

Spider-Man 661

Chapter 662: Important Announcement!!!

Before getting into this, I want to emphasize: THIS DOES NOT MEAN I'M DONE WITH SPIDER-MAN! Spider-Man will still be a significant part of my writing until I finish the story completely. So, please read through till the end!

Now, onto the announcement... While I'm uncertain of everyone's reaction, I'm hoping for positivity all around. Truthfully, after nearly 700 chapters, I've hit a point of exhaustion with Spider-Man. It's been an incredible journey, but I'm feeling the need for a change. Hence, I've decided to adjust my schedule and pour more energy into the Star-Lord story I've been writing, which should be posted to Webnovel as this announcement goes out.

Here's the updated patron writing schedule:

Monday: 2 Star-Lord chapters

Tuesday: Day off

Wednesday: 2 Star-Lord chapters

Thursday: 2 Spider-Man chapters**

Friday: 2 Star-Lord chapters

Saturday: Day off

Sunday: 2 Star-Lord chapters

**I would usually take Thursday off, since I always write every other day, but I've decided to make it a Spider-Man writing day instead. Yes, I'll still dedicate two chapters a week to Spider-Man, including Webnovel who will get two chapters a week as well.

You guys would get two chapters every week, probably on Fridays.

Moreover, I'm excited to announce that the Star-Lord story is on Webnovel NOW! So, that's both exciting and nerve racking. Hopefully you guys give it a chance and enjoy what I've been cooking up.

The new story is called: I'm Star-Lord (StarWars Xover)

To those disappointed or frustrated by this change, please accept my apologies. I'm sorry, I truly am but this has to be done for my own sanity.

However, I'm eager to start on this newer story while still keeping Spider-Man in the mix, albeit less frequently. I know a lot of my patrons get excited whenever I write Star-Lord chapters, so I hope you all enjoy this new shift.

I really hope this announcement hasn't dampened anyone's spirits or ruined anyone's day. I genuinely appreciate you guys and truthfully, making this announcement is scary for me, because I don't know how you will all react

Anyway, thanks as always and I'll see you guys in the new story, which is up right now!!!

Chapter 662: Peter Vs Tiamut (1/3)

Confusion gripped Peter as the world trembled around him, but that didn't last for long. Determined to uncover the cause, he delved his cosmic senses deep into the earth's core, where he swiftly discovered a massive golden seed pulsating with energy.

Attached to this seed was a colossal skeletal body made of metal, which was rapidly growing and morphing with each passing moment.

"What the" Peter's eyes widened in shock as he witnessed the skeletal form sprout tendons, muscles, and flesh made of molten lava, its movements sending shockwaves through the earth. He realized this creature was the source of the seismic disturbances shaking the planet.

'Is that a celestial?' Peter wondered as he felt the energy rolling off of the colossal being, his mind recalling the Eternals movie, which truthfully, he's forgotten about until now. 'Huh, this reminds me, I should check for any celestial seeds back home as well Maybe I can use an unhatched seed to make something cool?'

No longer confused, as he knows what's happening now, Peter turned to his allies, their expressions filled with concern and fear. "Alright, listen up," he exclaimed, his voice urgent, drawing their attention.

"What do we do?" Mateo asked, his voice tinged with apprehension.

Peter's mind raced as he contemplated their next move. "You guys are going to stay here and look for Centurion, or at least anything that he's left behind," he declared, his tone resolute.

"What about you?" Miles asks worriedly.

Peter smirked confidently at Miles' question as he waved his hand, opening a golden portal leading to the center of the earth, where all of this shaking was originating from.

Mateo, Miles, and Aaron peered through the portal, squinting against the intense light to glimpse the colossal figure of the Celestial taking shape. The sheer powerlessness they felt as they gazed at the god before them nearly sent them to their knees.

"I'll be dealing with that before it destroys the planet," Peter declared, gesturing into the portal. "Anyway, good luck and try not to die if you run into Centurion"

With a sense of dread, the group watched as Peter stepped through the portal, but before it closed behind him, he turned around, addressing his allies one last time, "Oh, I almost forgot"

Gesturing towards the wall behind them, Peter shot a beam of purple light from his fingertip, which wizzed between Miles and Mateo, nearly missing them as it impacted the wall, exploding on contact.

Boom!

Miles, Mateo, and Aaron's eyes widened in fear as the explosion went off behind them, smoke and debris filling the room.

"What the hell was that?!" Miles was about to complain, but the ferocity in his voice quickly disappeared as the smoke cleared, revealing a secret passage behind the wall, which was heavily fortified before Peter blew it wide open.

"That should be a good place to start." Peter commented as the portal began to close. "Remember, don't die!" He reminded them as the portal vanished, leaving them alone in the Oval Office.

As Peter vanished, leaving a sense of apprehension in the air, Suddenly, the doors were slammed open, and teams of heavily armed soldiers stormed in, their guns blazing without warning, the earth still shaking below their feet.

Mateo, Miles, and Aaron ducked for cover, their hearts pounding in their chests as laser bullets whizzed past them. "Now they decide to show up?!" Aaron shouted before activating his powers, transforming the floor into a slick sheet of black ice, causing the soldiers to lose their footing.

Amidst the chaos, the soldiers began to slip and slide, their attempts to regain balance futile against the relentless shaking of the ground, which had now become slick and slippery.

Seizing the opportunity, Mateo and Miles sprang into action, Mateo unleashing bolts of lightning from his hands while Miles used his webs to restrain the disoriented soldiers.

With precise coordination, Mateo's lightning and Miles's webbing quickly subdued the soldiers, rendering them unconscious and immobilized.

As the chaos subsided, the three intruders exchanged a glance, their eyes filled with determination as they all turned to the secret passage that Peter had opened for them.

As Peter stepped into the cavernous center of the earth, where the celestial was taking shape, he couldn't ignore the remnants of a laboratory/workshop strewn across the area. The once pristine setup now lay in ruins, destroyed by the growing celestial's emergence.

Instantly recognizing the lab as belonging to Centurion, Peter wondered just how long his enemy had been cultivating this seed? 'This must be his biggest trump card'

Determined to uncover any clues left behind, and make use of any left over data for his own purposes, he decided to salvage what remained of the lab, knowing it might prove useful later.

With a focused gaze, Peter tapped into his telekinetic abilities, levitating the broken pieces of equipment and debris towards him. With precision, he carefully pocketed the salvaged items into his storage necklace, planning to sift through it all later when he has some free time.

As the remnants of Centurion's lab vanished into Peter's storage necklace, the cavern around him began to crack and tremble violently as rocks and other debris fell from above, signaling the imminent emergence of the celestial, which was now straining against the walls and ceiling, its body still growing.

With a surge of adrenaline, Peter realized the urgency of the situation and sprang into action. He knew that if he wasn't fast, then a little worldwide earthquake would be the least of this planet's worries.

Without hesitation, Peter disappeared in a blur of motion, reappearing atop the colossal celestial's chest as it struggled to break free from its earthly confines. The gravity of the situation weighed heavily on Peter's mind as he knew that allowing the celestial to emerge unchecked would spell disaster.

Summoning all his strength, Peter conjured a massive portal beneath the celestial, the swirling vortex stretched wide. With a determined expression, Peter unleashed powerful punch, driving the celestial downward into the gaping maw of the portal.

The force of Peter's blow was immense, sending shockwaves rippling through the cavern as the celestial plummeted into the depths below. With a deafening roar, the celestial disappeared into the darkness of the portal, its colossal form impacting a barren, rocky surface on the other side.

As the dust settled and the tremors subsided, Peter let out a breath before following the giant through the portal, touching down on the surface of Mars, far away from any innocent lives.

Across the world, as the earthquakes ravaged every nation, buildings collapsed and chaos took hold. For the normal citizens of the world it felt like the apocalypse had arrived, but suddenly, it all stopped out of nowhere. The earthquake that everyone thought would end the world disappeared just as swiftly as it arrived, calm returning to the planet.

In the midst of the eerie silence, people looked around in disbelief, unsure of what had just transpired. Some whispered prayers of gratitude, while others simply stood in stunned silence, grateful for the unexpected reprieve.

Back with Miles, Mateo, and Aaron, who were exploring the secret passage, they felt the earthquakes stop and sighed in relief. "Looks like Peter did it," Miles remarked, a smile spreading across his face.

Mateo nodded in agreement, his expression turning nervous. "Yeah, but do you think he can beat that thing?" he asked, a sense of fear welling up as he recalled what he saw through that portal.

Miles smile vanished, replaced by a contemplative look. "I think so"

As they continued exploring, they came upon Centurion's lair, which was filled with all sorts of sleek technology. But most notably, as they appeared, another hologram of Centurion materialized before them.

The hologram of Centurion regarded his surroundings with a cold, calculating gaze, his voice dripping with a sense of disappointment. "Ah, it seems like he was able to save the planet" he sneered, his image flickering slightly as he spoke. "No matter He'll still have to face a Celestial of my own making"

Miles clenched his fists, his jaw set in determination. "Is that what that thing is? A celestial?" he asked, his voice firm despite the tension in the air. Mateo and Aaron stood beside him, curious to hear the answer.

Centurion's hologram chuckled, noticing the presence of others in the room. "Oh, you're still here?" he commented, his voice echoing through the chamber. "I forgot you existed for a moment, my apologies."

Miles, Mateo, and Aaron clenched their fists, their jaws tightening as they resisted the urge to be provoked by Centurion's taunts. Nonetheless, Centurion relished their reactions, a wicked gleam in his eyes as he observed their responses.

Seeing that his biggest threat was preoccupied, and the world wasn't about to end, Centurion turned his attention to the three intruders in his lair. "You know what?" he remarked casually, his voice dripping with malice. "I have some free time..."

As he spoke, the hologram disappeared, leaving Miles, Mateo, and Aaron momentarily confused. But their confusion quickly turned to alarm as the real Centurion materialized before them in a flash of light, his smirk sending a shiver down their spines.

"Why don't I kill you with my own hands?"

"Yo!" Peter called out to the celestial before him, who began to stand as its molten body solidified into what appeared to be a suit of golden armor, towering hundreds of feet tall. Its form is both alien and divine, pulsating with raw energy. Its four eyes, glowing with cosmic power, pierce through the darkness, while tendrils of energy emanate from its body, crackling with otherworldly force.

[Insert picture of Tiamut the Communicator here]

Feeling the immense power radiating from the celestial before him, Peter couldn't help but marvel at its sheer magnitude. 'He's definitely stronger than Knull' The thought of what Centurion had done to create such a formidable entity gnawed at his mind, stirring a mix of curiosity and concern.

