Avengers Reassemble

by cb3618

Summary

Now that the original Avengers team is gone, the world is in desperate need of heroes. Someone must answer the call to heroism. Now, it's up to a teenager, an intergalactic warrior, an ex-assassin, two soldiers, a Wakandan king, an Asgardian, a sorcerer, a mutant, an ex-con and a scientist to rise to the challenge.

Notes

Spoilers for Avengers: Endgame & Spider-Man: Far From Home!

See the end of the work for more notes.
“This is a terrible idea,” Peter Parker gulped, looking outside of his aunt’s car.

It was a peaceful evening in Queens as the teen watched his classmates dart into the building of Midtown High School. With the student’s senior year ending tomorrow and graduation in a week, the Academic Decathlon decided to hold a farewell party.

The problem was that his friends begged Peter not only to attend, but to also give a grand speech to everybody there. Peter still remembered the class presentations, the charity balls and the court trials, and he remembers screwing up every one of them. But he wasn’t the type to say no, so here he was.

“Well, no turning back now, kiddo,” Aunt May grinned, “Come on. I overheard you rehearsing it in the bathroom for the past week. It sounds great!”

Peter blushed, tugging at his tie, “It really doesn’t.”

May sighed, placing a hand on the kid’s face. This boy’s been through so much. He’s lost his parents, Uncle Ben...Mr. Stark. He’s lost any chance of a normal life, but he still kept fighting. Even after he almost lost his secret identity and was attacked by the entire world, he still hasn’t given up.

“Hey, Peter, you deserve this,” May smiled, “A break from supervillains and world-ending disasters can’t hurt, right?”

Peter chuckled, “Guess not.”

“You’ve got this, kid,” May pecked a kiss on his cheek.

The boy opened the car door and began to walk towards the building. Peter felt his heart sink as he walked in.

He remembered the insanity that happened after his identity was almost ratted out to the whole planet. He remembered scrambling for ways to hide it once more. Almost making even bigger messes in the process. By the end, he was able to cover it up once more, with the only ones knowing being his family, the other heroes, and the AcaDec team. However, that didn't stop people from still coming after Peter Parker or calling Spider-Man a "menace to society."

Peter began to mutter to himself, “Okay, Pete, you can do this. You’ve taken on Thanos, Vulture, asshole reporters. It’s just a simple speech. What’s the worst that could happen?”

Once Peter reached the doors of the gymnasium, he groaned, “Oh, I am so screwed...Alright. Come on, Spider-Man. Come on, Spider-Man.”

He pushed open the door to hear the sound of blaring music and bright neon lights. The gymnasium of Midtown High was buzzing with energy as the class of 2025 was enjoying themselves. He recognized everyone there and they definitely recognized him.

The young boy walked towards the podium, chest out and back straight. Most of the students began to clap for him as he felt his classmates patting him on the back and congratulating him. What was only a few feet away from him felt like an eternity away.
Once Peter finally got there, he began to fumble with the microphone. Loud noises screeched from it as he tried to set it up. The audience cringed, but at least he got their attention, right?

He laughed nervously before clearing his throat, “Hello, class of 2025! How’s everyone doing tonight?”

The response he received was applause. He heard people cheering out his name, cheering for Spider-Man.

He giggled a little, “Well, I know we’ve all got things to do and, uh, places to be, so I’m keeping it short. Kind of like me, heh!”

The lack of laughter caused Peter to begin to worry. He pulled out a stack of notecards and began to read them out loud.

“Now, I want you to go out there-Wait, no. That’s the, uh, last part. Must’ve mixed it up,” the boy stammered, “Let me just resort them.”

As he tried shuffling them back in the right order, he accidentally dropped the pile, causing the cards to fly away. Peter cursed at himself as he tried desperately to get them back together. The awkward silence caused him to start shaking as he nervously stuttered apologies to the audience.

Before Peter’s anxiety could completely engulf him, he finally noticed a certain someone in the crowd. His girlfriend, the amazing Michelle Jones.

The usually somewhat dour woman looked beautiful that night (hell, she looked beautiful every night) as she gave him a reassuring smile and a knowing look. MJ knew he was Spider-Man even before the incident with Europe and she’s been helping him with his job ever since. Even when the whole planet was against him, she stood by his side.

One look from her reignited the boy’s confidence in himself as he dropped his cards, got back up, and leaned towards the microphone. He could do this.

“Now, I know we’ve been through a lot,” he started, “Europe, the Battle of New York...The Snap.”

He noticed the uneasy glances some of the students gave to one another as the memories of these events flooded back. They were raised in a world of iron men and god, where their city could be destroyed at any moment. Hell, they lost five years of their lives to a maniacal alien overlord.

Peter nodded, “Yeah, I know. It can be overwhelming, the world we live in. We thought we would never make it out alive. We thought we were doomed. But we made it. We persevered, we worked our asses off, and we got to where we are now. Well, as it weird as it may sound, that’s honestly no different from adulthood. We think that this is the end of our lives, that we won’t have any future, but...if we can survive Thanos, I think we can survive college!”

Laughter erupted through the audience, reassuring the child that everything was going well.

He smiled, tears of joy starting to well up, “I am so grateful, not only for having been your classmate, but also for being...your Friendly Neighborhood Spider-Man. Thank you, Midtown High!”

The sound of clapping and cheering almost deafened Peter, as everyone was chanting his name. As he stepped down from the podium, he waved to everyone, almost like a president would wave to his citizens.
“Thank you! Thank you so much!,” he grinned, “I’ll be here all week! Well, not literally, but...you know what I mean.”

Peter walked across the room to finally embrace one of the people he cared about the most. MJ buried her neck into the boy’s shoulder as Peter stood on his toes to reach her.

Peter sighed, “Well, that could’ve gone better.”

“Well, it was better than that bio presentation from junior year,” MJ pointed out.

“You ever gonna let me forget that?,” he asked.

“Not in a million years, Web-Head,” she placed a hand on his shoulder, “Better than being the Menace of Queens, right?”

“Oh, I’d rather not think about Jameson right now,” Peter groaned.

“Yo, Pete!,” cried a voice from behind Peter. He turned to see his best friend, Ned Leeds, standing behind him, wearing his fedora and everything.

“Ned, holy crap, man!,” he hugged his friend, “I heard about you getting the Osborn Scholarship, congrats!”

“Thanks, Peter!,” Ned beamed, “Looks like you’re not the only one working for a billionaire!”

“Ey, last time I checked, Stark Industries is still on top,” Peter bragged. He was happy that even after the passing of Mr. Stark, his wife, Mrs. Potts, still wanted Peter to work for her at Stark Industries. It was only as an intern, but it was still nice to be working for the company he idolized for years.

“Whatever, man,” Ned scoffed, “By the end of this year, Oscorp’s gonna be the best of the best all thanks to yours truly.”

“Well, I’m sure your plans for a fully-functioning Lego Death Star will thoroughly impress your boss,” Peter commented.

“Don’t give Oscorp any ideas,” MJ snickered, “Knowing them, that’s totally something that overly-patriotic, corporate douchebag would build.”

As Ned and MJ went about their usual back-and-forth on Oscorp’s beliefs and policies, Peter could only watch and smile. This was what he loved about this school. This was what he was going to miss.

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After a few hours, the night ended and everybody began to head out. Ned left with Betty a half-hour before the party was over, leaving MJ and Peter on their own.

Everybody was heading over to Flash Thompson’s house to keep the party going. MJ wasn’t the type to party, but she did like skulking in the back to creep out the party-goers. Peter usually liked to watch, but he was just dying to go out and fight crime.

The two walked out, hand-in-hand, as Peter begin to fiddle with his web-shooter on his left arm.

MJ couldn’t help but notice the gadget on the boy’s wrist, “You are just itching to get out of here, aren’t you.”
Peter gulped, quickly tugging his sleeve down to hide the object, “Oh, I, uh, I’m sorry, MJ, this speech’s just got me thinking.”

After a moment of silence, the taller girl scoffed, “Well, you gonna share with the class?”

Peter shook his head, “It’s just that...it’s starting to hit me. I’m now the only superhero still working in New York. I mean everyone else is either retired or...gone. It’s just me. The guy the city hates.”

The somber look on the boy’s face prompted the young woman placed an arm on his shoulder, “Hey, loser, you might be the only one in this city running around in spandex, but you sure as hell aren’t alone.”

“Thanks, MJ,” Peter said as he embraced the girl he cared about.

“Don’t stay out too late,” the girl commanded to him.

“I make no promises,” he scratched the back of his head awkwardly. He only walked a few steps before rushing back, giving MJ a kiss on the cheek. The sight of her blushing got him to snicker as he hopped over the gates of his school and started swinging away.

MJ slowly lifted a hand to her face, “Oh, that nerd.”

…

The boy sat on the roof of a building in downtown Queens. Crime in the city was lax tonight, so Peter didn’t even have anyone to fight. He took off his mask and sighed, looking over the place that raised him.

Peter couldn’t help but feel alone now. He hasn’t had contact with any of the Avengers in about two years, not since Mr. Stark’s funeral. He knew that there were other heroes out there, but he hasn’t heard about them in news in a while.

Dr. Banner and Mr. Barton retired, Thor’s in space, Captain Rogers is in hiding, and Agent Romanoff and Mr. Stark are...gone. No one’s guarding the planet now.

The world needed protectors. Was Peter going to be the only one to step up for that role?

He sighed, “How did Mr. Stark do this?”

“You know, usually a guy getting out of high school would be out partying.”

Peter quickly turned around to see a man in a giant grey suit floating behind him. The guy was so large that even his slow landing created a loud thud. The helmet popped off to reveal a familiar face.

“Sup, Pete. Been a while,” greeted James Rhodes, the War Machine.

Peter met the soldier briefly during Tony’s funeral. He was nice, helped comfort him during the process.

The boy stuttered, “Rhodey, hey! I mean, Mr. Rhodey! I mean, Mr. Rhodes! Or is it Colonel Rhodes?”

The older man raised his hands up, “Whoa! Slow your roll there, kid. Rhodey’s fine. What are you doing up here?”
“Uh, just patrolling the neighborhood, keeping the city safe, the usual.”

“I saw you walk out of your school,” the colonel said, “You know, when Tony got of high school, the end of the year party he held at his place was something out of a dream. It was the type of thing older Tony would regret.”

“Yeah, figured,” the kid nodded, remembering the stories of Tony from before he became a superhero.

“Not that big of a party guy, huh?”, Rhodey noticed the shy look on the boy’s face.

“Pfft, before tonight, the last real party I had ended with me almost getting killed my homecoming date’s dad,” Peter laughed before regaining his composure, “Yeah, I...Parties have never really been that great for me. With everything that’s happened...I’m really not in the mood, you know?”

Rhodey nodded. He was more the type who would get dragged to parties instead of going on his free will, “I can get that. Sorry, I couldn’t help you with that whole Europe thing.”

Peter shuddered, remembering the troubles he went through the past year and how, for some reason, no S.H.I.E.L.D. agent or Avenger came to his aid. However, he didn't want to seem like a petty jerk with a grudge.

“It’s cool. I know you’ve been busy,” Peter nodded sympathetically, “So, what brings you to Queens?”

The man in the armored suit began to shuffle awkwardly, “Well this is gonna sound crazy, but...I’m here to talk to you about the Avengers Initiative.”
The king fondled with the silver ring on his finger, almost as though it would drop anytime soon. It looked as though T’Challa’s entire focus was solely on the trinket on his hand.

“Are you going to keep on fondling that ring all day,” his sister, Princess Shuri, joked. She walked towards him, a hologram of what looked like a finished building in her hand.

The two were standing before a construction site in Oakland where a few buildings were being built. The sound of drills and jackhammers filled the air, as well as what sounded almost like lasers. Construction workers, both American and Wakandan, ran back and forth, discussing plans and designs.

T’Challa rolled his eyes, “Oh, hush now. How goes construction?”

“Everything is going according to plan,” the teenager nodded, “The Outreach Centre should be finished by next month.”

“That is good,” the king nodded, “So many in this nation need our help as soon as possible.”

This area was once a symbol of Wakanda’s failures and mistakes. Where T’Challa’s father not only killed his own brother, but abandoned his own nephew. A nephew who almost caused the downfall of Wakanda itself.

Now, this place was going to be a symbol of Wakanda’s generosity and successes. A bridge between Wakanda and the rest of the world, where the technology and practices of T’Challa’s people could save lives.

However, to some people, it wasn’t enough.

Shuri’s smile slowly dropped as she looked around, “T’Challa, I know we are doing good work here, but do you not feel like we could do more?”

T’Challa sighed, having grown tired of this conversation, “Shuri, we have discussed this. We have
been gone for five years. We need to concentrate on rebuilding our own nation and our ties to the rest of the world.”

While the Snap affected the lives of many, it hit T'Challa hard. The entire royal family was turned to dust, leaving the nation without a Black Panther to protect them or rule. The heart-shaped herbs were only to be consumed by those of royal blood, so no one could take the title. The Council and the Dora Milaje were the only ones keeping order.

Unfortunately, once the royal family returned, it’s been a difficult process returning to the original status quo. Even worse as outside of Okoye’s work with the Avengers, the nation has been keeping out of the issues the rest of the world was dealing with. It was as if they were backtracking to before Killmonger’s rule.

Shuri groaned, “I know the Council has been keeping you busy, but is there not a more proactive role we could take? Maybe while wearing a certain Panther uniform?”

“The role of the Black Panther is not only to fight off evil, but to bring hope and aid to those in need,” T'Challa shook his head, “I must not only-.”

‘Break bones, but also build bridges’,” Shuri finished his sentence, a small smile crossing her face, “That was the only way Baba could get you to memorize your duties.”

T'Challa grinned, remembering his father’s words. He already had a lot of responsibilities to handle before Thanos’s attack. Now, that amount has doubled.

“I still feel like there is more we could be doing,” Shuri argued, “Like in New York. Fighting for a righteous cause, to protect people like we promised.”

“I understand,” T’Challa nodded, “But this is where our focus should be.”

The two stood in silence, their gaze on the construction, until an odd sound rippled through the air. Something that sounded like fires sparking.

“Wait, do you hear something,” the teenager asked.
They turned to see an amber-colored ring start to form behind them. Sparks flew from it as it looked like a figure was coming through.

T'Challa tilted his head, “Is that-?”

From the portal came a man wearing a long red cloak and a blue uniform, a golden necklace around his throat. It was the Master of the Mystic Arts himself, Doctor Stephen Strange.

“King T'Challa,” the sorcerer spoke in a deep voice, “I believe we have business to discuss.”

Shuri chuckled, “Well, if it isn’t the doctor with the cheekbones!”

“For Bast’s sake…,” T'Challa cursed, “What brings you to Oakland, Doctor Strange?”

“I need you to come with me,” Strange asked, “I have a proposal for you.”

The king turned to his sister, who laughed, “Like that movie Baba hated. Just when you thought you were out, they pull you back in, eh?”

T'Challa looked to the sky, asking for death, before walking towards the portal, “Just stay here.”

The king walked through the portal and found himself inside what looked like a large mansion. Like the ones his parents took him to when they made diplomatic trips to Europe.

“Where are we?,” T'Challa asked.


“Tea would be nice,” the king nodded.

“Alright,” Strange turned to look at the collar of his cloak, “Cloak?”
Suddenly, the cloak fell off of the doctor’s shoulders and flew off to another room, bringing back a teacup with a spoon in it.

T’Challa warily took the cup into his hands, his eyes focused on the floating piece of clothing, “By the goddess…”

He only looked down when he felt the cup heat up. He looked down to see it slowly fill with hot tea, “Incredible...How are you doing this?”

“I’m not creating the tea out of thin air,” Strange explained, “Right now, that’s coming from the kettle of some college kid from London. Sugar?”

“Yes please,” the king nodded. Two cubes of sugar surfaced out of the cup, dissolving in the drink, “Impressive. Now, what is it that you wished to discuss?”

“It’s a simple invitation really,” Doctor Strange cleared his throat, “I have been sent to offer you a position amongst Earth’s Mightiest Heroes.”

T’Challa almost spat out his tea before gulping. He slowly began to realize what this was about, “You want me as an Avenger?”

Strange chuckled a little, “As odd as it is to say, yes, I’m here to bring you into the Avengers Initiative.”

The king began to eye the wizard carefully to make sure he wasn’t joking. He always respected the Avengers even before he actually met them, but he would’ve never thought in a million years that they would wish to have him as a member.

“I’m sorry, I wasn’t aware that the team has returned,” T’Challa said.

“Not all of the original members have, but a few have come to me for help in choosing members,” Stephen explained.
“I assumed a man such as yourself would prefer to stick to your own corner of the universe,”
T’Challa said, “Focusing only on the more...paranormal.”

“The people of Kamar-Taj have been protecting the Earth for centuries,” Strange described,
“However, we always needed aid from more...earthly heroes.”

“Such as the Avengers.”

“Yes,” Stephen nodded, “That’s why I and a few others have joined to bring back the team. I
believe a man of your prestige, power, and heroism would be a great addition.”

T’Challa was genuinely amazed to receive this offer and maybe in a different time, he would have
immediately accepted the position. However, this was definitely the wrong time.

“I understand your concerns. If Thanos has taught us anything, it’s that the world needs protectors,”
the ruler agreed, “However, I have my own dilemmas at the moment. I have my nation, my
people,...”

“Your recent engagement?,” the sorcerer finished the statement, before quickly adding,
“Congratulations, by the way.”

T’Challa nodded in thanks. A year after he returned to the world of the living, T’Challa decided to
propose to his beloved Nakia. The woman inspired him to go out into the world in the first place
and there was no one that he would’ve rather dedicated his life to.

“I don’t know if I have the time to act as a crime-fighter,” T’Challa frowned, looking away.

Stephen sighed and nodded, understanding the man’s concerns. As Sorcerer Supreme, he already
had a large array of responsibilities. However, he knew that he needed to join this team if we
wanted to make sure this reality was 100% safe.

“Sir, I know this is a lot to deal with and I’m sorry,” Strange apologized, “But the world...It needs
heroes. Especially now that we’ve lost...”

“Now that we have lost Stark,” T’Challa ended the sentence, nodding somberly.
No one knew much of what happened on Thanos's home planet but they were all aware of how Strange felt a massive amount of regret regarding the death of the great Tony Stark.

Strange looked down at the floor, his face covered with guilt, “I may not have killed him myself, but I set the dominos up...I took an oath as a doctor not to do harm to others and I failed.”

T’Challa shook his head, “Stark made the choice of his own free will. Blaming yourself will get you nowhere. Believe me. I know.”

The king couldn’t help but think back to his crusade against the Winter Soldier, where his guilt for letting his father die overtook his senses. He knew the power of regret and grief and he knew that that wasn’t something he should face alone.

“I shall consider your invitation,” T’Challa sighed, “However, I cannot promise that I will accept it, Doctor.”

A smile finally came onto Doctor Strange’s face, “Thank you, T’Challa. Just contact me when you’ve made a decision.”

The doctor began to spin his arm in a circle, which opened up another amber portal behind T’Challa. Through it, he could see the construction in Oakland right there.

“I shall be in touch,” T’Challa nodded before walking through it.

Once the portal closed, Strange began to straighten his back and levitate, “Now, off to San Francisco.”

After a few seconds, his astral form surfaced from his body and vanished from the mansion, reappearing in a lab to greet two figures.

The doctor’s spirit looked down at the two, “Mr. Lang, Ms. Van Dyne, we need to talk.”
Scott’s eyes widened as his jaw almost dropped to the floor, “Ookay. Yeah, this is happening.”

Hope threw her arms up in frustration, “Oh, what the hell now?”
Chapter 3

Sakaar wasn’t a very forgiving place, as Brunnhilde’s ship was being tailed by a fleet of the planet’s deadliest pilots. What was supposed to be a diplomatic mission to find allies in the cosmos for New Asgard turned into a chase for vengeance.

“SHIT! CAN ANYONE READ ME?!,” Valkyrie shouted out to the communications device on her ship, “THIS IS BRUNNHILDE OF NEW ASGARD CALLING FOR AID!”

A few shots from behind her almost took off her ship’s right wing. The Asgardian dipped down to get out of her enemies’ scope. Unfortunately, it wasn’t working.

“I REPEAT! THIS IS BRUNNHILDE OF NEW ASGARD CALLING FOR HELP!,” the ruler called out, “I’VE GOT A SHIT TON OF MERCENARIES ON MY ARSE AND I’D RATHER NOT DIE TODAY!”

Valkyrie began to mutter to herself, “Become new ruler, he said. It would be an easy job, he said. You can trust me, I’m the mighty, all-knowing Thor, HE SAID!!! FOR THE LOVE OF ODIN, WHERE IS THAT WOMAN?!”

She could’ve just stayed here working for the Grandmaster or she could’ve been having fun somewhere on Alfheim, but nooo! She had to say yes to helping out Dumb and Dumber kill their evil sister! Now, she’s running a damn nation, everyone was either begging for her help or trying to kill her, and she had to stay sober for this mission for FOUR DAYS!

A beeping alarm came from the warrior’s dashboard, “Warning! Massive energy signature detected!”

“Oh, what in the Hel now?!,” Valkyrie groaned.

Out of nowhere, a blazing light caught her attention. It was like looking into the sun. The sound of explosions rattled the ruler’s ears as she tried to get a look at what was going on.

“Your highness,” came a voice from the dashboard, “Need a hand?”
Valkyrie looked up to see a blonde woman in red and blue looking down at her, burning like a supernova. Captain Carol Danvers gave the Asgardian a smile, as she hovered before her ship.

“Well, if it isn’t the Kree Captain,” Brunnhilde noted, “Would it hurt for you to pick up the damn pager once in a while?”

“Aw, don’t tell me you came all the way to Sakaar for little ol’ me,” Carol jokingly mused.

“We’ve got some stuff to talk about,” Valkyrie told her knight in glowing armor, “You know a place where we can chat?”

…”

“Thank the Norns for the simple things in life,” Brunnhilde gleamed as she downed another bottle.

The bar the two were at was filled with criminals, but they were the type not to draw attention to themselves by starting some type of fight with the two heroes. As the valkyrie chugged down the drink, Carol watched her carefully, starting to grow impatient.

“I’m guessing you didn’t cross galaxies just to get wasted,” Carol commented.

“Trust me, they do not sell this brand back on Earth, I’ll tell you that,” Brunn smirked, “No, your friends want you back. The whole Earth does.”

“What’s going on?,“ Danvers asked.

“That team of yours,” Valkyrie answered, “Those Avengers of yours. They've made a grand return.”

Carol scoffed. She remembered working with that group during the aftermath of the Snap. They weren’t exactly the best company, but she had respect for them. Plus, it was a whole team named after her! At least she knew Fury had taste.
“I thought they disbanded after Thanos.”

“They’re coming back together,” Valkyrie explained, “New group and all. Apparently, your name’s on the roster for some reason, so they sent me out to get you.”

“Hm. And what makes them think that I would join them?,” the captain asked quizzically.

“From what I can tell, the Skrulls are doing much better now,” Valkyrie pointed out, “And a good number of the planets you were sent to help aren’t perfect but not too shabby. Even worlds like this hellhole.”

“Yeah, the people running this place sure have it out for you,” Carol responded.

“Yep,” Valkyrie took another swig, “So, you in or out?”

Carol thought it over. She missed Earth. She really did. She missed the Louisiana nights. She missed messing around with Fury. She missed her family. But she couldn’t go back now.

After the Blip, she finally got them back. Her Maria, her Monica. But they were different. Staying with the Skrulls all these years caused the captain to forget about the shackles of time and age. While she remained as young as when she first got her abilities, time moved on for them. Maria may have forgiven her for the years she missed, but Monica was a bit more...hesitant.

Plus, this was a team! Last team she was on ended up betraying her. No, there was too much baggage.

Carol shook her head, “Look, I’m flattered and everything, but I’m more of a solo act. Your welcome for the save, by the way.”

“Of course,” Valkyrie smirked, “As is the Kree way, right? Not to work with those lower than you?”

The captain’s fists clenched, “I’m not a Kree.”
“Yet you still wear the uniform of one of their soldiers,” Valkyrie scoffed, “Look, I’m not good with emotions or sympathy or any of those made up words Bruce told me about, but I’m going to take a stab at it. The metaphorical stab, not the literal one.”

“Oh boy,” Carol exhaled, ready for some awful advice.

“I’ve tried running away from my responsibilities before. Tried to get away from the place I called home. Wasted my time drinking and working for whoever paid. Believe me, I would guzzle liquor until I blacked out,” Brunnhilde reminisced, “Then I realized that running didn’t solve anything. I had to go back, I had to fix things back home. I think what I’m getting at here is that you can’t run forever.”

Carol listened closely, sympathizing with the woman sitting next to her, “What’s your game in all of this?”

Brunnhilde bitterly let out a laugh, “...I’ve seen too many people die on my watch.”

She took another swig of her bottle and hopped off of her seat, “Look, I don’t give a shit whether or not you join. If you decide to get off your glowing arse and help out, you know where to find me.”

Carol watched the warrior walk out and began to think it over. How was she going to live her life?
Chapter 4

Central Park was lovely this time of the year and Wanda Maximoff was going to make the most of it. She had her headphones on and was reading a nice novel. As she sat on the bench, enjoying herself, Wanda sighed, content with herself.

Of course, someone had to ruin her day.

“Gotta say, that’s a good book,” Sam Wilson grinned, “I mean, I hear Xavier’s earlier work was better, but that’s a good read too.”

“I really can’t have any free time, can I?,” the witch groaned, “Can I help you?”

“Have you made up your mind about our proposal?,” the ex-soldier asked.

Wanda snickered, slowly getting up, “I thought I made it clear how I felt about bringing back the team?”

“Well, a lot has changed since the whole Thanos thing,” Sam chuckled.

“Yes. Things have gotten worse and worse,” Wanda sarcastically agreed.

Since the war against Thanos’s forces, a lot has occurred across the world, one of the biggest being the increase in the mutant population. This caused the public to become more aware of the existence of mutants. Of course, when they found out that the former criminal/former Avenger/living time-bomb known as the Scarlet Witch was a mutant, they were quick to turn on her. Though it wasn’t like they weren’t against her before after Lagos.

“C’mon, Wanda, we’re all that’s left of the old team,” Wilson sighed, “Bruce, Steve, and Clint are out and the rest…”

Wanda cringed at the last part, remembering her fallen lover. Many saw him merely as an android or a machine playing human. But Wanda was the only one who really understood him. He was as human as everyone else. As caring as everyone else. As loving as everyone else.
“The last of a dying race, I suppose,” Wanda remarked, before standing up and beginning to walk off.

Sam began to walk after her. “Wanda, you’ve lost a lot. I understand that. I just think showing a united front would work. Give the people the hope they need.”

Wanda scoffed, “Sam, the world doesn’t want hope…”

Slowly, red smoke slowly creeped from her hands and covered the world around the two. Wanda’s eyes glowed as the area changed around them. Instead of a sunny day in Central Park, the two were now in the middle of a mob.

People with protest signs were screaming at them, hatred in their eyes. They were shouted spiteful terms like “freak” and “mutie”. A few were even throwing bricks and rocks at them, trying to hit them right in the head.

Wanda shook her head, “The world wants someone to hate. Someone to blame for everything they’ve lost. Someone to gang up on. Bringing back the team isn’t going to fix that. If anything, they’re just going to come for us.”

Sam looked around warily, but he never flinched at any of the times an object was thrown at him. He’s been in Wanda’s illusions before when he trained with her back in the old days, so he’s gotten used to these. Still, seeing his friend spiral downwards with grief wasn’t something he wanted to see.

The illusion slowly dissipated and the two were back in sunny Central Park. Wanda looked Sam dead in the eyes, anger in her eyes. The ex-soldier recognized the look in her eyes. That same look of rage that he saw in the veterans he helped out. He knew that he couldn’t just push the issue onto her.

Sam sighed, “Alright. If that’s what you want, I’m not gonna force you into it. I just think that...after everything that’s happened, we need to step up.”

Wanda exhaled, trying to calm herself, “Well alright then.”
Sam nodded and began to walk off before stopping and turning around, “You know, if you ever want to talk about...anything, you can always come by my place.”

“Thanks, Sam,” the mutant nodded.

As Wilson walked off, Maximoff looked around. What was once a beautiful afternoon now felt dour and lifeless. She picked up her book and walked off, trying to clear her head of thoughts of bombings and gunshots.

…

Sam walked into his room, locking the door behind him. He crashed down onto the bed, feeling like he was carrying the weight of the world all day.

He stared so hard into the ceiling it almost looked like he was carving a hole into it. He had hoped Wanda would say yes to joining the team. The two were able to work off of each other well and he knew that before everything went sideways, she actually liked saving lives and helping people. Now, she wanted nothing to do with the hero life.

The man’s focus was broken when his phone started ringing. He rubbed his eyes as he picked it up.

“’Yello?,” he mumbled.

“How’re things going back in the states?,” the voice replied. Sam recognized it instantly: Bucky Barnes, formerly known as the Winter Soldier.

“Well, hello to you too,” Sam rolled his eyes, “They’re...going. We’ve got a few members lined up right now. Strange says that T’Challa, Tic-Tac, and his partner in chaos are thinking the offer over. Brunn says Danvers is still on the fence too. Really, the only one who’s said yes so far was that Parker kid.”

“Oh, that asshole,” Bucky groaned.

“Hey, who was the one who kicked his ass?,” Sam smirked.
“That was your stupid bird robot.”

Sam cringed, remembering Germany, “Details, details.”

“And Wanda?”

“...Same response,” Wilson sighed, “I think it’s best to leave her out of this. She needs time.”

“Yeah, that makes sense,” Bucky agreed.

Of course Bucky agreed. He could also relate to Wanda. He knew what it felt like to have blood on your hands. To have the world against you and calling for your head. That’s why Bucky said he didn’t want to join the team. He needed a break from the insanity. Some time to find himself and calm down.

“Do you really think this is going to work out?,” Sam wondered.

“Honestly no,” Barnes replied.

“Well, great vote of confidence,” Sam sarcastically groaned.

“But hey, they said the same thing about the original team,” Bucky added, “Maybe you’ll surprise us all, Captain.”

Sam rubbed his eyes, “Told you not to call me that, Barnes.”

Bucky chuckled over the phone, “I’ll see you around, soldier.”

Sam hung up the phone and laid down, staring back at the ceiling. After the battle with Thanos, he received an offer not too different from the one he gave Wanda. The offer to become something bigger than even himself. However, since he got that offer, he hasn’t been able to take it.
He looked over to the side of his bed, where a red, white, and blue shield was gathering dust next to his shelf. He sighed to himself as he put a hand to his face.

“Time to step up, hero,” Sam whispered to himself.
Chapter 5

Scott and Hope stood in the middle of the lab, their faces still staring at where their odd visitor just exited.

The ex-con stuttered, trying to come up with something to say, “Well, that was...an experience.”

Hope nodded her head, her expression hard to read, “Can’t say that’s the weirdest thing we’ve seen.”

“I’ve punched an alien whale,” Scott added.

“Oh, what’s that, the hundredth time you’ve talked about that?,” Hope sarcastically replied, tired of hearing the story of how the great and powerful Ant-Man rescued half of the universe.

The duo has seen their fair share of weird, whether it be traveling to alternate dimensions or keeping giant ants as pets. Some magician popping up to them out of thin air wasn’t that high on the list of strangeness.

Scott twiddled his thumbs, standing there in awkward silence before speaking up, “I mean, New York is nice this time of the year—.”

“We’re not joining the Avengers, Scott,” Hope interrupted.

“Come on, Hope!,” her boyfriend groaned, “This is perfect! Exactly what we were looking for! Us, Ant-Man and the Wasp saving the world yet again!”

“Scott, the government’s finally off our backs, my mom finally got out of the Quantum Realm, and, oh yeah, we lost FIVE YEARS of our lives!”, Hope pointed out, raising her voice.

Scott looked down with an expression that almost looked like shame. Cassie was left alone during the Snap for five years. He didn’t even get to see her grow up. Teach her to drive, take her out on her first date, embarrass her with awful dad jokes.
“As much as I love being the Wasp,” Hope explained, “Now’s the time for us to lay low.”

All her life, Hope wanted to be as badass as her parents. When she found out that they were superheroes, she was dying to get a suit of her own and fight crime. Unfortunately, recent events meant that she couldn’t live that life, that it was safer to hide out and focus on her research into the Quantum Realm.

Scott nodded sadly, understanding his partner’s point, “I know. I know It’s just...it was nice being part of a team. Others having your back, saving the world together. Doing more than just hiding.”

Hope sighed, remembering charging into a horde of aliens, “Yeah, it was pretty badass...Alright, how do we contact a wizard?”

…

“They’re bringing back the Avengers?,” MJ asked, incredulous to what her boyfriend was telling her.

“Yeah! Crazy, right?,” Peter exclaimed, “And freaking War Machine just offered me a spot on the team!”

“Awesome!,” Ned exclaimed. A look from MJ got him to look down and mutter, “Oh, uh, I mean, that’s a lot of pressure, Peter.”

The trio were spending their last day in the library, listening to Peter recounting his experience from last night.

“Pete, we’re talking about the Avengers!,” MJ pointed out, “That’s a whole ‘nother level! Are you sure you’re up for that?”

Peter shrugged, “I mean, I took on a genocidal alien and a whole pack of drones! Pretty sure I could do this!”
“You do remember how both of those things went right?,” MJ asked Peter, “‘I don’t feel so good’ and all that?”

“Man, those were some chilling last words, bro,” Ned shook his head in horror.

“I got better!,” Peter retaliated, “Look, MJ. In Europe, all I did was try and run away from responsibility. Now...I have to do this. Someone’s got to step up. That’s my responsibility.”

MJ sighed, knowing exactly who Peter was thinking about when it came to responsibility.

Ned spoke up, “MJ, come on! It’s the freaking Avengers! Earth’s Mightiest Heroes! You can legit brag about dating an Avenger!”

The young girl sighed, “Fine.”

Peter giddily yelped, “Yes! Thank you so much, MJ!”

“Though you have to answer one question,” MJ lifted a finger at the hero, “Scale of one to ten, how cute is War Machine?”

“DUDE!,” Peter exclaimed, lifting his arms up.

“I’m messing with you!,” MJ laughed, “That look on your face. Always priceless.”

... 

“You’re going,” Nakia commanded the king.

The two were strolling through the city, Wakandan merchants working at their shops and music being played by street performers.

T’Challa shook his head, “Nakia, did you not hear me? They want me as a full-time hero. Someone
“Isn’t that the point of our initiative?,” Nakia asked, “After everything with Killmonger and the Civil War, haven’t we learned that we need to help out others outside of our country?”

“That was when we had less issues to deal with,” T’Challa pointed out.

Nakia snickered, “I think you forgot all the work we had to do rebuilding the country after N’Jadaka’s rule.”

T’Challa exhaled, remembering the months spent rebuilding the labs and reworking relations between the many tribes. It was far from easy, but they were still able to find the time to aid their heroic allies in the US and start working closer with the UN.

“You could do great work with the team, T’Challa,” Nakia explained, “Guard the Earth. Create new relations. Save lives. The world needs hope and the Black Panther, you, can give it to them.”

T’Challa shook his head, “And what of Wakanda?”

“They were able to handle five years without you. I’m sure the council will understand your decision,” Nakia smiled, holding his hand firmly, “I know that they need you.”

T’Challa sighed. He made a promise to the world to provide aid to them. To use Wakandan resources to help the innocent. To make up for the mistakes of Wakanda’s past.

He nodded, “Alright. Then I believe I have an invitation to accept.”

... 

At the top of the Sakaaran bar, Carol held a small phone to her ear, hoping to hear a response.

“Hello?,” asked the voice on the other side of the phone.
Carol looked up, surprised to hear someone pick up, “Maria, is that you?”

“I’m sorry, if you’re looking for my mother-’

“Monica?,” Captain Danvers recognized the woman’s voice, “Hey, Lieutenant Trouble, what’s up?”

Carol could hear the person on the other side of the device audibly sigh.

