."

Miles's father, a police officer who had seen his fair share of surprises, raised an eyebrow. "Friends, huh?"

Gwen squirmed under the scrutiny, stuttering, "I-I promise, we're just friends."

As Peter tried to leave the room, attempting to walk past Miles's father, the man blocked his way, eyeing him with suspicion. "And who are you? Aren't you a bit old to be playing dress up with my son and his girlfriend?"

Miles and Gwen looked away in embarrassment, meanwhile, Peter sighed, feeling the weight of the overprotective fatherly gaze. "Just ask Miles. He'll explain everything." With that, Peter phased through the officer and out of the room, taking Gwen along with him. "Call us if you need anything, Miles. We'll be in the living room."

Miles's father, still reeling from the sudden ghostly encounter, panicked, "What the hell just happened?!"

Miles chuckled awkwardly, trying to ease the tension. "Don't worry, Dad. Peter just has some crazy powers. You'll get used to it..."

Left alone in the room, Miles began his explanation, his parents beginning to discuss the situation with their son. It was a conversation filled with disbelief, shock, and eventually, acceptance. As they pieced together and processed everything, a startling realization dawned on them their son was Spider-Man.

Miles, with a mixture of relief and humor, finally spoke up, "Surprise..." He said, hopping up and sticking a hand to the ceiling, hanging there to really show that he was telling the truth.

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As the family of three emerged from the bedroom, Peter and Gwen sat on the living room couch, the subtle hum of their conversation lingering in the air. Miles looked noticeably relieved, and Peter couldn't help but ask, "How does it feel to finally tell the truth?"

Miles smiled, a weight seemingly lifted off his shoulders. "Freeing... Is this how it felt when you told your family?"

Peter nodded, understanding the sentiment. "Yeah, take it from me, it's a lot easier to be Spider-Man when you don't have to hide it from the people you love."

On the contrary, Miles' parents wore expressions far from relief. While they accepted their son's superhero identity, worry etched across their faces as they considered the dangers he faced.

His mother approached Peter with gratitude, her eyes expressing genuine appreciation. "Peter, thank you for taking care of our son. He told us everything, about how you've always been there for him."

Her husband joined her, extending an apology for his earlier suspicions. "If there's anything we can do, just let us know. We want to repay you for looking out for Miles."

Peter humbly accepted their gratitude. "You don't need to do anything. Miles is my friend so I'll keep watching his back. You have nothing to worry about."

Miles seemed genuinely touched by his friend's words. "Thanks Peter"

"No problem Oh yeah, I almost forgot why I came here." Suddenly, Peter's expression shifted as he recalled the purpose of their visit.

He stared at the couple for a moment, a mysterious stillness in the air. As their eyes met his, he waved his hand, conjuring two spell circles. The parents watched in confusion and awe as the intricate patterns formed in real-time.

With a flick of his fingers, Peter shot the spells into both parents' bodies, surprising and frightening them. The couple exchanged glances, uncertainty evident in their eyes.

"W-What was that?!"