Putting his concerns aside for the moment, Peter stepped forward, hands raised in a gesture of peace. "Hey, big guy," he began, his voice steady despite the adrenaline coursing through his veins. "I know things seem intense right now, but let's talk this out. Maybe we can find a way to work together?"

The celestial's response was not what Peter had hoped for. Instead of words, a deafening scream erupted from its gaping metallic maw, accompanied by a blinding burst of light, which shot up from its throat, aimed directly at him. "AAAAARRRGGGHH!"

Reacting on instinct, Peter leaped aside, narrowly avoiding the searing blast as it scorched the ground where he stood, creating a smoldering hole which tore through the entire planet before shooting back out the other side.

Regaining his footing, Peter glanced back at the smoking hole that was created, "Not much of a Communicator, are you?"

Chapter 663: Peter Vs Tiamut (2/3)

"Not much of a Communicator, are you?" Peter commented, frustration knotting his brow as he faced the towering Celestial, its metallic form crackling with raw power. He was fairly certain that

Centurion's meddling had twisted the celestial's nature, robbing it of its innate wisdom and leaving only a mindless aggression in its wake.

Although uncertainty lingered, Peter knew one thing for certain, words were useless against the Celestial's fury. With a heavy sigh, he resigned himself to the inevitable clash, his mind already calculating strategies amidst the chaos.

'He would make a good addition to my shadows' Peter thought, a greedy gleam shining in his eyes.

As the Celestial loomed closer, its steps echoing like thunder, Peter braced himself for the impending clash. The ground shook beneath his feet with each heavy step of the towering entity, its metallic form casting an ominous glow on the barren planet.

"Let's see how strong you really are!" Peter shouted, his adrenaline spiking.

With a swift movement, he launched himself into action, his spider-sense tingling as he dodged the Celestial's massive metal fist, the strike sending shockwaves rippling through the air.

Acting quickly, Peter leaped up into the air and retaliated with a fist of his own, his body glowing in a purple light, empowering his every move.

boom!

Unlike Peter, the mindless celestial didn't seem too fast enough to dodge, or it just didn't have the brain power to understand that it was supposed to avoid attacks, because it didn't even flinch as Peter's fist connected, denting its chest armor and sending Tiamaut staggering backwards.

"Not so tough, are you?" Peter taunted, smirking up at the giant.

The Celestial roared in fury, its fiery eyes blazing with intensity as it swung its colossal arms frantically, aiming to crush Peter with its berserker mentality.

Of course, Peter dodged over and over, returning some attacks here and there, but each dent or scratch that he managed to make in Tiamut's armored form seemed to disappear in a matter of seconds. Even his Phoenix Fire infused heat vision merely created a hole, which was filled in a minute later.

And worst of all, despite his agility and precognition-level senses, Peter found himself struggling to keep up with the relentless assault, each blow threatening to overwhelm him. 'Is it just me, or is this f*cker getting faster and faster' he complained as he was chased by the mad berserker, who seemed to only grow stronger and faster as time went by.

Mid-leap, Peter was in the middle of dodging when he suddenly sensed another incoming blow, his instincts screaming a warning as he attempted to evade, but it was too late. Tiamut's colossal hand swatted through the air, aiming to squash him like a bug.

With no other recourse, Peter activated his phasing ability, intending to slip through the attack unscathed. But to his horror, Tiamut's hand shimmered with a golden energy, disrupting Peter's phasing as it connected with devastating force, sending him hurtling across the planet's surface.

The impact sent shockwaves rippling through the air, the force of the blow carving a deep furrow in the terrain as Peter's body crashed into a towering mountain miles away. Pain radiated through every fiber of his being as he struggled to regain his bearings, the taste of blood filling his mouth.

As he staggered to his feet, Peter quickly healed as his gaze zoomed forward and locked onto Tiamut, a mix of anger and determination burning in his eyes. "Okay, you're definitely my strongest opponent yet. I'll give you that" he growled, watching as the giant began to sprint in his direction.

Ignoring the throbbing ache in his body, which slowly lessened by the second, Peter launched himself back into the fray, his resolve unwavering.

Gritting his teeth, Peter knew that he had to take it up a notch. With a surge of energy, his body underwent a radical transformation, his muscles bulging as he grew taller and broader, a vibrant red hue engulfing his form. His eyes blazed with an intense orange light, matching the fiery aura pulsating around him, blending with the remnants of his previous purple cosmic energy.

Feeling the power coursing through him, Peter let out a primal roar, shaking the ground beneath him as he confronted the rampaging Celestial. "Spidey Smash!" he bellowed jokingly, his figure shooting forward. With newfound resolve, he met the Celestial head-on, matching Tiamut's berserker ferocity.

With each thunderous clash, the barren planet trembled beneath the ferocity of the destructive battle, cracks forming on its surface as the ground split apart. The once desolate landscape now bore scars of their conflict, with fissures snaking across the terrain and plumes of dust rising into the air.

Their titanic struggle unleashed devastation on a colossal scale, as shockwaves rippled outward, flattening mountains and tearing through the planet's crust. The sky darkened with swirling clouds of debris and dust, obscuring the sun as their conflict threatened to consume everything in its path.

Peter's red-hulk form clashed with the Celestial's towering figure, each blow sending shockwaves rippling through the air and echoing across the desolate landscape. Despite the immense power at their disposal, neither combatant relented, their battle escalating to cataclysmic proportions.

As they traded blows with unrestrained fury, the planet groaned under the strain, its very foundation threatened by the force of their fury. Craters dotted the landscape, scars of their relentless assault as they fought with a primal intensity that bordered on madness.

But as the battle raged on, Peter began to feel the tide turning against him once again. 'Is this motherf*cker still getting stronger?!' At this point, Tiamut had to be at least ten times stronger than Knull and his power was still rising at an alarming rate.

Determined to turn the tide, Peter tapped into a huge chunk of the power within him, unleashing a dazzling display of energy. With a surge of determination, he cloaked himself in vibrant Phoenix flames, their fiery aura enhancing his every move as he continued to battle the rampaging Celestial.

But Peter didn't stop there. Drawing upon ancient energies, he enveloped himself in a golden Eldritch glow and a crimson chaos energy, their hues blending with the purple cosmic energy that surrounded him. Now, his body radiated with a dazzling array of colors, each representing a different facet of his power.

As the energies intermingled, they converged into a brilliant, flame-like white aura that danced along Peter's form, combining to imbue him with newfound strength.

"Huh? This feels pretty good" He smirked before launching forward, his movements swift and precise as he sought to overpower his formidable opponent.

With each strike, Peter unleashed the full force of his combined powers, his attacks raining down upon the Celestial, who began to stagger backward as its entire form creaked under every blow, countless dents covering its metallic body.

The air crackled with energy as their battle reached a fever pitch, the very fabric of reality trembling under the force of their clash.

As the white aura pulsed around him, Peter felt a surge of confidence coursing through his veins. He refused to let Tiamut's mindless rage triumph over him, determined to emerge victorious no matter the cost.

With a roar that echoed across the desolate landscape, Peter redoubled his efforts, channeling the entirety of his newfound power into a single, decisive blow. The air sizzled with anticipation as he unleashed his attack, the combined might of his many abilities converging into a devastating onslaught.

And as his blazing fist connected with the Celestial's metallic form, a blinding explosion of light engulfed them both, illuminating the battlefield in a dazzling display of power. In that moment, Peter knew that victory was within his grasp, and he would stop at nothing to claim it.

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As the blinding light from his attack subsided, Peter found himself floating in the vast expanse of open space, the once desolate planet below completely obliterated by the final, cataclysmic blow. But as his gaze swept over his surroundings, an aching feeling overcame him.

Looking down, Peter's immediately realized where that feeling was coming from. His right arm, the same arm he had unleashed his final attack with, was gone, leaving behind nothing but a bloody stump from the shoulder downward. Despite the pain, he let out a resigned sigh, knowing that it would grow back soon enough.

'Whatever, at least that annoying b*stard was take care of' Peter thought as he felt his arm slowly growing back.

But just as he began to process his perceived victory, out of nowhere, a golden metallic figure materialized before him, towering over him with an imposing presence.

Peter's eyes widened in disbelief as he beheld the pristine form of Tiamut, completely unscathed by his devastating attack, despite the loss of his own limb. And worst of all 'Did he actually get stronger? AGAIN!?'

"AAAARRRRGGGHHH!" With a mighty roar, the Celestial unleashed a devastating blast of energy from its open mouth, sending Peter hurtling through the air with bone-jarring force, the impact of the blast tearing a hole in his chest, which quickly pierced through his body and out the other side.

In the heart of Centurion's lair, the air crackled with tension as Miles, Mateo, and Aaron faced off against Centurion, his sleek armor gleamed ominously, a stark contrast to the trio's determination.

"Why don't I kill you with my own hands?" Centurion's voice dripped with malice, a sinister grin curling his lips.

His opponents tensed instantly, bracing themselves for the impending onslaught. Without warning, Centurion vanished in a blinding flash, reappearing beside Miles with deadly energy blades in hand, poised for a lethal strike.

Miles reacted with lightning-fast reflexes, narrowly evading the lethal blades aimed at his throat, while Mateo and Aaron swiftly moved to counterattack from different angles.

In a synchronized display of power, Mateo enveloped himself in crackling lightning, while Aaron unleashed a chilling aura, both determined to protect Miles at all costs.

"Miles! Get out of the way!" Mateo's voice rang out, accompanied by arcs of electricity shooting across the room in a display reminiscent of Darth Plagueis.

Meanwhile, Aaron attempted to immobilize Centurion by freezing the floor, but their adversary proved to be more resilient than anticipated.

Centurion observed the futile attempts against him with a bored, almost apathetic look on his face, his cyborg-like suit effortlessly countered the attacks on its own. Draining the lightning to recharging its energy reserves and countering the ice by simply increasing the heat beneath his boots.

"How cute..." Centurion remarked sarcastically, his demeanor unfazed by their efforts. "Now it's my turn!"

Chapter 664: Peter Vs Tiamut (3/3)

As Peter coughed up a mouthful of blood, he clenched his teeth, feeling the familiar surge of pain mingled with determination. With a grimace, he wiped the blood from his lips and floated in the void of space, his gaze locked onto the towering figure of Tiamut, determination burning in his eyes.