“Carol,” Monica exhaled, “What, uh...what’s going on?”

“Uh, not much,” Carol awkwardly said, “How’s Maria doing?”

“She’s out right now,” Monica answered, “Why are you calling?”

Carol sighed. She spent a long time working with Talos and his family to find him a new home. Years with them made her forget that time was moving forward for everybody else. She’s been away from Earth for decades and because of that, she missed years of her own child’s life.

“Well, I just got an offer to join the Avengers,” the captain explained, “They want me to come back to Earth.”

“...Alright.”

“And I was hoping to talk to someone, get some advice on what to do,” Carol explained, “I mean...what do you think? It could be nice. Some time back home. Earth sweet Earth and all that.”

After a silent pause, Monica spoke up again, “Do whatever you want, Carol. Your life, your choice.”

Carol laughed, trying to hide the awkward feeling in her gut, “Carol, huh? No ‘Mama’ or...hell,
even ‘Auntie Carol’, like you used to call me in front of others. Or remember that old nickname you called me once. General Magnificent!”

Another silent pause occurred before Monica responded, “That was Mom’s nickname.”

A frown crossed Carol’s face, “Wh...I’m sorry, I’m pretty sure that was-”

“You yourself mocked Mom for it. Bragged about it all the time,” Monica made clear.

Carol shook her head. Since she first remembered her life before the accident with the Tesseract, her memories have been a jumble. Some things were concrete, but others still weren’t fitting all the way together. It was like a jigsaw puzzle with missing pieces. Hell, some pieces fit, but they weren’t the right ones.

“Look, Carol, I got to go,” Monica said, “Just...do you, man.”

The call ended as Carol looked up at the stars, tears beginning to slide down her face. She shook her head and began to float up to the stars. She reached for one of her pockets and pulled out a photo of her with Maria and Monica from a simpler time.

Carol felt like she could use a distraction. Maybe Earth could give her one.

She folded the picture back up and began to float away.

…

Wanda sat in her room, twirling her fingers around as red mist danced before her eyes. The apartment was tiny and a bit of a mess, but she needed somewhere to stay.

Thoughts of lost lovers and fallen heroes popped throughout her head as the red mist took shape. Slowly but surely, a face was formed. Then a body. Then legs and arms.

Finally, standing before her was her brother, Pietro Maximoff. One of many fallen Avengers.
The apparition began to speak, chuckling, “Shit. This is where you’re living, Wanda? Even Hydra’s cells were bigger than this!”

Wanda smirked, “Hey, rent is cheap. Better than the orphanages in Sokovia.”

“Is it though?,” Pietro questioned, “You know what DOES have bigger rooms? Avengers Mansion!”

Wanda shook her head, “Of course you’d want me to go back.”

“Hey, at least you got to live there!,” the man shrugged, “Me, no, I just had to save the damsel in distress!”

Wanda tensed up. She remembered Clint bringing back her twin’s corpse and the many apologies she got from him. Seeing her brother talk about some events so jokingly felt wrong in so many ways.

“You have seen the world lately, right?,” Wanda responded, “People like us are being called out as monsters and freaks! We are being rounded up, arrested with no charges against us, slaughtered! Why should I protect a world that wants me dead?”

Pietro shook his head with sympathy, “Remember the robot?”

Wanda shuddered, “How could I forget?”

Pietro nodded, “The world hated us then too. We still worked with the Avengers. We still risked our lives or...gave up our lives for our home. Even before our powers, when the city called us filth for being Jews and Romani, we still tried helping out where we could.”

“What’s your point?,” Wanda asked.

Maybe heroism is just in our blood,” the illusion suggested before slowly disappearing.
Wanda groaned as she leaned her head on the wall behind her. Maybe it was time to don the red coat again.
“Got your web-shooters?,” May asked as she helped the boy bring his stuff outside.

“Of course,” Peter nodded as he carried the duffel bag in his hand.

“Sunscreen?”

“May, it’s only Bleecker Street!”

“Extra underwear?”

“May!,” Peter blushed as he walked outside of his apartment building, “Trust me! I’ve got everything I need!”

“Your deodorant?,” his aunt asked suspiciously.

Peter thought to himself before cringing, “Uhhh…”

Aunt May swiftly pulled out some Axe body-spray from her pocket, which Peter quickly snatched from her hand.

“Thank you,” he awkwardly mumbled.

May sighed, “You know, when I said I wanted you to find a summer job, this wasn’t what I was expecting.”

“I know, but I gotta do this,” Peter shrugged, “Someone’s gotta save the world.”

May sighed. After she first found out about the truth of the Stark Internship, she tried to put an end to the boy’s afternoon activities. Eventually, though, she realized that she needed to trust her
nephew, because in the end, he was never going to stop living up to the words of Uncle Ben.

The noise of a car honking grabbed their attention, as a black vehicle pulled up in front of them.

“That’s my ride,” Peter smiled, “I gotta go, May.”

“Okay, you better call me to second you get there,” the older woman warned the boy.

“Yeah yeah yeah,” Peter quickly nodded before pulling his aunt in for a hug, “Love you, May.”

“Stay safe, Peter,” she smiled.

...

“I still think this isn’t a good idea,” Okoye noted.

The warrior followed the king and the princess as they prepared for their airship to arrive.

T’Challa watched his jet slowly prepare for his boarding, “Nakia thinks it is.”

“Of course she does,” Okoye rolled her eyes, “Believe me, that team can get under your skin as insects in a corpse.”

“Lovely comparison,” T’Challa sarcastically complimented the warrior, “Are you sure you do not want to join me? I’m sure those ‘insects’ would like to see you again.”

“Someone needs to guard this country,” Okoye sighed.

T’Challa nodded, “I leave our home in your hands, Okoye.”
“Great vote of confidence, brother,” Shuri grinned.

“If anything happens, contact me as soon as possible,” T’Challa commanded the two.

“Of course, my king,” Okoye saluted her friend and walked back towards the palace.

Shuri smiled, “Hey, if you die, does that make me the new ruler? I think I could rock the uniform.”

“Do not touch my suit,” T’Challa warned the young girl before strutting towards the ship.

“I believe you mean my suit!,” the princess called out.

…

The van’s horn blared as Luis pulled over next to the Pym’s lab. Standing outside was the Pym family, Scott, and Cassie.

“New York or Bust, y’all!,” Luis shouted out with a big smile on his face.

Hank groaned before turning to Hope, “I hope you two know what you’re getting into.”

“Dad, trust me, I know how crazy this is,” Hope agreed, “But it’s better than letting the Wasp armor gather dust.”

“Just make sure those dumbasses in New York don’t get their hands on Pym Particles,” Hank said, “I’d rather not have a super-giant Spider-Boy running around.”

Janet pulled her daughter into a hug, “Don’t do anything too crazy, Jellybean.”

Hope smiled, “I make no promises.”
Scott grinned at the hugging family as he turned to his own daughter, “So...we'll be back as soon as we can.”

Cassie nodded, her stance showing how clearly awkward she felt, “Yeah, um, just don’t get lost in any other dimensions again, alright?”

The mention of other dimensions got Scott to tense up as he remembered his time in the Quantum Realm. He missed five years of his daughter growing and now, the two’s relationship has been...odd. Not awful, but...awkward.

“Trust me, I’ll be back before you know it,” Scott hugged the teenager, “After all, I am the man who saved the universe.”

“Pretty sure that was Stark,” Hank spoke up.

The two heroes walked over to Luis, who tossed Scott the keys.

“You sure you and the gang can handle things while we’re out?,” Scott asked his friend.

“We’re X-Con, homes! We can handle ghosts and crazy scientists, sure we can handle a week without the Ant-Man!,” Luis flashed a smile, “Hey, man, do me a favor! Those Avengers you’re rolling with-”

“Yeah?"

“Do you think you could get them to do some ads for us? I mean, you’re great and all and I admire you two a lot, but man, that Spider dude’s getting big with the kids and everything! Maybe wear like a sticker or...or a badge for us?”

Hope exhaled, “I’m...I’m getting in the car now.”

Scott sighed as he and Hope hopped into the van. Hope shook her head, amazed by the events that
led up to this point.

“Hey,” Scott put a hand on her shoulders, “You dragged me into one adventure. Now it’s your turn.”

“Technically, you dragged me into the whole Thanos thing,” Hope pointed out.

Scott fumbled, “Well...you dragged me into two adventures, so...now we’re even.”

Hope rolled her eyes, smirking, “This should be fun.”

...

Back on Sakaar, Valkyrie waited in the spot that Strange told her to be at.

“Where in Helheim is he?,” Brunnhilde sighed.

Suddenly, an amber portal slowly started to open up and the sound of gunshots filled the air. Valkyrie ducked as what looked like a laser flew above her head. She quickly pulled out her sword, Dragonfang, and rushed into the chaos.

She found herself in the Sanctum Sanctorum where the good doctor was firing spells at a group of soldiers firing at him. He was pulling out glowing shields and firing burning red whips at the enemy warriors.

“STRANGE, WHAT IN THE HEL IS GOING ON?!,” Brunn shouted as one of the soldiers jumped at her. She spun her blade to deflect their blasts and slashed across their chest. She looked down at the body before her, recognizing the symbol on their chest.

A Kree soldier was lying at her feet.

“Oh shit,” Valkyrie cursed.
“King Brunnhilde!,” Strange shouted, “Could use a hand here!”

The two battled the soldiers, who were thankfully not hard to take down. The Kree were a strong warrior race, but they were nothing compared to the Master of the Mystic Arts and the King of Asgard.

Eventually, all of the soldiers fell, leaving the doctor and the Asguardian as the only ones in the room.

Valkyrie turned to Strange, “WHAT IS GOING ON NOW?!”

“I was hoping you would have an answer,” Stephen said, “These men suddenly burst through my doors and attacked me.”

“Isn’t it literally your job not to let dangerous forces near Earth?,” Valkyrie pointed out.

The two’s attention was broken when they heard something beeping. They turned their view to one of the bodies and saw a small light blinking in his pocket.

“Oh no,” Strange sighed.

Before he could move his hands and wiggle a little spell to throw the bomb away, someone else appeared from the portal Valkyrie went through.

“GET DOWN!!,” shouted Carol as she jumped onto the body, covering it with her own.

The bomb went off, but thankfully, the captain’s body was able to prevent the explosion from destroying anything. She looked up at the two heroes before her and slowly rose up.

“Well, happy to help,” she coughed.

“About damn time,” Valkyrie smirked, walking over to the captain, “So, these guys friends of
“They’re not Starforce. However, they’re not your basic runts,” Danvers explained, “If they were able to get through your defenses, they’re well-trained. I remember the courses regarding sorcery back at Hala. They taught them to get through certain spells without detection.”

Strange raised an eyebrow, “Impressive. So, what’s your decision, Captain.”

Carol thought to herself and a small smile crossed her face, “Eh. What the hell. I’m in.”
Chapter 7

The black car finally arrived at its destination as Peter hopped out of the vehicle.

“Huh”, Peter nodded in amazement, “Been a while since I’ve been here.”

The Sanctum Sanctorum stood before him, just as pristine as always. The boy grabbed his bags and walked up to the door, knocking it twice before suddenly…

“Welcome, Mr. Parker.”

On the third knock, Peter found himself inside of the building, like he simply teleported right in. The teen darted his eyes around and found the house’s owner standing at the top of a staircase, waiting for him. Alongside Strange was Colonel Rhodes, grinning at the look on Peter’s face.

“Wait, did...did that just...?,” Parker stuttered.

Rhodey chuckled, “Is that how I looked when-?”

“Yup,” Strange nodded, “It’s been a while, Peter.”

The doctor slowly levitated down to greet the kid, reaching his hand out to shake the teen’s.

“Mr. Strange, hey!,” Peter shook his hand, “Um...how’s the whole protecting reality thing?”

“Not exactly going as great as he says.”

Peter turned to see an Asguardian and an intergalactic warrior walk into the room, smirks on their faces.

“Peter Parker, right?,” Carol asked, recognizing the boy from the battle for the planet.
“Ohmygosh,” Peter gasped, “Ms. Danvers! Or, I’m sorry, Captain Danvers! Or Captain Mar—I’m still not really good with this~”

“Chill, kid, Carol’s fine,” the soldier grinned warmly.

Peter nodded earnestly, “Alright, Captain Carol!”

“This kid’s the one in the red suit?,” Valkyrie asked, wondering why some child was brought to the team.

“I mean, I’m eighteen, so technically not really a kid,” Peter stumbled, “Um, hiya, Peter Parker.”

Valkyrie snickered, “I’m Brunnhilde, King of Asgard.”

“Oh my gosh, you’re the woman who saved me with the pegasus! Oh my gosh, you were so badass! And that sword? Oh, man, that thing slicing that space whale thing, that was,” the boy kissed his fingers, “Chef’s kiss!...Sorry, was that too much? I’m not really good at this.”

Brunnhilde raised an eyebrow and turned to Strange, who nodded, as if to say “trust me, he’s good.”

“Now, I believe we still have a few members still coming in,” the doctor muttered before a knocking sound was heard. With a wave of his hand, King T’Challa suddenly appeared before the group with a look of surprise on his face.

“By Bast…,” the king whispered.

Peter snickered a little, “Huh, I guess it is a little funny.”

Rhodey began to walk down the stairs, “Nice to see Cat-Man here’s on board.”
T'Challa straightened his back, “Colonel. A pleasure seeing you again. I’m assuming you’re the one behind all of this.”

Rhodey scoffed, “I wish. No, our fearless leader should be arriving about now.”

A thud came from the roof, getting everyone’s attention.

“What the hell?,” Carol asked.

“Hang on,” Strange began to spin his arm, creating a portal to the roof. From it came a familiar bird-themed hero. Sam Wilson’s wings folded back into his suit and his goggles came off.

“Whoa,” Peter breathed.

“’Sup, everyone?,” Sam waved to the group before turning to Rhodey, “Gang all here?”

“Still waiting on Dr. Pym and Orange Slices,” Rhodey answered.

“You mean to tell me I wasted that entrance before we all got here, man?,” Sam incredulously asked.

“I liked it, sir,” Peter spoke up.

“Well, if it isn’t Mr. Spider,” Sam sarcastically noted.

“Hey, man, I’m sorry about Germany,” Peter apologized, “I mean, it was cool and all, I mean I got to fight Falcon and the freaking Winter Soldier and...Sorry.”

“All good. But trust me, Barnes wants that rematch,” Sam joked.

“Yes, Barnes never stops talking about that,” T’Challa said, joining in on the joke. Peter squirmed
a little, not wanting a giant metal arm to slam into his face.

Suddenly, another portal opened up next to Sam as Scott and Hope flew through it, screaming. Hope quickly was able to land on her feet while Scott slammed into the wall.

“What the-Where the-Who the-?!?!,” Scott began screaming.

“Hey, Tic-Tac. Ms. Tic-Tac,” Sam greeted the two.

“Where in the hell are we?!” Hope shouted.

“Bigger question: Where is our car?!” Scott asked, Hope turning to him, surprised by the man’s priorities.

“Welcome to the Sanctum Sanctorum,” Doctor Strange explained.

The two turned to one another confused before Rhodey spoke up, “New York.”

“Ohhh,” the two realized.

“Great, now everyone’s here,” Sam grinned.

Rhodey turned, frowning, “What about Wanda?”

“The Scarlet Witch is coming?!,” Peter enthusiastically grinned.

“Um...Wanda...she’s not gonna be able to make it,” the ex-soldier explained.

“Dammit. She doing any better?,” the colonel sighed.
Sam shook his head. This was all badass and everything, but it was a shame that one of his closest friends couldn’t make it. Unfortunately, the show had to go on.

He turned to the others and nodded, “Welcome, everybody. Let’s get to work.”

…

At the center of a large room was a display Stephen conjured, displaying a map of the planet. Most of the group members looked amazed by the display, while Sam stepped up.

“Since the Battle of New York, Earth put a target on itself. Not only were we the first to defeat Thanos’s army, but we also had three Infinity Stones on our planet,” Sam explained, “The only reason we didn’t end up dead a million times over was because a group of people decided to step up.”

“The Avengers,” Carol nodded, “Even all the way in space, people knew their names. And they were itching for a way to come at them.”

“And they eventually did,” Rhodey sighed, “Enter Thanos. Guy comes in when we’re all split up, kicks all our asses, and poof! Bye bye, half of the universe.”

Peter, Sam, T’Challa, and Hope shifted uncomfortably, remembering their bodies turning to ash and dust and the sound of their friends screaming. Strange, however, didn’t appear worried as he made a few gestures. The display changed to show six glowing stones.

“Now, we’re the planet known for killing Thanos and destroying the Infinity Stones,” Sam noted.

“I thought Thanos destroyed them?,” Scott asked.

“Yeah, well, tell that to the rest of the universe,” Valkyrie said.

“Just as Fury said,” Rhodey shrugged, “Now, every world knows we’re ready for a higher form of war.”
“For once, that asshole was right,” Carol snickered, “So, now, what? You got us together for the next time someone comes knocking our door looking for trouble.”

“Right on point, glowstick,” Rhodey smiled.

“Call me that again and you will see stars,” Carol threatened the colonel. Rhodey only smirked.

“Quiet, glowstick,” Valkyrie shushed, “Wizard, show them.”

Stephen exhaled, “Everyone. You may want to brace yourself. This will get ugly.”

Scott scoffed, “Oh c’mon, I’m sure we’ve seen worse th-”

From the center of the room, another portal opened, a blue corpse floating from it. Scott shrieked, grabbing onto Hope.

“What is this?,” T’Challa asked, visibly concerned.

“Ohmygoshohmygoshohmygosh,” Peter stuttered, starting to panic. Rhodey grabbed the boy’s shoulder, hoping to calm him down.

“This specimen is a Kree,” Strange explained, “A group of fascistic aliens bent on spreading their rule across the cosmos and gaining control where they can.”

Carol shifted, looking down at the ground with something that looked like shame. Valkyrie couldn’t help but notice, recognizing guilt when she sees it.

“This blue bugger and his buddys broke in last night and almost took us out,” Brunnhilde explained, “We don’t know what they wanted, but where there’s one Kree, there’s always more.”

“See? This is why we need y’all,” Sam explained, “The Avengers are gone now and we’re all
that’s left of them. I know you’ve all got your own things going on right now, but if we don’t do anything, we’re up a creek.”

“Jesus,” Peter gulped. He knew he had to step up and join the big leagues, but jumping straight into alien invasion territory, especially after Thanos was...a new level, to say the least.

“That’s an understatement,” Hope agreed.

Sam shook his head, “So, we need your help with this. We can’t do this alone. Everybody here has got a skill, a connection, a power, something that can give us the upper hand against this invasion. We need to find out what’s going on and how we can stop it.”

The group each shared a look at each other, trying to read the room. Were they up for something this insane? Most of the guys they faced were more grounded. Criminals, terrorists, the occasional pick-pocket, not straight up intergalactic warriors. But they couldn’t just ignore something like this.

“What did you have in mind?,” T’Challa asked.

“I’m glad you asked,” Strange grinned, “Captain?”

Carol pulled a case from behind her, “I picked this off of one of the soldiers.”

She opened it up to reveal the remains of a bomb, pieces of metal shrapnel within it, “Most Kree weaponry is supposed to be untraceable, no evidence left over to find out which spot in the empire it came from. This thing, however, doesn’t look like anything I’ve seen. The Kree are smart, but they’re not exactly creative when it comes to advancing their tech.”

“You seem to know a lot about them,” T’Challa noted.

“Of course she does,” Valkyrie spoke up, “She was one of them.”

The rest of the group turned their eyes to Carol, who merely tightened her grip on the case. Even Peter shifted a little, a wary look in his eyes.
“I already told you, I used to be one of them. Until I found out they brainwashed me into being their personal A-bomb,” Carol explained.

“Like the Winter Soldier?,” Scott spoke up.

“Kind of, yeah,” Sam shrugged in agreement.

Carol sighed, “Thing is, I can’t figure out where this thing came from. At least, not on my own.”

“I’ve looked it over. Definitely from this reality,” Strange said.

“This reality?,” Peter asked, “Oh god, there really is a multiverse? Holy shit!”

“Yeah, take it from me, kid, it ain’t as cool as you think,” Scott warned the boy, Strange nodding in agreement.

“That’s why we need you guys. Dr. Pym, Peter, T’Challa, you guys know how to work with tech,” Rhodey explained, “Think you can trace where it was made?”

Hope sighed, “I can try, but I make no promises.”

“We will do our best,” T’Challa nodded.

“I mean, you sure you don’t want my help?,” Scott asked, “I mean, I’m no Einstein, but I know my way around tech.”

“Let him nowhere near this thing,” Hope warned the others.

“Hey, come on, you can trust me with it,” Scott argued, “After all, I am the guy who saved the universe.”
“Oh for god’s sake,” Hope groaned, covering her face with her hands.

“Pretty sure that was Mr. Stark,” Peter spoke up, defending his former mentor.

“I agree. I’m sure it was Stark,” T’Challa nodded.

“Now, let’s not lose track,” Strange rolled his eyes, “...Besides, technically it was me.”

“You were dead!,” Scott shouted.

“Well, I’m immediately feeling the bonding experience,” Rhodey sarcastically smiled.

Sam groaned, “Now, as for everybody else, if we’re going to go up against one of the biggest empires in the universe, we’re going to need to be ready. It’s time to train.”
“Whoa,” Peter gasped as he and the other heroes walked through another portal, bags in hand.

They walked onto a large courtyard in the middle of what looked like a large temple. Men and women in robes walked back and forth, some even walking through amber portals like Doctor Strange. The mountains towered in the background, the sun setting down. The cold air hit the group as they followed Sam and Strange.

“Welcome to Kamar-Taj, home of some of the most powerful sorcerers in the world,” Strange announced, “Try not to get distracted. It will get weird here.”

“Oh my gosh! We’re in Hogwarts!”, Peter smiled gleefully.

“This is incredible,” T’Challa gasped, “But why here?”

“We need a place to train. The others agreed that it was in our best interest to help you with that,” Strange explained.

“Wow, an entire place full of other magicians,” Scott grinned ear to ear.

“Other?,” Strange asked.

“Oh yeah! I didn’t get to show you my tricks!,” Lang pulled a deck of cards from his pocket.

“Yeah, a few card tricks doesn’t make you a sorcerer,” Strange explained.

“You sure about that,” Scott grinned as he pulled a card from behind Stephen’s ear.

“Holy crap!,” Peter flashed a smile in amazement.
Hope rubbed her eyes in frustration while the doctor merely rolled his eyes, “Yeah, that means nothing.”

When Strange turned his back to the Ant-Man, Scott muttered, “Yeah, well, which one of us survived the Snap, huh?”

The group followed strange inside the temple. The room was an odd mix of ancient scenery and a modern-day control room. Scrolls and ancient books cluttered the room as well as gadgets and computer screens, which looked like they were hastily arranged.

“Welcome to HQ,” Sam presented the room, “This is where we’ll be looking things over, trying to plan out a course of action and figure out where the Kree are hiding out.

“This is the best you guys could come up with?,” Valkyrie asked, “None of your billionaire government friends could hook us up with a better place?”

“This actually makes sense,” T’Challa nodded, “No one can find us out here and we have some of the best warriors in the world to help us stay safe.”

“Yeah, we should be safe out here,” Carol agreed.

“I like it! Kind of reminds me of my workshop back at my school,” Peter smiled.

“Yeah, I don’t think that’s the comparison you want to make here, kid,” Rhodey noted, “So, this enough for you guys to trace this bomb.”

Hope nodded, “Yeah, I’ve made do with less.”

T’Challa agreed, “This equipment should work.”

“Perfect,” Sam grinned, “Now, who wants to see their rooms?”
As the group walked towards their quarters, T’Challa walked forwards next to Sam.

“So, Mr. Wilson, how has the title of captain been for you?,” T’Challa asked.

Sam exhaled, “Bucky told you?”

“He’s been curious as to your progress,” T’Challa explained, “And I know it’s none of my business, but I’ve noticed you’re not carrying the shield.”

Sam nodded, “Yeah.”

“If there’s an issue with weight distribution or you wish for a slimmer model-”

“Actually...I’ve kind of been thinking over the whole thing and...I kind of want to hold off on taking the title.”

“Pardon?,” T’Challa asked, “I thought of all people, you would be the first to volunteer for the position of Captain America.”

“Yeah, well, right now, I’m just good old’ Falcon,” Sam explained.

Before T’Challa could ask any further, Strange spoke up, “And here we are.”

He opened up one of the doors to a room, “Alright, Captain Danvers, King Brunnhilde, your room.”

“I’ve slept in dumpsters bigger than this place,” Valkyrie noted.

“Yes, well, I’m sure you’ll feel right at home here,” Strange grinned.
“Alright, c’mon, roomie,” Carol smiled, budging past the Asgardian and the sorcerer. Valkyrie rolled her eyes and followed.

“Your highness, Mr. Parker,” Strange pointed to another room.

Peter jumped in the air with childish glee, “Yes! I call the top bunk!”

“There are no bunks-Nevermind,” T’Challa sighed before following the boy.

“Mr. Rhodes, Mr. Wilson,” Strange pointed to the room behind him.

“You better have fixed that snoring problem of yours,” Sam warned his friend.

“Ey, I don’t know what YOU heard, but that wasn’t me,” Rhodey argued.

“And finally, the lovely shrinking couple,” Strange directed them to their room.

“Alrighty,” Hope sighed before walking in, shaking her head.

“Also, make sure the others get this,” Strange quickly remarked, pulling a piece of paper from his robe and giving it to Lang.

“Cool, is this like a mantra or some type of secret code?” Scott asked, amazed.

“It’s the wi-fi password,” Strange replied, earning an odd glance from Scott.

Strange shrugged, “What? We’re not savages.”
“It was like nine in the morning when we got here. Do they think we’re just gonna fall asleep ‘cuz it’s night time here?,” Carol complained.

“Yeah, I don’t think Strange really thought that part through,” Brunnhilde chuckled, “So, you changed your mind about the team, huh? My words of wisdom got through to you?”

“If that’s what you want to think, sure,” Carol joked.

“Come on, you don’t look like the type who does something just because someone asked them to. What changed that glowing noggin of yours?”

“I don’t remember that being any of your business, your royal highness,” Danvers replied.

“Alright then, glowstick,” Brunnhilde commented.

Carol groaned, “That’s never going away, is it?”

“Not on your life.”

“Yeah, well that’s gonna be a long life for me,” Carol noted.

“Oh yeah. Your kind’s got long lifespans, right?,” Valkyrie asked.

“If that’s your way of calling me a Kree again, I swear to god,” Carol threatened the other woman.

That part of her was something she wanted to erase from her life, something she just wanted to ignore so she could move on and regain her humanity. Gone was Vers and here was Carol Danvers. But people like some asshole Skrulls and a certain Valkyrie wouldn’t let her forget.

“Answer me this. If you’re not a Kree, what’s with the suit then?,” Valkyrie asked, “You may not have their colors, but I’d recognize that star symbol anywhere.”
Carol shifted on her bed, “I don’t exactly have anything else I can wear that can withstand the power of an exploding star.”

“You sure that’s the only reason?,” Valkyrie asked.

Carol bluntly replied, “What’re you, a cop?”

“Nope. King,” Valkyrie smugly smirked.

Carol groaned, “Is this how Fury feels?”

…

“Well, beats San Francisco any day,” Hope nods.

“You ever thought you’d end up in a magical temple in Nepal working with the freaking Avengers?”, Scott asked.

“How in the hell would I have ever thought I’d end up here?,“ Hope sarcastically replied.

The two began to settle in their beds and unpack their tech. They placed their miniaturized suits on the table between them and prepared for sleep.

Hope sighed, “So, when did we go from beating up two-bit gangsters and the occasional enhanced psycho to straight-up alien invasions?”

“I don’t know, but hey, look around! We’re surrounded by some of the smartest, most powerful people on Earth! Could you imagine the weird shit you guys could come up with?”, Scott grinned.

Hope smirked. She didn’t know about that spider kid, but she did her research on Wakandan technology. She couldn’t help but feel excited about working with the Black Panther himself.
“And could you also imagine the stuff you could make if you-”

“I’m not letting you help, Scott.”

“Come on!”

...

“Wow, this place has got some fast wi-fi,” Peter grinned as he typed away on his laptop.

He was chatting with Ned and MJ back in Queens about what was going on and they were on the edge of their seats. Ned even left a funny gif of Harry Potter with Strange’s head photoshopped on it.

“Is it wise to be telling others of our mission?,” T’Challa commented, putting his clothing in the drawer.

Peter gulped, “Oh, uh, no! I’m just telling them some of the basics. Nothing too serious. Don’t worry, these guys were able to keep my secret from others.”

T’Challa nodded, “So, you’re Stark’s protege?”

“Uh, yes, Mr…King T’Challa, sir,” Peter nodded, “He helped me a lot with the whole hero thing. Um, I don’t know if you remember me from Germany-”

“Ah, yes, you were the one who finally defeated Lang at the airport,” T’Challa recognized the boy.

“Oh, right. Man, I beat up a lot of the people on this team,” the child noted.

The king eyed the boy, curious as to what drew Stark to trust him with such incredible technology. T’Challa knew that there was more beyond appearances. He was raised not to judge a book by its cover. But seeing the boy just type away and giggle at his laptop made T’Challa wonder if the teen knew what he was getting into.
Rhodey sighed, looking at the large glowing case in front of him. Inside of it was a massive suit of silver armor staring down at him.

He remembered finding it after the battle. Pepper told him it was a gift that Tony was planning on giving him before the first attack from Thanos’s forces in 2018. After the Snap, the idea of gift-giving wasn’t exactly on anyone’s mind.

“So, you gonna keep staring at that thing all day?,” Sam snickered, “I mean, it’s a nice suit and all-”

The colonel rolled his eyes, getting another laugh out of Wilson.

“Don’t you guys have nanotech back at Stark Industries?,” Sam asked, “Couldn’t they hook you up with some? Easier to carry around.”

Rhodes scoffed, “Sometimes, some good nickel-titanium works better. Can’t beat down the classic.”

“True,” Sam nodded, “Shoot at it, punch it, sure, but you can’t beat it down.”

Rhodey nodded as his smile slowly fell, “So...Wanda really couldn’t make it.”

“Nah, man, she’s...she’s still dealing with everything.”

“Sam, it’s been seven years.”

Sam sighed, “Yeah, for you maybe. For the rest of us unlucky bastards...it hasn’t exactly felt like forever ago.”
Wilson shuddered, remembering his body turning to dust and ash as he lay alone in the jungles of Wakanda. He could hear Rhodey calling for him, but he couldn’t shout back, his throat already disintegrating. Just another traumatic event to pile onto Sam’s life.

Even after they all came back, Rhodey couldn’t help, but feel that survivor’s guilt. How he couldn’t help but watch most of his friends fly away in the wind to their ashy graves.

“You think she’ll change her mind?,” Rhodes asked, hoping that his friend would have some type of answer.

“I don’t know,” Sam groaned, “If she doesn’t want to come, we can’t force her to, that would only make things worse. I’m thinking after this mission we should stop by her place. You know, give her someone to talk to.”

“Sounds like a plan, Cap.”

“Okay, Steve may have been fine with that nickname, but not me,” Sam grimaced.

“What, it has character to it!”, Rhodes rebutted.

“It sounds like something you call an old man!”

“I’m telling Steve you said that.”

Sam pointed a finger at Rhodes, “Don’t you dare!”
Chapter 9

The group stood in the middle of the courtyard with Sam, Rhodes, and Strange standing before them, Sam and Rhodes in their respective uniforms.

“Alright,” Sam clapped his hands, “Everybody got a good night’s rest?”

“My sleep schedule is forever ruined,” Rhodes commented.

“Same,” Carol agreed, rubbing her eyes.

“Mood,” Peter mumbled.

“Great way to start the morning,” Strange joked to Sam.

“Real supportive, aren’t you?,” Sam rolled his eyes, “Alright, if we’re gonna take this group down, we need to be ready. So, while Webhead, the Pink Panther, and Wings find a way to track down some untraceable weaponry-”

“No pressure,” Wasp snidely commented.

“We need to be ready for what’s coming,” Sam continued.

Like on cue, a group of sorcerers marched from behind Strange, carrying their own weapons.

“So, get ready for an ass-whooping, ladies and gentlemen,” Sam’s smile widened, “It’s training day.”

“These are some of Kamar-Taj’s best,” Strange spoke up, “I asked them if they could volunteer for this little project and they happily obliged.”
“Not to knock down your soldiers, but do you really think we need this, doc?,” Carol asked, “I mean, I burst through an entire warship with my own body. Pretty sure anything the Kree throw at me would be like throwing rocks at a tank.”

“Yeah, that was so badass,” Scott agreed, his inner fanboy letting loose a little.

“Danvers, you know the Kree Empire has allies all over the galaxy. Allies whose weaponry we may not be prepared for,” Rhodes explained, “Maybe your firework routine won’t work this time.”

“Besides, you don’t seem the type to turn down a little fight,” Valkyrie smirked, whipping out her sword. The two stared each other down before Peter gave a cough.

“So, do we need to be a part of this one or…,” the teen gulped.

Sam smiled playfully, “You can sit this round out, red.”

“Oh thank god,” Peter let out a breath of relief before quickly turning around.

“As much I’d love to see this,” T’Challa joked, “We shall do our best with what we have.”

Before the three walked off, Hope called out to Sam, “Hey, make sure you don’t wreck Scott. I don’t think his ego could handle that.”

“Thanks for the reassurance, honey,” Scott sarcastically grinned, giving her a wave.

“Alright, everyone,” Sam put his goggles on and turned to face the sorcerers, “Ready to see what we’re capable of?”

“Ten bucks says you get your ass kicked in under five minutes,” joked Rhodey, whose face-plate dropped and armor lit up.

“That any way to talk to your fearless leader?,” Sam replied.
“Hey, remember who outranks you, Wilson.”

“Oh, here we go again about ranking.”

Strange began to float away from the courtyard, landing on the roof of the temple, “Hope you’re all ready for this.”

“What, you’re not joining in?,“ Scott asked.

“As much as I’d like to slam you all to the ground,” Strange shrugged from above, “I’d like to see my colleagues try first.”

The wizards began to march forwards, weapons prepared. As the team of superheroes started to square up, Strange raised his hand.

The Master of the Mystic Arts raised his voice, “And...GO!”

The two groups charged forward, ready to attack. Carol flew up into the air, her hands glowing with cosmic energy. She fired two glowing balls of light down at her opponents, balls of energy which would’ve been strong enough to clear the floor.

Before they could crash down, the sorcerers used their sling rings and opened up amber portals, which engulfed the energy. As the two groups were about to crash into each other, two portals opened behind them, the balls of energy returning to bomb them.

“WHAT THE-?!,” Scott screamed as he and the others flew off of the ground from the impact. He shrunk down on instinct and grabbed onto Sam’s wings.

The ex-pilot soared into the sky, his colonel friend facing him from the other side of the courtyard.

“Alright, what’s the play, Cap?,“ Rhodes asked on the comms.
“Stay in the air. Use whatever ranged weaponry you’ve got and fire down at them,” Sam commanded.

“Uh, not all of us have metal wings!” Valkyrie called out as she crawled from off of the ground. She rushed forward, sword in hand, and crashed into one of the sorcerers.

She flipped over them, her blade slashing against theirs, “Close-ranged attacks! Those portals can’t stop that!”

Sam did a double-take, “What, no! Valkyrie, I need you to-!”

“Alright! I can do that!,” Scott shouted before jumping off of Sam’s back and landing on the shoulder of one of the wizards. He kicked them in the back of the neck and enlarged, trying to fight back. Unfortunately, an ex-con from San Francisco was no match for a group of highly-trained magicians.

Sam groaned as Rhodey flew next to him, “Come on. They can’t take on the both of us.”

The colonel and the ex-pilot began firing down at their opponents, using whatever projectiles they had that they knew wouldn’t kill them. However, the wizards were still able to summon portals to capture the projectiles and teleport them to crash into the two.

“Dammit,” Sam groaned before soaring down, feet first. He kicked one of Strange’s students in the face, but they almost smashed his face with a club.

They kicked Scott onto the ground and as he tried to shrink away, Carol tried to blast the group, flying at them. Unfortunately, every blast of energy ended being absorbed by the sorcerers’ portals and redirected at either Carol herself or one of her teammates.

“Carol, fire anything you have from up above!,” Sam yelled, “We need to go back up!”

“That didn’t exactly work the first time, Bird-Man!”, Carol shouted back, sparking her fists up. She swung at her opponent, but he kept dodging. Instead, she started to glow and slammed her two fists onto the ground.
Right before she did so, all the wizards summoned a levitating shield and stood on top of it. Carol smashing the ground only took down her teammates. Carol’s eyes widened with regret as she saw Valkyrie throw her a glare.

“Shit,” Sam groaned, face-palming. “Alright, anyone got a plan, please speak up.”

“I think I’ve got one!,” Scott spoke up as he pulled out a red disc. He threw it at one of his opponents, the thought of a tiny wizard causing him to chuckle.

Unfortunately, one of the students, who was busy fending himself off against Carol, captured it and slammed it into Danvers’s face.

Once Carol opened her eyes, she mumbled, “Son of a bitch.”

The great Captain Marvel was now the size of an ant.

“Oh shit,” Scott squeaked.

Valkyrie groaned, “Great move, insect.”

Sam shook his head, a look of disappointment on his face. He knew it wasn’t going to be easy getting this group to work together, but he thought it’d be much easier than this. Now, their heaviest hitter was an inch-tall, the whole team was getting their asses kicked, and goddamn STRANGE was watching it all from the sidelines!

“Maybe we should’ve called Bruce for this job,” Sam mused.

...

Inside, the three science-minded do-gooders were analyzing what remained of the Kree weapon. Hope was disassembling the remains, Peter was looking at it through a microscope, and T’Challa was scrolling through the Avengers database, utilizing any info gained from Carol and Valkyrie to pinpoint what alien species it came from.
“Who would’ve thought the universe was as large as this?,” T’Challa commented, “It makes one feel small.”

Hope chuckled, “Welcome to my world. Man, this is some weird gadgetry. I think it’s a mish-mash. Different cultures, different tech.”

“It does kind of look a bit like that stuff from Mojoworld we saw on the screen,” T’Challa commented.

“Man, hundreds of hundreds of planets out there and Earth is only now scratching the surface of what their tech is capable of,” Peter began to chatter, rambling on about how incredible all of this was, as gleeful as a child on Christmas.

T’Challa and Hope looked at the boy, eyebrows raised. Both of them felt a tint of nostalgia. This innocent kid almost brought them back to an older time, like with Cassie or Shuri. But now, this boy was joining a team that had to face off an alien invasion. He needed to be ready for war.

“So,” T’Challa interrupted the boy’s rambling, “How did you enter this...career?”

“Oh, uh, well, there was this class field-trip to this science lab and while I was there, this crazy huge spider bit me,” Peter explained, “I got all sick, I fainted like twice, I think I vomited a few times-Okay, you didn’t need to know that. Um, I found out the thing was genetically-altered and its bite, it gave me my powers.”

“A spider bite gave you muscles?,” Hope asked, letting out a chuckle, “And how do you go from student to Spider-Man? I mean, if I got powers in high school, I would not have been responsible with that at all.”

The two noticed the boy’s posture falter a little, his shoulders dropping and his smile slowly fading away. Both of them recognized that look. The look of a lost loved one. Both knew how much of a motivator that was.

Hope started to apologize, “Oh, um, sorry, you don’t have to-”
“No, it’s fine, Dr. Van Dyne,” Peter gulped, putting up a smile, “Um, I did try using my powers for my own good. Got back at my bullies, got paid for doing a couple rounds in some...not so legal wrestling matches...but one day, I let a bad guy go...someone who I could’ve stopped...And they ended up taking away…”

Before the boy could lose his composure, he took a few breaths, “Now, I gotta live up to what he wanted. To use my powers for the good of everyone. I can’t look away anymore, I’ve got to step up. You know what I mean?”

The two swapped a look, retreating into their thoughts. T’Challa remembered cradling the body of his father, wishing that it was him who died instead. He recalled the grief he felt, that need to live up to the life and legacy his father left behind.

And Hope, she may have gotten her mother back, but she remembered the years she spent thinking her mom died on a plane. She wanted to be the Wasp to live up to the heroism of her mother, to help people.

Peter turned back to his microscope and took another look. After another minute, something pinged up on the monitor.

“Finally!,” Hope yelped.

“What happened?,” T’Challa asked.

The Wasp grinned, “We got ourselves a trace.”

…

Sam and Rhodey landed on the ground, trying to use their non-lethal weaponry. Rhodey’s armor helped make it harder for the sorcerers to knock him down, but his suit was building for more long-range attacks.

Finally, one of the sorcerers got a clear shot at Rhodey’s chest and began hitting specific points. With one final push, Rhodey flew back, crashing to the ground.
“What in the-?,” as he woke up, his eyes widened. The world around him looked almost crystal-like, as though he was in a jewel. He got up and tried to shoot at the opponents in front of him, but his projectiles were simply absorbed in some type of fractal portal.

“WHAT IN THE HELL IS HAPPENING?!,” he shouted.

“Welcome to the Mirror Dimension, buddy.”

The colonel turned to see Doctor Strange walk over to him, a smirk on his face, “Here, no one can see you and you can’t hurt anyone on the outside.”

“Oh, I turned down some of Tony’s parties so I wouldn’t see shit like this,” Rhodes freaked out.

One of the students walked over and his hands began to glow.

Rhodes chuckled, “So what? Dumbass here can’t see me at all?”

The student fired a beam of energy at Rhodey, causing him to fly through the air and crash through the roof. Instead of ending up inside the temple, he ended up flying through a tunnel of light and stars.

Rhodes screamed at the top of his lungs, his armor flying off of him, “OOOOOOOHAAA SHIIIIIIITTTT!!!!”

After five minutes of insanity, he finally crashed through a crystalline portal in the ceiling, returning to reality.

Right before he crashed down, Peter looked up, feeling his body shiver and his hair stand on end, “Oh crap.”

The crashing of the armored hero caused T’Challa leaped away and Hope shrunk on instinct. Peter, meanwhile, jumped to center of the room and caught him in his bare hands.
“ERGH! Training going well, Mr. Rhodes?”, Peter asked the colonel.

“Nope!,” Rhodes coughed out, eyes bugging out, “Nope! Not at all!”

From below them, an amber portal opened up and the two fell through it, somehow falling onto the roof. Walking towards them was Doctor Strange, who had an amused grin on his face. T’Challa and Hope followed the two, landing on the roof as well.

“I will never get used to this,” T’Challa noted.

“I don’t want to get used to this!,” Peter laughed.

“How was your little trip, Colonel?,” Strange asked, smiling.

“Strange, you absolute son of a bitch!,” the War Machine screamed at the top of his lungs, “Do you know the shit I saw in there?! THE WALLS HAD EYEBALLS, MAN!!!”

“Yeah, I’ve been there before. Not the best,” the wizard smiled.

T’Challa looked over the roof, “I’m assuming training went well?”

Down at the courtyard, Valkyrie grunted, brushing dirt off of her. She looked down and giggled, picking up the shrunken Captain Marvel.

“Wow, you are an adorable, little thing, aren’t you?,” she laughed.

“Wow, you look even uglier from down here,” Danvers quipped.

“Hang on,” Scott spoke up, looking dizzy as hell. He flipped out a blue disc and threw it at Carol. The captain was back to normal size and looked mad.
“Uh, sorry about that whole...thing. I, uh, meant to aim it at the other dude,” Scott stuttered an apology, “Uh, please don’t kill me.”

Sam walked over, pissed as hell, “What the hell was that?! I told you! LONG! RANGE!”

“That plan wasn’t working, Wilson!,” Valkyrie called Wilson out, “We needed a better strategy!”

“I don’t want to be that guy, but I don’t think either of your plans were that great. Just saying,” Scott raised his voice.

“This is all pointless anyways,” Carol believed, “Look, the Kree are powerful, I know that, but they’re not wizards! Why waste time with this?”

“We have no idea what we’re facing right now!,” Sam pointed out, “For all we know, they’ve got the damn Easter Bunny on their side! The point is to be ready for whatever’s coming and face it as a team!”

“Enough!,” Strange yelled, floating downwards, the other heroes hopping from the rooftop, “We can argue about how awful of a team this is on the way to Washington.”

“Washington?,” Sam asked, “Could you clue me in on what’s going on?”

“We’ve got good news, Cap,” Rhodes smiled, “We’ve got a trace.”
“AAAAAAAAHHH!!!!”, Scott screamed as he flew through the portal and crashed down onto a green field. He slowly got up, his face covered with blades of grass.

“Guys? Was there really not a better way of doing this?”, he shouted, looking up to the portal above him.

The rest of the heroes hopped down from the hole in the middle of the air, finding themselves in a nice sunny park. They were dressed in casual garb, including hooded jackets, shades, and baseball caps, as the group wanted to keep a low profile.

“There’s gotta be a better way of doing this,” Scott told Strange, clearly woozy.

“Would you rather comfort or speed?”, Strange asked.

“Comfort!,” Scott retorted, “Definitely comfort!”

“So, you sure we’re in the right place?”, Peter asked, looking around.

“Uh, I’m pretty sure that’s a damn good sign,” Sam scoffed, turning the boy’s face so he could see the Washington Monument.

“Oh, perfect!,” Peter smiled, “You know, my friend almost got this place blown up once.”

“Seriously?,” Hope asked.

Peter rubbed the back of his neck, “Well, technically, it was kind of my fault too, but-”

“Alright, people. If our intel’s correct, the Kree are here in DC,” Sam explained to the others, “Were you able to figure out specifically where in DC they are.”
“We were able to triangulate it to this specific area,” T’Challa replied, “All we must do is search the area.”

“Alright, then. I say we split up and search the area,” Sam suggested.

“I’m sorry, wouldn’t it make more sense to stick together?” Scott asked, “I mean, we don’t know what we’re gonna come across. We don’t wanna walk into an attack.”

“If we split up, we can cover more ground and waste less time,” Rhodes agreed with Sam.

“Alright, I say we split up into three teams. One tech-head per team,” Sam ordered, “Hope, Valkyrie, Carol, cover downtown.”

“Of course,” both Carol and Brunnhilde sighed.

“T’Challa, you take Strange and Rhodes. Check out the Southwest Waterfront.”

Rhodey turned to the doctor, “You pull any crazy mystical shit like your students, I swear-”

“I make no promises,” Stephen smirked.

“Peter, you’re with me and Scott. We’re hitting Georgetown.”

“Sweet! Power team!,” Peter flashed a smile.

“Alright, let’s split up, gang!”, Scott twirled his finger in the air, walking off.

“Did you really make a Scooby Doo joke?,” Rhodes asked.

“Did you just get a Scooby Doo joke?,” Scott retorted.
“Where are you even going? That’s not the right way!”, Sam called out.

“Shoot!,” Scott ran back, panting.

“We could’ve taken Hawkeye, but no. ‘I have a family that needs me! I wanna retire!’ ”, Rhodes began mumbling to himself.

...

The Wakandan, the sorcerer, and the colonel walked down the boardwalk, searching the area for anything suspicious. T’Challa looked down at a hologram displayed on the beads on his wrist.

Strange walked next to Rhodey, not making eye contact, “So, how has Stark Industries been?”

“When have you been one for small talk?”, Rhodey chuckled, “Everything’s going fine. Pepper’s been managing things, everything’s going smoothly.”

“Hm. And the Stark family themselves?,” Strange asked.

Rhodes sighed, “They’ve been doing better. Happy and I have been helping them out, doing favors for them. And Morgan...Man, I never thought I’d be James Rhodes, professional babysitter, but that girl...she really is Tony’s kid. Smarter every day. Pepper’s even taking some of her suit designs for future reference. It’s...incredible, really.”

Strange couldn’t help but give a small smile at the thought of a mini-Stark. Even before he became Sorcerer Supreme when he was still a bit of a prick, Strange always admired those who sought knowledge and wanted to use their skills for the good of others.

Though Stephen still couldn’t escape the tinge of guilt, thinking of a little girl growing up without her father.

“Come on,” T’Challa growled, the display on his beads glitching, “Damn.”
“What’s up, Puss-in-Boots?,” Rhodey asked.

“The trace. It’s faltering,” T’Challa said, “The signal’s failing.”

“Mind if I take a look at it,” the colonel offered, “Sam and Okoye showed these things to me before. Taught me a little bit.”

“Be my guest,” T’Challa agreed as he held his arm to the soldier.

As Rhodes tinkered with the beads, T’Challa awkwardly coughed, “Speaking of Mr. Wilson, I was hoping to ask you about why he lacks a certain...shield.”

“Dude, that’s Sam’s business. I’m no rat,” Rhode chuckled, “Look, you shouldn’t worry about him. I think the only thing that should be on your mind outside of a big-ass Kree invasion, is a big-ass engagement.”

“Oh goddess,” T’Challa groaned.

“Come on, man, couldn’t even invite us for a bachelor’s party?”

“Colonel, I already have enough to worry about. I don’t need to think about this right now,” the king frowned.

“Alright, alright,” Rhodes shrugged, “Yeah, this thing’s not working. Strange, you got anything?”

“Yeah, let me pull out my instant tech-fixing spell and get this thing up and running,” Strange sarcastically replied.

“Okay, you could have just said no, man,” Rhodes flatly pointed out, “Can summon portals to other dimensions and shit, but that’s too much for you.”

T’Challa sighed, “Perhaps the other teams are having better luck.”
“Come on, you stupid screen, work!,” Hope growled as she furiously tapped away at the screen mounted on her wrist, “Dammit!”

“So, I’m guessing things aren’t going great,” Carol commented.

“I lost the damn trace!,” Hope angrily turned to the captain.

“You can’t fix it?,” Brunn asked.

“What do you think I’ve been trying to do this whole time?,” Hope angrily asked.

“Screaming at a screen,” Carol shrugged her shoulders.

“C’mon, you’re a Kree, you’ve got to have a way to pick the signal up again!”, Hope asked the blonde.

“We were already lucky enough to get a trace in the first place. We’re not gonna easily get that again,” Carol pointed. “And for the last time, not a Kree.”

Hope sighed as the three wandered the area. The scientist, curious, walked closer to the captain.

“So, that stuff you said about being brainwashed,” Hope began to say, “That all true?”

“I’m not creative enough to bullshit that,” Carol let out a harsh chuckle, “Yeah, when they shot down my plane, the thing I was transporting, the Tesseract, it turned me into this.”

“Wait, the Tesseract?”, Hope did a double take, “You mean like-?”
“Like the one-sixth of the thing that wiped out half of reality?”, Carol finished the sentence, “Yeah. They found me, messed with my memories, turned me into a weapon. Eventually, I bust free, but...the damage was done. I lost years of my life as their puppet. Couldn’t even see my own…”

Before she could say anything, she tensed up, shutting her mouth. She sighed, “Point is, we find these guys and we kick their asses. Simple as that.”

Hope couldn’t help but be curious about what the ex-pilot was about to say. However, before she could say anything, Valkyrie interrupted.

“These Kree you ran with in the past,” Valkyrie spoke up, “If you see them again on this mission...you’re not gonna freeze up, are you, love?”

Carol smirked, her face getting close to Valkyrie’s. In a slightly mocking voice, she whispered, “If I see any of those bastards again, the last thing I’ll do is freeze up… ‘love’.”

Amusement crept across Valkyrie’s face, “Alright then. I say we get a move on then.”

“Yep,” Carol grinned.

After five seconds of the two staring each other down, Hope stepped in between them, “Okay, eyes up, ladies. World to save and all.”

“I say I fly over and search the area,” Carol said, “We’ll cover ground faster that way.”

“That would just give our position away,” Hope rebutted, “Look, if we’re doing this, we’re doing it smart, okay?”

“So, I have to stay on the ground, but she gets to run off?”, Carol asked.

“What?”, Hope turned to see Valkyrie missing, no trace of her in sight, “You gotta be shitting me.”
“You know, if it wasn’t for the whole end of the world thing, this would make a great vacation spot,” Scott commented.

“That’s really what’s going through your mind right now?” Sam asked, incrédulous.

“Seriously?,” Peter groaned, a phone to his ear, “Crap. Alright, I’ll tell him.”

“What’s up?,” Sam asked.

“We got a problem,” Peter answered, “I lost the trace on the weapon. Same as the other two groups.”

“Can you figure out a way to get the signal back?,” Sam inquired.

“I’ve been trying, but nothing’s working,” Peter replied.

“Mind if I take a look at it?,” Scott offered.

When the ex-con tried to reach for the tablet in Peter’s hands, the teen jerked it away, “Um, sorry, Mr. Ant-Man, but Dr. Van Dyne told me not to let you get your hands on this.”

“What? C’mon, kid, she wouldn’t say that...Okay, yeah, she would, but you don’t have to listen to her!,” Scott retorted, “Rules are made to be broken!”

“Weren’t breaking rules what got you into jail?,” Sam pointed out.

Scott wanted to say something back, but he stayed silent.

Sam grinned as he walked down the streets, taking it all in. It’s been so long since he’s been in his town. He spent years running from the law by escaping the country, spent five years as a pile of dust, and was stuck staying in an old S.H.I.E.L.D. safehouse up in Brooklyn for over a year. He only just found a new apartment here. Sam may have been Harlem-born, but he spent years of his
life here. He’s made a new life here.

“Ey, Uncle Sam!”

The three turned to see a group of teens walking over, the one leading the pack looking an awful lot like Sam.

A smile spread across Wilson’s face, “Well, here I thought I’d finally escaped your ass.”

He pulled the teen into a hug while Peter and Scott watched, confused.

“How you been doing, Jim?” Sam asked.

“All good over here, man,” the kid replied, “What was life like on the lamb, man?”

“Shit, it got me away from y’all, didn’t it?”, the ex-pilot joked.

Scott slowly leaned to Peter, his eyes stuck on Sam and this Jim kid, “You’ve got any clue what’s going on?”

Peter let a small smile cross his face, recognizing what was going on, “Uncle and nephew.”

For the first time in a while, Sam let his guard down, chatting it up with the teens. They talked about the things they’ve been up to, how things have been, and all sorts of stuff.

As he did this, Scott turned to Peter, “Alright, so far, we haven’t seen anything leading us to the Kree. There’s gotta be something we’re missing.”

“I don’t know,” Peter shrugged, “Stakeouts are usually a lot easier than this.”

Scott snickered, “True that.”
Suddenly, Peter felt his phone vibrate. He pulled it out, seeing a text message appear.

“Did they get the signal back up?,” Lang asked.

“No, I got a text from my friend, Ned,” Parker replied.

The text was an image of an invite to an event occurring tonight. The unveiling of a new Oscorp facility.

“Dude, I scored you an invite!,” Ned texted, “You think you can make it?”

Peter sighed, typing away, “I’ve got something important rn. Superhero stuff.”

“Come on, man. Mr. Osborn really wants you to be there,” Ned replied, “Said he wanted to talk to u.”

Peter sighed. The world was in danger right now and his best friend wanted him to ditch to enjoy some event. But Peter really did want to meet the great Norman Osborn. The man who rose up during the five years after the Snap and almost beat out Stark Industries. The genius behind so many of the newest gizmos from cellphones to military-tech to medicine, a whole load of amaz-

“NO!,” Peter thought to himself, “Just put the phone away, Pete. World in danger, remember?”

“So, what brings you back over here, man?,” Jim asked, “More superhero stuff?”

“Hey,” one of Jim’s buddies spoke up, “Is that the Ant dude from Cali?”

Scott swiftly turned around, a great big grin covering his face. Before he could say anything, Sam stepped in front of the Ant-Man, blocking him.

“Nope, that’s just some very lonely homeless dude,” he answered, quickly turning and signaling
Peter to drag Scott away.

“Off we go!,” Peter whispered, dragging Lang by the arm around the corner.

“He actually knew who I was!,” Scott smiled.

Sam turned back, “If you must know, I’ve been back for, like, a couple months now. If you actually picked up your phone and called me once in a while, I could have told you that.”

“Ey, man, my friend Joey here said something a few weeks ago,” Jim said, “Something about you being the new Captain America?”

“Man, I’m telling you! I heard it on the news!,” Joey spoke up.

“Bro, no way he’s Captain America! He look like Captain America to you?,” another teen said.

“Ain’t got nothing but those wings, man!,” another shouted.

“Hey, man, shut the hell up!,” Jim jokingly shouted back, “So, it true, Uncle Sam?”

Sam faltered a little before letting out a cough, “Yeah, I’m..I’m the new Captain America.”

The group of kids went wild, shouting and running around. Joey was shouting out, “I told you! I friggin’ told y’all!”

“Dude, you got the shield with you?!,” Jim asked, grabbing his uncle.

“Not right now, but-”

“Man, you know how cool this?! I’m Captain America’s nephew!!,” Jim yelled to the sky.
Sam was amazed. Someone not only believed that he was Captain America, but they were actually supporting him. They were cheering for him. That was a damn far cry from…

“Mr. Wilson!”

Sam turned to see Peter on the rooftop, beckoning him to follow.

“Alright, it’s been real, y’all, but I gotta rush,” Sam explained, walking off.

“Hey, Uncle Sam, wait!,” Jim grabbed his uncle’s arm, “Man, you realize how big this is, right? A guy like you...like us, being goddamn Captain America. It’s pretty fu-”

Sam interrupted the boy, “Ah! Ah! Language!”

“OHHHMYGOD!,” Jim screamed, “You really are Captain America!!!”

“Alright, I’m out,” Sam rolled his eyes, heading off.

“God, I really am turning into Steve,” Sam muttered to himself, horrified.

…

Rhodes was squeamish, “Why the hell do we need to talk in this place?!”

The warped surroundings of the Mirror Dimension freaked Rhodes out as the entire group stood on top of an apartment building.

“Hey, would you rather have a bunch of people noticing us?,” Strange retorted.

“Look, so far we’ve all got jackshit,” Sam said, “We lost the trace and we’ve found nothing all day.
“Okay, so, we’ve all lost the trace to the weapon, we haven’t spotted anything alien-ish, but we know it’s in D.C, right?,” Scott asked the others, “Well, I’ve been thinking. If I were a freaky alien—”

“You mean you’re not?,” Valkyrie sarcastically quipped.

“Rude, but alright,” Scott quickly commented, “If I were an alien in D.C. trying to take over the world, send a message, where would I strike?”

“The Capitol Building?,” asked Carol.

“Washington Monument?,” asked T’Challa.

“The friggin’ White House?,” asked Rhodey.

“Exactly! If I was an alien, WHICH I’M NOT...can’t believe I have to emphasize that!,” Scott emphasized, earning a smirk from Brunn, “If I was an alien wanting to strike D.C.” Scott stepped in, “This is where I would attack. Big enough of a crowd to display your power, able to strike fear into the hearts of the people, it’s perfect.”

The Falcon nodded, “Carol, can you confirm if this would make sense?”

“It would make sense,” Carol noted, “Strike the heart and the body will follow.”

“Wouldn’t that be too big of a power play?,” Hope asked, “You’d basically be begging for war.”

“Trust me, when they attack a place, they’re already ready for war,” Carol noted.

“So, what, we’re splitting up again?,” Peter asked.
“If we split up now, we won’t be at our full strength when an attack happens,” Strange rebutted, “We divide, they conquer. We’ve all seen it before.”

“We don’t know when or where exactly the Kree will strike, but we have to assume these are targets and that their attack is imminent,” T’Challa rebutted, raising his voice, “I say we all divide and patrol the entire city. Make sure every corner is covered. If one of us spots anything, alert the others immediately.”

“Whoa, King T’Challa, the man with a plan,” Rhodes commented, a little surprised by the king’s sudden burst of input.

“That would make the most sense,” Strange agreed, “I think we can all agree to that idea.”

The group nodded, which not only surprised T’Challa, but Sam as well. When Sam, Strange, Rhodes, and Val came up with this team, the idea was that, since Steve ran the first team, Sam would be the leader. But now, everyone was corolling to T’Challa, Sam couldn’t help but feel a pang of jealousy.

However, he knew T’Challa’s plan was the right thing to do, “Alright. We’re going with your highness’s idea. Patrol the area and keep us all updated. Let’s move out.”
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

So, um...I'm sure you've heard of the news that came up since the last time I posted. Regarding certain disputes...certain character rights being up in the air...we're just gonna ignore all that for now.

“You know, when I joined the Avengers, I thought there’d be a bit more action,” Scott yawned as he flew on top of an ant he found.

The moon glowed in the night sky as the heroes patrolled the area, hopping around the rooftops, walking down the streets in disguise, and soaring overhead.

Over the comms, Sam shouted, “Hey, you’re the ex-con, man. Shouldn’t you know the importance of patience on a stakeout?”

The Falcon flew across the sky, eventually roosting on the top of the Capitol Building, “Nothing like nights in the city.”

“I’ll say,” Strange smiled as he floated down next to him.

“Shouldn’t you be down at the harbor?” Sam asked with a smirk.

“Parker’s got that taken care of,” the doctor answered.

“He’s a good kid. Seems trustworthy,” Wilson said.

“He is. Believe me,” Stephen smiled, “So, T’Challa was asking earlier about you and a certain shield.”

“Of course he was,” Sam sighed, “Look, it’s nothing to worry about, man.”
Strange raised an eyebrow, “Rhodes told me you used to help counsel veterans. I would think a man such as yourself would be more open about how he feels.”

Sam let out a small chuckle, appreciating the irony a little. His face softened, “When the government found out about Steve giving me the title...they weren’t exactly the most welcoming. Said I was reckless, irresponsible...that I didn’t deserve to carry the shield. When news broke out, well, you can guess how the world reacted.”

“You don’t seem the type to care what others think.”

“Well, when the country you risked it all for thinks you’re unworthy...you start to reevaluate some things,” Sam shook his head, “Crazy thing is I saw my nephew earlier. He and his friends, they heard about the whole thing and they’re excited. They actually think I’ve earned all of this.”

“And what do you think?,” Strange inquired.

“I don’t know.”

The two remained silent for some time, a quiet atmosphere hanging above them. After a minute, Strange finally broke the tension, “Look, I didn’t know Rogers well, but I know you and from what I’ve seen, I think you’ve got what it takes.”

A small smile appeared on Sam’s face, “Thanks, Doc.”

…

The Lincoln Memorial was silent that night, as there were thankfully no tourists or citizens crowding the area as per usual. T’Challa dropped down from the ceiling, landing on his toes in front of the pale statue of the sixteenth US president. He scoped the area, trying to see if anyone suspicious was lurking around.

Thankfully, the only other person there was the intergalactic warrior herself, sitting on the right hand of the Lincoln statue, “So, no luck on your end or you too busy looking for a ball of yarn to mess with?”
“How funny,” T’Challa sarcastically muttered, “So far, nothing suspicious. There must be a better way of doing this.”

“Well, this was never gonna be a cake-walk,” Carol shrugged, slowly floating down towards the king, “I’ve searched the atmosphere myself. Nothing orbiting the planet.”

“You say that as though it’s an easy task,” T’Challa chuckled.

“Well, you can thank the Tesseract for that.”

“Dr. Van Dyne told me about that,” the king nodded, “I’m curious.”

“I hear that’s not great for kitties.”

“A warrior of your power-level, who can fly across the globe as easily as jumping over a small puddle, is there any challenge you cannot overcome?”

Carol shrugged, “Probably, but that doesn’t mean I’m not going to try and fight it.”

“You are determined. I respect that.”

“You damn well better.”

As T’Challa rolled his eyes and walked away, Carol’s smile slowly faded, her eyes turning to the floor. Maybe there was no one who could beat her with fists or guns, but Carol knew that not all wounds were physical.

She pulled out her phone and tried to make another call, but once again, the only response she got was a voice telling her to leave a message at the tone.

As Carol hung up, the sound of something thwipping drew her attention away. She soared outside
to see something swinging across the city. Not in a red suit, but in a black suit and tie.

Carol tilted her head, “Kid?”

…”

“Okay, Peter, you can do this,” the boy muttered to himself, sticking to the side of the wall of the brand new Oscorp facility and trying to fix his hair, “Just show them the invitation and walk right in.”

Beneath him were scores of people in suits, showing the security guards their tickets. Whenever someone entered, the lights from inside would shine out in an almost heavenly manner.

He began to walk down the side of the building, but stopped and turned around, shouting at himself, “Wait! Wait! What am I doing?! These guys are depending on me! I can’t ditch my post!”

Peter halted in his tracks and once again, made a turn towards the ground, “I mean, it’s just for a little bit. Say hi, shake some hands then walk away.”

And another turn, “But what if they find out? Spider-Man the flaker! That’s even worse than a menace!”

Once again, “Buuut this could be a place where the Kree would want to strike! I mean, lots of high-profile people. Probably gonna show off some new tech. You’re technically following orders! Alright, loophole for the win.”

The boy hopped off of the wall and landing on his toes, tightening his bow-tie and walking towards the entrance.

…”

“Wow,” the teen whispered to himself as he entered. This was the most he’d ever been surrounded by rich people in his life. He recognized tech moguls, businessmen, CEOs, all of them chatting with one another and sipping what looked like champagne.
The room was massive with bright blue holograms displaying the newest tech from Oscorp. Tech such as new cell phones, models for updated security systems, and more. Peter couldn’t help but snap some pics of this scientific nirvana before him.

“I died and entered nerd heaven,” Peter breathed, taking this all in.

Behind him, a familiar voice spoke up, “Peter! You made it!”

Peter turned to see Ned, stylishly dressed up with his hair combed.

“Ned!,” Peter grinned, “Holy shit, man! This is incredible!”

“Your buddies at Stark Industries have anything like this?,” Ned bragged, arms out, “Happy you came now?”

“Man, I’m so glad I didn’t miss out on this!,” Peter smiled, “I don’t know what MJ was talking about, this is amazing!”

“Glad you like it, man! By this time next year, you’re gonna be seeing my name on one of these displays,” the hero’s friend flashed a smile.

Peter laughed, “From Guy in the Chair to Guy on Top.”

“Like the sound of that,” Ned nodded before his eyes widened, “OH! Ohmygosh, Pete! I gotta go get Mr. Osborn! He’s been waiting for you all night!”

“Wait, you were serious about that?,” Peter gasped, “Norman Osborn, he really wants to meet me!!”

“Dude, the second I told him that I was your friend, he lit up like a Christmas tree!,” Ned explained, “He even made me his personal assistant once I told him!”
Peter squinted, not sure if Ned heard how that sounded, but his excitement at meeting the great Norman Osborn himself overrode his emotions.

“I’ll be right back!,” Leeds rushed away, disappearing into the crowd.

Peter nodded absent-mindedly, his heart racing. Unfortunately, that glee eroded into shame. What was he doing here? All his talk about responsibility and he was ditching his own. He had to leave. No two ways about it. As he got lost in his own thoughts, someone brought him back down to reality.

“So, he seems nice.”

Peter gulped before turning his head to see Carol Danvers standing behind him. Rather than her usual armor, she wore a bluish tuxedo and slacks.

“Uh, hi, Captain Carol, hey! Funny seeing you here! Small world!,” Peter stammered nervously, “Um, what, uh, what’re you doing here?”

“Well, I was just scoping Lincoln Memorial for Kree when out of nowhere, I saw something swinging through the air,” Carol recalled in a sarcastic tone, almost like a parent about to bust their child for sneaking out, “Now, I thought to myself, ‘That can’t be right. Peter’s down at the docks.’ Long story short, I followed you and here we are.”

“Where’d you get the suit?” asked Peter.

“Not important,” Carol quickly noted, “Now, fess up, kid.”

“Uh, well, I was thinking that the Kree came here for weaponry and to make a statement and everything, so, I was like, ‘Oscorps’s opening something up here! Yeah, they’ve gotta be around here somewhere.’ So, I came here-”

Carol interrupted, “And you conveniently happened to already have tickets to come in?”

“I...do not have a proper excuse for that,” Peter admitted defeat, “I’m sorry, Captain Carol. I felt
awful the second I walked in. I...I have to go.”

Before he could walk off, Carol placed a hand on his shoulder, “Hey, Peter.”

Carol looked at the kid and memories came to her. Memories of nights where Monica would sneak out to go play with her friends when she thought her mother was asleep. Carol always knew about it, but she made it clear that as long as her child stayed out of trouble, she’d allow it. She couldn’t help but think back to those memories.

She sighed, “Keep an eye out for any Kree here and I won’t tell the others.”

Peter looked up, surprised, “Wait, really?”

“Don’t make me regret this, kiddo,” Carol grinned.

“Oh my gosh, thank you so much, Captain Carol!,” Peter jumped in the air with excitement, before rushing off.

Carol shook her head, amused by the kid’s energy. She let out a breath before turning towards the exit.

However, the man standing right behind her had other plans in mind.

Carol’s eyes widened, a mix of rage and gear in her pupils, as the person facing her devilishly smiled.

“Well, Vers,” grinned Yon-Rogg.

…”

Peter strolled through the halls of the building, awaiting his meeting with the billionaire himself. He couldn’t believe Captain Carol actually let him go off and enjoy the party.
However, with every step he took, the boy couldn’t help but feel guilt wallow up in him. He spent so long working to not be some type of goofball, someone who would run from their responsibility. Now, he was abandoning his post for something that didn’t matter in the long run.

He groaned, “What am I doing?”

He began to turn around, planning to text Ned that something came up and that he had to leave in a hurry.

However, as he stepped towards the exit, the webhead heard something coming from down the halls. The sound of laughter.

Peter’s hair began to stand on edge as he shivered, “Shit. What now?”

He put a finger to his ear, prepared to call the others, before pausing, “Wait, what am I gonna tell ‘em? ‘Hey, it’s Peter, your friendly neighborhood ditcher?’”

The cackling noise grew louder as Peter could barely walk further towards it, his Peter Tingle growing stronger and stronger, trying to pull him away. He whipped out his web-shooters, squinting his eyes as the sound increased.

As he was about to turn around the corner, something burst through the doors behind him. Peter flipped around, aiming his wrists at the character’s sudden arrival.

The thing was covered in green and purple armor and was floating on what looked like a flying glider. The haunting laughter continued to grow as the thing looked down at the hero. What caused Peter’s heart to sink was what covered the thing’s face. The yellow eyes, the grinning teeth…

It almost looked like a goblin.
“What the hell are you doing back here?,” Carol growled at the Kree.

“I’m fine, thanks for asking,” Yon-Rogg smugly grinned, looking down at his former ally, “Lovely outfit by the way.”

Carol was fighting the urge to knock the manipulative bastard straight into space. This was a man she once thought of as an ally, a friend, but when she discovered the truth...The only reason she didn’t turn him into a burning pile of paste was so that he could deliver a message to the Kree Empire that she was coming for them.

“I’m not going to ask again,” Carol stepped closer to the man, her eyes beginning to glow gold.

Yon-Rogg let out a chuckle, “I must say, I’m impressed, Vers. All the work you’ve done throughout the galaxy, defeating the mad Titan.”

“My name. Is. Carol,” Danvers snarled, gritting her teeth.

“Hm. You really have changed, haven’t you?,” Yon-Rogg noted, “Well if you must know, I’m merely here as a tourist. Enjoying some time off, I believe is the phrase.”

“Bull. Spill it. I know you and your men attacked New York and I know you’re doing something here in D.C.,” Carol glared at the alien, “What the hell do you want with Earth?”

Yon-Rogg grinned, a part of him enjoying the woman’s anger, “Years ago, I came to this planet, thinking that it was merely some useless ball of mud. I mean, humans could barely keep peace amongst themselves, so what hope could they have of being a threat to us. But of course, we discovered that for once, we were wrong.”

“Thanos,” Carol muttered, understanding what the bastard was talking about.