Looking down, Peter watched as his arm slowly grew back and the hole in his chest from his opponents previous attack began to close. 'I need to make sure to kick the sh*t out of Centurion for this'

After all, it was him who set all of this up before hiding like a coward. Just thinking about it made Peter feel a burning need for sweet, sweet vengeance. "But before that" He muttered, reigning in his burning need for revenge as he eyed the enemy before him.

Despite the searing pain coursing through his body, Peter refused to back down. With a primal roar, he launched himself back into the fray, his movements fueled by sheer adrenaline as he faced the relentless onslaught of the Celestial. Each blow sent shockwaves rippling through space, the force of their clashes threatening to tear the very fabric of reality asunder.

With every ounce of strength he could muster, Peter fought back with a ferocity born of desperation. His remaining arm moved with lightning speed, delivering precise strikes aimed at exploiting the slightest weakness in Tiamut's defenses. Each blow landed with bone-crushing force, denting the celestial's metallic form and drawing a guttural roar of fury from its lips.

But despite his best efforts, Peter found himself outmatched by the sheer power and relentless onslaught of his opponent. With a sense of growing frustration, he gritted his teeth and pushed himself harder, his mind racing as he searched for a way to turn the tide of battle in his favor.

Drenched in sweat and blood, Peter fought with a primal ferocity, his every move fueled by a desperate determination to survive. With every punch, kick, energy blast, etc. he unleashed the full extent of his strength, his blows landing with bone-crushing impact against the Celestial's unyielding form.

But for every strike Peter landed, the Celestial retaliated with equal, if not greater, force. Its metallic fists hammered down relentlessly, each blow driving Peter closer and closer to defeat, his body battered and bruised, yet refusing to yield.

Blood seeped from countless wounds, floating throughout the space around them as the battle raged on, the air thick with the acrid scent of ozone and burning flesh. Despite the pain coursing through his veins, Peter gritted his teeth and fought on, his mind consumed by a singular focus

Survival.

But amidst the chaos, a glimmer of hope sparked within him. Drawing upon the depths of his deathly powers granted to him by his new spider suit, Peter empowered himself one final time, unleashing an overwhelming deathly aura, which seemed to swallow all of the other auras that shrouded his body, using them to fuel itself.

"?!" Although Tiamut was rather mindless, he seemed to recognize Peter's boost in power as its eyes widened for a brief moment.

Smirking, Peter slowly floated closer to his opponent. "What a nice expression you just had Why don't I help you make some more of them?" He said as he disappeared in a burst of motion.

"?!" Tiamut's eyes widened a second time as Peter appeared beside him, his leg impacting the side of the giant's head.

"How does it feel you sadistic f*cker!" He shouted, venting all of his fury from his earlier beat down.

With each strike, Peter felt the lingering pain in his chest slowly receding, replaced by a renewed sense of vigor and determination. Meanwhile, the hole in his chest closed and healed swiftly, leaving behind nothing but a faint scar as a testament to the ferocity of their battle.

But just as Peter began to gain the upper hand, Tiamut unleashed a devastating barrage of energy blasts, each one aimed with deadly accuracy. With lightning-fast reflexes, Peter dodged and weaved through the onslaught, his movements a blur of speed and agility as he fought to keep himself one step ahead of the celestial's relentless assault.

With a defiant roar, Peter retaliated with a burst of heat vision, empowered by his deathly aura which turned the laser black, the blast slamming into Tiamut with explosive force. The celestial staggered backward, its form trembling under the impact as rust spread across its metallic armor, causing it to decay in some areas.

'Huh That's new' Peter thought, a smile in his face as he noticed the rust and decay, no doubt from the deathly nature of his powers.

"Come on! Is that all you've got? I expected more But what can you expect from a rusted tin can?" Peter taunted, his arm nearly fully regrown, only his fingers remaining to be seen.

As Peter's taunt echoed through the void, the Celestial's rage ignited like a blazing inferno. Its form shimmered with renewed power, crackling with energy as it surged forward. "AAAARRGGHHH!" With a primal roar, it unleashed a beam of energy from its chest, carrying the weight of a collapsing star.

Caught off guard by the sudden surge in the Celestial's power, Peter found himself dodging as fast as he could, the humongous beam of cosmic energy grazing him as it passed by, shooting off toward Mercury.

"Ugh!" Peter grunted in pain as the attack singed his skin as it grazed him, causing it to bubble and melt. But thankfully, his healing factor kicked in, lessening the pain as his skin returned to normal.

As Tiamut's devastating beam struck Mercury, the planet erupted in a cataclysmic explosion, reminiscent of the Death Star's destructive power. The shockwave rippled through space.

"Not another one," Peter sighed as he witnessed yet another planet disappear. The force of the shockwave of the distant explosion reverberated through his body, nearly sending both him and Tiamut flying away. 'I should probably finish this before he destroys another innocent planet'

Especially since the Earth is so close by

With Tiamut momentarily distracted by the catastrophic aftermath of its attack on Mercury, Peter seized the opportunity to strike. With a silent battle cry, he propelled himself forward, his powerful kick connecting squarely with the Celestial's head.

As Tiamut staggered backward, Peter's eyes glowed with a deadly intensity, unleashing beams of heat vision that sliced through the void with lethal precision. The blackened lasers scorched Tiamut's metallic form, leaving trails of decay in their wake as the celestial recoiled from the onslaught, its roars of agony echoing through the emptiness of space.

Tiamut roared in anger, his colossal form trembling with fury as he unleashed a deafening scream, energy shooting from his mouth. With lightning reflexes, Peter dodged the onslaught, narrowly avoiding the searing blast as it tore through the void of space.

The clash of metal against flesh continued as Peter and the Celestial returned to their brutal duel. With every strike, Peter pushed himself beyond his limits, his determination burning brighter than ever as he fought to protect not just himself, but the countless lives hanging in the balance.

Each blow landed with bone-shattering impact, sending shockwaves rippling through the fabric of space itself. With a primal roar, Peter unleashed the full extent of his powers, tapping into the deathly aura that coursed through his veins, his every move fueled by an unyielding resolve to emerge victorious.

As the battle raged on, Peter's senses heightened, his instincts guiding him through the chaos with razor-sharp precision. With a swift motion, he dodged a barrage of energy blasts from Tiamut, the cosmic beams grazing his skin with searing heat as they passed by, leaving behind a trail of destruction in their wake.

Gritting his teeth against the pain, Peter retaliated with a surge of heat vision, empowered by the deathly aura that pulsed within him. The blackened laser slammed into Tiamut with explosive force, causing rust to spread across the Celestial's metallic form like a creeping plague.

With each passing moment, Tiamut's once-imposing figure began to decay more and more, weakened by the relentless assault of Peter's deathly powers.

As rust ate away at its armor, exposing vulnerable patches of metal beneath, Peter seized the opportunity to press his advantage, striking with renewed ferocity as he targeted the Celestial's weakened spots.

Each blow landed with surgical precision, driving Tiamut back with every strike as Peter fought tooth and nail to keep the cosmic behemoth at bay. With every punch, kick, and energy blast, he pushed himself beyond his limits, his entire being consumed by the primal urge to survive at any cost.

But just as victory seemed within his grasp, Tiamut unleashed a devastating counterattack, its form shimmering with renewed power as it surged forward with a deafening roar. "AAAARRGGHH!"

"?!" Caught off guard by the sudden surge of energy, Peter found himself struggling to keep pace, his movements growing sluggish as exhaustion threatened to overwhelm him.

With a desperate effort, Peter summoned every last ounce of strength within him, his muscles burning with the intensity of his exertion as he unleashed a flurry of blows against Tiamut's weakened form, each carrying a deathly aura. With each strike, he felt the celestial's defenses crumbling beneath his assault, inch by agonizing inch.

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Soon enough, Peter spotted his opening and leaped forward, wrapping his arms tightly around Tiamut's neck from behind. Despite the celestial's attempts to shake him off and pummel him with its colossal fists, Peter held on with an iron grip, his deathly aura flaring around them in a swirling vortex of black energy.

"F*ck" Peter struggled to speak as a large fist impacted his back over and over again. "you!"

As the ominous aura enveloped both him and Tiamut, the decay accelerated at an alarming rate, the celestial's metallic form beginning to rust and corrode before his eyes. With each passing moment, Tiamut's movements slowed, weighed down by the relentless assault of Peter's deathly powers.

Straining against the overwhelming force of the black aura, Tiamut fought desperately to break free, its once-mighty form crumbling under the relentless onslaught.

But Peter refused to relent, screaming in exertion as he poured every ounce of his strength into his deathly powers while struggling to maintain his grip on the celestial's thrashing form.

As the black energy spread from Peter to his metal opponent, the decay intensified, consuming Tiamut's once-impervious armor at an extremely high speed. With a final, agonized roar, the celestial fell silent, its body rusted in place as it succumbed to the relentless decay.

With a victorious sigh, Peter watched as Tiamut's form disintegrated before his eyes, leaving nothing behind but a glowing yellow spark suspended in the void of space.

"F*ck Why didn't it leave a body behind" Peter complained, as he planned to use the body to revive his opponent as a shadowy servant. "Hmm, maybe it'll still work?"

Conjuring a green flame in his hand, he tossed it towards the flickering remnants of the celestial, watching as the spark suddenly ignited.

Chapter 665: Arise!

Resisting the urge to utter the word 'Arise' like a certain dripped out Korean protagonist, Peter cautiously curiously the green flame at the flickering remains of Tiamut, hoping for a successful resurrection despite the celestial's complete decay.

Instantly, the green flame collided with the flickering yellow remnants, igniting into a fiery clash as the two hues battled for dominance. Peter watched with interest as Tiamut's residual essence seemed to resist being overtaken so easily, displaying an unexpected tenacity even in its diminished state.

As the duel of flames raged on, Peter's eyes widened in surprise as Tiamut's yellow flame began to overpower his own green fire, its flickering light growing stronger with each passing moment.

"Huh I guess you're still pretty strong, even now" Undeterred, Peter shrugged and conjured yet another green flame, determined to get what he wanted. "I guess I'll just have to keep trying"

And like a Pokmon trainer who kept tossing Pok balls at a weakened Pokmon, Repeatedly, Peter conjured his green flames, never giving up.

Over and over, Tiamut's remaining essence would assert its dominance, but Peter persisted, conjuring more and more green flames whenever his opponent gained the upper hand.

Gradually, Tiamut's resistance weakened, its flickering light dimming with each successive clash until, at last, Peter's final green flame emerged victorious, consuming the celestial's remnants in a triumphant blaze.