“A gaggle of primates manage to kill the scourge of the universe, the one who destroyed half of all
life, and you thought we wouldn’t notice?”, Yon-Rogg inquired, “This planet was already on our radar after our...confrontation decades ago, but now, the Terrans have placed themselves high on our list.”

Carol scoffed, “So what, you come back thinking you can just wipe this place off the map? You couldn’t beat us the first time and you had Ronan for help. What makes you think you can do anything?”

A sinister smile crept across Yon-Rogg’s eyes as he placed a hand on Carol’s shoulders. She desperately wanted to rip this man apart, but she couldn’t risk hurting the people surrounding her.

“You should know by now, my dear,” the alien grinned, “A Kree never comes alone.”

Before the blonde could say anything, she heard the voice of a teenage boy on her comms, “Uh, guys! We’ve got a problem!”

She turned to where she last saw Peter run off to, her heart sinking.

“Oh, has something happened to that child you were speaking with?,” Yon-Rogg asked as though he were innocent.

Carol faced the Kree, her hands lighting up, “You son of a-”

Suddenly, a loud explosion shook the building, a few of the windows shattering and the ground shaking as though there was an earthquake. The civilians began to panic, slowly inching for the exits before something crashed through the walls.

Carol looked up to see a green creature burst through the walls while riding on top of a glider, green smoke being emitted from the machines engines. It wore a purple hood over its head, pointy green ears protruding from its sides. Its eyes gleamed gold, almost demonic, as its gleaming, dagger-like teeth smiled down.

The creature cackled as it pulled out round, orange bombs.
“Bombs away,” the creature sneered. The way its mouth moved was almost like an animatronic, as in the thing’s lips didn’t move as it spoke. Instead, the jaw merely dropped as its words came out.

It threw down the weapons and as they flew towards the crowd, they lit up on fire, green lines appearing on them. They struck the floor, causing the screaming citizens to dash for the exits.

“Come on now! Where are you going?,” the monster grinned, “Party’s just getting started!”

It began to chuck more bombs at the people below him, but before they could strike, Carol quickly threw a few balls of cosmic energy at them, causing them to explode mid-air instead.

She turned her attention to Yon-Rogg, who was no longer there.

“Dammit!,” she snarled as she lit up her body, her suit burning off of her to reveal her red and blue uniform.

“Ah ah ah,” the green monstrosity waved a finger at her, “Black tie only, sweetie.”

“What the hell are you supposed to be?” Danvers asked, not recognizing what this thing was.

“By the time we’re done,” it whipped out some more bombs and set them to explode, “Your new rulers.”

Before he could toss them down at her, a strand of webbing hit its arm. The creature turned to see the Spider-Man himself on the scene. Peter climbed through the hole left by the monster, his suit ripped up to reveal his Spider-Man uniform. He tugged his mask down to cover his face and pulled on the web.

“INCOMING!,” Peter shouted as he pulled back on the strand and flew forward towards the monster.

The thing quickly descended right before Peter could kick it in the face. As it flew down, it released the bombs it was holding. Luckily, before they hit the ground, Peter shot a strand at the
thing’s glider and another to grab all the orange bombs.

He swung through the air like a pendulum before flying up and smacking the creature with the web carrying the bombs in it, causing a ball of fire to erupt in the creatures face.

It fell off of its glider, landing on the ground with a hard thud. The claws on its feet sunk into the ground as it looked up at the webhead standing on top of its flying craft.

“Wow, this is some really cool tech you’ve got here, man! After we take you in, we are so talking science! Right, Captain Carol!”

The boy looked for his teammate, but found that the building was now empty except for him and the green thing, “Captain Carol? You there?”

Suddenly, the glider flew towards its owner, carrying Peter along with it. The teen screamed as the creature jumped up and kicked Parker in the face as the craft flew by it.

The two began to duel, the creature flashing its sharp claws at the boy to intimidate him. It was acrobatic, its movements almost as smooth as Peter’s. Each time Peter tried to throw a punch, it narrowly missed the thing.

Between punches, Peter tried to speak with the thing, “So, uh, what do I call you?! I mean, you seem like a weird kind of dude! Uh, Mister Green, maybe? Or Goblin-Man!”

The boy gasped, an idea popping in his head, “What about Green Goblin? What do you think?”

His only response was a swift kick to the chest, knocking him into one of the holographic displays Oscorp was presented.

He coughed, staggering back up, “Not a fan, huh? Well...Green Goblin it is!”

Before he could jump back up, he saw the glider fly towards him. On instinct, Spider-Man hopped into the air and narrowly missed it. What he did miss however was the Goblin grabbing Peter’s
skull and slamming him into the ground.

“Insolent boy,” it growled, its mechanized mouth beginning to form a frown, “I will enjoy enslaving your race.”

“I can’t tell if that’s xenophobic or arachnophobic,” Peter quipped.

“Ah, a joker,” the thing’s smile returned, “I love killed those the most.”

As it raised a claw to strike the child, a glowing red whip wrapped around the Goblin’s wrist. It looked up before being swiftly dragged up through the roof.

The Goblin’s grin widened as before he floated Doctor Strange and Falcon, both ready for a fight.

“And what do we have here?,” it asked, “A bird and a street performer?”

“We’ll be asking the questions here,” Sam stared at the Goblin, “What the hell are you supposed to be?”

“Oh, just another wheel in the war machine, I suppose,” the villain shrugged.

“Funny you should say that,” said a voice from behind. The Goblin turned to see Rhodey crash down and pull out his massive baton, smacking the green monstrosity in the back.

“Gonna ask again before my big, grey friend over here punts you back to Middle Earth,” Sam joked, “What are you?”

The creature groaned, “You Terrans will bow to the Kree Empire! You shall know our power and fall on your knees!”

“A soldier, huh?,” Strange squinted his eyes at the being, “Tell me, what are your masters
planning? What is your mission?”

“My mission?” the thing laughed at the doctor, “To raise a little hell.”

The second it said that, the Goblin’s glider crashed through the roof, the green soldier grabbing onto it the moment it arrived. He hovered above the heroes before tossing down as many flaming bombs as possible.

Strange summoned glowing shields to cover them from harm as the Goblin flew off, cackling as he did so.

Sam grunted, “Dammit!”

He began to start up his wings before he heard the sound of a gun click.

“Ah shit,” Rhodey sighed as he turned to see a trio of Kree soldiers pointing their guns at him and the doctor.

“Got any bright ideas?” Strange sighed before summoning two shields to dual-wield.

“I’m open for suggestions,” Rhodey replied as he pointed his armor’s cannons at his opponents.

Before the aliens could charge, Peter jumped in and fired at the soldiers, webbing them so that they stuck to the roof.

“Whoa, you guys okay?” the kid asked, concerned.

“We’re fine,” Strange replied before tilting his head in confusion, “Are...Why are you wearing a tux?”

Peter’s eyes widened as he realized his torn up tuxedo was still covering his body, “Uh, well, you
know, I was just modifying my suit when I thought, ‘Hey, a tux would be a cool additi-’

He stopped as he saw the disapproving and dumbfounded looks on his teammates’ faces, with clearly none of them believing him.

“Please tell me you didn’t ditch the mission for a damn party!” Sam shouted, clearly angry with the bug-themed hero.

Before Peter could get chewed out, the sounds of explosions caught the group’s attention. Smoke rose from downtown as Sam flew off to deal with it.

“Sam, wait!”, Rhodey shouted before a voice appeared on comms.

“Hello? Anyone there?,” Lang’s voice yelled, “We need backup down at the harbor! We found something big!”

The two adults turned to Peter as the teen could only stand there in shame.

“We’re on our way,” Rhodey replied before flying off to the docks.

Using his Sling-Ring, Strange opened a portal and began to walk through.

“Oh, hey, wait up!” Peter said as he tried to chase after the doctor. However, once Stephen walked in, the portal closed right up, forcing the boy to swing to where the action was.

“Aw, man,” Peter sighed, ripping off what was left of his tux and hopping off the building.

…but

The doctor stepped out of the amber gateway onto the roof of a storage facility facing the tranquil harbor of D.C. Next to him were Valkyrie, Scott, Hope, and T’Challa, all huddled together and
looking down.

“What’s up?,” the sorcerer asked the Wakandan.

He peered down to see a group of men throwing what looked like cargo into the water.

War Machine arrived and slowly hovered down to get a look as well, “Well, that’s a good way of wasting supplies.”

“Hang on,” T’Challa held a finger to his helmet, scanning the docks, “Thermal scanners are picking up something down below.”

Through the tech in his suit, T’Challa was able to see something down underneath the boardwalk.

“There’s a ship docked below,” he explained, “Three men inside, bringing in the cargo.”

“Then we have to stop them,” Hope said, “Scott and I can go in and take them down.”

“Easy as pie,” Scott smirked.

“In the meantime, I can infiltrate the storage building and attack from within,” the king noted.

“Alright,” Rhody nodded, “Get as much info as you can from these guys and remember, stay stealthy and stay qui-”

Before he could even finish that sentence, he saw someone running down the docks towards the Kree soldiers. A man with brown hair and weird-looking eyes.

One of the soldiers looked over, “Commander Yon-Rogg?”
“Evacuate the area, leave no trace behind,” Yon-Rogg panted, a look of concern on his face.

“Sir?”

“She’s on her way right now,” Yon-Rogg couldn’t help but smile.

“She?” Strange raised an eyebrow in confusion as the commander rushed into the building.

Suddenly, a burst of cosmic energy crashed onto the boardwalk, the smoke clearing to reveal an enraged Captain Danvers.

“ROGG!,” she shouted as she began to charge towards the building. Her presence alerted the Kree troops to attack as they jumped out of whatever ship they were hiding under the docks and rushed in from within the building.

“Welp, there goes that,” Strange shrugged.

Rhodey screamed at the sky before turning his attention to the fight below, “Come on! Let’s go!”

The team revealed themselves to the soldiers began to fight off the invaders. However, the group barely had a plan for this so they had zero coordination. Most of them were just doing their own thing with no regard for what their teammates were doing.

Carol blasted through the soldiers with zero focus. Only a building rage. Rhodey tried using his armor to its full potential, but Scott and Hope kept blocking him from shooting down their targets. T’Challa tried to charge for the ship, but his teammates kept throwing bodies in his way.

Once she saw an opening, Carol launched herself into the building, ready to take out Yon-Rogg. She crashed through its walls and ended up on the other side of the building. She scoped the area and saw the Kree darting over buildings to escape the area.

Before Yon-Rogg could escape, a blast of energy stopped him in his tracks, knocking him to the ground. He looked up to see an enraged Carol slowly walk towards him.
“HAHAHAHAHA!!,” the Goblin laughed as it flew over the streets, “CATCH ME IF YOU CAN, BIRD-BRAIN!!”

Falcon growled as he fired his guns at the flying menace, hoping to hit at least one of the engines on the glider. Each time he fired, the Goblin merely swerved and dodged a bullet. The green smoke began to get in Falcon’s eyes as he struggled to keep balance.

The two glided above the traffic, cars, and trucks nearly hitting them, as the Goblin merely laughed.

“That the best you can do, CAP?!,” the thing cackled.

“AAARGH!!”, Sam could only yell out in frustration.

Finally, the Goblin skidded to a halt mid-air and pulled out more round, orange bombs, a malicious look in its yellow eyes, “Here! How about a game of catch?!”

“SHIT!,” Sam yelled as he tried to stop his flight.

The thing threw three bombs at the hero, all lighting up and preparing to detonate. Sam could only stare and pray that it would be quick.

Thankfully, someone came to the rescue.

Before the bombs could hit Sam and lead him to a fiery end, they froze in mid-air, a red mist encircling them. With one swift motion, the bombs were thrown into the sky, as far away from any of the surrounding buildings.

“What’s this now?,” the Goblin spoke.
Wilson looked up to see Wanda Maximoff slowly hover down, her eyes and fingers lighting up with red energy. She wore a black scarf around her neck, complementing her classic red trench coat.

She turned to Sam, who had a huge smile on his face as he slowly landed on the rooftop of a nearby building.

“So, I’m assuming he’s the bad guy,” Wanda looked at her friend.

“What gave it away?,” Goblin chuckled.

By pointing her glowing hands at the creature, Wanda wrapped red energy around the Goblin and began to choke him, his armor crumbling under the pressure.

She slowly hovered towards the thing, reaching her fingers towards its mask, “Now, let’s see what is in that odd head of yours.”

As she placed her digits on the Goblin’s face, she tried to reach into its mind. However, something went wrong.

“ARGH!,” she screamed as she arched back in pain. She was pushed back some odd force and almost crashed into Sam.

“Wanda, you alright?” he asked, concerned.

“I’m fine,” she gasped, grabbing at her head, “There’s something...blocking his mind. Something powerful.”

As the mutant tried to regain her senses, she forgot the one thing that kept her powers from breaking: concentration.
“Well, this has been fun,” the Goblin stretched its arms, now free from Maximoff’s telekinetic chains, “But I must be off. Toodles!”

It fired another bomb at the two before darting away. Before it could hit, Wanda once again stopped it and redirected it away, allowing it to explode harmlessly in the air.

“Damn!,” Sam cursed before placing a finger to his earpiece, “Guys, I have a visual on the green guy!”

“WILSON, GET THE HELL OVER THE DOCKS NOW!,” Rhodes called out, “Danvers gone off on her own, the kid’s missing, and we’re having some trouble here!”

“Alright, we’re on our way,” Sam nodded before turning to the Scarlet Witch, “Head over to the harbor. The rest of the team needs us.”

“What about you?” she asked.

“I’ll meet up with you there! Just go!”

Wanda nodded before flying off to provide aid. Sam watched her fly away, thankful that she came to his rescue. He looked down to his suit in a wreck, barely holding together.

He placed his hand on his earpiece once more, “Strange, this is gonna sound weird, but I need a portal to Brooklyn.”

... 

“Funny. You were never to type to run from a fight,” Carol noted.

He bitterly laughed, “True, but unlike you, I know my limits.”

Carol lit up her fists, grabbing the man by the throat, “I’m not going to let you hurt anymore of the people I care about.”
“Oh, Vers,” despite being choked, Yon’s grin only widened, “It’s cute how you think you can stop what’s coming.”

“Yeah, well,” she tightened her grip on the manipulative bastard, “You’re not the biggest fish I’ve had to fry.”

Before she could knock him into oblivion, a web hit Yon-Rogg’s back and pulled him into Spider-Man’s grip.

“So, I’m guessing you know each other,” Peter looked back and forth at the two intergalactic warriors before Yon aimed a pistol at Pete’s head.

“WHOA, THAT’S A GUN!,” Peter panicked, nervously shouting the obvious.

Before Yon could fire, Carol threw a blast of energy at him, blasting him off of the roof and causing him to fall through the air, down to the streets.

“I GOT HIM!,” Peter called out as he shot a web-strand at the alien’s back and shoulders, “Whoo! That was a close one!”

“Kid, what are you doing here?” Carol asked, stunned that the kid showed up.

“I saw you going after the guy and you ran after him at the party, so I figured he had to be really important and, well,” Peter stammered in a rushed tone, “I figured you needed the back-up to-”

“Kid, you gotta go now,” Carol sternly told him. She finally had some time alone to get some well-deserved payback and the kid’s presence was stopping her from doing that.

“Yeah, you’re right. Weird dude over here’s down, but we gotta go help the others!” Peter said, grabbing the woman’s arm, “Come on!”
“Peter, I-”

The two turned at the sound of cackling as something zoomed forward and grabbed Peter by the throat, taking him into the sky.

“PETER!,” Carol yelled out before a large bright light shone from the sky. She watched as, in the blink of an eye, a large airship hovering above her beamed Yon-Rogg up.

“NO!,” she shouted as a loud explosion directed her attention to the docks. She looked back and forth between the harbor and the ship, trying to decide what she needed to do.

“DANVERs, WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU?!,” Valkyrie shouted on the comms, “KIND OF COULD USE A HAND HERE!”

“Dammit,” Carol muttered, “The kid’s in trouble! That green soldier thing’s got him!”

“Peter’s in trouble?,” Strange asked, sounding worried, “Alright, hang on. I’ll get him. You take care of the soldiers.”

Carol nodded and flew towards the harbor, hoping that the kid had things under control.

…

“WHY DON’T I HAVE THIS UNDER CONTROL?!,” Peter shouted as he gripped onto the flying maniac, slamming his fists into its face to loosen its grip.

At one point, Peter was able to punch it so hard in the face that its yellow, glass eye broke from the impact.

Peter kicked the thing’s chest and flung back, shooting strands from both his hands to act as a human slingshot. He shot forward, but the thing dodged the attack.
As he flew past the thing, he grabbed onto a smoke pillar and swung himself back, extending his arms to reveal webbing underneath it.

“You’re not the only one here who can glide!,” Peter shouted at the Goblin.

The Goblin grinned, “You seem like a nice lad, Parker. Be a shame to tear you into ribbons.”

The Goblin ducked and sliced at Peter’s underarm webbing, rendering Peter wingless. He then grabbed the boy by the arms and held on tightly, crushing the boy’s web-shooters. Peter tried to fight back, but the soldier threw him off of the glider, letting him plummet to the street below.

Peter screamed, his Peter Tingle going off the charts as he tried to come up with a solution, “ShitshitshitshitAAAAAHHHH!!!”

He shut his eyes, preferring not to look at the world below him. However, instead of landing on the road, he landed in a pair of large, metal arms.

Peter slowly opened his eyes to see his savior. His jaw dropped as he looked up, his throat closing up a little.

“Should probably be more careful, kid,” Peter’s hero said.

Peter stuttered, “I...I…”

“PETER!”

The boy looked up to see a worried Strange looking down, preparing to hop off the roof and float down. However, the man who saved Peter merely flew up and handed the boy off to the sorcerer.

“Easy, Merlin, your friendly neighborhood do-gooder’s all right,” the man joked, “Now, off to save your team’s asses.
He flew off as the two heroes could only watch in awe. Peter was the one who first broke the silence.

“Tony?”

…

“WHY ARE THERE SO MANY?!” Scott yelled as he tried to knock as many of the soldiers down.

The team was barely able to hold them off, each one being a struggle to handle. Something about the soldiers was off. They were noticeably bulkier than the typical Kree soldier. More durable, more agile. Carol couldn’t help but notice this as she landed and joined the fight.

As she faced off against one of the extraterrestrials, another almost got her from behind. Emphasis on almost.

Before the Kree could strike, Wanda Maximoff arrived on the scene and threw him into the ocean with her telekinesis, smiling devilishly as she did so.

Carol turned, amazed, “Nice of you drop by.”

“So, this is the new Avengers, huh?,” the Sokovian looked around before rejoining the fight.

“Eh, it’s a work in progress,” Danvers shrugged.

“What the hell took you so long?!,” Hope shouted as she jumped from soldier to soldier.

“Something came up,” the intergalactic warrior replied.

“Like what?!”
Carol looked up and groaned, “LIKE THAT!”

The heroes turned to see a giant ship emerge from the water, its cannons facing the heroes.

“TAKE COVER!,” Rhodey yelled out.

“SCOTT, GET DOWN!,” Hope cried out as she grabbed her boyfriend and shrunk down with him.

Both the heroes and the Kree warriors tried to escape as the ship fired everything it had on them. Green blasts of energy demolished the building as the boardwalk was set ablaze.

T’Challa and Scott jumped behind a giant crate for cover as they peeked out to see what was happening. The king squinted his eyes and realized that the soldiers were making a getaway to the spacecraft.

“They’re escaping,” he shouted, “Come on!”

He jumped over the box and chased after them while Scott called out to him, “Wait! Cat Dude! What’re you doing?!”

The king charged after the soldiers, Carol following behind him, “Your majesty, you might want to get out of the way!”

As T’Challa dashed for the spacecraft, his suit lit up, purple lines covering his black vibranium uniform. As he leaped towards the spaceship, T’Challa lifted his arms up, preparing to slam his fists into the thing.

Carol was doing something similar, lighting up her fists and preparing to punch straight through the craft.

However, right before either could reach the ship, a random bomb flew right at T’Challa and blew
him away, causing him to crash right into Carol. Then, things got worse.

The force of the explosion was so strong that it caused T’Challa, a man wearing a fully-charged vibranium suit, to crash into Carol, a woman imbued with large amounts of cosmic energy.

The resulting collision created a massive burst of energy, blowing everyone away. The heroes flew across the boardwalk and crashed down, all of them shocked by the resulting explosion. Carol and T’Challa both fell to the ground, as knocked out as the other heroes.

The Kree ship staggered, but was still functional, slowly getting back on-course to escape.

From above the boardwalk, laughter was heard, “Oh, I love a good fireworks display!”

The Goblin cackled, “My, my. You really think you have what it takes for this? You humans have no idea what’s coming!”

As he continued to laugh, something slammed right into his face, almost knocking him right off of his glider, “WHAT THE-?”

He looked down to see something red, white, and blue. Something round. A shield.

Suddenly, a red energy pulled it away, returning the shield to the man who threw it.

Sam Wilson stood before the Goblin, wearing a patriotic-themed uniform with a bright white star on the front. He grinned as he held the shield up high.

“Oh, I think I’ve got an idea,” Sam grinned, “A major ass-whooping.”

The ex-soldier charged and began to fight the thing off, slamming his shield across the thing’s face. The thing sliced at the shield, but couldn’t even leave a scratch on it. Sam slammed the shield under the Goblin’s chin and began to gain the upper hand.
However, that all changed when the thing grabbed Wilson’s shield before it could hit the glider’s engines, “All right. My turn.”

The Goblin’s fingers lit up before beams of burning green energy shot out of them. Sam yelped as it hit almost hit his chest. He jumped around, trying to dodge them, before they shot him point-blank, causing him to fly off and crash into the ground.

He groaned and tried to charge at the Goblin again, but another orange bomb slammed right into his shield, causing him to fly back and crash into the side of what was left of the storage facility.

Sam’s vision was blurry, his goggles cracked. All he could see now was a nightmarish, shadowy figure with a flaming bomb its hand.

“Night, night, little falcon,” the thing giggled before preparing to chuck the bomb.

*BLAM!*

Sam shot up in surprise as a figure appeared, firing small missiles and bombs at the Goblin. Instantly, the thing’s demeanor changed from glee to horror, as it quickly changed tactics from attack to retreat.

“Well, you look lost,” the figure chuckled, “Vulcan's that way, buddy.”

“No. No, they said you were dead!” the thing whimpered.

“Yeah, well, people are liars. Rule 101 of life,” the figure joked as it began to shoot at the creature.

The thing flew off into the night, setting its engines to its highest power, as the figure chased after it. The spacecraft followed right after, almost evading the scene. However, with one wave of his hand, a blast of light took the ship down, causing it to crash into the ocean in a ball of fire.

Sam staggered up in amazement, wondering if he knocked his head harder than he thought. The
other heroes slowly arose as well.

Rhodey slowly rose up, “What...in the HELL was THAT?!”

“Anyone else hear ringing? Is that just me?!,” Scott cried out, his vision blurry and his hearing even worse.

T’Challa got off the ground and turned to Carol, “That was...unexpected.”

“Uh, how are we not dead yet?” Carol asked, confused.

Sam gulped, “Well, I’m not too sure we aren’t.”

“What makes you say that?” Rhodes asked.

“Guys”, Sam coughed, “I think Iron Man just saved our lives.”

A deathly silence consumed the group, the mere mention of the lost hero shocking them. They watched Tony die. They saw his burning body sink to the ground, hell, Rhodey himself was right next to him when it happened.

Speaking of Rhodey, the colonel walked towards Wilson, a serious look on his face, “What the hell are you talking about, Wilson?”

“Unless Pepper upgraded...a dude in an Iron Man suit just saved our lives,” the Falcon answered.

“That’s not possible, right?” Scott asked, “I mean, it couldn’t have been Stark. There’s no way.”

“I’ve seen people who were supposed to be dead come back before,” Sam sighed, “Hell, half of us are people who came back from the beyond.”
“That’s different, Sam,” Rhodes began to raise his voice, “There is no way that was Tony. It...It couldn’t-”

“Guys! I don’t know how to tell you this, but something crazy just happened!”

The crew turned to see Peter and Strange, a look of shock on both of their faces.

“So, I was fighting that weird Goblin dude, right? When suddenly, it began wailing down at me! And, I mean, I got a few shots in and-”

Strange’s cloak suddenly wrapped around the boy’s mouth, silencing him.

Stephen shook his head in amazement, “As...incredible as it sounds, we were saved by a man in an Iron Man suit.”

With all his strength, Parker tugged the cloak down, “It had to have been Mr. Stark! There’s no way it could’ve been anyone else!”

“Peter, please,” Rhodes held up his hand, trying to get everyone to be quiet. There was no way his best friend, a man he knew for years, a man he watched die...As much as Rhodey wanted it to be true, Tony was gone. He was gone and there was no way to bring him back.

“You should listen to your elders, kid.”

The team turned to see their savior hovering in front of them. He wore bright red and blue armor from head to toe, his faceplate painted a shiny silver. On his chest was a bright arc reactor shaped almost like a star.

He finally landed on the ground and walked forward, “Believe me when I say I am not Tony Stark. Though, if I were, that would be one sweet office of his I’d like to get.”

“Who the hell are you?” Sam asked, raising his shield up defensively.
The man in the armor sighed as his helmet retracted back into the suit.

“My name is Norman Osborn and I’m here to save the world.”
“I’m sorry, what now?,” Rhodey asked, confused.

“Who the hell are you?,” Sam asked, even more confused.

“Did I stutter, Big Bird?,’’ Osborn smirked, “Name’s Norman Osborn. Sure you’ve heard of it. I mean, the name’s on the building and everything. So, who’s the boss, applesauce?’’

“Uh no, back up, man,” Rhodey interrupted, “What the hell are you doing in that suit?! Cause I’m sure as hell Stark Industries didn’t give you that!''

The billionaire scoffed, “Oh, this little thing? Well, believe me, it ain’t Stark Tech. Colonel James Rhodes, right? The War Machine himself.”

“I asked you a question.”

“Right. Well, you see, Stark Industries doesn’t exactly have a monopoly on iron-themed heroes flying around. Wasn’t as hard to build one of these as people think. And last I checked, you’re not the Iron Patriot anymore. Probably should’ve copyrighted that one, buddy.”

Rhodes only knew this man for a few seconds and he was already tempted to punch the shit out of him.

Luckily, Strange stepped in before he could, “So, what are you? Some type of Tony Stark fanboy or-?’’

“Actually the opposite, Professor Dumbledore, but hey, don’t speak ill of the dead and all that jazz,” Osborn replied, “I’m just a concerned citizen doing his part to make the world a safer place to live in. I just want peace.”
With that last sentence, he flipped up the peace sign, genuinely making Rhodey’s blood boil more.

“So, the circus back in town or are you all some new superhero boy band?,“ Osborn asked, looking around, “Lemme guess, the Defenders? No, those are the guys from Hell’s Kitchen. Power Pack?”

“We’re the Avengers,” Sam spoke up, caught off guard by this man.

“Ah. And here I thought you were some of the best cosplayers in the world,” Osborn chuckled before turning his attention to Sam, “Sam Wilson, right? The Falcon? Our new star-spangled hero?”

Sam stuttered, the man’s fast pace confusing him, “Yep. Did the shield not tip you off?”

“Impressive,” Osborn mused, bending down to look at the disc, “That real vibranium you got there or-”

“I would advise you not to touch that,” T’Challa stepped forward, eyeing the man carefully, “How did you find us?”

“What, you kidding me, Salem?,” Osborn snickered, “With that light show you were pulling, how could I miss the party? Which by the way, can’t believe you left me off the guest list here, Captain. Would’ve thought an iron hero would help out your little team.”

“Standing right here,” Rhodey pointed out, a false smile covering his face.

“I’m just yanking your chain, RoboCop, I respect your work,” the billionaire raised his arms up defensively, “I always felt we must cherish our nation’s troops, the men and women who risk it all so that we can have our greasy fast food and MTV music videos.”

“Can we return to the question as to why you are here?,“ T’Challa asked, clearly tired.

“I think the real question is ‘Why are you here, your highness?’”, the man asked, “I mean, no offense, Wakanda forever of course.”
Osborn did the salute and everything, causing T’Challa to visibly cringe.

“But I’m pretty sure there are laws regarding foreign dignitaries walking in and out of other people’s countries,” Osborn pointed out, “As for why I’m here, well, I saw you guys were in trouble with the Kree and I figured, ‘Hey, us superfolk gotta stick together!’”

Carol’s posture quickly straightened after hearing Osborn, “How did you know they were Kree?”

Norman coyly smiled, “Oh come now, Ms. Danvers, you think a man in a position as high as mine, going around saving people, didn’t try to check any of the government databases he could get his fingers on to know what he would have to deal with?”

“You know me?,” Carol asked, growing more suspicious of the man by the minute.

“I do. The Avengers are gone, so I gotta know who’s left to pick up the pieces,” Osborn shrugged, “I know about all of you. Read all the files. Birdman and Tin-Man over here. The Bleecker Street Wizard. And of course-”

He turned to the awestruck boy, “The amazing Spider-Man himself.”

Peter was watching the whole thing in stunned silence before he burst into his his usual, well, Parker-isms, “OhmygodohmygodohmygodOH! MY! GOD!”

“Nope, just me,” Osborn joked.

“You-You’re Norman Osborn! Um, hi!”

“Hi.”

“I’ve read everything about you! I’ve been following up on the latest tech from Oscorp! I’ve heard about your work on the super soldier serum! Fascinating idea, sir, but I think if you-Sorry, what am I saying?! You’re freaking Norman Osborn, you’ve gotta have it all figured out by-”
The surprised look from Osborn told Peter to slow down, “I’m sorry, sir, I’m just a huge fan.”

“Don’t apologize. You must be Mr. Parker. Your friend told me a lot about you,” the Iron Patriot grinned, looking amused, “I can tell a fellow genius when I see one. I’m guessing you were the one who found out how to track the Kree?”

Peter rubbed the back of his neck awkwardly, “Yeah! Well, okay, I couldn’t have done it without Mr. T’Challa and Dr. Van Dyne, but-”

“Remarkable! From what I’ve read, those things are untraceable,” Osborn laughed before looking at the other heroes, “You all better be appreciating this dude right here!”

Carol rolled her eyes at the man before turning away and walking into the Kree’s warehouse, Scott and Hope following behind.

“Come on. There’s gotta be something in here,” she groaned.

“Yeah, I need a break from this shit,” Hope agreed.

“So, what? You want to join us or something?,” Sam asked.

“I would love to join! Thanks for asking!,” the billionaire replied.

“Not a damn invite and you know it,” Rhodey interjected, “Look, I don’t know what the hell this is, but you’re gonna take that suit off, go back to your little company, and enjoy your little one-percenter life. Got it?”

The soldier’s face was right in front of Osborn’s, who looked unafraid, “Sure. After I do that, I’ll sell my company to the highest bidder, send all of my money to Stark Industries, and go vegan.”

Rhodey bitterly smirked before turning away, his helmet sliding back down onto his face. An alert came on his helmet, surprising him.
He read it out loud to the others, “S.W.O.R.D. sent a message. Said they’re arriving to cover the area.”

Sam nodded, recognizing the name of Fury’s new organization. He looked into the warehouse, “Find anything?”

Inside the building, Carol lifted her arms up in frustration, “Not seeing anything, man.”

Hope and Scott enlarged, taking their helmets off.

“Nothing here, Cap,” Scott shrugged.

“Are you serious?,” Sam moaned.

“Checked the whole place,” Hope replied, “No sign of any weapons, devices, all empty.”

“Shit,” Sam whispered.

“Well, that’s gotta suck,” Osborn commented, “So the professional heroes screwed up and the newbie did great. Guess that’s good news for rookies like us, huh, kid?”

He nudged Peter, the boy letting out a small giggle before the looks from his allies shut him up.

“I think we should head back to base. Regroup. Restrategize,” T’Challa offered an idea.

Sam sighed, “Strange.”

“On it,” the wizard nodded, opening up a portal. The heroes began to walk in, feeling defeated and tired.
The last to enter the portal was Peter. Before he could enter, Osborn shouted out to him.

“Hey, Peter, hold up a sec,” Osborn shouted, “I get that I’m still new to this whole hero thing, so I’m not as caught up with anything, but someone like you’s gotta have more experience than me.”

“Oh, uh, I don’t know about that.”

“Oh, come on! I remember reading the news about you from before you even starting beating up half of these guys in German airports,” Osborn told the boy, “Now, I need someone in my corner. Someone who can help me out with all this tights stuff! You think you can be that someone?”

Peter thought it over. On the one hand, this man was incredible. Even outside the costume, Norman Osborn was an impressive man, a trustworthy man from what Peter saw. On the other hand, the last time Peter trusted someone calling themselves a hero, he almost died and was blamed for nearly destroying England.

The teen sighed, his eyes averting Osborn’s, “I’ll think about it. It was an honor to meet you, sir.”

“The honor is mine,” Osborn smiled.

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“Now, this incident doesn’t mean we won’t still open up our facility in Washington D.C,” Osborn told the hordes of reporters and cameramen at the scene of the Gobin’s attack on Oscorp, “We’ve all worked hard so that we can have a spot in this beautiful city and we’re not giving that up because of some gremlin.”

The reporters shouted for the man to answer them and the billionaire was happy to oblige, “Yes, you over there.”

“Mr. Osborn, what do you have to say about the suit?,” the reporter asked.

Osborn chuckled, “The suit’s all Oscorp tech. Think of it as a slight improvement over Stark’s design. As for the colors, well, my father was a military man and his before as well. I believe that
now that we live in a time where, with alien tyrants and gods flying from the sky, our country needs someone to stand for what it believes in. To keep the peace, no matter the sacrifice.”

Back at Kamar-Taj, Sam watched the man speak, his interview with the press being broadcasted live and displayed on a large screen. His eyes narrowed at the billionaire’s choice words about someone needing to stand for the beliefs of the nation. He couldn’t help but notice the subtle jab.

“What about this new group you were seen with?,” another reporter asked Osborn.

“Ah, yes, my new team,” Osborn smiled, “Well, I can definitely say it’s an experience. The men and women I’ve sided with are a diverse sort. I mean, from people as grand and powerful as King T’Challa to those as short as Lang and Van Dyne, I can definitely say I’ve got friends in both high AND low places. Plus, our team’s even mutant-friendly apparently. As a pro-mutant rights supporter myself, I’m honored to fight next to the Scarlet Witch herself.”

T’Challa frowned at the king mentioning him. Even though his people were now out in the open, T’Challa doubted they would be fine with him being name-dropped like this.

While Scott smiled at being mentioned on the news as a hero, Hope kept her eyes on the ground. Now the whole world knew about Ant-Man and the Wasp. No more hiding, no more secrets. She was now out in the open.

A glass broke behind the team as Wanda accidentally used her powers to break it out of rage. She didn’t need more people knowing about her being a mutant. She already had enough people afraid of her. Now, she was about to have a whole new audience come after her.

“What about the aliens who caused these incidents?”, another journalist shouted out.

“Oh, the Blue Man Group?,” Osborn joked, “The Kree are dangerous, not gonna sugarcoat it for you guys. But thankfully, I believe we have a handle on how to stop these guys. I mean, one of our own, the great Carol Danvers, she spent years working for them! I’m sure she’s got a few ideas on how we can take them out.”

Carol began to light up her fists in anger before Strange waved a hand and wrapped them in red whips.
“Not inside please,” he pleaded.

“What a prick,” Rhodey grunted, “He gets some suit and all of a sudden thinks he’s a hero?”

“I mean, that’s kind of what we did, right? Steal suits to become superheroes. Kind of both did that”, Scott shrugged, earning him a glare from Rhodes.

“What the hell was that green thing that tried to kill us?” Sam asked Carol.

“Hell if I know. If something like that was flying around while I was with Starforce, I’d sure as hell remember it,” Carol answered.

“Oh, you mean the Green Goblin?”, Peter spoke up.

“Excuse me?”, Sam asked.

Peter explained, “Uh, well, we were fighting and I figured, ‘Hey, this guy needs a supervillain name’, and uh, that-that came to my mind.”

“Oh, did you come up with that one before or after you abandoned your post?,” Sam sternly asked the boy.

Caught off guard by the straightforward question, Peter turned his face down, looking uncomfortable, “I didn’t meant to-”

“You disobeyed a direct order and because of that, we were too late to stop the bastards,” Sam stared the boy down, extraordinarily disappointed.

Peter began to argue, “I was going to come back, but-!”

“But nothing. You wanna join the big boys? Then you gotta act like it!”, Sam began to raise his voice, walking towards the kid.
Peter began to inch away from the Falcon, his hair standing on its end. He knew he messed up big-time, he knew that he should've stayed at his position, but instead, he still ignored directions. He still acted...irresponsible.

Thankfully, an angel came to Peter’s rescue in the form of Carol Danvers, “Hey, lay off him, man, he’s just a kid who wanted to enjoy himself a little.”

“You knew?!,” Rhodes shouted out.

“I saw him swing over to the building and I figured-”

“You figured that it was a smart move to let him go off on his own?”, Rhodey asked.

From the other corner of the room, Valkyrie spoke up, feeling like she spent enough time listening to everything, “You’re all questioning the kid, but I’m wondering where sparkle-fists flew off to while we were getting our arses handed to us.”

T’Challa butted in, “Please, we do not need to turn on one another at the drop of a hat.”

“Oh no, the hat’s been dropped, your majesty,” Valkyrie replied, “Where were you?”

Carol glared at the Asgardian before sighing, “At Osborn’s party...I saw Yon-Rogg. My old Starforce commander.”

“What?”, Hope’s eyes widened, “And you didn’t think to tell us?”

“She wanted him all to herself,” Valkyrie commented, “Wanted some sweet revenge, eh, love?”

“Look, asshole, I don’t have to explain this to you,” Carol growled, “The point is that I learned nothing from him. He got away.”

“You should have told us,” Hope pointed out, “We could’ve helped you.”
“Actually, I got to help her out a little,” Peter noted, “Man, that guy would’ve crashed into the sidewalk if I didn’t show up!”

If it wasn’t for his youth, Carol probably would’ve throttled Peter at that moment. Thankfully, Strange stepped in at that moment, holding his hands out.

“ALRIGHT! Look, we screwed up. We failed. But this isn’t over yet. So if you’re done trying to point fingers, we need to come up with our next plan of attack,” Strange pointed out.

Sam groaned, rubbing his eyes, “Alright. Well, all we can do now is wait for S.W.O.R.D. to hit us up with any info they get. Until then, maybe we can try to get that trace back up. Use whatever’s left of that green thing’s bomb to find out where they are.”

The team nodded, each rushing off to do their own things. Lang and Van Dyne walked off side by side, whispering to one another.

“Earth’s Mightiest, huh?”, Hope asked.

“Everyone’s got a bad day, right?”, Scott shrugged.

Both of them were a little disappointed. They joined the group so they could do something more than running and hiding, but now, it felt like nothing they were doing nothing helpful.

Peter trotted off on his own, a look of shame covering his face. Carol blasted straight into the air the moment she got outside. T’Challa slowly walked out, disappointment in his eyes.

“So, this is the team you wanted me to be a part of?,” Wanda asked, “I can see why you needed my help.”

“It’s...it’s a work in progress,” Sam sighed.

“What changed your mind?”, Rhodes asked.
Wanda tensed up a little, remembering her conversation with a certain deceased speedster, “What can I say? The apartment was getting boring.”

Sam chuckled, “Well, you saved my life back in D.C. We’re happy to have you here.”

It was nice honestly. The three remembered the old days of being the first ones recruited by the original six Avengers. They remembered the pride they felt becoming a part of something bigger.

Unfortunately, that pride blew away quickly as the news broadcast they were watching displayed images of protests.

On the television set, a certain Hitler-stached, loudmouth reporter began shouting at the screen, “You’ve heard it here, folks! Our newest defender Norman Osborn begins a daring journey to defend mankind and the values of our American way! As for these heroes, they can learn a thing or two about how a real hero should act! Bringing mutant freaks, alien spies, and even that web-slinging MENACE to protect us?! BAH! Now, this man! If anyone has what it takes to go save the world, it’s him!”

Wanda groaned, her shoulders slumping, “As I said before. The world wants someone to blame.”

She walked off, leaving Sam, Strange, Rhodes, and Valkyrie on their own.

“Well, this has turned into a real shitshow,” Strange pointed out.

“I mean, we were gonna go public with this eventually,” Sam shrugged.

“Yes, but not this quickly,” Strange argued, “We need a plan, Wilson.”

“I know,” Sam rubbed his forehead, “I just-”

“I mean, you must have something prepared beyond simply waiting for S.W.O.R.D.”, Valkyrie leaned towards the Falcon.
“Look, can you just-”

“Sam, what do we do?”, Rhodes turned to his friend, “You’re the guy in charge-”

“CAN I THINK?!,” Sam suddenly burst out, “...Please?”

He marched off, heading outside and soaring off into the sky.

“Dammit, Sam,” Rhodes sighed.

Chapter End Notes

Something I really want to do with an MCU Norman Osborn is make him a parallel to Tony. The quips, the nicknames, the fast-talking attitude, I wanted to give him some of Tony's mannerisms while still making him his own character. You'll see more of this as the story goes on.
Wanda stood in the middle of the courtyard, taking in the beautiful scenery of the sun setting on the massive slopes. She’s been everywhere around the world thanks to being on the run from the government, but it was rare for her to pause and enjoy the world around her.

“Enjoying the view?” Strange asked from behind her, watching her curiously.

“Bit chilly,” Wanda joked.

“Oh, you think this is cold?” Strange asked, “Try being sent through a portal to the top of the Himalayas. Now that will mess you up.”

“Seriously?”, Wanda laughed in disbelief.

“My teacher didn’t exactly like me,” Strange shrugged, “Or maybe she thought I was ‘the best of us’, I don’t know. She really loved her riddles.”

Wanda chuckled a little, “So, everyone here’s a wizard?”

“We prefer the term ‘sorcerer’”, Strange explained, his voice deepening, “But yes, those of us here have dedicated our lives to the mystic arts. We train to master our potential for magic and use it to defend this realm from those who wish to cause harm.”

Wanda listened before saying, “So basically, this is Hogwarts?”

“Are you and the Parker kid in cahoots or something?”

Wanda burst out into laughter, “You care for the boy, don’t you, Doctor?”

“If that was another Potter reference, I’m gonna take a page from my master and send you straight
“It wasn’t a reference, but now that you said it-”

“Goddammit,” the doctor cursed.

“Well, do you?”

Strange sighed, “He’s a good kid. Has a lot of potential. And Stark...Stark really took to him.”

Wanda couldn’t help but notice something flash across Strange’s face. A look she very much recognized: guilt.

She looked him the eyes, “On the docks when we were fighting the Kree, you could’ve taken them down in a second. I saw you on the battlefield in New York, I’ve seen what you can do. But even before you had to run off for the kid, you just stuck to shields and whips. Why?”

Strange arched his back, almost as though he was trying to make himself appear more confident than he really felt, “Don’t want to bust out the heavy stuff just yet. What’s your excuse?”

“Pardon?”

“I know about you. The Scarlet Witch, a mutant enhanced by an Infinity Stone. You could have killed Thanos back then if he didn’t call down his airstrike,” he pointed out, “Yet, you didn’t go all out. Got any explanation for that?”

Wanda shuffled before clearing her throat, “What can I say? I don’t want to bust out the heavy stuff just yet.”

“Clever,” Strange snickered, “You know, your abilities...it doesn’t seem that far off from what we teach our students here. If you’d like, I’m sure we can help you with master them.”

Wanda was surprised by the offer, “You have mutants here?”
“Well, they usually prefer Xavier’s, but yes, there are mutants here. Some have managed to blend
the realms of mutant abilities and sorcery.”

“...I’ll think about it.”

...  

Peter lay on his bed, scrolling through articles on his laptop. Stories about the new team flashed
before his eyes and a good many of them weren’t saying positive things. Rather than people
applauding them as they did with the original team, they were accusing them of causing this whole
mess. And honestly, a part of Peter agreed with them.

Suddenly, an alert appeared on the boy’s laptop. Someone wanted to facetime.

Peter happily obliged, clicking on the call to reveal the smiling face of Ned Leeds.

“Yo, Peter!”

“Ned, hey, what’s up?”, Peter grinned before noticing the large bruise on one of Ned’s eyes, “Oh
my gosh, what happened to your eye?!”

“Oh, man, you know that crazy dude on the hoverboard?!”

“The Green Goblin?!”

“Is that what we’re calling it? That’s a stupid name.”

“I gave him that name.”

“A stupidly awesome name!,” Ned tried to backtrack, putting up a fake agreeing smile.
“Ned, the eye?”

“Oh, yeah. When that thing was attacking, it socked me right in the face. I blacked right out and when I woke up, Mr. Osborn filled me in on what I missed.”

“Aw, man, Ned, I’m sorry.”

“It’s cool, man. Mr. Osborn said that he jumped in and kicked the Goblin away before going to get his new suit.”

Peter chuckled, “I’m gonna guess he told you about his new gig.”

“DUDE! MY BOSS IS A SUPERHERO! I AM LIVING THE GODDAMN DREAM RIGHT NOW!” Ned shouted with glee, “OH MY GOD! Is this what it was like with Mr. Stark?”

“More or less.”

“Dude, and he told me he fought with you guys! Well, not with you like against but more like ‘Ey, Avengers unite and everything’!”

“That’s not the phrase, Ned,” Peter pointed out, “But yeah, he saved our lives at the docks.”

“Is he really joining your team now?”

Peter hesitated to answer that. So far, it seemed like he was the only one who wanted to work with Mr. Osborn, “Uh, we’re still kind of talking about that. I’m wondering that myself.”

“Dude, I know he can come off a little...weird, but he really is a great guy,” Ned defended his boss, “He’s been helping me out with college, he’s been teaching me everything about the business. I mean, it makes sense ever since Harry-”
Ned stopped himself at that last line, looking away from Peter like he said too much.

Peter noticed this, “Harry? Who’s Harry?”

“Not important,” Ned quickly pushed that aside, “The point is that he really cares about being a hero and protecting people. He’s a lot like Mr. Stark, you know?”

Peter gulped, remembering Tony. He’ll admit it, Norman was very similar to Mr. Stark in a lot of ways, The quips, the fast way they talked, the penchant for nicknames, they were a lot alike. But Peter believed the same thing about Quentin and look how that went.

“Maybe,” Peter nodded slowly.

“So, are we really getting another invasion?”

“...I guess so, man. I guess so.”


“Right,” Peter chuckled.

“Well, here’s hoping you stop it before the ceremony.”

“Ceremony?,” Peter asked before his eyes widened, “Damn it! That’s next Wednesday, right?”

“Tuesday.”

“Crap,” Peter mumbled. Only five days to save the world from what could’ve been a massive alien attack. No big deal.

“Hey, you better not miss it, man.”
“When have I ever missed anything this big—Don’t answer that. Rhetorical.”


“You know it,” Peter smiled as he hung up the call.

Peter stared for a few minutes at the blue screen of his busted laptop before an idea popped into his mind. He opened up a tab on his laptop and began to search for everything he could about one man.

Norman Osborn.

...

Hope tinkered with the bomb, trying to regain the signal that got them to find the Kree in D.C. Scott slowly crept up beside her, trying to get a good look at the thing.

After a minute of awkward silence, Scott whistled, “You know, when I was under house arrest, I spent a lot of time figuring out computers...reading books...studying—”

“I’m not letting you touch the bomb, Scott.”

“Why not?!,” Scott asked, “Come on! You know I can work my way around this! I’ve got an electrical engineering degree, I built a TIME MACHINE, for god’s sake!”

“Technically, that was Stark,” Hope pointed out.

“ARGH!,” Scott groaned.

“Scott, I know you know your way around tech, but this is way too sensitive! Until S.W.O.R.D. can find anything, this is all we have! We can’t risk a screw-up!,” Hope explained, “Now...please,
Scott sighed and nodded, “Alright.”

He began to get up and walk off. Before he exited the room, he turned around, “You can do this, Hope. If anyone can track down a group of evil Smurfs, it’s you.”

Hope smiled at the comment, “Thanks, Scott.”

“Besides, if you don’t, then the entire Earth is doomed.”

“Not helping, Scott.”

“Alrighty,” he finger-gunned his girlfriend before heading out, passing by Rhodey.

Rhodes chuckled, “Where’s ants-in-his-pants running off to?”

“I’m stealing that nickname now,” Hope joked.

“You can’t. Copyrighting it,” Rhodes replied, “How’s it coming along?”

“About as well as the last five times someone’s asked me that.”

“Where’s T’Challa and Parker?”

“Told them they needed a break. Parker’s not exactly in the right mood and the king had an important call.”

Rhodes nodded, “Yet, you’re still here?”
“Someone’s got to figure this thing out.”

Rhodes smiled, respecting the scientist’s determination, “So, you and your bug buddy aren’t government targets anymore. How’s that feel?”

“...Freeing, I guess. I don’t know. It’s weird, not having to look behind my back constantly. It’s kind of nice.”

“Find any job? Something to do?”

“I’ve been working with Scott and his friends on X-Con for a while now. It’s not perfect, but it helps,” Hope answered.

“You know, Stark Industries could use someone like you.”

Hope chuckled, “My family never really had a good relationship with Starks. Never really trusted them.”

“Yeah, well, a lot’s changed since your pops was at S.H.I.E.L.D.,” Rhodes commented.

Hope turned and looked down at the colonel’s legs, a question rising in her throat.

“You wanna ask about the legs, right?” Rhodes asked.

“I didn’t mean to stare-”

“It’s cool. I get it.”

“I saw the news. I heard about what happened in Germany.”

“Yeah, well, it...it was hard, getting used to the whole thing. I thought that was it. No more War Machine. Hell, no more walking really,” Rhodey somberly reminisced, “But Tony...he helped me get back on my feet.”
“Was that a pun I heard?”

“Tell anyone and you’re off the team.”

Hope laughed, fiddling away at the bomb, “So, you really owe a lot to Stark?”

“Yeah. I do,” Rhodey slowly nodded in agreement. It may have been over a year since his friend died, but he still missed him dearly.

“Is that why you hate Osborn? Because he’s running around in your friend’s armor?”

“No, I hate him because he’s an absolute douchebag,” Rhodes bluntly stated.

…I

“I am telling you, Nakia. There’s no need for the Council to worry,” T’Challa spoke to the hologram emitting from the beads on his wrist. He stood on a balcony, facing the slopes of the snowy mountains.

“That is what I tell Okoye, but you know how she is,” the glowing image of Nakia replied, “She and the others are concerned with not only the fact that their ruler is putting himself in such danger, but that he is doing it in such a public way.”

“Was going public not the plan?”

“According to them, the world believing that our king...for lack of a better word, failed-”

“I’m sure there are better words.”

“-To stop an attack makes us seem weak,” Nakia finished her statement.
T’Challa squirmed a little, doubt creeping into his mind, “Do you feel the same way?”

Nakia shook her head slowly, “Of course not, my love. They are merely being stubborn. All of them. The Council, the people calling out your name in hatred. Those who love you know that you are fighting for what is right and we are proud of you.”

T'Challa smiled warmly, his heart beating faster listening to his fiance’s words, “Thank you. I needed to hear that.”

“How do you know when you will return?”

“Hopefully, soon,” the king sighed, “We are still waiting on S.W.O.R.D.’s analysis.”

“Well, I hope you do not die before our wedding. That would ruin the atmosphere,” the warrior joked.

“Hilarious,” T’Challa chuckled.

“Alright. I must go now,” Nakia sighed, “Shuri is about to test to see if one of her new suit designs can withstand explosions.”

“How will she test that?”

Before the king could finish his question, a loud boom came from behind Nakia. She cursed in Xhosa before the hologram glitched out.

T’Challa groaned, “Nevermind.”

The king slinked back inside, feelings of insecurity striking his heart. He took on this mission because others convinced him that he could do more good as the Black Panther than as a king. But now, he wasn’t sure what was true.

“How leadership,” the voice of the Valkyrie calling out from inside, “It’s more difficult than most
people believe, isn’t it?”

“Well, we do what we can,” T’Challa agreed.

“How’s Wakanda?”

“Same as usual, I suppose,” T’Challa shrugged, “What of your nation? I’ve seen the news reports. Your people have been making massive improvements from what I’ve heard.”

“It’s...a slow process, but soon, we can only hope to recapture even a speck of the glory that Asgard once was,” Brunnhilde admitted, “Minus the whole colonization ordeal.”

T’Challa let out a little laugh before turning his gaze back to the mountains, “I wish to ask you a question. Ruler to ruler.”

“Shoot.”

“What do you believe the world needs: a warrior or a king?”

Valkyrie spent a moment thinking the question over before an answer came to her mind, “Honestly...I’m still not sure. I’m still somewhat new to royalty. All I know is that what matters now is that we stop the Kree.”

T’Challa nods, “Do you believe we can do that? This team is already so...divided.”

“Eh, I’ve seen more chaotic team-ups,” Brunnhilde shrugged, “I ever tell you about the time the Hulk beat the shit out of Thor?”

“You did not.”

Valkyrie burst out laughing, “Oh, shit, okay, you’re going to want to sit down for this one!”
“You’ve reached the Rambeau household. You know what to do.”

Carol’s heard that message so many times now, it was basically engraved in her memory.

“Hey, Lieutenant. Attempt #15, I guess. Um, I know you and your mom are busy, of course, but I could...I would really love to talk, so...when you’re, you know, not hating me, please...call back, sweetie.”

Carol gulped as she hung up the phone. As she floated in the air, she couldn’t help but feel lonely.

However, even as high up as she was, she wasn’t alone.

*CLANG!*  

“AAARGH!”

Carol turned around, trying to see where the noise was coming from, “The hell?”

...

*CLANG!*  

“DAMMIT!”

At the top of a mountain, the sound of vibranium hitting rocks hit the air. For the eleventh time in a row, Sam threw the shield at his target, a small tree, and failed to hit it. Just like the last four times, the shield merely landed on the ground instead of hitting the rocks behind the tree and coming back to Sam.
He marched over and tried throwing it again. Instead, he threw it too hard, causing it to miss the tree, bounce off the rocks again and again, and fly back towards him, hitting him right in the face.

Sam fell to the ground, dazed and in pain, as the shield fell off the side of the mountaintop.

“No!,” he yelled, trying to reach out for it, but he was in too much pain to fly after it.

Thankfully, a familiar face flew up and landed in front of him, shield in hand.

“Drop something?” Carol smirked.

Sam slowly rose back up, head still swimming, “Thank you...All five of you.”

“Need a hand, Cap?” she helped lift him up, a concerned look on her face.

“Please, don’t call me that,” Wilson moaned as he took the shield from her, turning away to sit on one of the rocks.

“Oh, I figured since everyone called Rogers that-”

“Well, do I look like Steve to you?!,” Sam bitterly interrupted her.

He noticed how Carol appeared taken aback and his face softened, “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to sound like a dick.”

“It’s cool,” Carol accepted the apology, “Trying to get used to the shield?”

Sam dropped the thing in frustration, “Don’t know how Steve did it.”

“I mean, I’m pretty sure the whole super-soldier thing helped,” Carol said, “But that wasn’t exactly what made him Captain America.”
“Because he was a good man,” Sam chuckled, “He told me that’s what the people who gave him his powers said to him. Said the same damn thing to me too. But now look.”

“Look, one screw-up doesn’t equal utter failure,” Danvers pointed out, “Otherwise, I’m sure we all would’ve given up ten times over. We still have a chance.”

“Do we? Come on, we’re supposed to be some of the most powerful people in the world, yet we couldn’t even take down on one group of Kree soldiers! ONE GROUP! We’ve got Parker disobeying orders, Strange isn’t going full god-mode like he usually does, and whatever the hell’s going on with you!”

“Well, call us all out, why don’t you,” Carol sarcastically noted, “Look, this isn’t on you. We’re not blaming you for any of this.”

“Well, well, I am!” Sam exclaimed, “Someone needs to lead the team!”

“If you didn’t want to be the leader, why take the job?”

Sam paused, thinking it over, “...Because Steve did.”

Carol sighed, “Yeah, well, maybe the team needs a little less Rogers and a little more Wilson right now.”

Sam looked up, confused. Carol blasted off into the sky, leaving the ex-soldier alone to sink deeper and deeper into his own thoughts.

...

Peter stood in the middle of the courtyard, tapping his foot in impatience, “Come on, come on.”

“Peter?” Strange asked, floating down behind him, “What are you-?”
“Okay, I know how you’re gonna react, but I need you to listen to me,” the teen stammered.

“What are you talking about? What have you done, Peter?”

“Well, I was thinking. We have a giant alien invasion coming to kill everyone and, hey, we need all the help we can get and I know you don’t really trust the guy, but I think we’re really running low on options right now-Not that any of you guys are-!”


Peter began to open his mouth when something crashed right down into the courtyard. The other heroes heard the noise and quickly rushed out to see what just landed. The other sorcerers appeared and began to form defensive formations.

The thing that crashed slowly stood up and put its hands in the air, its faceplate slowly lifting up.

“Nice pad you got here, Gandalf,” Osborn smiled, “So, what’s the game plan here?”
So, I woke up today with great news. We got our webhead back, boys!

Anyways, on with the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sam marched towards the one-percenter, fists clenched, “What in the hell are you doing here?”

“Isn’t it obvious? I’m here for the big team-up,” Osborn gestured to the other heroes, “I mean, you’ve got all the tropes. The disabled war vet, the grey-haired wizard, the magical goth, the cheerful boy-”

“Oh, he isn’t going to be cheerful for long,” Sam glared at Peter.

“Look, I know I should have told you first, but I called Mr. Osborn over here because we need help,” Peter explained.

“And you thought he was the perfect one to contact?”, Strange asked, “You’ve brought him to Kamar-Taj, for all we know, he’s gonna bring his little military buddies over here.”

“Please,” Norman rolled his eyes, “Doctor, I have more integrity than that. A man has a right to keep secrets.”

“What makes you think we would let you join?” Rhodes asked, “Don’t think we didn’t catch what you were saying in your interviews.”

“When did I say anything bad about you?”

“Oh, I don’t know,” Hope shrugged sarcastically, “Calling attention to us, putting us out in the open-”
“Talking about certain...private matters we didn’t need the world to think about,” Wanda added, clearly referring to him telling others about her being a mutant and Carol having history with the Kree.

“I thought a large point of being a hero was being open! That’s why I don’t bother with the secret identity thing!” Osborn defended himself, “Look, I didn’t mean any harm. I just figured the world deserved the truth if we’re gonna be the ones protecting it.”

Sam analyzed the man carefully before turning to Peter, “A word, kid?”

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“You’re really trying to get on my nerves, aren’t you?,” Sam looked down at the kid. The two stood inside one of the temples, making sure that the room was private.

“Look, I know I should have told you guys, but I really think we need Mr. Osborn,” Peter explained, “I’ve looked it up. I’ve done the research. He really seems like a nice guy.”

“Yeah, a lot of people do,” Sam bluntly put it, “Look, even if he IS trustworthy, that doesn’t mean we should just let him join the group! He’s still a rookie!”

“A rookie who took down a Kree spaceship!” Peter pointed out, “Plus, the people trust him! The government trusts him! We could use someone like that!”

Sam squinted his eyes at the boy, “Are you sure you’re not just doing this because he’s nice to you?”

“Oh, come on, sir-”

“No. Fury told me about what happened with that Mysterio guy and-”

“DON’T,” Peter suddenly shouted, taking Sam off guard.
The boy’s face softened, “Please, don’t mention him. Not again. Look, I trusted Beck blindly and he almost killed me. I’m not making the same mistake with Osborn. We can keep a close eye on him, watch his every move. If he really is a bad guy, we can catch him. But if he’s not...it wouldn’t hurt to have another teammate.”


“Please stop putting ‘magic’ in front of everything,” Hope pleaded.

“As soon as you and your pops stop putting ‘quantum’ in front of everything,” Osborn rebutted, “I’ve read up on your work, Dr. Van Dyne. I have to say, you and your family’s work on the Quantum Realm truly is fascinating.”

Hope’s eyebrows raised in surprise, “Uh...thanks.”

“And Mr. Lang, I’ve read the reports,” Osborn turned to Scott, “Is it true that you were the one who rescued the half killed by the Snap?”

Scott chuckled a little, “W-Well, I guess, kind of maybe? I mean, Stark and Banner-”

“Oh, you guys and modesty,” Osborn laughed, “You gotta take pride in what you do! We’re all now Earth’s mightiest, after all!”

“I’m sorry, I think you’ve got the wrong address, buddy. Yellow Brick Road’s that way, Tin-Man,” Carol butted into the conversation, eyeing Osborn suspiciously.

“I understood that reference,” Osborn pointed to Danvers, “I gotta ask, what’s space like? I’m hoping since we’re fighting aliens and all, I can get a first look and everything, maybe snap a pic. You guys really gotta hop on social media. Get more people on your side-”
“You really love moving your mouth, don’t you?” Valkyrie asked.

“I like to think of it as charming,” Osborn shrugged, “So, Queen Brunhilde-”

“King Brunhilde.”

“You say tomato, I say Solanum Lycopersicum,” Osborn joked, “How’s New Asgard been? I’ve been meaning to add a few new facilities over there. Really think your kind would love the newest OsPod! Or better yet, we can talk about weapons manufacturing! I’ve heard you’ve been working on something about a rainbow bridge-”

“Lovely sales pitch,” Valkyrie put on the fakest grin she could, “But no. We’re not interested in weapons.”

Osborn clicked his tongue, “Shame.”

Rhodes burst into laughter, not a cheerful laugh of humor, but one of sheer disbelief, “I can’t believe this! A weapons dealer with the world’s biggest weapon and we’re supposed to trust him!”

“Funny,” Osborn noted, “You trusted Stark.”

Rhodes’s face quickly darkened, pure rage blinding him. The armored hero began to march towards the billionaire, fists clenched.

“What the hell you just say?,” he quietly asked Osborn, the low tone of his voice barely masking his anger.

Fear grew in Osborn’s eyes, “I didn’t mean to-”

“SAY IT AGAIN, ASSHOLE!,” Rhodes charged towards Osborn, screaming bloody murder.

T’Challa grabbed Rhodey from behind, trying to slow him down, “COLONEL! CALM YOURSELF!”
Wanda jumped in front of Rhodes, holding her hands out to hold him back, “RHODES! RHODEY, STOP!”

The two pushed their friend back, but Rhodey’s eyes never left Osborn’s.

Norman sighed, “Well, my knight in scarlet armor!”

“Don’t push it,” Wanda glared at the man, “You don’t get to talk shit about things you know nothing about.”

Osborn turned to the other heroes who were watching, “Didn’t wanna join in?”

Strange glared, “Believe me, be glad we didn’t.”

…

“Please, Captain Wilson, sir,” Peter begged his superior, “I know it’s a lot to ask, but I think this can work.”

Sam sighed, shaking his head, “Look, kid-”

Suddenly, Peter tensed up, his hair on end.

“Kid?” Sam asked, “Kid, what’s up?”

“Peter Tingle.”

“Say what now?”, Sam tilted.
“GET DOWN!”, Peter yelled as he grabbed Wilson and leaped out of the temple.

An explosion ripped through the building as Peter darted outside and shot a strand at the side of the temple next to him, swinging up with Sam in hand.

On the courtyard, the other heroes barely escaped the explosion. Strange was able to use his powers to dispel the flames before it them.

“Damn, nice save,” Osborn commented.

The Falcon and Spider-Man landed on the rooftop, a look of shock on both of their faces.

“What the hell just happened?!” yelled Sam.

“HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!”

The two paled at the sound of villainous cackling.

“Welcome to the second act, ladies and germs!,” the Goblin laughed, “You know what that means!”

Suddenly, the sound of airships filled the sky. The heroes slowly turned to see a giant Kree warships coming towards them, firing downwards.

“The bad guys close in!” the green menace cackled, flying back up.

“Accusers,” Carol gasped.

“TAKE COVER!,” Osborn shouted as he grabbed Hope and Scott and dragged them out of the way. A team of sorcerers appeared and began summoning glowing shields to defend their home from the missiles being fired at them.
Unfortunately, one of the Goblin’s pumpkin bombs flew through an opening in the sorcerers’ defense and blew them out of the way, causing the shields to glitch out.

“NO!,” Strange yelled out, launching himself at the Goblin. Before he could attack, another massive missile fired at Kamar-Taj, ready to absolutely destroy the place.

Thankfully, Carol blasted into the air and stopped the missile mid-flight with her bare hands. She began pushing it away and throw it back at the ship when she heard it beep. The bomb’s already been activated.

“SHIT!,” she cursed as she used all of her power to chuck the bomb at one of the ships before it detonated. A fiery explosion sent the heroes flying as the force sent Carol crashing through one of the buildings.

“DANVERS?!,” Rhodes shouted out to his ally.

“I’m fine,” Carol ached, pushing away the rubble, “More powerful than last time.”

On the comms, Rhodey could hear Sam’s voice calling out to him.

“Rhodes?!” Sam yelled, “Everyone okay??”

“Define okay!”, Scott groaned, helping Hope up.

“Okay, Danvers, time to pull that trick with Thanos,” Sam ordered.

“I need time to power up, get back into binary mode,” Carol explained.

“Alright, so we just have to buy you some time!”, Peter stammered.

Valkyrie shouted, “NO! Those ships have fail-safes to detonate when taken down! It’s too close to the planet! You’ll wipe us all off the map!”
Carol looked up, surprised and confused.

“Danvers, that true?”, Sam asked on comms for confirmation.

“Yeah, but...no one’s supposed to-”

The loud roar of the warship’s engine shook all of Kamar-Taj, causing the team to yell in pain. Smaller ships began to fly outside of it like bees from a hive.

A bright beam shone from the flying machines of death onto the courtyard and from out of it walked a grinning Yon-Rogg and a troop of Kree soldiers.

“My. It has been so long since I’ve breathed in that putrid scent,” he breathed in deeply before facing the heroes, “Greetings, all of you. I am Commander Yon-Rogg of Star-Force. I’m sure Vers has already informed you of who I am.”

The smug grin on his face angered Carol, her blood burning, “What do you want, Yon?”

“To inform all you that this planet is now under Kree control.”

“I’m sorry, what now?” Osborn asked.

“Your planet has the power to wipe out entire star systems, yet that power is in the hands of incompetent apes,” Yon-Rogg explained. “The Kree have been doing everything to recapture the power levels of the great “Captain Marvel”, but it wasn’t enough. Our biology wasn’t compatible with the same experiments that perfected Vers. Perhaps here, we can find a subject suitable as well as stop a growing superpower in its tracks.”

“Sorry, asshole, but I’m a one of a kind deal,” Carol growled lighting up her fists.

“This planet is under our protection,” Strange glared at the alien, “If you believe you can waltz in and take over the world that destroyed Thanos, then, believe me, you are sorely mistaken.”
“This does not need to end in a fight,” T’Challa walked forward, hoping to reason with the Kree.

“The Panther, I presume? News traveled across the galaxy of the man whose army defeated Thanos’s Outriders,” Yon smiled, “You may not be aware of how things work off your mudball planet, but out there, it’s basic survival of the fittest. Either surrender willingly or perish like others before you. So dictates the Supreme Intelligence.”

Valkyrie whipped out her blade, “Less chit chat, more slaughter please.”

“Very well. I must say, a part of me hoped it would come to this,” Yon-Rogg smiled.

The heroes on the ground charged at the soldiers, Rhodey and Osborn taking to the sky to fight off the smaller ships.

“Danvers, we need you on the warship!” Sam called out, leaping off the roof to join the fight, shield in hand. As Sam soared into battle, Peter shot a strand at the Falcon’s back, allowing himself to be pulled off and swing over the courtyard.

Instead of listening to that order, Carol launched herself at Yon-Rogg, arms out and ready to slam into a certain Kree’s face. However, before she could land a punch, the Goblin swiped Yon out of the way and carried him away on his glider.

“I’m going after Yon,” Carol shouted.

“DANVERS?!” Sam kept shouting, firing away at the ships flying at him, “Wanda?!”

“I’m on it,” the mutant nodded, using her powers to lift herself into the air and attempt to grab the ship with her telekinesis. She tries to crush the thing, but she kept having to lose her grip as the enemies constantly fired at her.

“I can’t get a hold on the thing!,” she yelled.
On the ground, some of the heroes were busy fighting foot-soldiers. T’Challa swiped his claws down at their faces. Rhodes covered the king’s back, shooting down soldiers like fish in a barrel.

Scott and Hope tossed around Pym Particle-discs to shrink down some of their enemies.

Ant-Man picked one of the shrunken Kree up in his fingers, “Kinda cute when they’re little!”

“Scott, we are literally about to die!,” Hope pointed out as she held one of them in a choke-hold.

Valkyrie dueled with as many soldiers as she could, gutting as many as she could with her blade. She even sliced through one of their rifles.

“Well, you lot sure don’t build your weapons they way you used to,” she smirked as she slashed across his chest.

Strange and his students pulled out all the tricks they could as fast they were able to. They opened portals under the soldiers’ feet, slammed their faces in with amber shields, even sent a few into the Mirror Dimension.

Stephen panted, turning to the other sorcerers, “Nice to see training’s paid off.”

Before one of the Kree could take Strange’s head off, red mist wrapped around his waist and pulled back, slamming him into the side of the temple. He looked up to see Wanda hover down.

“Eyes on the enemy, Doctor,” Wanda warned her cloaked ally.

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“I must say, you are persistent,” the Goblin grinned as Carol soared after him, quickly catching up to the green menace.

Her mere fingers were able to crush through the glider’s engines, throwing the Goblin and his little passenger off and flying through the air. Carol zoomed in after them, but before she could grab
them mid-air, the Goblin tossed another orange bomb her way.

The explosion Carol could handle. It was the large amounts of green smoke that spread out from the bomb that caught her off guard. Whatever it was made of was getting into Carol’s lungs.

However, she persevered, slamming her hands together to create enough of a power surge to blow the gas away.

She looked down to see Yon running off like a coward. Before he could get away, Carol crashed right down in front of him and threw a massive punch his way, sending him right into one of the nearby buildings. He slowly crumbled to the ground, clearly in pain.

“Nice shot,” he grumbled, “I taught you well.”

“You. Taught. Me. Nothing,” the captain placed her foot onto the villain’s chest began pressing down, “For a man who cares about honor, you sure enjoy running when your men are being taken down.”

The commander suddenly burst into laughter, “Oh, you glowing dunce! You think it’s that simple?”

This got Yon a swift kick to the face, a tooth even flying out.

“Call your men off right now,” Carol glared.

“No.”

“Wasn’t a request.”

“What are you going to do? Kill me?”

“Thought’s crossed my mind.”
The alien laughed, “I cannot wait to see your face when you discover the truth.”

“And what would that be?”

Suddenly, the sound of whirring engines filled the air. Carol’s attention turned upwards as shock began to register.

The Goblin chuckled, hovering on his glider in front of her, “Ready for the plot twist, sweety?”

Another laugh pierced the air, “Ready for the twist?”

And another, “Ready for the twist?”

Once more, again and again, “Ready for the twist?”

Before the captain could respond, a horde of soldiers in goblin masks flew straight at her.

...

“Got you! Got you! Got you too!,” Peter kept shouting as he webbed up as many soldiers as he could, “Mr. Wilson, what do we do?”

“Kind of busy here, kid!,” the ex-soldier shouted as he fired at any ships coming his way, “Get Danvers back, we need to blow a hole in the battleship before it fires again!”

“No, you heard Valkyrie!” Osborn shouted at them, “We take that thing down, we can all kiss this place bye-bye!”

Peter swung down and landed on top of the floating Iron Patriot, “What do you need us to do?”
“Keep me covered,” Osborn asked the boy, “I’ve got a plan.”

Rhodey looked over, “Sorry, since when were we taking orders from the flag waver over here?”

“Since I’m the only one coming up with actual ideas!,” the billionaire replied, “Kid, lend a hand?”