With a triumphant smirk, Peter watched as his green flame consumed Tiamut's fiery remains, growing in size until it towered above him, pulsating with power. The flame seemed to take on a life of its own, its intensity growing by the second.

As the flame reached its peak, it dimmed, and from within emerged a dark shadow figure. It stood tall, its eyes glowing a bright green, matching the accents along its body.

"It worked," Peter breathed, his voice a mixture of awe and disbelief. He had managed to transform Tiamut into an undead shadow, just like Knull.

The shadowy figure of Tiamut loomed over Peter, but it just wasn't as intimidating as before. After all, he is Peter's servant now.

"Master!" Tiamut spoke reverently, his knees buckling as he kneeled, still towering over Peter nonetheless. "I owe you my deepest thanks for liberating me from Centurion's grasp."

Peter's eyebrows shot up in surprise, his mind struggling to process the fact that Tiamut can now speak. "You... can talk?"

Tiamut nods solemnly, his glowing green eyes reflecting a mix of relief and sorrow. "Yes, Master. Even as a seed buried deep within the Earth, I retained my consciousness. But Centurion's experiments robbed me of my voice and will, turning me into a mere rage fueled puppet."

Peter listens intently as Tiamut recounts his plight, his heart heavy with empathy for the celestial's suffering. "I thought so I'm sorry to hear that, but at least you're fine now."

Tiamut shakes his head, a grateful smile tugging at the corners of his shadowy form. "No need for apologies, Master. You have freed me from that nightmare, and for that, I am eternally grateful."

Peter meets Tiamut's gaze, his own expression softening with understanding. "Well, I'm glad I could help."

Still in a deep bow, Tiamut acknowledges Peter's words, his loyalty unwavering. "Thank you, Master. I am Tiamut and from this day forth, I am yours to command."

Peter returns the gesture with a nod of his own, "I look forward to having you at my side, Tiamut." He says as a cruel smirk forms on his face. "Hey, why don't we go and test your powers a bit? I'm sure Centurion wouldn't mind being our test dummy as well"

Tiamut's expression shifts, mirroring Peter's cruel smirk as thoughts of revenge consume his mind. "I would relish the opportunity to show Centurion the extent of my newfound power," he growls, his voice dripping with malice.

Peter nods in agreement, his own desire for justice fueling their shared determination. "Then let's not keep him waiting," he says, his tone filled with anticipation as Tiamut shrank and disappeared into his shadow.

In the heart of the cavernous lair beneath the Whitehouse, the clash intensified, the echoes of metal meeting metal reverberating through the chamber as Miles, Mateo, and Aaron battled against the formidable Centurion. Each move was a dance of danger, every strike a testament to their determination to overcome their powerful foe.

Miles dodged and weaved, his Spider-Sense tingling with warning as Centurion's deadly energy blades sliced through the air with lethal precision. With a swift twist, Miles unleashed a venom blast, the crackling energy surging forth like a torrential wave, aimed at disabling Centurion's suit.

But Centurion was ready, his suit adapting seamlessly to the assault, absorbing the energy and repelling it with a surge of power. "Is that it?" he taunted, his voice dripping with contempt and disappointment as he lunged forward, relentless in his pursuit. "If I'd known you'd be this weak, I would've sent the spider somewhere else"

Mateo's fists clenched with determination as he summoned the power of electricity, arcs of lightning crackling around him like a tempest unleashed. With a surge of willpower, he tried to control the metal on Centurion's suit, aiming to squeeze him to death.

Yet Centurion was no stranger to such tactics, his suit morphing and shifting in response, repelling the magnetic power with ease. "You'll have to do better than that," he sneered, his eyes alight with malice as he pressed the attack. "Though it is impressive I assume Peter gave you those powers. How very generous of him"

Aaron, ever the strategist, watched the battle unfold with a calculating gaze, his mind racing as he sought a way to turn the tide in their favor. With a flick of his wrist, he summoned icy tendrils from the ground, aiming to ensnare Centurion and freeze him in his tracks.

But Centurion was too quick, his suit adapting once more, emitting a high pitched hum, causing the tendrils to shatter within a certain proximity. "Nice try," he scoffed, his movements fluid and precise as he closed in on his prey, his intent clear to crush them without mercy.

Instantly, Centurion's onslaught intensified, his blows landing with bone-crushing force as he pummeled Miles, Mateo, and Aaron relentlessly. Each strike echoed through the chamber, sending shockwaves of pain coursing through their bodies.

Miles gritted his teeth, blood dripping from his mouth from the sheer ferocity of Centurion's assault. He staggered backward, his vision swimming as he fought to stay upright against the barrage of punches and kicks.

Mateo's attempts to retaliate were met with brutal efficiency, Centurion effortlessly dodging his lightning-charged fists before countering with devastating precision. Mateo could feel his strength waning, his muscles protesting with every movement as he struggled to keep pace.

Aaron's icy tendrils shattered like glass against Centurion's unyielding armor, leaving him vulnerable to the relentless barrage of attacks. He cursed under his breath, his mind racing for a solution as he desperately tried to fend off Centurion's relentless assault.

With each blow, Centurion's taunts grew louder, his voice dripping with contempt as he mocked their futile attempts to resist. "Is this the best you can do?" he jeered, his blows raining down with merciless intent. "Pathetic."

The cavernous chamber became a battleground of desperation, the air thick with the sound of grunts and the metallic clang of combat. But against Centurion's overwhelming might, their resistance seemed futile, their hopes of victory dwindling with each passing moment.

As Centurion pressed his advantage, the trio found themselves pushed to their limits, their bodies bloody, battered, and bruised, their resolve hanging by a thread, unable to keep up with the relentless assault.

"Ugh!" Miles grunted as he smacked into the wall at full speed, collapsing to the floor, unable to move.

"Ahh!" Mateo followed soon after, his arm snapped out of place as he was sent hurtling across the floor.

"Miles!" Aaron's voice rang out, filled with concern as he saw his nephews' injuries.

"Oops" Centurion smirked dangerously. "Did I do that?"

"!" Aaron turned back to Centurion, his resolve burning with the fire of vengeance. He couldn't let Centurion get away with what he had done to him, his nephew, his sister in law, and most of all his brother.

"Uncle Aaron! Wait!" Miles and Mateo screamed after him, unable to stand after the beating they'd been given.

But Aaron didn't listen, moving forward one step at a time as his body began to emit an icy chill, which shot out toward Centurion, a manifestation of his determination to take down his brother's killer.

But sadly, Centurion's suit countered the attack effortlessly, nullifying the cold with a burst of searing heat.

Centurion scoffed, his laughter echoing through the chamber as he delivered a bone-crunching kick that sent Aaron crashing to the ground. The pain was unbearable, but Aaron refused to yield, his eyes blazing with defiance even as he knelt before his adversary.

Mateo and Miles, their bodies broken and battered, could only watch in horror as Centurion raised his blades, poised to strike the final blow. "Stop!" they screamed, their voices filled with desperation, but Centurion paid them no heed.

"First your father and now your Uncle" Centurion laughed as he stared Mateo in the eyes. "It's like you're cursed~"

"NO!" Mateo screamed in anguish, Miles' voice following closely behind him. "Stop!"

Just as Centurion was about to deliver the fatal blow, a sudden presence appeared beside them, a blur of motion as Peter materialized, slapping Centurion away from Aaron with a forceful blow, sending him flying across the room.

Seeing Peter materialized beside their uncle, Mateo and Miles let out sighs of relief, their tense muscles finally relaxing as they watched their savior in action.

Uncle Aaron looked up at Peter, gratitude shining in his eyes. "Thank you, Peter. You saved my life," he said, his voice filled with genuine appreciation.

Peter offered a reassuring smile. "No problem," he replied, his tone comforting.

Meanwhile, across the room, Centurion scrambled to his feet, his eyes widening in terror as he saw Peter standing across from him, signifying the failure of his plan.

With a panicked expression, Centurion activated the multiverse traveling function of his cyborg suit, desperate to escape the wrath of Spider-Man. But to his horror, a glowing rune appeared on his chest, in the exact spot where Peter slapped him, nullifying his escape attempt and trapping him in the chamber with his nemesis.

Peter smirked triumphantly, his gaze locked on Centurion. "Where do you think you're going?" he asked, his voice laced with satisfaction.

Chapter 666: Vengeance & Closure

"Where do you think you're going?" Peter asked as Centurion tried and failed to escape, his rune working just as planned. "I just got here and you already want to leave Isn't that rude? You're supposed to be the host of this little gathering, you know? How can you just leave without even welcoming your latest guest?"

"I I was just" Centurion tried to make up an excuse, but before he could say much, Peter spoke once again, cutting him off.

"What do you think, Tiamut? It's rude, isn't it?" He asked and immediately the air crackled with tension as the undead Celestial's gigantic figure materialized from his shadow, a towering figure of darkness and rage.

"What the hell is that?!" Miles and Mateo shouted in unison, their eyes widening as the monstrous figure appeared behind Peter and glared down at Centurion.

"I-I don't know" Their Uncle Aaron answered, just as confused and frightened as they were.

"!?" Centurion's eyes widened in terror at the sight, his body trembling with fear as he recognized his former pawn, now transformed into an undead shadow under Peter's command. "How?!"

The Kang's mind raced for answers as he began to wonder where it all went wrong. He especially wanted to know how his former pawn had turned into this shadow creature, but he doubted Peter would answer his questions at this point.

'Perhaps it has something to do with Deaths cloak?' Centurion guessed.

Tiamut's voice echoed through the chamber, a guttural growl filled with centuries of pent-up anger and frustration. "You thought you could control me, Centurion? You thought you could bend me to your will like some mindless, rampaging puppet? And then you have the gall to try and escape?!" Each word out of the Celestials mouth dripped with venom, his gaze fixed on Centurion with an intensity that sent shivers down the cyborg's spine. "Master is right. You're being quite rude"

"Ohh I think you made him mad~" Peter commented tauntingly, enjoying the show playing out in front of him.

"Master?!" Centurion staggered backward, his confidence faltering in the face of Tiamut's overwhelming power. "N-no... it can't be..." he stammered, his voice trembling with fear as he desperately tried to activate the multiverse traveling function of his suit, only to find it disabled by Peter's rune once again.

Reaching forward, Tiamut's shadowy arms closed the distance between them, his fists wreathed in dark energy. With a roar of fury, he unleashed a barrage of blows upon Centurion, his fists raining down on his most hated enemy.

Centurion's suit hummed with energy as he desperately tried to fend off Tiamut's relentless assault. With a swift movement, he summoned an energy shield, hoping to deflect the incoming blow. But Tiamut's strength was overwhelming, shattering the shield with a single strike, sending Centurion flying across his own lair, smashing into the wall with a loud thud.

"Ugh!" The Kang spat out a mouthful of blood upon impact, collapsing to the floor soon after.

"?!" Miles, Mateo, and Aaron watched from the sidelines, relieved to see that the monster from Peter's shadow seemed to be on their side.

"Is that all, Centurion?" Peter tauntingly commented from across the room, casually leaned against a nearby wall. "I thought you were supposed to be one of the most powerful Kang's in existence? Does the council of Kang's only amount to this much?"

"" Centurion wanted to answer and defend himself, but sadly, he had no reply. Although he hated to admit it, in front of beings like Peter and Tiamut, who held god-like powers, any Kang would have a hard time, especially with their ability to escape sealed away. 'I need to get out of here before-'

As he regained his footing, Centurion activated his suit's thrusters, propelling himself out of harm's way just in time to avoid Tiamut's next attack. But the undead Celestial was relentless, his shadowy form moving with unnatural speed as he closed the distance once again.

With a surge of determination, Centurion launched a counterattack, firing a barrage of energy blasts at Tiamut. But the Celestial seemed unaffected, the dark energy surrounding him absorbing the impact of the blasts as if they were mere mosquito bites.

Realizing that brute force alone wouldn't be enough to stop Tiamut, Centurion tried a different approach. He focused his suits energy, attempting to disrupt Tiamut's form with a concentrated blast, putting as much power into it as he could. But to his dismay, the attack had little effect, Tiamut's shadowy form absorbing the energy with ease.

"Hmm Thanks for the meal." Tiamut smirked.

Desperation mounting, Centurion tried to outmaneuver Tiamut, darting around the chamber in a flurry of movement, propelled by his suits thrusters. But Tiamut anticipated his every move, his towering figure cutting off Centurion's escape routes with uncanny precision.

With each failed attempt at escape, Centurion's hope dwindled, his suit straining under the relentless assault. ""

"Where are you going, little bug?" Tiamut asked as he swatted Centurion out of the air like an annoying fly.

"Aaarghh!" Centurion screamed in pain as he was slapped into the floor, a small crater forming below him.

"Why don't you just give up?" Peter asked Centurion from the other side of the room. "It's not like you can escape and you certainly can't beat Tiamut, which means you stand absolutely no chance against me. So, why not just make it easy on yourself and surrender?"

"I" Centurion spoke as he shakily stood to his feet. "REFUSE!" He shouted, refusing to give up, drawing upon every ounce of determination and ingenuity he possessed in a desperate bid to survive, but

Crack! Tiamut brought his hand down and flicked Centurion's stomach, sending him flying across the room, his suit and ribs both cracking and breaking simultaneously.

Sadly, determination and ingenuity meant nothing in the face of true, unadulterated strength.

As Tiamut unleashed another barrage of blows, Centurion's suit flickered and sparked, the strain becoming too much to bear, his screams echoed through the chamber, a symphony of agony as Tiamut's wrath descended upon him without mercy.

Every punch, every kick was a testament to the celestial's determination to exact vengeance upon his tormentor, his rage fueling each devastating blow.

With each strike, Centurion's armor buckled and cracked, his circuits sizzling with the intensity of Tiamut's assault. But still, he refused to yield, his stubborn pride driving him to continue fighting against impossible odds.

Tiamut was not interested in a fair fight either, his only desire to inflict pain upon the one who had dared to experiment on him and twist his mind to suit his own ambitions. With a cruel smirk, he continued his relentless onslaught, each blow landing with calculated precision as Centurion's suit crumbled beneath the onslaught, his body battered and bloody.

Centurion's cries grew more desperate with each passing moment, his body battered and broken, his strength waning with each blow. Yet still, he refused to surrender, his willpower fueled by a stubborn refusal to admit defeat.

But Tiamut was not one to show mercy, his rage consuming him as he delivered blow after blow upon his helpless foe. Each strike was a symphony of pain, each blow a reminder of the suffering he had endured at Centurion's hands.

As the battle raged on, Centurion's strength began to wane, his body battered and bruised, his spirit broken by Tiamut's relentless assault. With a final strike, Centurion crashed into the ground in a heap of broken metal and shattered dreams.

The chamber fell silent, the echoes of the battle fading into the darkness as Tiamut stood victorious over his fallen foe.

"Is he still alive?" Peter asked as he walked over, stepping in front of Tiamut to check Centurion, who wasn't looking so good. He was covered in wounds and blood, and even his suit was barely holding together, shattered pieces scatter all around his beaten form.

But most of all, he was still conscious and alive, his breath ragged and labored as he stared up at Peter with wide, fearful eyes.

"Please," he gasped, his voice barely a whisper. "Have mercy."

But Peter's expression remained cold and unyielding, his gaze unwavering as he stood over his fallen foe. "Mercy?" he scoffed. "Did you show mercy to those you've killed. What about Mateo's dad? Did you give him mercy?" He asked, pausing for a moment, hoping to hear an answer, but Centurion remained silent. "No, you didn't, did you? So why should I show you even an ounce of mercy?"

Coming to terms with his loss and inevitable death, Centurion looked up at Peter and smiled, "Then I might as well go out with a bang, huh?"

"?" Everyone seemed confused by what he meant but that, but their confusion would be cleared up in a moment.

With a final, defiant roar, Centurion activated his suit's self-destruct sequence, channeling all of its remaining power into one last explosive burst.

"!" Everyone watched as his suit began to brighten, its power rising with every passing second.

"If I'm going to die, then I'm taking all of you with me!" Centurion exclaimed as his suit began to pulse.

Mateo, Miles, and Aaron stood frozen in fear, their hearts pounding in their chests as they braced for the impending explosion.

But just before Centurion's suit could unleash its deadly payload, Peter approached him with an air of calm confidence, tapping the glowing suit with a single finger.

As Peter withdrew his hand, the suit began to dim, the ominous glow fading until nothing remained.

Centurion looked up at Peter in shock, his disbelief evident in his expression as he whispered, "I never stood a chance, did I?"

Peter simply shook his head, his gaze unwavering as he replied, "No."

Turning to Mateo and Aaron, Peter gestured towards Centurion, his tone matter-of-fact as he said, "He's all yours."

Mateo and Aaron, still nursing their injuries, limped over to the fallen Kang, their faces etched with determination as they confronted the man who had caused them so much pain.

Conjuring two swords, Peter handed them over to Mateo and Aaron before taking a step back, allowing them to exact their revenge.

Looking up at his executioners, Centurion's voice was resigned as he said, "Just get it over with already..."

Without hesitation, Mateo and Aaron drove their swords into Centurion's chest, their movements swift and purposeful. As the life drained from Centurion's eyes, his body slumped to the ground, blood pooling around him.

Silence descended upon the chamber, broken only by the sound of Mateo and Aaron's ragged breathing as they stood over their fallen enemy. Peter watched from a distance, his expression unreadable as he observed the scene unfolding before him.

Finally, Mateo and Aaron turned away from Centurion's lifeless form, their faces drawn and weary as they faced Peter once again. There were no words to express the mix of emotions swirling within them, but Peter understood the gravity of the moment without needing any further explanation.

With a nod of acknowledgment, Peter watched as they limped out of the chamber, their long fight against Centurion finally over.

Chapter 667: Reward?

Miles shifted uncomfortably as he gazed at Centurion's lifeless body, a myriad of conflicting emotions swirling within him. Finally, he turned to Peter, uncertainty evident in his voice. "Should we... Should we go after them?" He asked, frowning. "They looked sad."

Peter shook his head, his expression grave yet resolute. "No, Miles. They need some time alone. Let's leave them alone for a little while."

Nodding in understanding, Miles glanced once more at Centurion's body before mustering a faint smile. "Okay. I'll wait outside for you," he said softly, his voice tinged with a hint of sadness. With that, he exited the chamber, leaving Peter alone with Tiamut and the remains of their fallen adversary.

As the sound of Miles' footsteps faded into the distance, Peter turned his attention to Tiamut, who stood beside him, a towering sentinel of darkness and fury. The undead Celestial's gaze was fixed upon Centurion's body, a silent question lingering in the air.

Tiamut's voice rumbled like distant thunder as he addressed Peter, his words reverberating through the chamber. "Should I deal with it, Master?"

Peter nodded, his eyes never leaving Centurion's lifeless form. "Yeah, go ahead."

In an instant, Tiamut moved with a speed that defied comprehension, his shadowy form darting across the chamber until he reached an empty corner. With a swift motion, he extended his hand into the air, his fingers curling around an unseen figure.

Suddenly, the air was filled with anguished screams as a figure materialized within Tiamut's tight grasp, writhing in agony as if caught in the throes of a nightmare made manifest.

Peter's eyes narrowed as he regarded the trapped figure, his voice cold and devoid of emotion. "Did you think you could trick me with this weak illusion, Centurion?" he asked, his words sharp as he

kicked the 'dead' Centurion, sending it crashing into the wall, where it shattered into particles of light. "Did you really believe you could escape?"

Centurion, now held captive within Tiamut's grasp, could only stare helplessly at Peter, his defiance crumbling in the face of his inevitable fate. He knew he had underestimated Peter's cunning and power, and now he would pay the price for his arrogance.

"Can I deal with him this time, Master?" Tiamut asked, his fist tightening, squeezing the life out of Centurion.

Peter gazed at Tiamut, silent permission granted. ""

With a malicious grin, Tiamut tightened his grip on Centurion, relishing in the agony. "Aaarrgghhh!" Centurion's screams pierced the air, echoing off the chamber walls, until finally, with a sickening crunch, his body couldn't take the strain anymore.

"Ugh!" He let out one last grunt as blood shot out from every orifice of his body, as if he were a tube of toothpaste, which Tiamut was wringing out.

A sense of finality hung in the air as Tiamut released his grip, the disfigured remnants of Centurion hitting the floor with a sickening thud.

Peter watched, his expression unreadable, as Tiamut's shadowy form seemed to swell with satisfaction. "It is done," Tiamut declared, his voice like the rumble of distant thunder. "He will trouble us no more."

Peter nodded, a weight lifted from his shoulders. "Good," he murmured. "Now, let's focus on what's next."

Tiamut inclined his head, giving Peter a quick bow. "Yes, Master," he replied subsequently. "I'll return to your shadow. Please call upon me again" And with that said, Tiamut's giant form shrank and vanished into Peter's shadow.