“Peter, we need you to go after Captain Marvel!,” Sam shouted as he wrestled with a warrior, “She’s the only one who can take all these guys on!”

“Pete, I can stop these guys, but I need you to listen to me!,” Osborn looked the boy in the eyes, his voice becoming more vulnerable, “Please.”

Peter looked back and forth between the Falcon and the Iron Patriot. Sam was his leader, he was the guy who wanted Peter on the team, but the boy saw what Norman could do.

“What do you need?”, Parker asked.

“Keep the path to the ship clear,” the billionaire asked the boy, “When I give the signal, get Strange to open up one of his portals and get ready to start pushing.”

Peter nodded and began to swing around, wrapping his webs around some of the ships to get them to crash into each other.

Rhodes groaned, “I’m gonna regret this.”

He began aiding Peter in clearing the sky, the sound of his machine guns rattling in the air.

“Osborn, wait-!,” Sam could barely get a word in as Osborn soared past him towards the massive battleship. He groaned as he scoped the area, “Danvers, we need back-up!”

On the comms, Carol’s voice came through, “Uh, yeah, I’m coming over! Bad news is I’m bringing the party to you?”
Before Sam could ask any questions, the glowing form of Carol Danvers burst onto the scene, an entire gang of men in goblin-like armor flying after her.

“Uh, I don’t see how that’s a party,” Peter gulped as he stood on Rhodey’s shoulder.

“Okay, sparkles, keep them off my back as much as you can,” Osborn shouted over to her as he flew straight into the front of the battleship, destroying any ships coming at him.

“What the hell is he doing?!,” Carol asked as she fired at the Goblins. For some reason, they were able to dodge each blast.

Peter landed on the shoulders of one of the Goblins and shot out two strands at two of the menaces below, pulling back up to them into the villain he was standing on. As they plummeted to the ground, they were picked up by other Goblins, a never-ending wave of green coming for the heroes.

“Mr. Osborn has a plan! We just need to give him time!,” Peter explained.

“Kid, that’s a Kree Accuser battleship!,” Carol shouting at the boy as he swung around the courtyard, “He can’t just hack that!”

Suddenly, a new voice arrived on the comms, “Funny you should say that!”

“Mr. Osborn?”

The group turned to see the lights on the battleship begin to glitch on and off, as though it was beginning to shut down.

“How the hell?,” Sam looked up from the middle of the fight as he stared up at the massive spacecraft.

Strange, Wanda, and his students provided a good chunk of the cover down below, shielding the
team from the beams of light being fired at them.

Out of nowhere, Yon-Rogg appeared, firing down at Sam. The Falcon used his shield to deflect the blasts and tried throwing it at the maniacal alien. Instead, Yon ducked down and allowed the vibranium weapon to clatter to the floor.

“You really must work on your technique,” T’Challa noted.

“Fall back! Fall back!”, Yon-Rogg began to shout. Beams of light shone down from the ships above as the soldiers began to be taken back up, Yon included.

“No. Not again!,” Carol yelled as she darted at Yon, leaving Peter to fend off the oncoming fleet of Goblins.

“Captain Danvers, wait!,” he shouted as he swung his fists around, knocking as many enemies as he could off of their flightcraft.

Stephen looked up, his eyes widening as he saw the child defenseless, “PETER!”

He soared off of the ground, the shield he formed dissipating.

“Strange?!,” Rhodes called out as the enemies continued to fire down at them.

Up in the sky, Strange used his cloak to grab Peter and pull him away from the battle, “Peter, get behind me!”

“What are you doing?!”, Peter shouted, the lenses of his mask widening. He was actually getting some good hits in on his own and suddenly, he was being pushed aside.

“Stay back, Peter!,” Strange yelled as he began sending the laughing Goblins into the Mirror Dimension.

“Down the rabbit hole!,” one of the Goblins giggled as he flew in.
“Hey, Magic-Man!,” Osborn’s voice once again came over the comms, “You still any juice in you?”

“Depends. What do you need?,” Strange asked.

“How big of a portal can you open up?,” Osborn asked.

Strange and Peter turned to one another, a light bulb flashing in their heads.

The sorcerer lifted himself a little higher and began opening up a massive portal below him. The massive ship slowly descended downwards, the engines keeping it up and running powering off.

The smaller ships flew into the atmosphere, retreating, as Carol dashed towards them, trying to shoot down as many as she could. However, she was almost hit by the battleship as it fell through the portal, allowing the fleet as well as the Goblins to escape.

From the ship’s ceiling burst Norman Osborn, soaring through the air, “Okay, close it now, Strange!”

Once the massive spaceship fell through the portal, Strange closed it right up, sweat beading off of his temple as he did so.

Every hero in the air began to meet back down on the courtyard, all of them tired like hell.

Osborn crashed back to the ground, his helmet collapsing back into his suit, “So, does this count as my first Avengers mission, because that was a badass way to invite me on.”

“How the hell did you do that?,” Carol asked.

“These guys might be smart, but I’m Norman Osborn,” the man bragged, “This shit just comes to me.”
“Mr. Osborn, that was incredible!,” Peter pulled off his mask, revealing his smiling youthful face, “I mean, I honestly thought they were gonna kill us all and I was like, ‘How many times do I have to be killed by crazy aliens,’ and-”

“Peter,” Sam put a hand on the boy’s shoulders and faced the man in the metal suit, “Nice plan you had there. How’d you know it’d work?”

“What can I say? Man’s gotta gamble sometimes,” he shrugged, “But I’ve seen what you guys can do. Knew you’d have my back.”

“Yeah, well, thanks for the save,” Rhodes stepped forward, “Really appreciate it. But I think it’s time for you to-”

“You’re in,” Sam bluntly stated.

“Excuse me?” both Osborn and Rhodes said at the same time.

“You’re a normal citizen with zero expertise when it comes to heroics, yet you took down a damn Kree ship and jumped in when you knew you could’ve been killed,” Sam pointed out, “As far as I’m concerned...Welcome to the Avengers.”

Chapter End Notes

From what I’ve learned from writing this chapter, I cannot write action scenes for shit. Oh, well, thanks for reading! More to come soon!
Chapter 16

The team’s tech-trio (as Peter very much wanted to call it) began overlooking the armor of the Kree soldiers, hoping to find something that could point them in the right direction.

Alongside them were Carol and Osborn, both of whom were tinkering with the alien devices as well.

“Say what you will about these guys, but their tech is chef’s kiss,” Osborn noted, “I wouldn’t mind getting me one of those gliders those green beans were using. Would go great with the five Ferraris.”

“Oh, you mean the Goblins?”, Peter looked up from his work.

“Pardon?,” Osborn asked back.

“Oh, it’s just something I’ve been calling that crazy guy in the monster suit. The Green Goblin,” Parker explained, “Or, I guess now, Green Goblins.”

“Catchy use of alliteration,” Osborn chuckled before looking to Danvers, “You sure you don’t know anything about those freaks?”

“The Kree like picking up aliens, forcing them to be their personal cannon fodder,” Carol shrugged, “Wish we were able to pick off at least one of them.”

“Yeah, those...those guys were something,” Peter nods slowly. The boy was still disturbed by those things. Something about being surrounded by hordes and hordes of rampaging monsters felt too much like being covered by Thanos’s Outriders or...E.D.I.T.H.’s drones.

“Captain, are you making any progress?”, T’Challa looked to Carol.

“These guys made a few updates. It’s gonna take a little longer to get into this system,” Carol explained, “Y’know, sometimes I forget it’s been thirty years since I’ve worked with-”
“The genocidal fascistic aliens that almost murdered all of us yesterday,” Hope finished the sentence.

Carol nodded, “That’s one way of putting it.”

Osborn looked over to her, “I gotta ask, you’ve got some Infinity Stone-juice in you, right?”

“You really love asking unhelpful questions, don’t you, Mr. Osborn?”, Carol smirked.

“I’m just wondering. Thirty years, not a single wrinkle. What’s your skin care routine?”

“Explosions and a shit-ton of Tessaract energy,” Carol rolled her eyes.

“Damn. To be twenty-eight forever,” Norman sighed wistfully.

“Not as great as it sounds, buddy,” Carol groaned, growing tired of the billionaire’s comments.

“You know, I can’t help but notice you and that commander dude back there. Singling him out,” Norman commented, “You’ve got some history?”

Carol became silent, her eyes staring down at the table.

“C’mon, what was he? Ex-friend? Ex-lover? Secret brother you never knew about?,” Osborn egged the girl on to answer.

“Yon-Rogg was the asshole who took my life away from me,” Carol glared at the billionaire.

“...Damn. No wonder you want to kill him so badly,” the Iron Patriot chuckled.

“Oh come on, sir, she’s not gonna kill,” Peter laughed, thinking the man was joking, “She’s
Captain Marvel, for crying out loud!"

He looked to his ally hoping for confirmation that this was just a joke, but Carol’s silence didn’t help.

“Man, this guy really must’ve done a number on you,” Norman couldn’t help, but allow a small smile to appear on his face.

After a moment of silence, T’Challa scooted a little closer to the captain, “I know it is none of my business—”

“Here we go,” Carol sighed.

“I know that you are years ahead of me when it comes to being the hero, but there is one lesson I learned that I think all who fight in the line of fire must know. One I think even the most highly-regarded of people forget. Vengeance...Vengeance is a toxin. It wraps around your heart, smothers your focus, your thoughts...Eventually, it consumes you,” T’Challa explained.

He couldn’t help, but think back to going after the man who murdered his father. Who forced him into the role of Black Panther before he was ready. He knew what vengeance could do to good men and women.

Carol, on the other hand, couldn’t help but feel the rage grow inside of her. The feeling that she had the chance to take out such a massive threat, but she failed to do so. She couldn’t let him escape again.

“You know what, I gotta go,” she shot back up onto her feet and walked away, “Smells too one-percenter up in here.”

As she left the room, Osborn clicked his tongue, “You know, she could’ve wiped the floor with those guys. I’ve read the reports, she’s a living nuke.”

“Believe me, I’ve seen her action,” T’Challa sighed, “She is impressive.”
“Y’know, her and the mutant have the potential to be powerful assets to the country—er, I mean, the team,” Osborn quickly corrected himself.

“You are quite the patriot, Mr. Osborn,” T’Challa raised an eyebrow.

“Well, I believe in doing my civic duty, of course. As a king, you should know the importance of helping your country,” Osborn chuckled.

“I believe there is a difference.”

“Well, while I am proud of the nation I live in, I’m not doing this just to serve the interests of America,” Osborn claimed, “The world is in trouble and if no one steps up...we’re gonna end up with another Thanos on our hands. I’m sure you three of all people wouldn’t enjoy that.”

The three heroes tensed up, remembering the shiver that came down their spines as they felt their bodies drift off into nothing. Remembering watching their friends turn to ash and wondering if they would be next, the answer coming to them seconds later.

“Yeah, I thought so,” Norman nodded, looking almost...somber before flipping back to his usual demeanor, “But that’s why we’re here, am I right? To stand up for the little guy who can’t help themselves?”

He turned to look at Peter, “Mr. Leeds tells me you believe in the same thing.”

Peter nodded, “Yes, sir.”

“Good,” Norman nodded approvingly, “We need more people like that.”

Hope rolled her eyes, stepping away, “You know, I think Danvers had the right idea. I need a break.”

T’Challa rose away from the work table and eyed Peter, “You can rest whenever you feel like it, child.”
Once the other two heroes exited, only Osborn and Parker were left to work on tracking the Kree.

“And then there were two,” Osborn noted.

“Yeah, I guess so.”

“I notice that’s been a common thing with you, Mr. Parker. Not to intrude or anything but...it kind of seems like whenever you need help, everybody else just isn’t there.”

“Oh, uhh…”

“Oh, I don’t mean that as a ‘these guys are complete slackers’ type of way, of course not!,” Osborn hastily corrected himself, “I just can’t help but wonder. If there are so many heroes still out there, how come you were the only one dealing with the chaos in Europe?”

“Uh, well, the guys at S.H.I.E.L.D. said everyone was unavailable.”

“Is that really true?,” Osborn asked, “I mean, everyone? Even the dude with the arrows?”

“That’s what Mr. Fury told me.”

“Fury? As in Nick Fury?”

“Yeah, it was crazy! I was just chilling on my school trip when he suddenly appeared and told me about this whole thing with these Elemental dudes-”

“Who turned out to be some ruse by a psycho in a fishbowl helmet.”

Peter gulped, flashes of Quentin Beck’s insane creations appearing in his head.
Osborn noted the silence, “You know, when I saw the news about Beck calling you a murderer, I never believed it. I saw the news of the trial. How the press, Jameson, kept hassling you. Would’ve thought at least one of your super-friends would’ve lent a helping hand.”

Peter couldn’t help but let Osborn’s words get to him a little. Yeah, he forgave the others for not coming to his aid and he knew they were busy. Still, a phone call could’ve been a little nice.

*No, Peter thought to himself, You can’t listen to that, Pete. You have to stay focused. Can’t just go along with whatever this guy says.*

Osborn cleared his throat, “I’m sorry, that was none of my business-”

“No. No, it’s fine, I get it. But seriously, though, you...you can trust them.”

“Happy to hear, kid,” Osborn chuckled, “This...This is nice. Beating up bad guys, saving the world. Though I guess that’s your life nowadays. Fighting crime, spinning webs, all that jazz.”

“Heh, basically, yeah.”

…

Scott sat on the ledge of the building, overlooking the vast scenery of the land. He's really come a long way from robbing houses in San Francisco.

On his left was a laptop, a Skype call being made to Cassie. Within a few seconds, his daughter answered, Scott getting a view of her in her room.

“Hey, Peanut!”

“Dad, hey, how’s the new job?”

“Uh, it’s going...it’s going,” the man awkwardly shrugged a little.
“Saw your team on the news,” she commented, “You really got Norman Osborn to become an Avenger?"

“Yeah. So, this guy, he’s a big deal, right?”, Scott asked.

“Yeah, he was basically Tony Stark when Tony Stark wasn’t Tony Stark anymore,” his daughter explained, “Took over the business world. Even opened up a small place in San Francisco. Crappy security, though.”

“Right. Right. Wait, what?,” the ex-con gave a confused look.

“What?,” Cassie quickly pretended she didn’t say anything.

“Is X-Con doing a job over there? Luis didn’t tell me anything about that.”

“Uh, yeah, yeah, yeah, it’s this thing we’ve been working on. It’s been so busy and I’ve been helping the guys over there with security,” she hastily explained, “Anyways, how’s Hope?”

Scott noticed the quick way his daughter changed the subject, but he decided to simply go with it, “She’s having the time of her life over here. She loves all of this. Getting to work with some of the smartest people in the world. Getting job offers from billionaires. It’s...I haven’t seen her this excited in some time.”

“Well, what about you? You’re helping her out, right?”

Scott faltered, awkwardly coughing, “Uh, yeah, yeah, yeah, totally, one-hundred percent. Doing some...doing some helping here, helping there. Saving the world.”

Now, it was Cassie’s time to be suspicious, “Wait, are they seriously not letting you help?”

Lang sighed, “These...These guys got it figured out, Cassie, they know what they’re doing. I mean, too many cooks spoil the broth and all that.”
“C’mon, Dad, you saved the universe and they don’t even want you to give ‘em a hand! That’s bullshit!”

“Hey, language!,” Scott scolded the teenage girl.

“Dad, why don’t you show them what you can do? You’re the freaking Ant-Man! You’ve taken on asshole billionaires and supercriminals! You punched a space whale!”

Scott sighed, feeling a pang of nostalgia from how she began idolizing him. It was almost like she was a little kid again, the only one who actually saw him as a hero, even when the world either saw him as a criminal or a joke.

“I did, didn’t I?,” Scott allowed a small smile to pass across his face.

“Dad, come on. You can do this. You’re the world’s greatest grandma.”

The Ant-Man chuckled a little, “Thanks, Cassie.”

“Alright, I’ve gotta head out. Luis wants me back from break.”

“Okay, see you around, Peanut.”

“Love you, Dad,” the girl clicked her mouse, ending the call.

Scott closed the laptop, breathing in deeply. From the pocket of his jacket, he pulled out something. A small screen, the type that the Kree had in the arms of their armor.

“Alrighty, Scotty,” the ex-con pulled out a screwdriver, “Time to get to work.”

...
As Carol walked around the place, searching for somewhere to take off and fly away, she noticed a gaggle of Strange’s students walking behind her.

She turned, smirking, “Hey, if you’re looking for your teacher, I’ve got zero idea where he is. Why don’t you walk off and go pull rabbits out of your hats?”

“Well, is that any way to speak to an old friend,” one of the students spoke up in an Australian accent.

Carol’s eyes widened, “Of friggin’ course.”

The group began to morph, their skin changing from your typical human hues to a plant-like green. Their ears sharpened and their eyes became black.

Standing before Carol now was a group of Skrulls, led by an old friend of hers.

“Talos, you green son of a bitch,” Carol chuckled, walking over to give her friend a hug, “And here I was hoping I’d never have to see your lime-colored ass again.”

“I see your taste in snark hasn’t changed,” he smiled.

“How’ve you been, man? Been a while since I’ve heard from your people.”

Talos’s smile dropped a little, “I’ve been better. Fury and his lot have been helpful, giving us jobs and a place to rest our heads. We’re a step closer to finding a more...permanent home.”

Carol couldn’t help but notice the shift in mood, “Guessing you heard the news?”

Talos nodded, “We don’t know how the Kree got past S.W.O.R.D.’s radar. We’re only lucky they haven’t found our base...yet.”

“It gets worse.”
“Oh, when does it not?”

“Yon-Rogg’s leading the charge,” Carol groaned.

“...I see.”

“Something’s wrong with him,” Carol began to explain, “He’s always been about the Kree way. Fighting alongside your men until death. Now, he’s been running away like a coward every fight, sticking around long enough to throw some taunts before booking it. I think something else is happening.”

“That or your little blood buddy lost his spine,” Talos joked.

Carol’s snickering got a reaction out of one of Talos’s entourage.

“You laugh as my people are now facing extinction because of the monsters you once served?,” the thin Skrull shouted out in anger, “As those same monsters are closer to finding out where our families rest their heads?”

“Calm yourself, Kl’rt,” Talos turned to his subordinate.

“Hey, look, we’re doing the best we can do right now,” Carol explained.

“You’ve destroyed countless of their ships before, yet this is too much trouble for you?,” the Skrull known as Kl’rt yelled, “I’m beginning to wonder if we should place all of our faith in the ‘great Captain Marvel’ anymore.”

“Enough,” Talos sternly faced Kl’rt, glaring down at him to shut him up, “It is the attitude of Skrulls like you that is warping the minds of our children.”

The Skrull’s argument hit Carol, feelings of guilt washing over her. The soldier wasn’t aware of all that she has been through, the chaos she’s had to deal with. But there was truth to some of things he complained about. As powerful as Carol was, she couldn’t solve every problem. There was a fear that if she somehow fell in battle, the Skrulls and any of the other races she’s fought alongside
would be destroyed by the Kree.

She shook her head, trying to dispel the annoying thoughts away, “Quite the company you have here.”

“Yes, well, I’ve heard your group is even stranger,” Talos raised an eyebrow at his comrade, “I’ve heard you even have the Asgardian king fighting besides you.”

Carol scoffed, “More like fighting with me. This woman...I’ve got no idea what’s up with her. She calls me up to join this mission, yet she keeps trying to drive me crazy. I swear, if the world wasn’t in trouble, I’d give her a photon blast to the face.”

“It only figures,” Talos shrugs, “You know how her people feel about the Kree.”

Carol’s head rose up quickly, “Sorry, back up. What?”

“You don’t know?,” Talos asked, “The Kree and the Asgardians have a...bitter history. Most know nothing of it. The Kree wouldn’t want to admit to losing against a group of sword-wielding warriors riding on flying horses.”

Carol took the information in, thoughts racing in her head. Unfortunately, she couldn’t ask more questions as she needed to stay on track, “I’m guessing you didn’t come here just to say hi.”

Talos nodded, “S.W.O.R.D.’s found something. That tech your gang got off the Kree. One of our top scientists up there, guy named Richards, he found something. The armor has trace amounts of vibranium.”

“What? Wait, you mean the stuff King T’Challa has?,” Carol asked, “I thought that stuff was only in Wakanda?”

“You speak of the Black Flerken?”

“Panther.”
“What’s a panther?”

“Nevermind,” Carol rubbed her eyes, “Really gotta take you to a pet store one day.”

“The substance didn’t originate from Earth. The planet it came from is long gone, but remnants still exist out there. Damn thing makes for some powerful armor and even better artillery,” Talos explained, “However, it’s a limited resource. If they want to invade this planet with enough firepower to wipe you out, they’ll need a heaping supply.”

“And the only place to get that is...Wakanda” Carol’s heart sunk, “I have to tell the others.”

She stepped forward and took Talos’s hand into hers, “Thank you. I promise you, all of you, I will not let the Kree take your home away from you.”

“Thank you, Carol Danvers,” Talos nodded.

Suddenly, a large beam shone from the sky. Carol looked up to see a cloaked spaceship pull the Skrulls up, the last thing Carol seeing being the thankful look of Talos and the angry mug of Kl’rt.

As the blonde sighed, a cough was heard behind her.

“You know, I knew aliens existed, but a part of me hoped the whole little green men thing was wrong,” Wanda looked up with amusement at the spaceship as it flew off.

“Believe me, there are far weirder things than those guys out there,” Carol chuckled.

“They seem to really like you.”

“Yeah, well, who doesn’t?,” Carol cheekily smirked, “Not gonna lie, you would fit right in up there.”

Wanda scoffed, her signature red mist flowing around her fingers, “I don’t even fit in down here.”
“Well, neither do I. Get in line, Maximoff,” Carol joked, “Now, come on. We need to get everybody together.”

…

T’Challa and Hope walked across the courtyard, trying to clear their heads.

“God, I really needed a break,” Hope sighed with relief, “A whole damn day and so far nothing.”

“It has only been a day, Doctor. Results take time,” T’Challa explained.

“Well, we’ve got a massive armada coming to destroy us all so time isn’t exactly on our side,” Hope rebutted, “My parents could solve this issue in a damn snap if they were here.”

“Why aren’t they here exactly?,” T’Challa asked, “I would assume Dr. Strange sent them an invitation.”

“No,” Hope shook her head, “They didn’t want to come. Said it was too risky. Coming out into the open, it just wasn’t safe.”

“I thought the government pardoned your family?”

“They did. It’s just...My parents made a lot of enemies and if we want to keep our research going, we can’t risk doing anything too...public.”

“I’m not sure ‘public’ means the same to Americans as it does to me,” T’Challa joked, “Unless keeping a low profile involves wearing a suit and fighting alien soldiers.”

“This is already super risky for me,” Hope explained, “I mean, I love being the Wasp. I love saving people, fighting bad guys, doing more than hiding, but...I still can’t help looking over my shoulder thinking something bad’s coming my way.”
“I’m assuming your husband convinced you to join.”

Hope burst out into laughter, “Scott’s not my husband!”

“Oh, my apologies. Your partner?”

“...Yeah, let's go with that,” Hope shrugged, “He pushed me a little, but it was my choice. And now I’m hoping that I’m not gonna pay for it.”

T’Challa nodded, “You know, I believe I can understand what you are going through.”

“Really?”

“For years, Wakanda kept itself hidden. I, as well as my father and his father before him, we all had to hide what we were capable of in fear of what would happen. So far, it hasn’t been easy, not in any way, but...It was needed. The world needed the Black Panther.”

Hope snickered, “Funny, from what I’ve heard, you’ve been a bit reluctant to put on the uniform.”

T’Challa sighed, “Yes, well...turning to ash does that to you.”

…

“Absolutely not!,” Rhodey yelled, “Sam, this is insane! What the hell do you think you’re doing letting some Fortune 500 dumbass in a suit join the team?!”

“I’m with the Scrap Metal on this one,” Valkyrie looked to their leader, “I get that we’re backed into a corner here, but does he really seem like the type of man we need for this?”

“Oh come on, man,” Sam groaned.
“I’ve seen people like him before. Who rush in with no plan and hope that their ego and confidence can get them as far as they need to be. Guess which type of people were the first to fall on the battlefield,” Valkyrie explained.

“Look, is Osborn a bit of a showboat? Yes! But he turned the tide against the Kree twice now and that was just as a rookie!,” Sam pointed out.

“If that was enough to be an Avengers, I would’ve joined long before,” Strange sarcastically commented.

“Wilson, it’s not just your world on the line here. It’s mine too!,” Valkyrie looked at the ex-soldier, “My people will be wiped out if that half-wit’s blunders end up costing us this war!”

Strange contemplated for a minute before speaking up, “I agree with Wilson.”

“Are you serious, Wizard?,” asked Brunnhilde, incredulous.

“I swore an oath to protect this world and I will do whatever it takes to uphold that oath,” Strange explained.

Rhodes bitterly snickered, “Yeah...I think we all know that.”

Strange swiftly turned his head to Rhodey, the two staring at one another for a moment in silence. Valkyrie couldn’t help but notice how Stephen’s hands began to tremble uncontrollably.

“Colonel Rhodes, are you sure there’s nothing else making you uncomfortable with working with Osborn?”, Strange squinted his eyes at the colonel suspiciously.

Rhodes hesitated, “I think I could ask the same of you...I just think he’s not ready.”

“Rhodey, none of us are ready,” Sam walked over to him, “Look around you! Half of us want to tear each other apart, we’re still several steps behind the Kree, and we can’t even get our shit together! This guy might be an asshole, but maybe we need an asshole if we’re gonna make it out of this alive! If you can’t take that, then what the hell are you still standing here for?!”
The two faced each other, standing eye-to-eye. Rhodes was a bit taken aback by Sam’s sudden change in tone, but he’s never been the type to back down. Sam was already dealing with a shit ton of stuff on his plate and he didn’t need the cherry on top that was more bickering.

Thankfully, before something could break out between the two, T’Challa and Hope walked in, confused looks on their faces.

“I’m assuming this is a bad time,” Hope looked at the two comrades facing off against one another.

“Unless you want us to watch as you strike each other down like crazed gorillas,” T’Challa joked.

The rest of the group arrived as well. Hope noticed Scott’s shifty looks and Strange saw Peter’s uncertain glance.

“What’s the deal, gang?,” Osborn asked in a comedic tone, “We’re on another wacky adventure?”

“You are asking for me to punch you, aren’t you?”, Rhodes muttered.

“I’m sorry, what’s happening?,” Peter asked.

“We’ve decided to let the rich man join our little crusade,” Valkyrie told them, “Hope you enjoy the jokester in the metal suit before he ends up getting us all blown to Helheim.”

“Yes!,” Osborn pumped his fist in the air, “You’re not gonna regret it. I’m gonna do whatever it takes to make sure this goes well.”

“Well, we’re gonna need all the help we can get,” Carol barged into the room, Wanda behind her.

“Danvers, what’s going on?,” Rhodes asked.

“S.W.O.R.D. just dropped by,” Strange told the team before Carol could say anything.
Carol tilted her head, “How-?”

“You think a giant spaceship just plopped right through here without me allowing it?,” Strange smirked.

“Could’ve used that skill earlier, Sideburns,” Carol joked before returning to a more serious demeanor, “They figured out where the Kree are going to strike next: Wakanda.”

Fear struck T’Challa as the world slowed down around him, “What?”

“The Kree are using vibranium for their weaponry, but they need a new supply of it soon,” explained Carol.

“I think we all know the only place they can find that,” Wanda sighed.

T’Challa walked to the middle of the room, eyes widened with terror, “We need to go. NOW!”

Sam nodded. However, before he could say anything, Osborn butted into the conversation.

“Alright, men, we’re about to roll out! Strange, any of your little Harry Potter buddies you can convince, bring ‘em along. Peter, King T’Challa, Lang, grab as much of that Kree tech as you can. We could use that over there. I hear they’ve got some kickass labs down there and we need as much firepower as possible. Everyone...suit up.”

The group stood still for a minute, amazed by the billionaire suddenly taking charge.

“Well, are we waiting for Christmas? Let’s go, people! Planet to save and all!”, Osborn waved his arms.

The team quickly did as the man told them, rushing out of the temple. Sam walked over to the Iron Patriot, trying to get a read on him.
“Sorry, was that your cue over there? Didn’t wanna steal your thunder,” Osborn apologized.

“Let’s just go,” Sam groaned, already regretting this.

…

Far from Earth, a massive ship hovered in the empty blackness of space. Within it, soldiers walked through the halls, devoted to protect the vessel with their lives.

Yon-Rogg marched through the area, opening a door into a small room. In the middle of the room was a small teal square that he began to kneel upon.

He closed his eyes and when he reopened them, he was no longer on the ship, but rather a massive white world, the light almost blinding him. The commander scoped the area, looking for the one he was supposed to meet.

“Yon-Rogg.”

Yon turned to see a figure in the distance, one with pale white hair and green Kree armor. The figure kept its back away from Yon, who kneeled in respect to the being.

“Intelligence,” he spoke almost in reverence, “I am honored to be in your presence once more.”

“As you should be,” the Supreme Intelligence replied, “How goes the plan?”

Yon faltered a little before answering, “All is going well so far. The humans are unaware as to what we have in store for them.”

“Our troops?”

“Only three of our useful men have fallen to battle,” the commander explained, “As for the others...It matters not. Sending prisoners of war and freaks in monstrous gear was a brilliant move on your part, Intelligence.”
“Of course it was,” the figure chuckled, the laughter causing the commander’s spine to shiver, “Why send the best of the best for some shithole of a world like C-53 when we can send the disposable, the broken?”

“Intelligence,” the commander’s voice trembled, “I know it would be...dishonorable to fight alongside enemies of the empire, but...isn’t it also dishonorable to not face this challenge head on?”

The being tilted its head to the Kree, “I can only hope this isn’t about wanting revenge against Vers?”

Yon’s words were caught in his throat. Before he could say anything, green tendrils began to slowly wrap around his body. They slowly pulled Yon down to the floor, lifting his head up so he could face his superior.

“Yon, you have served my people well,” the being began to walk over to the man, “The spitting image of a true Kree soldier. Yet you allow your feelings for the human to cloud your judgement.”

“I only wish to uphold our values,” Yon gulped.

“And you will,” the Intelligence soothingly stated, stroking the man’s face, “Once you complete the assignment. Now...will you do that?”

A tear ran down Yon’s face as he was forced to stare his ruler in the eyes, the image of the being horrifying him, “Yes. Whatever must be done will be done.”

“Good,” The Intelligence said, Yon’s own voice coming out of the being’s mouth and Yon’s own smile covering the being’s face.

…

At the ship’s cockpit sat three Starforce soldiers: Minn-Erva, Att-Lass, and Bron-Char. Minn-Erva’s face was heavily scarred, her own goggles fused to her after her last battle on Earth.
Yon entered the room, his face appearing disturbed.

“How did it go?,” Att-Lass asked.

“The Intelligence has been informed,” Yon explained, his voice hoarse, “We will commence as planned.”

“Are you okay, sir?,” Bron-Charr wondered.

The commander cleared his throat, “I’m fine. What’s important is that we signal our troops. Set coordinates for the nation of Wakanda.”

“Perfect,” Minn-Erva smiled maliciously, “I cannot wait to watch that planet burn.”

“Remember the objective, Minn-Erva,” Yon sternly told his subordinate, “You know your roles. You know what we must do.”

After a moment of silence, Att-Lass spoke up, “So, Vers is really there?”

The commander sighed, “Yes, there is no doubt she will be.”

The crew nodded solemnly. Although they attacked her, they still remembered her time with their crew. And Yon...he couldn’t help but think of the more fond memories of the human. However, they had a mission and they were going to do whatever it takes.

“Alright. The dispensable ones are prepared to be deployed. Let us begin,” Yon-Rogg straightened his composure.

“For the good of all Kree!,” the three soldiers chanted.

Yon nodded slowly, his voice quieter than the others, “For the good of all Kree.”
The team walked through the golden portal, the morning sun of Wakanda glowing on their faces. The sound of airships passing by filled their ears as the group was stunned by the spectacle of the nation.

“Holy shit,” Hope breathed, amazed.

“You can say that again,” Scott smiled.

They walked down the path leading them to the palace of the royal family. Rows of Dora Milaje soldiers lined up next to the team, saluting their king as he passed by them.

As they proceeded forward, Carol noticed the look on Valkyrie’s face. Brunnhilde gazed at the Wakandan soldiers standing beside them with a look that resembled nostalgia. As though seeing all of this was bringing back fonder memories.

At the front of the palace stood Okoye and T’Challa’s family. T’Challa’s back straightened as he bowed to his mother.

“Mother,” he smiled.

“My son,” Queen-Mother Ramonda greeted her child, embracing him with a hug, “I see America has not been good to you.”

He grinned, “It is...an acquired taste, I suppose.”

“Fine neighborhood you got, buddy,” nodded Osborn as he smiled around before sauntering over to Ramonda, reaching his arm out for a handshake, “Howdy, Norman Osborn. Pleasure to meet the woman responsible for such a fine young man-”
Before the billionaire could take another step, Okoye swiftly aimed her spear right at his chest, her eyes laser-focused on him.

“Well, I’ve had worse first introductions,” Osborn chuckled.

“Okoye,” T’Challa cleared his throat.

Ther warrior pulled her weapon away, her gaze still on Norman.

“If this is how you treat me, I’m curious how you’re gonna treat my entourage once they get here,” Osborn chortled.

“Pardon?,” T’Challa turned to him.

“Oh, I hope you don’t mind. I’ve been making plans for spreading Oscorp outside the nation. Wakanda’s definitely somewhere I can see the brand thriving.”

Okoye’s withering stare turned to T’Challa, who could only wince and look away. Shuri, on the other hand, was giggling, enjoying the show.

“Now, where’s the lab around here?” Osborn smiled, “Been dying to get a look at the tech you guys have been cooking up.”

“Our ship shall take you over to my laboratory,” Shuri raised her arm to the large black jet to the team’s left, “Unless you wish to embarrass T’Challa some more, which in that case, please, continue to do so.”

T’Challa looked down to the ground, “I could have been an only child.”

This earned him a light slap to the chest from his mother.

“Alright then,” Sam nodded, “Let’s get a move on.”

“I will meet you over there when I finish,” T’Challa turned to the Falcon.
“What’s up?”

“I must convene with our army,” the king explained, “It should only take a small amount of time.”

“Of course,” Sam nodded before looking over to his teammates, “You guys go on ahead. I’m sticking with your majesty over here.”

“You do not need to, Mr. Wilson,” T’Challa hesitated.

“I wouldn’t mind going with you,” Valkyrie spoke up, “Might as well see what manpower this country has.”

“Okay, Parker, the tech-wizzes, and I are gonna get on the Kree tech. If we’re gonna win, we need to fight fire with fire. Rewire their weapons, upgrade armor, give me something that can go boom,” Osborn smiled.

“Alright. Get to it,” Sam nodded.

As Shuri led the group towards the vessel, the royal family, the Asgardian, and the ex-soldier marched into the massive building.

…”

“I have died and now I am in science Nirvana,” Peter exhaled, the glowing walls of Shuri’s lab entrancing him like a moth to a flame, “God, if MJ was here now.”

“Are you sure Strange didn’t open a portal to space, because I’m pretty damn sure we’re not on Earth right now,” Scott stared around.

They entered the lab’s center, where rows of Black Panther uniforms were lined up and gadgets and gizmos of all shapes and sizes were stacked up on steel tables. Holograms flashed around the area as a massive window showed the team the massive vibranium mines that the nation took pride
“The mines of Wakanda,” Osborn grinned, “As I live and breath.”

Strange began spinning his hand in circles as more portals opened up, giving the team a doorway to their tech room back at Kamar-Taj, “Will this place work?”

“Oh, trust me, this is perfect!” Hope grinned as she began walking through the vortex, picking up their items to begin bringing it over.

“It better be!”, Shuri exclaimed, “I’ve been waiting years for my brother to bring his crazy American friends over here and I will not have them call my lab anything less than exceptional!”