Alone in the dimly lit chamber, Peter's eyes conjured a ball of Phoenix flame in his hand. With a flick of his wrist, he sent it hurtling towards Centurion's lifeless body, igniting it in a blaze of bright, cleansing fire.

The flames danced and crackled, consuming Centurion's form until nothing remained but a pile of smoldering ash. Ignoring the smoldering remnants, Peter strode purposefully over to Centurion's computer set up.

Taking a seat at the large metallic desk, Peter pulled out a hard drive from his storage necklace and plugged it in. With a few deft keystrokes, he initiated a download, his eyes scanning the many screens as every bit of data from Centurion's system began transferring over.

As the progress bar filled slowly, Peter leaned back in the chair, his mind whirling with possibilities. He knew that within Centurion's files lay all sorts of information on the Council of Kang's, information that could prove invaluable to his plans

Minutes passed as Peter remained absorbed in his task, until finally, the download was completed. With a satisfied nod, Peter disconnected the hard drive, slipping it back into his storage necklace.

Rising from the chair, Peter cast one last glance at the smoldering remains of Centurion's body before turning to leave. But as he took a couple of steps toward the exit, suddenly, time seemed to halt as the familiar figure of a grim reaper materialized before him.

Peter blinked, surprise flashing across his features. "Huh? What are you doing here? I thought you only showed up when I completed a task?"

Death regarded him with an enigmatic look, his skeletal visage devoid of expression. "Actually, I'm here to congratulate you."

Peter arched an eyebrow, his curiosity piqued. "Congratulate me? For what?"

Death's voice resonated with a chilling echo. "For being the first of my successor candidates to eliminate two of your competitors."

Recognition dawned on Peter's face as he recalled Centurion's true identity. "Oh, yeah. I forgot he was a successor as well. He was just so weak that it slipped my mind"

Death merely shrugged, his bony shoulders rising and falling in a gesture of indifference. "I wouldn't say he was weak. You just happen to be among the stronger few of my successors."

"So there are others who are as strong as me?" Peter nodded slowly, absorbing Death's words.
"Okay, so why are you here again?"

Death's gaze pierced through him, his hollow eyes gleaming with an otherworldly light. "I'm here to offer you a reward, of course. As the first candidate to eliminate two competitors, you've earned a special privilege."

Peter's interest was piqued as he leaned forward, eager to hear more. "What kind of reward?"

As he asked, instantly, a holographic screen appeared before him

[Remaining Competitors: 66/69]

Tracker: No successors nearby]

Death's voice resonated like a whisper from the grave. "You now have the ability to know how many successors remain, as well as a way to track them down."

Peter nodded slowly, taking in everything on the screen before him. "Thank you" He replied, shocked by the sudden boon. "But wait, why is the tracker saying there's no successors nearby?"

"Because there are none in this universe." Death explained. "You'll have to travel around and start your search. After all, I won't make it too easy for you"

With a nod of acknowledgment, Peter watched Death began to fade away, his form dissipating like mist in the wind. "I look forward to seeing your next battle. Hopefully, the next candidate you meet will put up more of a fight" He said before vanishing completely.

Peter was left alone in the chamber, his thoughts swirling with newfound boon. With this gift bestowed upon him, he knew that finding the other candidates would only be slightly easier.

"Finding the right universes is going to be a hassle," he mused, though Peter took solace in the fact that he now had a newly established multiverse-level organization at his disposal, poised to embark

on the search in his stead. "If I can link each universe they explore with gate-type portals, perhaps the tracker will detect a candidate and I won't have to do any work?"

Uncertain of its success, Peter acknowledged that it was worth attempting nonetheless.

Minutes later, Peter led the way through a shimmering portal, stepping out onto the familiar rooftop of Mateo's apartment. He glanced back as Miles, Mateo, and Aaron followed suit, their expressions a mix of relief and exhaustion as they pulled off their masks.

Once the portal closed behind them, Mateo and Aaron wasted no time in expressing their gratitude, "Uh Thanks, Peter. We couldn't have done any of that without you" Aaron spoke, Mateo following right after him. "Yeah, we would be dead right now without your help"

Peter accepted their words with a humble nod, a small smile playing on his lips. "No need to thank me," he replied, his voice laced with sincerity. "Just glad I could help."

Of course, he chose not to mention anything about Centurion's fake death, wanting to preserve their sense of victory and closure.

Mateo's voice broke through the gratitude, a note of sadness creeping into his tone. "So, uh, you guys leaving now?" He asked, his gaze shifting between Peter and Miles. "I mean, you've done what you came here for, right?"

Peter returned Mateo's gaze with a reassuring smile. "Not just yet," he said, his tone gentle. "We'll stick around for a little while longer." He could sense Mateo's reluctance to see them go, and he didn't want to leave on a somber note.

Suddenly, Mateo's relief melted into disbelief as the rooftop door creaked open, revealing his mother, Rio, cigarette in hand and lighter in the other.

Miles, Mateo, and Aaron spun around, paralyzed in shock at the unexpected intrusion. With nowhere to escape on the open rooftop, they were trapped, waiting for her to notice them.

Unaware of their presence, Rio casually lit her cigarette, took a long puff, and leaned against the door, seeking solace from the stress of her life.

"Mom?! Since when do you smoke?!!!!" Mateo blurted out, his concern evident.

Rio's next puff halted midway, her eyes widening in astonishment as she processed the scene. Mateo, Miles, Aaron, and an unknown man stood before her, their stares fixed on her like startled deer in headlights.

"Miles, what are you-" Rio began, but her words faltered as she took in Mateo's Prowler suit, and beside him, Miles, both a mirror image of the other. "?!"

Chapter 668: Big Money!

After a long explanation and relocating to their apartments living room, Mateo sat, practically cowering before his mother, Miles and his Uncle Aaron at his side. Meanwhile, Peter stood across the room, watching the drama unfold.

Mateo couldn't look his mother in the eyes, too afraid to even glance in her direction. "are you going to say anything?" He asked, knowing how she would react.

Ignoring Miles and Peter for the moment, Rio put all of her attention on her son, her eyes blazed with fury, her voice laced with disappointment and anger. "Miles(Mateo), qu diablos ests haciendo? (what the hell are you doing?) You know better than to involve yourself in these dangerous activities! Your father died because of this madness, and I won't let you throw your life away like he did!"

Mateo winced at the mention of his father, guilt gnawing at his insides as he struggled to find the right words to explain. "Mom, I-I'm... I'm just trying to make a difference, to fight against corruption!" he stammered, his voice tinged with desperation.

Rio's expression softened slightly, but her resolve remained unwavering. "I don't care what you think you're doing. You're putting yourself in danger, and it ends today!" she exclaimed, her eyes brimming with tears as she reached out to grasp her son's shoulders.

Mateo took a deep breath, steeling himself for what he knew would be a difficult conversation. "Mom, I-I can't stop," he began, his voice steady despite the turmoil within him. "Not when I have these powers. Not when I know I can make a difference."

Rio's eyes widened in disbelief as Mateo held up his hand, electricity crackling between his fingertips, illuminating the room with a soft, blue glow. She stumbled back, her breath catching in her throat as she struggled to comprehend what she was seeing. "What... what is this?!" she gasped, her voice barely above a whisper.

Mateo met his mother's gaze, his heart pounding in his chest as he watched the mix of fear and awe flicker across her face. "My powers," he admitted, his eyes glued to the electricity. "Peter gave them to me"

Instantly, Rio turned to Peter, who merely waved hello in response. "" She didn't know what to say or how to treat him. After all, if her son's story was true, then this man as well as her son's lookalike were from another universe.

Choosing to continue to ignore the whole multiverse situation for just a little bit longer, Rio's mind raced as she struggled to process her son's revelation, her thoughts a whirlwind of confusion and fear. "But... but it's too dangerous," she protested weakly, her voice tinged with desperation. "What if something happens to you? What if you get hurt?"

Mateo's resolve hardened as he reached out to take his mother's hand, his touch gentle yet determined. "I won't let that happen, Mom. I promise," he said earnestly, his voice filled with conviction. "I'll be careful, I'll be smart. But I can't just sit back and do nothing while people suffer. I have to help."

Tears welled up in Rio's eyes as she looked into her son's determined gaze, her heart torn between pride and fear. "I... I don't know if I can support this," she admitted, her voice choked with emotion. "But I can't stop you either. Just... promise me you'll be safe. Promise me you'll come home."

Mateo squeezed his mother's hand, his own eyes shimmering with unshed tears as he nodded solemnly. "I promise, Mom," he whispered, his voice filled with love and determination. "I'll always come home. I promise." And as they stood there, hand in hand, mother and son, they knew that no matter what challenges lay ahead, they would face them together.

As the tension in the room began to dissipate, Rio turned to Aaron, her eyes searching his face for answers. "Aaron, is he really dead?" she asked quietly, her voice trembling with emotion.

Aaron met her gaze with a solemn nod, his expression grave. "Yeah We did it ourselves. He's dead and he's not coming back," he confirmed, his voice steady but tinged with sadness.

Rio's breath caught in her throat as the weight of Aaron's words sank in. Her husband's killer was finally gone, justice served in the only way they knew how. Tears welled up in her eyes, a mixture of relief and grief washing over her.

"Miles(Mateo)," she whispered, turning to her son, her voice choked with emotion. "I may not approve of what you've been doing, but... thank you. Thank you for doing what I couldn't. Thank you for avenging your father."

Mateo's eyes glistened with tears as he stepped forward, wrapping his arms around his mother in a tight embrace. "I'll always protect you, Mom," he vowed, his voice barely above a whisper. "I'll make sure no one ever hurts us again."

As they held each other close, Miles couldn't help but smile and feel a little bit jealous of how close Mateo and his mother seemed to be, which was odd. After all, it was usually Mateo who was the jealous one. 'I guess death can break up a family, but it can also make them closer as well'

As they hugged one another, Aaron stood up and attempted to join them, but before he could get too close, he was stopped by a glare from Rio. "Don't think you're forgiven so easily!" She spoke sharply, still holding her son. "I believe there's some garbage in the kitchen that needs taking out"

Rio could and would always forgive her son, because that's just what a mother does, but her brother in law was an entirely different story. Arron is an adult and shouldn't have aided her son in a war against the government. And most of all, he should have told her the second he found out.

"*sigh*" Aaron let out a long breath before lowering his arms and doing as he was told. 'At least she's not outright throwing me out' He still had some hope of gaining her forgiveness.

As Aaron leaves to dispose of the garbage, Mateo squeezes his mother's hand gently, catching her attention. "Mom, don't be too hard on Uncle Aaron," he says softly, his voice filled with empathy. "When he found out what I was doing, I had to beg him not to tell you"

Rio's smiled reassuringly as she looked at her son, a mix of pride and affection in her eyes. "I know, Mateo. And in time, I'll forgive him," she replies, her tone gentle yet firm. "But for now, he has some making up to do."

Mateo's frown deepened, guilt gnawing at him. He hates seeing his uncle being punished for his own decisions. But at least, he thinks, he wasn't being punished alongside him...

Just as he thought that, suddenly, Rio gestures toward the kitchen, her tone turning more serious. "Now, young man, there are dishes in the sink that need cleaning," she says, her voice leaving no room for argument. "And once you're done with that, you can clean the rest of the kitchen as well"

Mateo's eyes widen in surprise, momentarily stunned. "But I thought...?" he starts to say, confusion evident in his voice.

Rio raises a brow, finishing his sentence for him. "You thought you got away with everything? No, your punishment will be just as bad as your uncle's," she says firmly, her tone leaving no room for negotiation. "For starters, you're grounded for the foreseeable future. Now, off you go. The dishes won't clean themselves..."

With a heavy heart, Mateo nods, shoulders slumping as he heads towards the kitchen to face his punishment. As he eyed the pile of dirty dishes, he couldn't help but feel a sense of regret for keeping everything from his mother. But deep down, he knew that she would never have allowed him to take his revenge

'Besides, she knows now and, all things considered, the punishment is very light'

Left alone in the living room with Miles and Peter, Rio takes a deep breath before turning to Miles, her heart pounding with disbelief as she reached out to touch his face, tracing the familiar lines of his features with wonder. "You look just like him," she whispered, her voice filled with awe and disbelief.

Miles squirmed uncomfortably under her scrutiny, blushing as he tried to pull away. "Mom stop," he mumbled, his cheeks flushed with embarrassment at the comparison. But then he realized, in a slip of the tongue, he called her 'mom,' immediately regretting it as he stammered out an apology.

Rio couldn't help but smile at his embarrassment, her heart warming at the unintended endearment. "It's okay, Miles," she reassured him, her tone gentle. "You can call me mom if you want. I don't mind."

Miles looked away bashfully, a small smile tugging at his lips as he muttered, "Okay, mom," feeling a strange sense of comfort in the familial term.

Turning her attention to Peter, Rio's expression turned conflicted, a frown marring her features as she struggled to reconcile her gratitude with her concerns. "Peter, I appreciate what you've done for my son, but giving him those powers..." she began, her voice tinged with worry.

Peter nodded understandingly, knowing the weight of her worries. 'I guess I'll have to make a good first impression in order to win her over' Without a word, he pulled out his phone, tapping away, confusing both Rio and Miles.

"And Done!" As he finished and stored his phone away, suddenly, a notification chimed on Rio's phone, interrupting their conversation. "You should really look at that" He told her, a knowing smile on his face.

"?" Hesitantly, she checked it, her eyes widening in shock as she read the message. Dropping her phone, she stared at it in disbelief, her mind reeling.

Miles leaned over to see what had startled his mother, his eyes widening as he read the notification. "What is it?" he asked, his voice tinged with concern as he saw the amount displayed on the screen.

"It's... it's a wire transfer," Rio murmured, her voice barely above a whisper as she struggled to comprehend the enormity of the sum. "Fifty million dollars..." she trailed off, her mind racing with possibilities and questions.

Chapter 669: Ratatouille

As the world was going crazy over the disappearance of the president of the United States of America, Rio sat in her bedroom, staring at her phone in disbelief, Peter's reassurances echoed in her mind, calming her nerves.

When she first began to realize what happened, her bank account loaded with a life changing amount of money, she immediately tried to give it all back. After all, she never liked getting handout's from others, especially not from people she didn't even know.

But thankfully, Peter made that impossible. With a bit of finagling, he made it appear as if the money was never even wired over, but instead came from a long list of investment, which she made throughout her entire adult life, adding up to a crisp fifty million dollars.

Despite her initial hesitation, the allure of financial security for her family proved too enticing to resist. With Miles, Mateo, and Aaron by her side, convincing her to just take it, she made the decision to keep the money, albeit with a twinge of hesitancy lingering in her heart.

After all, it was a small fraction of Wilson Fisk's ill-gotten gains, which Peter had stolen and repurposed, a form of justice served from beyond the grave.

As she tentatively accepted the unexpected windfall, Rio couldn't shake the feeling of unease and uncertainty, wondering what the hell she was supposed to do with all this money.

Yet, with Peter's convincing words and the support of her family, Rio pushed aside her doubts and allowed herself to dream of a brighter future. With the weight of financial burden lifted, she could finally breathe a sigh of relief and focus on rebuilding their lives.

Together, they discussed plans for the money, mapping out investments and savings to ensure long-term stability. Mateo's eyes sparkled with excitement as he suggested ideas for their future, such as building their own house, which they would actually own instead of throwing their money away on rising rental costs, his enthusiasm infectious as they dared to imagine a life free from the shadows of their past.

As they basked in the warmth of newfound hope, Rio couldn't help but feel grateful for Peter's unexpected generosity. Despite his mysterious arrival, and his involvement with her son's shocking new abilities, she couldn't deny the impact he had made on their lives, bringing light to their darkest days.

With a renewed sense of purpose, Rio embraced the opportunity to carve out a better future for her family, determined to make the most of this unexpected gift. And as they laughed and planned together, a sense of optimism filled the room, washing away the lingering doubts and fears of the past.

In the end, Rio realized that sometimes, help can come from the most unexpected places. And as she looked at her son, his smiling face finally returning after so long, she knew that no matter what challenges lay ahead, they would face them together, as a family.

After a long day of ups and downs at the Morales household, Peter and Miles found themselves staying the night, with Rio insisting they stay, even going so far as to set up the entire living room just for them.

As everyone drifted off to sleep, Miles snoring on the other side of the room, Peter lay awake, his gaze fixated on a family photo nearby. ""

The picture captured a joyful moment at an amusement park, featuring a much younger Mateo and his parents, Rio and Jeff. Suddenly, Miles' request echoed in Peter's mind, urging him to bring back Mateo's dad, to make their family whole once more.

With a heavy sigh, Peter knew the idea wasn't going to work. Yet, unable to shake the thought, he resolved to at least test his abilities, to see if he could even do it or not.

Quietly slipping out of the apartment, he made his way to the rooftop, pondering his options.

Contemplating his powers over death, bestowed upon him by his new spider suit, Peter acknowledged their limitations. Bringing back a true living being seemed beyond his current capabilities.

And the notion of using the Infinity Stones to resurrect Mateo's father was impossible unless he brought the body back to his own universe, but even that idea raised its own set of uncertainties.

Like, what happens to a body that's revived in a separate universe from the one it was born, lived, and died in?

Concerns gnawed at Peter's thoughts. Would Jeff truly return, soul intact, if brought back in another universe? Or would his body return to life as a soulless husk, living the rest of its life in a vegetated state. Wrestling with doubt, Peter weighed the risks and consequences.

Ultimately, the risks seemed too great. With a heavy heart, Peter abandoned the idea of going anywhere near Mateo's father's body, instead opting to test all of this out on some dead rats instead.

After all, this may be another universe, but it's still New York, the big apple, the pizza capital of the world, but most all, an infested city, filled with rats.

Searching around the subway, it didn't take Peter more than a minute to find some dead rats, which he immediately levitated, as he didn't want to touch them, before heading back, ready to start his experimentation.

First, he returned to the rooftop of Mateo's apartment building and placed a single rat on the floor before him, calling upon his deathly powers. Peter conjured a green flame in his hand, putting all the power he could into it before tossing it at the rat.

As the flame made contact, the dead rodent immediately caught fire, its body almost instantly burning to ash as a shadowy rat figure appeared in its place, bowing its head towards Peter, its green eyes and accents glowing in the dark night.

"As I thought" Peter sighed at his expected failure. As he already guessed, his powers could only bring back undead shadows, not real living beings.

Disappointment weighed heavy on Peter's shoulders as he gazed at the shadowy rat before him. Despite his best efforts, he couldn't help but feel a twinge of frustration at his limitations. "Well, it's not like I didn't expect this already," he muttered to himself, running a hand through his hair.

The shadowy rat seemed to sense its masters frustration, its glowing eyes flickering with understanding as it let out a cute squeak, leaping onto Peter's shoulder before rubbing its face against his cheek, trying to comfort him.

"You're pretty cute, you know that?" Peter reached up and scratched the little rat under its chin, a smile forming on his face.

With one more theory to test, Peter slipped through a star-shaped portal, returning to his basement in his home universe. He didn't want to disturb his family, who slumbered peacefully upstairs, especially not when he's carting around a bunch of dead rats, like some sort of psychopath.

With determined focus, he placed a single rat from Mateo's universe on the floor. Retrieving his rings from his storage necklace, each adorned with an Infinity Stone, Peter donned them on his fingers, feeling the weight of their power.

"Here goes nothing" Gazing at the lifeless rat, Peter snapped his fingers, channeling the immense power of the Infinity Stones. He watched with bated breath as the rat's stiff body began to stir, its chest rising and falling with renewed breath.

Hope flickered in Peter's heart as the rat remained still, like a dormant vessel. He nudged it gently, but it didn't respond, confirming his earlier suspicions.

With a sense of resignation, Peter infused his eyes with a flicker of Eldritch energy, peering into the rat's body. There, he found no trace of an astral form, confirming its soulless state.

Even the power of the Soul Stone couldn't bridge the gap between universes, leaving the rat devoid of its essence.

"Hmm Maybe If I bring it back to Mateo's universe, the soul will return on its own?" Peter guessed and in a final attempt, he levitated the rat and opened a portal back to Mateo's universe, hoping for a miracle. But as the rat returned to its original realm, it remained lifeless, devoid of soul.

As failure settled over him like a heavy cloak, Peter realized a harsh truth he couldn't save everyone. It was a lesson he had learned before, but one that had slipped his mind amidst his growing power and successes.

With a heavy heart, Peter accepted the limitations of his abilities, understanding that some things were beyond his control. 'Maybe I can try again when I'm more powerful?'

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As the sun began to rise, Peter stood on the rooftop, gazing down at the soulless rat before him. A sense of pity tugged at his heart as he considered its fate. Should he end its suffering now, or let it linger in this state until it inevitably starves to death?