Peter began laughing with glee, “This is spectacular! My girlfriend and I always talked about coming here one day and I figured, I’m friends with Mr. T’Challa-Well, okay, maybe not ‘friends’ friends, but I watched the videos about Wakanda and I’ve always wanted to-!”

“Wait, wait, wait, I’m sorry, are...are you Peter Parker?” the princess asked.

“Uh, yeah, yeah, I’m-I’m Peter Parker. You know me?”

“Ha! Holy shit!,” the girl smiled, “You’re the Spider-Boy! From Youtube!”

“Um, Spider-Man, but yeah!”

“I’ve been watching your videos since you first appeared! I remember having the honor of saving your ass in New York!”

“Yeah, that was a weird way of coming back to life,” Wanda spoke up in the background, using her powers to lift the Kree armor over.

Peter chuckled nervously, “Yeah, that was epic by the way! The way you all ganged up together to take those guys on! Honestly, you were so epic over there! I thought we were all gonna die!”
Shuri scoffed, putting on an American accent, “I’m a bad bitch, you can’t kill me.”

“You watch Vines?” Peter perked up, a big smile on his face.

Rhodey noticed something flash in Strange’s eyes when Peter said that he thought they were all gonna die. He looked down and noticed how Stephen’s hands were beginning to tremble uncontrollably.

“Uh, Strange?”

The doctor cleared his throat, “I...I’m gonna go...get some air. Be right back.”

“Oh, um, okay,” Rhodey watched as the sorcerer walked off. He sighed, noticing trauma when he saw it. All he could do was take a page from Sam’s book and try to give Stephen space.

“What’s with him?” Osborn asked, “Figured the guy in charge of an entire society of sorcerers would be a bit more...strong-willed, I guess.”

“Guy’s been through a lot, Osborn. Back off,” Rhodey growled.

The smug look on Osborn dropped a little, his tone becoming somewhat more apologetic, “Right. I guess the hero life takes a toll eventually. I mean, I can note a few shining examples around here.”

Osborn may have been trying to be subtle, but Rhodey knew exactly who he was referring to.

“Christ, why the hell Wilson brought you on is beyond me,” Rhodey pinched his eyes in frustration.

“Now, is that any way to talk to your new teammate, Colonel?”

Before Rhodey could reply, Shuri spoke up, “Ey! Tin-Man #2, do you mind lending a hand?”
“I’m sorry?”, Osborn shook his head in confusion, “Tin-Man?”

“Unless I’m referring to Colonel Rhodes, then I don’t see anyone else in a metal suit!”

Osborn looked a bit taken aback, “I’m sorry, you do know who I am, right?”

“Let me guess, Propaganda-Man?,” Shuri asked sarcastically, pointing at the patriotic colors on Osborn’s suit.

Rhodey chuckled, enjoying the look on Osborn’s face. Peter couldn’t help but snicker a little, quickly clamping up before Osborn could notice.

Osborn faltered a little before walking over, muttering under his breath, “Rich coming from the princess building war suits after your country’s god.”

“Hey, get to work, Propaganda-Man,” Rhodes joked.

…

On the other side of the lab, Wanda was staring out the window at the massive amounts of vibranium being mined, a somber mood in the air. She remembered it all like it was only yesterday that hordes of aliens barged through the nation’s borders. Only yesterday that a mad man seeing himself as a god claimed to know the pain she felt. Only yesterday that...she lost her love.

From behind her came Carol’s voice, “You alright there, Red?”

“Hm?”, Wanda turned her head around, “Yeah, just...been a while since I’ve left my own house.”

“It’s been a while since I’ve been to my own house,” Carol chuckled, “Heard you did some damage last time you were here.”

Wanda scoffed, “You don’t know the half of it.”
Behind the two, a few other Wakandan scientists passed by. Wanda gave them a small wave and in return, she received their hateful stares.

“Abomination,” one mumbled under their breath, hoping that the two heroes wouldn’t hear them.

Carol’s fists clenched, sparks beginning to fly, “Hey, wanna say that again, asshole?!?”

“Just ignore them. It’s what I do.”

“What the hell was their problem? I thought you and the others were cool with the Wakandans. You saved their lives, risked everything, and now-”

“Well, they were fine with me,” Wanda quickly interrupted before her gaze returned to the window, “Before they found out that I was a mutant.”

Carol sighed, “You know, I’ve been hearing a lot about this whole mutant thing. Why’s everyone getting so worked up about it?”

The Scarlet Witch giggled without humor, “The world suddenly find out that there’s a race of people out there born as literal ticking time-bombs and you think they wouldn’t be concerned?”

“Oh come on, I’ve read what little news Fury was able to send me. Not all mutants are dangerous.”

“Yes, well, tell that to the people chanting for our blood. To the bastards who shoot us down the second one of us grows wings or starts reading minds,” Wanda’s expression darkened, “We could save the world ten times over, sacrifice it all, but they’ll still hate us.”

Carol looked at her teammate with sympathy, recognizing how the woman felt. She remembered how her Skrull allies were picked off left and right simply for existing and she remembered helping in that fight for a “greater good” that turned out to be a sham.

“I’m sorry,” the intergalactic hero reached her hand out to comfort the girl in red.
Wanda lightly batted the hand away, “It’s...It’s fine. It’s nothing I’m not used to. Back in Sokovia, everyone wanted to kill my family. We were Jewish and Romani, so life was never a walk in the park.”

Carol shook her head in anger, “You know, I know a few guys like you. Hated just for existing.”

“From what I hear, you were one of the people shooting at us and calling us primates. At least, that’s what Thor’s friend said.”

“Oh, your majesty?”, Carol rolled her eyes.

“What’s her deal with you?”, Wanda asked, curious.

“God, I wish I knew,” the blonde groaned, “I don’t get it! This woman brought me onto this team, yet she keeps acting like I give a shit about getting back to the Kree!”

“Do you want to?”

“Do I want to get back to the genocidal extremists?” Carol sarcastically asked.

“I mean, makes a good back-up plan if we end up losing,” Wanda replied, shrugging.

The ex-pilot sighed, “That Valkyrie knows more than she’s letting on about the Kree. She knew about the Accuser ship. Her people apparently have some rivalry with the Kree. I just wish I knew what was going on in that head of hers.”

Wanda’s eyes lit up at that last statement, “I think that can be arranged.”

…”

“How are our defenses?”, T’Challa asked Okoye as they walked down the halls.
“We’ve warned all our troops of the oncoming threat,” Okoye answered, “All of the Dora Milaje, the Border Tribe, M’Baku’s best men-”

“And a semi-stable hundred-year-old man”, someone spoke up.

The group turned to see a familiar face walking over, his metal arm gleaming almost as much as his face.

“Oh, yay, the return of the Robo-Hobo,” Sam snickered, “Still couldn’t find a barber around here?”

“Still couldn’t find better insults, you glorified seagull?”, Bucky joked.

“Now, you’ve crossed a line, Barnes,” Sam feigned anger before putting a hand on his ally’s shoulder, “How’s it been, man?”

“Meh, just a life of goats, farming, and NOT getting involved in more alien invasions.”

“Yeah, well, sometimes life just kicks us in the arse, doesn’t it,” Valkyrie stepped in.

“They told me you were a goddess. That true?”, Bucky asked, confused.

“Oh yes, very much. Now, bring me a human sacrifice, mortal. I’m sure your other arm will do just nicely,” Valkyrie chuckled.

Bucky smiled, enjoying the fact that someone was willing to joke around him rather than remember him only as the Winter Soldier.

“Sergeant, you do not have to return to the fight,” T’Challa sighed, remembering how much the man merely wanted a quiet life.

“Yeah, well, never been the type to run from a fight,” Bucky shrugged, “Besides, someone needs
to cover the winged wonder over here.”

“Aw, you called me a wonder,” Sam chuckled.

“Alright, keep it in the bed, you two,” Valkyrie cut in.

“Quite the cavalry,” Ramonda leaned over to her son, who watched his allies in amusement.

...

“Alright, righty-tighty, lefty-loosey,” Scott mumbled to himself. Off in the corner of the lab, he fiddled around with the piece of Kree tech, trying to get a read on the thing.

The tech kept on glitching on and off again as the ex-con used every trick in the world to come up with some type of solution. However, each time he tried, the thing couldn’t stay on.

“Gah, this is hopeless!”, Scott yelled as he tossed the thing onto the floor in anger, “What the hell’s the point?”

He covered his face, feeling like an idiot. His one chance to help his team and he botched it up once more. No matter what he did, Scott was always going to stay...small.

As he stared down at the device on the ground, Scott staggered back up, shaking his head. As he rose up, something dropped out of the pocket of the sweatshirt he was wearing over his uniform.

“Damn it,” Scott sighed, seeing the back of his phone facing him.

As he picked it back up, it turned on, his wallpaper flashing before him. Scott faltered for a second as he saw the image of him and his daughter playing around at Hank’s lab. He remembered how happy she was to see where her dad and his friends hung around. Hank and Hope were ribbing on him as usual, but Cassie’s pride in Scott had never been stronger.

A small smile crossed Scott’s face. He may not have been everyone’s hero, but he was her
Suddenly, an idea popped into his head, “Holy-!”

He picked up his phone and his tools and groaned, remembering how much this thing cost in the first place, “Ohh...here’s hoping this gig has a good salary.”

…

Strange stood outside, looking over the vast wilderness of Wakanda. Normally, he’d be happy to get out of the colder regions of Kamar-Taj, but now, being so close to this place, a growing emptiness reached his guts.

Suddenly, the grasslands around him suddenly burst into flames. Then to ash. Then to nothingness. The skies went from blue to red. From being covered in flaming Wakandan jets falling to the ground to massive warships setting the earth ablaze.

All Strange could hear was either the horrifying emptiness of silence or the deafening noise of his teammates crying out in pain.

“Strange, what the hell is happening?!,” Wilson’s voice called out.

“Not like this...Not like this,” T’Challa coughed weakly.

“SCOTT?! SCOTT?!,” Van Dyne cried out in fear.

“Mr. Strange...I don’t wanna go,” Parker whimpered.

The trembling in the man’s hands grew stronger and stronger, sweat beginning to bead down his head as these visions danced before him. Everything and nothing all before him, all in the palm of his hands. He could be their god. Their devil. Their hero. Their villain.

Thankfully, as Marshall Mathers once said, the doctor “snapped back to reality” and the scenery
As he panted, trying to catch his breath, he felt someone tug his cape, “Excuse me?”

Stephen quickly spun around and burst out his golden shields, his face contorted into a look of rage.

“AH!,” the boy yelped, raising his arms into the air, “Whoa whoa whoa! Don’t kill me, please!”

The man’s eyes widened as he realized that he was about to strike a boy. He looked up to see three jets slowly land, men in body armor walking out with guns in their arms. Before him as a chubby young boy, a clipboard in his hand and fear in his eyes.

“Sorry”, Strange asked.

The kid’s look of fear turned to shock and awe, “Oh-Oh my gosh, are you-You’re Doctor Strange! Oh my gosh, Peter told me everything about you! Can you really turn back time?! Can you?! I mean, are we talking Harry Potter logic or-?”

“I’m sorry, who are you?”

“Oh, right! Uh, I’m Ned Leeds, I’m here with Norman Osborn. He here?”

…

T’Challa strolled through the halls of his own home, one he missed with all of his heart, with the only thought on his mind being a single person.

As he turned the corner, the Black Panther saw a massive room where the many soldiers of Wakanda were training. Women in red and gold garb, warriors with glowing blue cloaks, a menagerie of different fighting styles and weaponry.

However, only one person caught his attention as he watched her swiftly disarm the two younger
trainees she was fighting against and pinned them to the ground.

T’Challa snickered, “And you said being a spy was better than being a soldier.”

Nakia looked up and smiled before moving towards her lover, bringing him in for a soft hug.

As the two embraced, T’Challa placed her hand on her fiance’s cheek, “This is much better than a hologram.”

“I don’t know. Your face looks better digitalized,” Nakia joked as she leaned in for a kiss.

A cough from behind the two turned their attention to those behind them. As Ramonda and Valkyrie smirked, Sam and Bucky awkwardly stood there. Okoye, meanwhile, rolled her eyes at the two, hoping she could hide a small smile.

“Sorry, should we be here for this?”, asked Sam.

T’Challa cleared his throat, “Nakia, I am sure you remember Mr. Wilson and Sergeant Barnes. This is King Brunnhilde of New Asgard.”

“Ah, the glorious fiance,” Valkyrie bowed, “Your man over here hasn’t shut up about getting back home since we started. Who knew the apocalypse could bring people together?”

While T’Challa tilted his head down in unease, Nakia pinched him teasingly on the cheek.

“If you are done, I am sure the troops are losing their patience,” Okoye’s voice rose up.

“You truly love to ruin the moment, don’t you?”, T’Challa jokingly asked.

…
The teens babbled on about science as they began fiddling around with the Kree’s gadgetry. Hope and Rhodey watched the two banter, amazed by how fast the two were bouncing off of each other.

“You know, I know the Black Panther suit is really special to Wakanda and everything and I don’t mean to sound insane, but how hard do you think it’ll be to build a vibranium Spider-Suit?”, Peter stuttered.

“Oh, is Stark Tech not cutting it anymore?”, Shuri replied.

“No! No! It’s going great! It’s just, seeing Mr. T’Challa-”

“Mr. T’Challa?”, Shuri snickered.

“Er-King T’Challa blasting people away with just one punch, sneaking around the dark, it’s so badass!”

The princess chuckled, “HA! You think T’Challa is badass?! Give me an hour, I’m sure I can find some baby pictures that say otherwise!”

“Pfft! Bet he was shredded even back then.”

“I do not need the image of buff baby T’Challa right now!”, Shuri laughed, “So, I must ask, how did you get your suit to stick to the walls? I’ve been getting close with my designs so far, but it’s always temporary.”

“Oh, that’s not the suit.”

“What?”

“Yeah, that’s all me.”

“Wh-You are serious?!,” Shuri exclaimed, “That is incredible!”
She immediately grabbed his arm and began looking over his hand, “Okay. Okay. I can put this under a microscope, analyze texture, certain chemicals exerted. How willing would you be to donate a skin cell?”

Peter pulled his limb away, shocked by the girl’s sudden interest, “Uh, do you really need a suit that sticks on walls? I mean, your design’s already incredible.”

“Oh, I know, it’s a masterpiece,” Shuri bragged, “But just because something is great does not mean it can’t be made better. Anything can be improved upon.”

Peter’s eyebrows slowly raised up. Those words, the way she said it...They hit hard. It sounded exactly like something that Tony would say.

“You know, maybe when we finish up here, you think I could take a look at those Panther uniforms?,” Peter asked, “I mean, not trying to say your designs are bad. I just really want to see if there’s anything I can do. I’ve got some friends who could also-”

“You really like to ramble, don’t you?,” Shuri asked, amused, “Believe me, I’m used to crazy white boys hanging around my lab looking for trouble. You’d blend right in with Sergeant Barnes.”

Peter let out a small chuckle, “Cool!”

As the two conversed, Osborn was less focused on adapting the Kree weaponry to his armor and more busy staring at the laughing Peter, an unreadable emotion on his face.

“What, you jealous?”, Rhodey snickered.

“You joking?”, the billionaire scoffed.

“Let the kids have their fun. I remember being like that when I was younger. Always building new gadgets in my dad’s lab,” Hope smiled before looking around, “You guys seen Scott?”
“Mr. Lang? No,” Osborn shrugged.

“I’m sure regular-sized man’s just going on a walk or something,” Rhodes shrugged.

Suddenly, speak of the devil, Scott immediately enlarged behind the War Machine, “Hey, guys-!”

Rhodes yelped and socked Scott straight in the face. Thankfully, the colonel wasn’t wearing his armor. Otherwise, Scott probably would’ve been on the floor, seeing stars.

“Scott, are you alright?!,” Hope reached out to her partner.

Scott staggered, dazed and confused, as he held is nose in pain, “Oh...Oh, is something bleeding? Yep, something’s gotta be bleeding.”

“Quite the sneak attack, Mr. Lang,” Osborn noted, “Hope you didn’t make a theatric appearance just for that.”

“Uh, hang on. Things are spinning...Okay, I’m good,” Scott shook his head to clear it, “Okay, I think I’ve got something.”

He reached into his pocket and pulled out the Kree tech he was working on.

“The hell?,” Rhodey asked.

“We’ve been trying to take down those, what do you call them, Green Goblins?,” Scott stammered.

“Nice,” Peter nodded, happy that someone else was willing to use the nickname.

“And I’ve been thinking, what if there was a way to take them all down at once?”, Scott grinned, an idea spreading through his mind, “I think this gadget is the key. I picked this off of one of the Goblins. If we rework it, we can gain access to all of their weird glider thingies. I think I’m close to breaking the code, but I’m gonna need a hand on this one.”
“Scott, you’ve been holding on to that? We’ve been looking for a piece of their tech all day!,” Hope looked at the ex-crook with exasperation.

“I know, but I really think I’m close with this one. I just need your help on this!”

Hope shook her head, “Scott-”

“Now, hold on, if Shrinky here was able to find a way to take down these Final Fantasy rejects, I say we let him lend a hand. I mean, what’s the point of a team if we don’t let everyone pitch in?,” Osborn smiled, placing a hand on Scott’s shoulder, “Now, Mr. Lang, what did you have in mind?”

“Well, if we’re gonna do this, we’re gonna need Marvel’s help. She may not know what these things are, but she knows Kree tech,” Scott explained.

“Alright, well, where the hell is Danvers?”, Rhodes asked, “And for that matter...Where’s Wanda?”

…

Valkyrie watched as the Dora practiced fighting against one another, their spears clashing against one another’s. A part of her wanted to jump right in and join the battle, the pang of nostalgia growing within her.

Okoye walked up besides her, analyzing the look on the Asgardian’s face with great focus.

“What? Do I make for a better show than your own warriors?”, Brunn asked in a snarky tone.

“That look on your face. I recognize it well,” Okoye bluntly stated, “You were a general once.”

“Yeah, once,” Valkyrie nodded, “Then, I traded that for a bottle, then a bottle for a crown. Odd how much can change in a millennium.”
The doleful look on Brunnhilde’s face led to Okoye making another observation, “I understand how you feel. The weight of many lives on your shoulders, looking to you for guidance.”

“Last time I was in charge…,” Brunn scoffed before a small tear almost welled into her eyes.

“It is difficult. Losing a sister in battle,” Okoye nodded with sympathy, “I shall never forget the faces of those I lost. Answer me this.”

“Yes?”

“This war we face...There is no way to avert it? To lead it away from my country?”

“From the looks of it...No,” Valkyrie admitted.

Okoye leaned in closer, “Then you must promise me with your life...that you will do whatever it takes to protect my people.”

“Big ask,” Valkyrie noted.

“I do not support my king joining you. I believe he has greater responsibilities to his country than working with this team,” Okoye explained.

“Value your honesty,” Valkyrie smirked.

“But I will fight alongside you. My nation has already faced too much and it does not need more loss. So please...can you promise me that you will do what it takes to keep my people safe?”

Valkyrie eyed the general, empathizing with the woman. It was a massive promise to make, but the Asgardian knew that if it were her people on the line…

“I promise,” Valkyrie nodded.
As the Asgardian king exited the training room, she stared down at the floor, a feeling of worry growing in her. She knew the battle was not going to be easy and she wasn’t too sure if the team could handle this new task. After all, last time she fought the Kree...

“Sup, Facepaint?”

Valkyrie turned to see Carol strolling over, a sly look on her face.

“Danvers? Aren’t you supposed to be helping the others with those weapons we stole from your blue buddies?”

“We’ve been making a lot of progress so far. Figured they could handle me being gone for a few minutes.”

“You do realize we brought you on for that Kree knowledge you’ve got in that head?”, Valkyrie pointed out.

“Aw, it’s nice to know you value my brains, not just my brawn,” Carol smiled with amusement, “Look, I was thinking about earlier. I’ve got a few questions for you, your majesty.”

“Busting out the ‘your majesty’, I see,” Valkyrie chuckled.

“Earlier, you knew about the Accuser ship’s failsafe. The Kree made it a point not to reveal that fact so that if one of our...their-”

“Nice save,” Valkyrie smirked.

“-Ships were destroyed in combat, they could take their enemies out with them,” Carol finished, “It’s only been done once or twice before and no one’s lived to tell the tale. So how do you know about it?”
Valkyrie raised an eyebrow, “Nice to know where your focus is, blondie.”

“If you know something, don’t you think it’d make sense to tell us?,“ Carol asked, “Put all the cards on the table? Give us more of an idea on what to do?”

“What I know is useless right now, so if you don’t mind, I’m sure you have places to go, because I sure do,” the Valkyrie patted the woman on the cheek mockingly before walking off.

Carol frowned, clenching her fists, “Okay, what is your deal with me?”

“Who said I had a deal with you?”

“All you’ve been doing so far is accusing me of being some type of spy for the Kree! If you didn’t want me here, why bring me on the team?”

“You think I wanted you? I only brought you on so the others would shut up about you!”, Brunn retorted, “You think Rhodes was going to assemble a group of super-fighters and not include the glowing warhead?”

Carol was taken aback a little surprised by the sudden reply, “I’m not whatever you think I am.”

“I helped you with Thanos and I’m working with you now for the sake of my people,” Brunnhilde made it clear, “But don’t think a few years of flying across the galaxy erases what you did.”

“And what exactly did I do?”

The two were right in each others’ faces, the tension so think that not even a knife could cut it.

“Be seeing you, love,” Valkyrie turned back around and began to walk off.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, something strange happened...well, strange for them.
Brunnhilde stopped mid-step, the Asgardian standing frozen like a statue. Slowly, she loosened up, but her face looked glazed over, as though she was in a trance.

Out of nowhere, her eyes glowed red.

The young Maximoff girl slowly snuck up from behind Brunnhilde, a scarlet mist flowing from her fingers.

“Are you sure this is a good idea?”, Wanda asked.

“I know it’s risky, but if she knows something that can help us out, we need to figure out what it is,” Carol explained, “You good with this?”

Wanda hesitated, but she slowly nodded, “Here we go.”

Chapter End Notes

Welp, that was a lot. Hope you enjoyed this chapter!

So, I've been considering changing some of the earlier chapters to fit better with where this story's going (emphasize more Peter dealing with being framed, emphasize Strange's trauma etc.). Wondering what you guys thought.
“W...Where am I?”, Valkyrie gulped, realizing that she was no longer in Wakanda.

She looked down and saw that she was no longer in her more casual black clothing, but rather a white-and-gold battle-armor. She touched her face and noticed her warpaint was now gone, no white markings at all. Her hair was now let down instead of in a tight bun or braids like usual.

“What in Helheim?”, she scoped the area, wondering what was going on.

Instead of T’Challa’s palace, she saw a dusty, horrid-looking terrain around her. A dark sky hung above the king and as the chill of the wind flowed over her skin.

“No...No, I-,” she began to stammer, horrified by the scenery.

A blast knocked her off of her feet, sending her flying away. The smell of smoke stung her eyes as she struggled to crawl away, the sound of bombs crashing into the ground piercing her ears.

“Oh, gods. Oh gods,” Brunnhilde whimpered as she lifted her eyes to the sky.

Enormous hordes of women clad in gleaming in armor soared through the air, riding on white horses with angelic wings. They carried sharpened swords and long spears as they charged into battle, screaming at the top of their lungs.

Valkyries. Other living valkyries. Her former sisters-in-arms.

Brunnhilde stammered, “H...How-?”

Other warriors flew besides the army of Asgard, alien men and women on flying vessels rushing into battle.
As she rose up from the ground, she saw that the army was flying towards a massive black cloud. As much as she squinted, Brunnhilde couldn’t make out what they were charging towards.

However, once the valkyries drew closer to the colossal mass of smoke, something enormous began to emerge from it.

A Kree Accuser ship, just as large as the one that attacked her team in Kamar-Taj, slowly arrived, looming over the battlefield. Smaller ships appeared from it, firing at the godly warriors with rage.

“No...No, that’s not-,” the king began to panic as missiles from the spacecraft began firing towards her comrades.

The pegasi ducked underneath each bomb sent towards them and the warriors were able to jam their spears right into the enemy ships’ engines, but there was still a wave of Kree coming for them.

Brunnhilde wanted to dash over to join the battle. To draw her sword and fight alongside her sisters. But she felt like she couldn’t move. It was as though she were a statue, forced to stand still and watch.

None of this made sense to the Asgardian. She couldn’t be here. This was impossible. Because this battle…

This battle ended centuries ago.

…

“A war? Against the Kree?”, Carol asked the mutant, a concerned look on her face.

Wanda was holding the Asgardian in a trance, with Brunnhilde standing frozen as red mist swirled around her head.

“That’s what I’m seeing.” Wanda nodded, “Her people on some planet fighting one of those ships that tried to wipe us out.”
“How the hell did I not know about this?”, Carol asked. Two of the largest empires in the universe going head to head and no records of it? Nobody to tell the tale?

Wanda’s eyes slowly began to grow brighter, “It’s been so long since I’ve done this...Forgotten how it felt.”

Carol eyed the scenario carefully and, while she was relieved to finally be getting some answers, something about this felt...wrong. The way Brunnhilde mumbled in a whimpering tone, how her body shivered in fear…

Something about it reminded her of how the Supreme Intelligence probed her mind. Did whatever it took to force the captain into servitude.

“You’re sure this isn’t hurting her?”, Carol asked.

“I have it under control. Don’t worry,” Wanda nodded.

However, Brunn’s words painted a different story, “Please...please, no…”

…

Wakanda’s king and future queen stood to watch their soldiers practice, the sound of clanging spears and vibranium weapons powering up filling their ears. While Nakia’s eyes were on her brothers and sisters in arms, T’Challa’s pupils kept turning to his fiance.

Nakia noticed this and turned to her lover, “What?”

“What? Can I not enjoy the view?”, T’Challa laughed.

“Oh, so I’m the view now?,” she laughed, “Calm yourself, your majesty. It has only been a couple of days.”
“It feels as though it has been far longer,” T’Challa breathed.

“Yes, well, next time you return home, please try not to bring an alien invasion along with you, alright,” Nakia joked. She laughed a little, but slowly noticed how his face turned to the ground, his smile fading.

“I cannot believe that our people must deal with this again,” he sighed, “Invaders from other worlds who believe our fate is in their hands. Now, not only do I have our own people to worry about, but an entire planet.”

Nakia placed a hand on her love’s shoulder, “I know I convinced you to join this team and I still believe being an Avenger is the right choice of action. But if it truly is too much for you-”

T’Challa placed his own hand on hers, “It is...much to deal with, but I cannot quit now. Too much is at stake.”

Both of their gazes returned to the fighters before them, thinking of where their lives are going and whether or not they’ll make it out alive.

…

“Okay,” Shuri smiled, a look of excitement on her face, “Ready?”

Peter was shaking, nervousness and giddiness mixing in his heart, “Yeah, yeah, yeah, let’s do this. Wait, are you sure your brother’s cool with this?”

“If I say ‘yes’, will you pull the trigger?”, Shuri asked.

“Uhhh…”

“Come on, Parker! Surely you’ve done something without asking permission first!”

“Last time I did that, I almost blew up a boat.”
“Well, now, you are blowing up a mannequin,” Shuri pointed out, “Look, if you don’t want to, I’ll do it.”

“Yeah, why am I testing this out? Wouldn’t you want the pleasure?”, Peter questioned.

“Of course not! I want you to try it out!,” she denied.

“Why not?”

“Because then T’Challa will blame me!”, she flashed a smile.

The boy gulped before giving a side-nod, “Smart move...Alrighty. Let’s do this.”

In Peter’s hands was a massive rifle. While at first, it appeared like another one of the Kree’s arsenal, once Peter’s fingers started touching the gun’s sides, it lit up in purple colors, the texture rippling like the vibranium holograms.

In front of him was a mannequin with green sloppily painted on its chest and limbs and blue painted on its head to resemble a Kree soldier.

“Was there a point in painting it?”, Peter asked.

“Might as well be authentic,” Shuri shrugged as she began setting up the gadget on her wrist to become a recording device.

“Wait, is-is that a camera? Um, why-why do we need that?”

“...Research purposes.”

Peter nodded, not suspecting anything, “Cool. Y’know, I know a thing or two about cameras too. Maybe when this is done, I could maybe get one of those?”
“Of course!,” she agreed before quickly muttering to herself, “If you survive this.”

“Wait, what?,“ the boy asked right as he pulled the trigger.

The blast not only sent a burning bright purple beam of light to fly straight at the figure, but it also flung Peter back into the wall. Even his sticking abilities were no match for the power of this weapon.

He crashed into the side of the wall as the force from the gun also pushed the princess off her feet.

The two slowly rose back up, both of them clearly shaken up from the event, as they saw a smoldering pile of metal that was once the mannequin.

They both looked down at the gun in shocked silence and then at each other. After a second of shocked silence, they burst out laughing in amazement.

“HOLY SHIT!,“ they both cried out as their bellies ached with joy.

“OH MY GOD!,“ Peter couldn’t contain itself, “WE COULD HAVE DIED!”

“SWEET BAST, WE ARE SO BUILDING MORE OF THESE!”, Shuri pointed at the weapon.

As their laughter started to subside, Peter wiped tears from his eyes, “Holy hell...That...That was honestly...the hardest I’ve laughed...In a long, long time."

Snickers still came from Shuri’s mouth, “If we’re being honest...that wasn’t the biggest explosion I’ve had in this lab!”

“I’ve...I’ve really missed doing crazy stuff like this.”

“Yes, well, ‘crazy stuff like this’ is what we do best here,” Shuri slowly got back up before offering a hand to her new friend.
As they rose back to their feet, they heard someone clapping from behind them.

“Hooooly SHIT, man! OH MY GOD! THAT WAS CRAZY! WHAT THE HECK DID YOU PUT IN THAT GUN, MAN?! You straight up blew that thing to hell!”

“Ned?,” Peter’s grin widened as he recognized that voice, “NED?!”

The Spider-Man quickly ran over and pulled his friend into a tight hug, “Holy-! Dude, oh my God! You’re here! Wait, are you here? Did that gun mess with my head? Is this heaven?”

“It’s really me, dude!,” Ned grinned.

“Holy cow, wh-What are you doing here, man?!”, Peter asked, still a little confused.

“When Mr. Osborn calls, Ned Leeds is always there to answer!”, Ned spread his arms out, “Check it out, man! New suit! Fresh haircut!”

“Is that the new Os-Pad?”

“Hell yeah, man, comes with the job!”

“Holy shit, that is awesome!”

The two started giving each other their secret handshake, the camaraderie between them sparking like wildfire.

“Wow, is this what people call second-hand embarrassment?”, Shuri spoke up.

“Oh, Shuri, this is the guy I was talking about! Ned, meet Princess Shuri! She’s been helping me out with this whole thing!,” Peter brought his friend over to greet the Wakandan.
“It is an honor to meet Spider-Man’s guy in the chair,” Shuri gave a small bow to the boy.

“Ohmigosh, she called me the guy in the chair,” Ned quickly stammered.

“She did, yeah,” Peter grinned.

“This is the greatest day of my life right now.”

“Yes, and who do you have to thank for that?”

The three looked over to see the owner of that voice, Norman Osborn, who watched the teens with a smile. Standing beside him was a small group of men in body armor, their chests proudly displaying the Oscorp logo.

“You guys needed an army, I got y’all an army. Think of it as an early Christmas present,” Osborn grinned.

“So, these guys are gonna help us?”, Peter asked.

“Oh, Peter, these guys are total badasses! A bunch of ex-cops, soldiers, even ex-S.H.I.E.L.D! Name a big super fight and they were in it! Midland Circle, Triskelion, Battle of New York!”, Ned began to brag.

Osborn slowly walked over and picked up the rifle from Peter’s hands, “Cool gizmo you guys cooked up. You mind if I see a few of the design plans for this, ‘cuz, man, I could totally see this making bank.”

“In your dreams, colonizer,” Shuri slowly took the weapon from his hands.

“I’m sorry, what’d you call me?,” Osborn did a double-take.

“Wakanda made a promise to help the world.”
“Yeah, this is helping it,” Osborn quickly stated.

“Yeah, this is helping it,” Ned repeated the phrase, folding his arms.

“Neddy”, Osborn turned to his employee.

“Yes, sir,” the teen took a step back, obeying his boss.

“Yes, because the world needs more weapons,” Shuri rolled her eyes, “Look, we are only giving you this for the battle ahead of us. Afterwards, we will make sure all of this is returned and destroyed.”

“Destroyed?”, Osborn’s eyes widened with disbelief.

“What need does Wakanda have for guns?,” Shuri shrugged.

“Come now. Why waste all this time on something you’re only going to use once?”, Osborn pointed out, “I mean, now that Wakanda’s out in the open, I’m sure it’s better to keep a hold on this masterpiece in case-”

“I am sorry, who is the one running this lab? Who allows your men to walk around here?”, Shuri pointed out.

“Come on, Ms. Shuri, Mr. Osborn’s right! This stuff could save a lot of people in the right hands,” Ned tried to convince the princess.

“Really? You wouldn’t mind explaining now, could you?”, Shuri raised an eyebrow.

“Well, uh....I mean, guns usually....,” the boy began to stutter, “Um, I mean, well...You ever play Halo, because this is a very ‘Halo’ situation.”
Osborn facepalmed, a movement that caused Ned to shift uneasily. The boy turned to his friend and hoped for some back-up.

Peter looked between the two sides of this debate, wondering who he should help. Both sides had a fair point and a simple yes/no answer wouldn’t suffice.

“Here’s an idea,” Peter butted in between Ned and Shuri, “How about, once all of this is over, we get King T’Challa and a few other people together, find a nice quiet place, and have a chat about it! Easier to think when there’s less at stake, am I right?”

Shuri eyed her new friend and slowly nodded, “Alright. *After* the battle.”

As she walked off, Osborn turned to Parker with a curious, almost approving glance, “Nice tactic, Peter. Genius scientist, superhero, and perhaps the makings a negotiator? List like that, you’ve got a nice life ahead of you.”

Peter chuckled a little, somewhat embarrassed, as Osborn and his men walked off.

Ned bowed his head, “Well, there goes Mr. Osborn’s respect for me.”

“Come on, man, if one slip-up leads to total failure, then what does that make me?” Peter chuckled as the two began to walk back to the other side of the lab, “Oh, forgot to ask, how’s the eye?”

“Hm? Oh yeah, this,” Ned put a hand to his still bruised eye, “Yeah, still feels like I got hit by a train.”

...

The ex-soldier and the ex-assassin walked across the training room, watching the warriors prepare for battle.

“*You know, I gotta ask,*” Bucky pondered, “*Why aliens? Never demons or gods or...killer unicorns, always aliens.*”
“Unicorns?”, Sam chuckled.

“Weird world we’re living in,” Barnes shrugged, “Who knows? Next thing we know, Atlantis will turn out to be a real thing.”

“That will be the day,” Sam smiled, “Been a while since I’ve seen you.”

“Life on the farm’s been nice. Been traveling the world when I can. Seeing places.

“Hard to do when everyone and their mother’s got a hit on you,” Sam pointed out, “How’s the old think-tank been?”

“If you’re asking if I’ve gone nuts lately, don’t worry,” Barnes assured his ally, “The princess really did fix me.”

The way Bucky phrased that didn’t sound so sure of himself as he averted his eyes from Wilson.

“But enough about my sob story. How’s the shield been?”, Bucky asked.

“Okay, does this damn thing have an instruction manual?”, Sam lifted the weapon up, “I’ve been throwing this thing like five-hundred times a day and it never bounces back.”

“I mean, it doesn’t have to be a shield,” Bucky stated.

“Yeah, I don’t think a star-spangled pistol would help my image,” Sam joked, “What little there is.”

“noticed you’re finally wearing the suit,” Bucky smiled, “It suits you.”