Just as Peter was about to put the little guy out of its misery, suddenly, a peculiar idea sparked in his mind. He rummaged through his storage necklace and retrieved a large gem, which emanated a faint glow. However, the gem was not empty, it housed the trapped soul of Kang the Conqueror, a being of immense intellect and fury.

As Peter held the gem, a torrent of curses and anger filled his ears. "You motherf*cker?! Do you have any idea how long I've been stuck in your storage space, trapped in silent darkness?! Any lesser minded being would already be insane!" Kang berated Peter for imprisoning him and subjecting him to endless boredom.

Yet, Peter remained unfazed, his expression morphing into a mischievous grin. "Since you were so bored in there, Kang, I thought I'd offer you a change of scenery," he quipped, his tone dripping with sarcasm. Kang's metaphorical eyes widened in apprehension, sensing trouble brewing.

With a wave of his hand, Peter unleashed his magical prowess, manipulating Kang's soul, pulling it from the gem and merging it with the soulless rat before him. A surge of energy pulsed through the rodent as Kang's essence infused its being, granting it newfound vitality.

"Wait!?! Stop! Don't put me in that thing!" He shouted as he noticed where Peter was bringing him.

Soon enough, Kang's protests fell silent as his consciousness merged with the rat's body, his once formidable form reduced to that of a mere creature, a dirty pest.

Peter watched with a sense of satisfaction as the rat twitched and squeaked, rising to its feet, now imbued with the essence of Kang the Conqueror. "This was a great idea." He laughed as the Kang turned rat seemed to look itself over, its beady eyes wide in bewilderment.

[Insert picture of ratatouille here A/N: lmao]

"See? This is a lot better than the gem, isn't it?" Peter chuckled, amused by the entire situation.

As Kang looked up at him, baring his new little rat teeth in anger, he spoke his first words, "F*ck you!" But sadly, instead of the normal tone he was used to, what came out was a high pitched, squeaky voice, which caught even him off guard.

"Hahaha!" Peter laughed as he pulled out his phone, pointing the camera in Kang's direction. "Go on! Say it again! I'm going to post this on YouTube"

Chapter 670: Home Again

After imbuing the soul of Kang the Conqueror into the unsuspecting body of a rat, Peter wasn't about to leave anything to chance. He knew all too well the intellect and ambition that thrived within just about every Kang, especially this one. So, Peter set to work, weaving an intricate web of spells around the rat.

These enchantments were designed not to harm but to safeguard restricting Kang's ability to manipulate his new form in any way that might lead to a power-armored rodent uprising, or some other unknown catastrophe.

As the first light of dawn began to paint the New York skyline, Peter and his peculiar new companion made their way back to the apartment where the Morales family, unaware of the night's events, still slept.

In the quiet of the early morning, Peter took to the kitchen, moving with the silent grace of someone who knows their way around both a battlefield and a stovetop. As bacon sizzled and eggs cooked, the room filled with the comforting aroma of breakfast as Peter conversed with the rat, whom he forced to help him cook, ratatouille style, because he thought it was hilarious.

Of course, he made sure that Kang's new body was clean and disease free before hand with a few spells. After all, he's still a rat from New York City.

As they cooked, Peter questioned Kang on the intricacies of the Council of Kangs. Despite the surreal situation, his focus was sharp. The information Kang possessed could prove invaluable in Peter's upcoming crusade against Centurion and the council.

Kang, begrudgingly and with a rodent-like squeak, complied as his hate for his fellow Kang's far outweighed everything else.

Each question Peter posed was met with a high-pitched, albeit reluctant, flood of insights and secrets. The rat's body might have been constrained by Peter's spells, but his mind remained as sharp and cunning as ever.

As the rest of the household began to stir, drawn to the kitchen by the enticing smell of breakfast, Peter couldn't help but chuckle in anticipation, awaiting their reactions to his new Rat companion.

"Mornin', Peter! Breakfast smells amazing," Rio greeted him, her voice warm with gratitude, though that quickly disappeared as she noticed the rat sat on Peter's shoulder, her eyes going wide.

"What are you looking at?!" Kang responded aggressively in his high pitched voice, clearly annoyed with this entire situation.

"What the hell is that?!" Rio exclaimed, her voice trembling as she backed away, her eyes wide with disbelief and fear. It wasn't just the shock of hearing a rat speak but also her deep-seated fear of rodents, which she had painstakingly ensured never found a place in her home. "Get it out! Get it out!"

The commotion quickly awoke Mateo and Miles, who rushed into the kitchen, prepared for an emergency. What they found, however, was a scene that left them both bewildered. Rio was cowering behind a wall, while Peter stood across the room, an amused smile playing on his lips despite the tension, and an unmistakably angry rat on his shoulder.

"Guys, meet our new uh, guest," Peter finally broke the silence, struggling to keep a straight face.

"F*ck you" The rat, meanwhile, glowered at everyone, clearly hating every moment of this.

"Peter, why is there a talking rat in the kitchen?" Miles asked, his tone a mix of confusion and curiosity.

Peter cleared his throat, readying himself for the explanation. "Well, this isn't just any rat. This is Kang the Conqueror" Peter quickly explained, watching their reactions carefully.

"And you thought this was funny?" Rio managed to find her voice, still incredulous.

"Yes." Peter chuckled, nodding. "I mean, come on, it's kind of hilarious." He said as he gesture towards all of the food, "I even had him make all of this with me, like ratatouille"

"Ugh I think I'm going to be sick" Rio very nearly puked, just the thought of food touched by a dirty rat turning her stomach.

Kang, seizing the moment, let out a high-pitched tirade. "You think this is funny?! This is demeaning! You can't just play with people's lives!"

"Did a Kang just lecture me about playing with people's lives?" Peter raised a questioning eyebrow, his words sealing Kang's mouth almost instantly.

The room fell into an awkward silence, the gravity of Peter's actions hanging in the air. Seconds later, Rio made a declaration. "I don't care what or who it is, I want that dirty rat out of my house!"

In the week that followed, with Rio's adamant refusal to house a rat, especially one with a malicious Kang's soul attached to it, Peter had no choice but to check into a nearby hotel, which he was planning to do anyway.

After all, sleeping on a couch isn't the most comfortable situation.

Miles, however, remained at Mateo and Rio's apartment, his sense of duty anchoring him there until he was certain Rio was doing okay. She may have money now, which would make life much easier, but he was still worried.

While Miles was busy with this universe's version of his mother, Peter found himself splitting his time between helping Mateo train his electromagnetic abilities and extracting invaluable knowledge from Kang.

Kang, for all his cunning and ambition, found himself in a predicament that would have seemed laughable had it not been so humiliating. Reduced to a rodent, his every attempt at escape or retaliation was thwarted by Peter's meticulously crafted spells.

Each effort to flee or craft any form of weaponry ended in either a painful zap that left him writhing on the floor or the disintegration of his makeshift tools before they could be put to use.

The once-mighty Kang the Conqueror could not fathom a more disgraceful situation. The very idea of being seen as a pet, subject to the whims of Spider-Man, would make him the laughingstock of all Kang's.

Yet, despite his pride and the burning desire for revenge that fueled his every waking moment, Kang found himself at an impasse. After all, he may hate Peter, but he hates the Council of Kang's far more.

'If I stick with Peter and help him, then maybe, just maybe I'll get to see them all burn' He thought, a malicious look in his beady little rat eyes.

The dawn of their last day in this universe broke with a bittersweet glow, marking the end of Peter and Miles time here.

Peter and Kang the rat found Miles on the rooftop, gazing out over the city that mirrored yet diverged so starkly from his own. The air was filled with a heavy silence, the kind that spoke volumes.

"You okay?" Peter finally broke the stillness, his voice tinged with empathy.

Miles sighed, a mix of resignation and resolve in his gaze. "Yeah. It's just hard, you know? Leaving her," he admitted, his thoughts lingering on the universe's version of his mother.

Peter placed a comforting hand on Miles's shoulder. "She's got Mateo. He'll look after her. Besides, you have your own mother back home"

Nodding, Miles allowed himself a small smile, reassured by the truth in Peter's words.

Before they could dwell further, Mateo, Aaron, and Rio joined them, their arrival signaling that it was time. But Peter had one more task before their departure.

"Mateo, I've got something to ask you," Peter began, his tone serious. "How would you like to join the Watchmen?"

Mateo's seemed confused. "What's that?"

"It's a group I put together. Think of us as guardians and explorers of the multiverse. I want to offer you a place with us," Peter explained, his offer hanging in the air like a promise of purpose.

The idea seemed to resonate with Mateo, a spark of excitement lighting up his eyes. "I'm in," he said without hesitation, the decision made in the span of a heartbeat.

"But," he added, glancing over at his mother and uncle. "Can it wait for a while? I kind of just want to spend some time with my family for a while. I've been fighting for so long that I haven't had the chance to stop"

"Of course, take as much time as you need" Peter agreed easily, a smile on his face. Stood beside him, Miles let out a relieved sigh, his worries melting away.

Their preparations were swift, the farewell brief yet heartfelt. As Peter and Miles stepped through a Star-shaped portal, Peter, Kang the rat on his shoulder, couldn't help but glance back, offering a final nod to Mateo and his family.

The portal closed behind them, leaving Mateo and his family standing in silence, a sad feeling in the air. They had just gotten used having Miles and Peter around, so seeing them leave was certainly an emotional experience, especially for Rio, who had grown attached to Miles over the past week, seeing him as her second son.

After ensuring Miles was safely back in his own universe, Peter Parker and his new rat companion returned to the familiar landscape of his New York. As he walked out of his portal and into his house, the silence greeted him oddly, a stark contrast to the lively atmosphere he'd become accustomed to when he returned home.

Glancing at his phone, a message from MJ caught his attention. 'Out with the kids for dinner,' it read, 'Be back late. Love you.' A smile tugged at the corners of his mouth, warmed by the message. He was about to type a reply when his phone abruptly rang, cutting through the quiet of the house. The caller ID flashed Tony Stark's name, instantly piquing Peter's curiosity.

"Yo, Tony, what's up?" Peter answered, his tone light, yet curious.

"Good, you answered. If you're interested in seeing that Compound V of yours in action, then get here as fast as you can. We're about to start administering as planned," Tony's voice came through, laced with excitement and a hint of challenge.

Interest piqued and eager to witness the effects of the Compound V firsthand, especially on his fellow Avengers, Peter wasted no time. A portal opened with a gesture, and he stepped through from his apartment directly into the heart of the Avengers Tower.