“Yeah, well, I think you’re the only one who feels that way,” Sam sighed, “I gotta ask, when Steve got his powers, how’d he get people to follow him?”
“Honestly...I still don’t know,” Bucky admitted, “With Steve, there was just something about him. That eagerness. That determination to do right. How he stuck by his men...Even when it looked like they were too far gone.”

The Falcon eyed his ally warily, remembering the fights they had back when Barnes was still HYDRA’s puppet. The days of the Winter Soldier might be long gone, but those days...they still loomed over Bucky.

Sam sighed, “The offer to leave the fight still stands.”

“Yeah, well, it better sit down because James Buchanan Barnes doesn’t run when the going gets tough.”

“Okay. Wolf’s got fangs,” Sam’s brows raised, humored, “Well, let’s get to it, White Wolf.”

“Right behind you, Captain America.”

...

Brunnhilde looked around the planet’s surface, trying to find a way out of this hell, but it appeared as though there was no end in sight to this torture.

As she stood there, her comrades dropped to the ground like flies. White stallions and battleships crashed next to her, their riders plopping to the ground and lying deathly still.

“Odin help us,” Valkyrie whispered, re-witnessing this event making her want to stab her eyes out.

Suddenly, a massive tremor caused the ground beneath her to quake. She looked back up to see the troops of Asgard begin to overpower the gigantic craft. To most people, it would seem as though this was a victory for the valkyries.

But to Brunnhilde, “No...No, stop! STOP! GO! GET OUT OF HERE! GO!”
“GO! PLEASE! Please...Just go!,” the Asgardian whimpered, tears slowly beginning to roll down her cheek.

As Carol watched Brunnhilde panic, she slowly realized she made a horrible mistake.

“Alright, that’s enough,” she said to Wanda.

However, the mutant looked like she was in her own little world, unable to hear her ally’s request.

“Wanda, I said let her out!,” Carol repeated, a little louder this time.

Once again, Maximoff heard nothing.

“Wanda!,” Carol yelled as she dashed to pull Maximoff away from Brunnhilde.

The intergalactic soldier grabbed the mutant’s arms with her own golden glowing hands and tried to pull her away.

All of a sudden, the second she put her own fingers on Wanda’s, it felt as though the room started to spin and shift, her mind leaving her body. Carol tried to hold on to reality, but it felt like everything was coming undone.

“What the hell?”, Carol asked as she found herself next to Valkyrie on some desolate planet.

Brunnhilde turned to face Danvers, her look of fear turning to one of shock and confusion, “You.”
“Oh shit,” Carol breathed as she realized where she was, “Valkyrie, you have to stay calm. This is all in your mind. You just have to-”

Before she could finish, Brunnhilde lunged at her, her sword pointed at Carol’s face.

Carol’s eyes widened as she did everything she could to dodge the valkyrie’s slashes. Normally, a sword wouldn’t do much against her, but she’s seen the power of Dragonfang. That thing could’ve cut her into ribbons.

“Brunnhilde, wait! You need to focus!,” Carol shouted as she floated into the air, powering up.

“YOU!,” Brunnhilde yelled once more.

Carol hoped for her teammate to see her as an ally, not an enemy.

However, in Brunn’s eyes, Carol was another Kree soldier with blood on their hands. And that wasn’t a metaphor.

From Brunnhilde’s perspective, floating above her was a muscular Kree soldier, shouting extremist chants at her.

“FOR THE KREE EMPIRE! FOR THE INTELLIGENCE!,” the vision yelled at Brunnhilde.

“YOU TOOK THEM FROM ME!,” Valkyrie screamed.

“VALKYRIE!,” Carol shouted right before reality began to change once more.

The world shifted between a dark, dusty planet of war to a blank land of nothingness. A world that Carol recognized.

“No. No no no, not this,” Carol began to panic herself.
She turned to Valkyrie but instead of a snarky Asgardian king, there was a white-haired being in green armor.

“No,” the ex-pilot’s eyes widened.

The universe glitched like a faulty television screen, almost as though reality was being torn to shreds.

“Come back to us, Vers,” the being beckoned, its back still turned to Carol, “Come back and serve your homeworld.”

“NO!!,” Carol screamed.

She charged at the thing speaking to her, golden flames in her fists as she grabbed the thing by the throat.

The ground beneath them shifted back and forth, the sky going from blank nothingness to being filled with the corpses of fallen soldiers.

As the glitching became too strong and the world began making less and less sense by the minute, a massive ball of fire erupted in the sky.

The two women turned to see the Accuser ship begin to detonate, the entire construct ripping apart in flames.

“No...please,” Valkyrie whimpered once more, as the fires began to reach them, right before…

…

Valkyrie and Carol fell to the ground, the floors of T’Challa’s palace underneath them.

“Bloody hell,” Brunn mumbled as she slowly tried to get back up.
“God,” Carol muttered, her senses starting to come back to her.

They slowly looked up to see Strange staring down at him. His hands were covered in a glowing mist, one of them holding onto Wanda.

The Scarlet Witch looked extraordinarily tired, her pupils shifting from a bright red to a more human color. She went from a dull trance to a look of horror at what she did.

“What the hell is going on?”, Stephen growled.

…

As Scott and Hope tinkered with their device, the thing began to light up, a beeping noise emitting from it.

“Hey, you got it working?”, Rhodes looked over.

“We still haven’t completed the programming to shut the gliders down,” Hope noted, confused.

“Let me take a look,” Scott looked the thing over, “And you guys said this was a bad...idea.”

He faltered on the last word as both he and Hope shared a concerned look.

“What’s up?”, Rhodes asked.

“We have to go,” Hope gulped, beginning to adjust her wrist-blasters, “Get the weapons ready. Call up Strange and everybody else. We need portals here ASAP.”

Scott began throwing shrinking discs at a few of the artillery, putting the weapons in his pocket, “Oh man, oh man, oh man.”
“What’s going on?”, War Machine asked, growing more and more concerned.

“Get everyone together,” Hope looked Rhodey dead in the eyes, “The Kree are on their way.”

…

“I should gut you like a trout!”, Valkyrie shouted, the only thing stopping her from launching at Carol and Wanda being a glowing whip wrapping around her arm.

On the other side of the whip was Strange, “Calm down!”

“Oh, shut it, wizard!,” Brunnhilde snarled at Stephen before looking at Wanda, “You little witch. Did you enjoy taking a peek?”

Wanda stared at the Asgardian, her eyes widened with fear and shame, “I...I’m so sorry, I thought...I thought I was helping-!”

“What the hell made you think that would help me?!”, Valkyrie tugged against the rope on her wrist.

“Look, you want someone to blame, blame me!”, Carol stepped in front of Maximoff, “It was my decision.”

“What made you think that any of this was a good idea?”, Strange squinted his eyes at her.

Carol sighed, “I thought that she was hiding something about the Kree. Something that could’ve helped us against them. I thought.”

“Did you get anything useful?”, Strange asked.

Danvers faltered before slowly shaking her head.
Strange walked closer to the ex-pilot, staring her down, “We will talk about this later.”

He grabbed Wanda’s shoulder and began to slowly pull her away, walking her into a different room. Now, only Carol and Brunnhilde were in the halls, facing each other.

Brunnhilde glared at the blonde, “You had...no right to take me back to that day.”

“What happened?”, Carol asked.

“What? Did your red friend not provide you with the answers you so desperately wanted?”

“Can you blame me? You know about shit the Kree kept hidden from the rest of the universe! You hold some grudge against me like I did something to you! I knew nothing about any of this!”

Brunn started to reign back her rage, but she looked ready to blow, “I watched my sisters fall to those blue-blooded bastards. Innocents wiped off the face of the map, their legacies erased from the minds of others. Yet you still wear that symbol with pride. The emblem of imperialists and murderers.”

Carol scoffed, pointing at her suit, “This symbol, I wear it as a reminder. To remember what those monsters made me do. I wear these colors so I can never forget that, for all this power, I’m still human. I wear this because if there is a way I can make this a symbol for good, make all of this right, atone for what I did, then I will damn well do whatever it takes.”

The two stood facing one another, the tension growing more and more.

Brunnhilde silently but swiftly whipped out Dragonfang, staring Carol dead in the eyes.

Carol sighed, straightening her back and lighting up her fists.

However, before either could do anything, something crashed into the window behind them.

And the last thing the two heard before the entire hall erupted in flames was a high-pitched laugh.
You have no idea how much it hurts writing Brunnhilde and Carol like this. Anyways, hope you liked this chapter! If you have any thoughts just leave a comment! See you soon!
Hey, so I’ve edited some of the earlier chapters to make some changes regarding who knows Peter's identity. Basically, the idea is that now, he was able to convince most of the world that he wasn't Spider-Man. Now, only his friends on the AcaDec team, May, other superheroes, and Osborn know his identity. I’ll probably go into more detail on this in the future.

Anyways, enjoy!

“So, Hogwarts is real?”, Ned asked Peter in amazement.

“Yeah, basically,” his friend replied, “It’s really cool! You’ve got all these guys doing magic, opening magic portals and other dimensions! They kickass! Literally. They kicked my team’s ass.”

“Whoa, dude, do you think there’s a chance I could be a wizard?”

“If you want, Mr. Strange could probably add you to his class.”

“OHMIGOSH!”, Ned gleamed, “Could you imagine me as a wizard? ‘Ned, get me those files!’ Right away, Mr. Osborn! Then, boom! Open a portal! Get those files! Mr. Osborn adopts me!”

“Yeah! Wait, what?”

“What?”, Ned quickly ignored what he just stated a second ago, “Hey, so, how’s Mr. Osborn been doing by the way? New job and everything?”

“Yeah, he’s been doing good. Real nice. He’s been able to come up with a bunch of great ideas that saved our lives.”

“He’s pretty amazing, right? God, he’s...he’s kind of like Tony Stark in a way, right?”
“Ned, Mr. Osborn’s cool and everything, but no one’s ever gonna be Tony Stark. He was one of a kind.” Peter shook his head, chuckling, “You really like this guy, huh?”

“I mean, yeah! He’s helping me get through college. He’s nothing but nice to my family.”

“And the paychecks don’t hurt, I’m guessing?”

“Yeah,” Ned nodded wistfully, “It’s just...after Rand Corp, Hammer Tech...Even Stark Industries. After all of them denied my applications, Mr. Osborn brought me on. Carried me under his wing. He’s even teaching me a lot about how to survive in the business world.”

Peter turned his head, noticing something, “Wait, Stark Industries turned you down? Why didn’t you tell me?”

Ned sighed, “Peter, you’re my friend and all, but I can’t ask you for favors all the time. The Guy in the Chair must become the Man in the Chair sometimes.”

“Man in the Chair doesn’t have the same ring to it,” Peter tried to joke, but he couldn’t help but feel a little hurt that his friend didn’t come to him for help, “So, Mr. Osborn’s really someone you can trust?”

“C’mon, Peter, it’s not like he’s Mysterio or anything,” Ned chuckled.

Peter started to slow his pace, Ned’s words starting to sink in. He couldn’t lie, a part of him couldn’t help but think of Quentin every time he spoke with Mr. Osborn. How Osborn complimented him, joked around with him, it felt a lot like Beck. But at the same time, the stuff Peter found online about the man…

“Hey, you alright, dude?”, Ned turned, a concerned look on his face before he realized what he just said, “Oh shoot, man, I...I didn’t mean to bring up-”

“Nah, man, it’s alright,” Peter shrugged it off, “Look, I’m happy for you, man. Working with Oscorp. Moving up in the world.”
“Thanks, bro,” Ned smiled, grateful, “Hey, I’ve got a question.”

“Shoot.”

“You’re friends with King T’Challa, right? You think I could get a Panther suit?”

“In your dreams!”, Shuri laughed, looking up from her workspace, “Does every American boy want a Black Panther suit?”

The two boys shared a quick glance before looking back to the girl, “Yes.”

Suddenly, Peter’s back straightened, as he felt the hair on his body stand on its edges.

“GET DOWN!,” he shouted as he leaped off the floor, grabbing Ned and Shuri in his arms.

An explosion blasted through the windows of the laboratory, glass, and rubble flying everywhere as the children ducked behind a table in the middle of the room.

Peter tightly clutched onto the two as Ned began to hyperventilate, “Oh god! Oh god! Oh god!”

“How did they break through the glass?!”, Shuri yelled, trying to regain her focus.

“First question: Who is ‘they’?!”, Peter shrieked, ripping off his sweater to reveal his costume.

“HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!”

“Oh crap,” Peter mumbled, hearing the glider slowly enter the lab.

The three children slowly looked over the table to see three Green Goblins, all with orange bombs in their palms and malicious smiles on their faces as they began inching closer on their gliders.
“Well, well, well,” the creature at the front smiled, “A spider, a little princess, and a human potato. You should make good target practice.”

“Wow, this guy’s a dick,” Ned whispered to Peter.

The Goblin tilted his head, “Well, I know who I’m killing first.”

“NED, GET OUT OF HERE!”, Peter yelled, pushing his friend out of the way before jumping towards the floating freak.

The Goblins soared at the boy, one of the Goblin’s claws wrapping around Parker’s throat. Peter stretched his arms out and fired his webs at the Goblins flying past him at his sides. The white strands hit their backs and pulled them off of their hovercraft.

Shuri grabbed Ned’s coat and pulled him up, rushing the boy out of the lab, “Come on, boy! We need to move!”

A swift kick to the green creep’s face and Peter flipped back to the ground. All three Goblins slowly rose back to their feet and lit up their Goblin bombs, ready to strike the boy.

“Okay,” Peter mouthed numbers as he counted the number of villains, “Three against one. Uh, bit unfair. Can, like, two of you fly away, maybe?”

One of the Goblins chuckled, “Oh, I cannot wait to see what color you bleed.”

The three began rushing towards them, a flurry of green claws and flaming bombs. Peter ducked and leaped over each swipe. As one bomb was thrown at his face, he ducked out of the way and shot a web at it, slinging it back to detonate in his adversary’s face.

Two of the Goblins swiped down at Peter at the same time before he kicked them away. They slid across the floor on their clawed feet and chucked their orange weapons at the boy.

“OH SHI-!”, Peter yelped. He leaned as far back as possible as the bombs flew over his body, crashing right into one of his opponents and missing the other.

Meanwhile, Shuri was dragging Ned towards the exits, hoping to get the boy to safety.

“Move your legs, Mr. Leeds!”, Shuri yelled, “This way!”

Ned was putting his finger to his earpiece, panting heavily, “Hello, this is Ned Leeds! The lab is under attack! Mr. Osborn? ANYONE?!”

As she darted across the building, the princess looked back to see the Goblin’s gliders flying towards them.

“GET DOWN!”, she yelled as she grabbed Ned and pulled his head down, one of the three gliders soaring over them and quickly stopping to a halt before them.

The hovercraft swiftly launched itself back towards its owner, crashing right into Ned and dragging him away, screaming.

“HELP!”, the boy shouted as he gripped onto the thing for dear life.

“NO!”, Shuri yelled as she tried to help him.

Two of the gliders, however, flew right at her. One of them sliced at her arm and the two machines began pushing up against her, trying to crush her. She spotted one of her vibranium gauntlets on the floor and tried to reach out to it, but the gliders kept pushing up against her.

“Yes,” the last Goblin standing grinned, the smile causing Peter to swivel his head around.

Peter quickly avoided the thing as the Goblin jumped up and landed right on top of it at the perfect second. It took a moment before Peter saw his friend clinging to the board, shrieking for a hero.

“PETER!”, Ned screamed, his hand stretching out for his friend.
“NED!”, Peter shouted, “Hang on, I’m coming!”

Unfortunately, the two Goblins still there decided to attack. As fast as Peter was, Peter-Tingle included, the creatures were just as swift, stretching his arms away from his body and forcing his hands open so he didn’t fire his webs. Their feet began crushing down his legs as Peter’s senses were going haywire.

“Ooh, a stowaway!”, the flying Goblin smiled down at Ned, whose face was covered in sweat and whose fingers were growing quite sore.


The beast lifted his foot up and quickly slammed it down on one of Ned’s hands, “Hm. No super-strength. No tech. I’m gonna guess you can’t fly either.”

With one twist of a heel, the sound of Ned’s fingers cracking was heard.

“Adios, kiddo,” the green being smiled as he kicked the boy off the glider.

“HEEEEEEELP!!”, Ned screamed as his body plummeted down the vibranium mines.

“NED! NOOOO!!”, Peter screamed, tears welling in his eyes as his friend fell out of his sight.

For a moment, Spider-Man stopped struggling, horror coursing through his veins.

However, before he could react, two massive blasts took down the Goblins holding Peter and another managed to destroy the two gliders trying to turn Shuri into a Wakanda sandwich.

“What the-?!”, the last Goblin could barely get a word in before a massive laser blew him out of the air.
“Uh, is now really the time to mourn, Webs?”

The two teens felt a wave of relief as they saw Norman Osborn floating before them in his armor, Ned being carried in his arms.

Ned clutched his chest, hyperventilating, “Holy shit *gasp* Holy shit *gasp* Holy-!”

“Shit?”, Osborn finished the statement, “Did I get it right?”

The entire area shook as the heroes turned to see a fleet of Goblins flying towards them, ready to slay.

“Patriot to all fronts. I need back-up down in the mines!”, Osborn placed a call to his workers before looking to Peter and Shuri, “Alright, I’m gonna get the Boy Wonder out of here. My team’s on the way. Think you can hold ‘em off ‘till I get back?”

“We’re on it!”, Peter nodded, “Ned, hang tight!”

“Yeah, not planning on doing anything else,” Ned gripped tighter onto his boss’s armor.

“C’mon, Ned, not in front of the maniacal green men,” Norman rolled his eyes as his helmet covered his face and he soared out.

Shuri covered her hands with her gauntlets and pushed one of the beads on her necklace, vibranium armor covering her body.

“That one of your brother’s suits?”, Peter asked.

“Prototype. Not all of us can fit our super-suits under our clothes.”

“Yeah, it’s not exactly comfortable. Looks nice on you.”
“Tell me, are we really ‘on it’?”

“Yeah, no. Not at all.”

Shuri smiled, lighting up her tech, “Well, no use wasting time here!”

She dashed out the window and fired down under her, the blast propelling forward towards the battle.

Peter sighed as he tugged his mask down, “God, I miss Queens.”

He sprinted out the window and began swinging towards the oncoming fleet.

…

Carol groaned, brushing the dirt off of her face. Around her was rubble and darkness, the sound of flames and debris crumbling down being heard.

“What the hell?”, the blonde looked around, trying to get an idea of what happened. She remembered a massive blast crashing right into the building and her and the Asgardian falling through the floor.

She looked up, realizing that a certain king wasn’t next to her, “Valkyrie? Valkyrie, where are you?”

The captain quickly rose up, lighting up her fists in order to get a better view. She squinted her eyes and only a few feet away from her was Brunnhilde, her body pinned under a massive hunk of rock.

The king grunted, trying to pick the enormous piece of rubble off of her body, “I...am going to destroy those green bastards.”

Carol trudged over, cracking her knuckles, “Need a hand?”
“Oh no, I’m very comfortable lying down here, thank you very much,” Brunn sarcastically replied.

“Yeah, yeah, hang on,” Carol rolled her eyes as she grabbed the giant rock and began lifting it up, allowing Valkyrie to crawl out.

Carol reached out to grab Brunnhilde’s hand and pull her up, but the king instead swatted the hand away. She may have freed her but it was only a few seconds since Valkyrie was about to turn the blonde into an Infinity Stone-powered Shish Kebab.

“Where are the others?”, Valkyrie asked, trying to regain her senses.

“I don’t know,” Carol admitted, “Come on, we need to get to them before Yon’s army strikes again.”

The moment she said that, another explosion shook the building.

“Just had to say something,” Brunnhilde noted.

“Okay. Go out and find the others. I’m gonna take down Yon’s goons out there.”

“Oh, you’re giving me orders now?”

“Oh, so you know how to wipe out a whole fleet of warships with your bare hands?”

Valkyrie sighed before whipping out her sword, “Off to war we go.”

As the Asgardian leaped back up and darted down the ruins of the halls, the intergalactic warrior cracked her neck and sighed.

“Yon, here I come,” she muttered to herself before launching straight into the air and through the window.
She flew out to see five warships, all of their guns locked on her. With her fists stretching out forwards, Carol aimed herself at the spacecraft and began slamming right into them. Fire and smoke covered the woman’s eyes but she persisted.

...

T’Challa’s army marched outside as quickly as possible, the king and his future queen leading the charge with the general and the two ex-soldiers.

Sam touched his earpiece, panic in his eyes as he ran over the courtyard, “Danvers? Brunnhilde? This is Wilson! Where the hell are you guys?! Shit’s about to go sideways and it would be nice to have Miss A-Bomb and the sword-wielding badass over here!”

“We’ve got company! Yon’s fleet’s attacking south side of the palace!”’, Brunnhilde yelled.

“How did they even get past our shields?”, Okoye asked.

The earth trembled once more, sounding as though a massive vibration passed over everyone. The army looked up to see something pierce through the force fields protecting Wakanda.

An Accuser ship entered the nation’s airspace, slowly floating towards the army menacingly. It slowly hovered over the city and edged towards T’Challa’s troops.

“You know, you’d think I’d be used to giant armies from space by now,” Bucky noted, worry slowly growing.

"The city?”, T’Challa asked Nakia.

“Everyone is being evacuated as we speak,” Nakia answered.

Out of nowhere, Carol crashed down next to T’Challa, the king’s attention still focused on the oncoming threat.
“Valkyrie?” T’Challa spoke, wondering where the Asgardian was.

“Off looking for Strange and Maximoff,” explained Carol.

“You said these guys were after vibranium, right?” Sam asked Carol.

“That’s what Talos told me. Know where they can find any?”

T’Challa’s eyes slowly widened with horror, Nakia and Okoye turning their gazes to him as they all shared the same thought.

“The mines,” Okoye answered.

“Shuri,” T’Challa whispered fearfully.

Sam once again tapped the device in his ear, “Rhodey? What’s your status?”

“Sam, we’re heading your way. We think we’ve got something that can level the playing field!”, the War Machine replied.

“And my sister?” T’Challa joined the conversation.

“And Parker?” Carol included herself as well.

“Osborn and his crew’s got them covered,” Rhodes answered.

“Alright, I’m sending Danvers over to back you guys up,” Sam decided.

“No,” T’Challa disagreed, “Captain Danvers, we need you at the forefront. Cover the troops. Give us as much time as possible for us to prepare. Okoye, take the Dora to the mines. Get Shuri and Parker out of there and defend our mines. Spread the word. Everyone else, we board our ships and
“Protect this nation to our dying breaths! Understood?”

“Yes, my king,” Okoye saluted, her and her team proceeding to march towards the jets.

“Yes, my king,” Okoye saluted, her and her team proceeding to march towards the jets.

“On it, boss,” Carol nodded before blasting off into battle.

“Everyone...TO ARMS!”, T’Challa yelled.

His soldiers raised their weapons up and gave an energized yell, heading off towards their own battleships.

Sam stood there for a moment in stunned silence, amazed by the king’s leadership qualities. No one even hesitated to follow T’Challa’s orders. They quickly fell in line and trusted his leadership.

“Makes you wish you were king, huh?”, Bucky joked.

“Funny,” Sam bluntly replied before his wings sprung out from his pack, “Try to keep up, old man.”

As Wilson jetted away, Bucky exhaled, “I need to get me one of those.”

…

“Uh, you mind speeding up a little, man? We could kind of use a bit more thrust here,” Scott tried to get the War Machine’s attention.

“Backseat passengers don’t get to complain, Short-stack,” Rhodes replied.

Scott and Hope were holding on tightly to Rhodes’s back as they soared as fast as they could over the city.
“You sure this gadget of yours will work?”, Rhodey asked, concerned about the tech that was now kept within his armor.

Scott nodded, “Uh, yeah, I’m pretty sure. 95-percent sure. Um, 70-percent. A good 65-percent. Hope, help me here.”

“Look, the device should glitch out the Goblins’ tech”, Hope explained.

“Kind of makes me wish we did a test run before we got out here,” the colonel sighed.

A loud humming noise signaled Scott to turn around, causing him to gulp with fear at the sight of what was behind him, “Uh, we might get that chance right now.”

All three looked back to see scores of Goblins flying towards them, all cackling.

“HANG ON!”, Rhodey warned the two.

He began to swerve to the left, hoping to evade the oncoming fleet, but it would take a lot more to get away from these gremlins.

“All right, no more Mister Nice Machine”, Rhodey groaned.

“You got a plan, Metal-Man?”, Hope asked.

“More like a spontaneous decision. Hang tight!”

Rhodes spun over and lifted up his arms, guns coming out of his arms and massive cannons appearing from his back.

He began firing all he had at the Goblins, blowing up their gliders and causing them to plummet to the ground.
“Behind you!” Hope yelled out.

Rhodey turned and was quickly able to avoid a giant billboard in his way. He was now forced to narrowly avoid bridges and signs and whatever else came in his way, which was extraordinarily difficult when one was in a large suit of armor.

“Okay, keep it steady, Robo-Man. Ant-Man and the Wasp to the rescue,” Scott looked up, whipping out a few shrinking discs.

“Uh, the Wasp and Ant-Man, thank you very much,” Hope raised an eyebrow, readying her stingers.

“Okay, we’ll talk about the branding later.”

The Wasp released her grip and let her body be dragged away by the wind. Her wings popped out of her suit as she propelled herself towards the armada. She fired her blasters to distract a few of the beings before growing back to normal size, her feet slamming into their faces. She continued to shrink down and expand as she jumped back and forth to destroy each of the Goblins.

“She can fight,” Rhodes spoke in awe.

“Yeah, she’s a badass,” Scott smiled wistfully, “Alright, let’s see what ants Africa’s got up its sleeve.”

He jumped off the metal-clad hero and was quickly caught by a flying drone ant, an entire swarm following right behind him.


“Scott!”, Wasp yelled through the earpiece, exasperated.

“Right! Here we come!”
The swarm began covering the Goblins. They weren’t able to pierce the armor, but they provided a good enough distraction. Scott began tossing his discs around, firing shrinking discs to take down the Goblins and growing discs at his ants. The ants would grow larger and weigh down the Goblins, causing them to fall.

Rhodey saw how some of the massive critters used their mandibles to crush their enemies, “Okay! Wow. Seeing a LOT of stuff I never wanted to see before today!”

“Yeah, I did not ask them to do that. These guys really like biting,” Scott admitted.

Suddenly, a clawed hand grabbed Lang’s throat and another grabbed his arms, preventing him from shrinking down, prepared to fillet the ex-con.

“Scott!”, Hope yelled.

However, before she could jump in and save the man, the Goblin tilted its head as though it heard something. It tossed Scott away, the man quickly grabbing onto one of the passing ants.

The Goblins began to fly upwards, letting the heroes go and escaping.

“Whoa, did the device actually work?”, Scott looked around, amazed.

“Hey, I didn’t use it,” Rhodes pointed out.

“Something else summoned them away,” Hope realized.

…

“STRANGE?! MAXIMOFF?! Where are you?!”, Valkyrie called out for the two, the side of the palace she was on in flames and barely holding together.
“VALKYRIE?!”, cried out Maximoff’s voice.

“Maximoff?! Where are you?!”

“Over here! Help!”, the mutant once again yelled.

Valkyrie was able to get an idea of where the voice was coming from and began dashing off into that direction, “Hang on! I’m on the way!”

“Hurry! I can’t hold on any longer!”

As the Asgardian drew closer to the source of the voice, she noticed that each yell for help sounded...odd. Almost sounding...glitchy.

Once she turned the corner, Valkyrie came face to face with three Goblins and three Kree soldiers, one of the green villains holding up some sort of audio device. All of them were standing in front of a massive pile of rubble, creating a large blockage in the hallway.

“Nice little gizmo, eh?”, the Goblin with the device smirked.

The king glared, her grip tightening on her sword’s hilt, “You have no idea how much I want your blue blood over my sword.”

“Take your shot!”, another Goblin interjected.

The Kree soldiers advanced, firing at the woman. She spun her blade as fast as possible, almost like a propeller, deflecting the blasts and slicing a few limbs off.

As Valkyrie skewered as many of her enemies as she could, the last remaining Goblin in the room prepared to fire at her when someone decided to join the fight.

A red tendril erupted from the rubble, stabbing the villain straight through the back. It screamed as red energy flowed through its veins, torturing every fiber of its being. It dropped to the ground,
“Bloody Hel?”, Brunnhilde looked at the fallen Goblin, stunned by the horrific act she just witnessed.

Slowly, the pile of rubble began to move, the same scarlet energy pushing it away. Through the remains of the halls floated Wanda Maximoff, her pupils glowing brightly and her coat flapping through the breeze.

An amber portal opened behind her, Stephen Strange rising through it.

“Quite the display,” Valkyrie tried to joke, but she was starting to grow a little terrified.

“Where are the others?”, Strange asked, concerned.

“We’ve got Kree warships coming in. T’Challa and his men are heading off to face the Accuser ship. The bug boy, princess, and rich idiot are fighting those flying monsters in the vibranium mines.”

“Alright. You two, find T’Challa,” Strange ordered as he began opening a portal over the Wakandan grasslands.

“And what are you going to do?”, Valkyrie asked.

“The Kree are after the vibranium and those three are going to be highly outmatched, even with Osborn’s crew backing them,” Strange explained.

Wanda nodded before reaching out to Brunnhilde, red mist swirling around the Asgardian warrior.

Brunnhilde gave a suspicious glance to Maximoff, clearly remembering that trip down memory lane the mutant took her on, before being carried off by the mist through the portal, Wanda flying right beside her.
Peter yelled with both fear and glee as he swung through the mines, leaping off Goblin after Goblin and knocking them off their gliders. He shot his webs at two Goblins and allowed himself to be dragged off by them like he was riding an invisible flying chariot, the webs acting as his reins.

“Okay! Here we go!”, he screamed as he dug his heels into the cavern’s walls.

He tugged hard at the webs and pulled them off of their gliders. The two villains were caught in the back of their necks by the web-head and were smashed together by Peter.

“Shuri?!”, Peter looked around, fearful for his new comrade.

“WOOOO-HOOOO!”, the princess yelled as she turned the power up on her gauntlets so high that she was blasting herself forward through the air. A single blast could tear apart the hovercraft of the flying menaces.

At one point, she began to quickly descend, plummeting towards what appeared to be a railway.

“HANG ON! GO LIMP!”, Peter yelled, kicking off one of the Goblins to gain momentum and reach the girl on time.

He spread his arms out and began gliding over to her. With a flick of a wrist, Peter’s webs caught Shuri’s back. A flick of his other wrist and his webs hit one of the tall sonic stabilizers on the railway.

The two sprung back with the web acting like a bungee cord, soaring through the sky and over the rails. As they passed by another stabilizer, Peter grabbed hold of it with one arm and held onto the web sticking to Shuri’s back with the other.

“THIS IS SO MUCH MORE FUN THAT DISNEYLAND!”, Shuri cheered as she fired her gauntlets at more Goblins, the web keeping her from flying too far forward.

“Okay! I’ve got an idea!”, Peter shouted at her.
He took a small jump off the stabilizer and let himself and Shuri fall to the ground, the princess being pulled back by the web still stuck to her body. He shot a web right underneath the railway and the two swung right beneath it like a pendulum.

“WOOOOO!”, the two screamed as Shuri fired her blasts at any Goblins coming towards them.

Once they reached the top of their swing on the other side of the railway, they hovered in the air for a moment, right in front of one of the Goblins.

“Uh, hi,” Peter awkwardly waved before firing a web-bullet at the monster’s face, the thing growling in anger at the distraction.

Shuri chuckled as she swiftly pulled the device on her wrist and snapped a photo of the foolish fiend, “Ha! Classic!”

Before they could descend once more, another blast from Shuri’s hands sent the two heroes flying back, crashing onto the railway.

“Why can I never just land on my feet?”, Peter moaned, his masked face on the ground.

“I swear, if T’Challa does not invite me to join you people, I will put on a costume and make my own super team!”, Shuri laughed, slowly rising back up.

“HAHAHAHAHA!”

The two looked over to find one of the fallen Goblins lying on his back a few feet away from them. His ears were busted, his left shoulder-plate was gone...

And his emerald mask was off.

Peter and Shuri shared a glance before they slowly began creeping closer to the fallen soldier. Shuri had her gauntlets ready and the lenses on Peter’s mask squinted. With a trembling red-gloved
hand, Peter reached out to get a better look at the thing under the suit.

“HAHAHAhaha..Ha...Ha.He-...Help me,” the thing weakly said.

A worried look was traded between the princess and the spider as they edged closer.

Peter gulped, “H-Hello?”

“HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!”

Peter’s senses suddenly tingled. He and Shuri quickly backed away when an orange bomb suddenly crashed into the fallen Goblin, exploding on impact.

The two teens peered up to see a green figure in a purple hooded cloak slowly hover down from the sky on his massive glider, his smile flashing brightly and his yellow eyes staring down at them.

“My, oh my!”, the head of the Green Goblins grinned, “The fun we’re going to have together.”

...

The Kree’s army hovered over the kingdom, a massive shadow blotting out the sun. The Wakandan troops arrived on the scene on their massive airships, Sam flying right above them.

“Bast, protect us,” Nakia whispered as she eyed the gigantic vessel.

“It is not too late to turn around”, T’Challa told her.

Nakia pondered for a moment before smirking, “What type of a queen would that make me?”

_By the Goddess, I love this woman_, T’Challa thought to himself.
“If you lovebirds are done, we’ve got a country to protect here,” Sam spoke on the comms.

“Really love ruining the moment, don’t you, Wilson?”, Bucky replied, raising his weapon.

The jets eventually came to a halt in the middle of the city, a wide area with only some trees and grass. Right in front of the Wakandans was the floating figure of Carol Danvers, who was staring suspiciously up at the ship.

T’Challa’s jet slowed down right next to Carol. The king and queen walked closer to the Infinity-powered hero while his army began to exit the craft and march on the ground.

“Nothing so far,” Carol spoke, her eyes scoping the area.

The Falcon descended, staring at the vessel, his goggles enhancing his vision, “Not picking up anything.”

“They the type of aliens who like making an entrance?”, Bucky asked, firearm in hand.

Suddenly, a beam of light came from the ship and, just like with Kamar-Taj, Yon-Rogg appeared from it. This time, his Star-Force buddies decided to join up with him, all of them with looks of rage on their faces.

“So this is where it all happened,” the Kree commander’s eyes darted over the African nation, almost relishing the moment, “Where trillions of lives were wiped out with a mere snap...I remember that feeling. Watching my comrades fall down before me. Feeling my own skin become dust to be swept away by the wind.”

“Yay, a sob story from the psychopathic alien,” Sam interrupted, “You’re not the only one hit by Thanos, asshole.”

Yon couldn’t help but smirk, “So brazen. A part of me admires that in your species.”
“Yeah, that’s a load,” Carol chuckled without humor, “What was it you told me? ‘Our emotions are a weakness?’ ‘Never let them take control of you?’”

As hard as he tried, At-Lass let out a short laugh, only silencing once given a glare from Yon.

“You guys seem to be doing great,” Carol noted, “Love the new look, Minn. Really brings out your eyes.”

“Crash and die in your own flames, Vers,” the sniper coldly replied.

T’Challa stepped forward, looking Yon right in the eyes, “You are aware of the history behind my nation? Then, you should know that the Mad Titan himself was only a mere hindrance to my people. You will leave this planet and you shall not return if you value your own safety.”

Yon took a few steps forward, hoping to intimidate the Wakandan, “And if we don’t? If we decide to raze this land to the ground and show your world who’s truly in charge?”

Carol stepped forward and lit up her fist, a bright flash erupting from it and surge of warmth passing over everyone. Yon’s soldiers took a few steps back, concerned, but Yon stood his ground.

“Then we’ll just have to remind you why you don’t mess with Earth,” she smirked, clearly ready to put this man in the ground.

Yon stared her directly in the eyes for the moment, his expression hard to read. It was as though he was deeply contemplating something. After a moment, he made a decision, “We only wish for your vibranium. In an hour, my army will be given access to your vibranium mines. If we do not receive this access within the hour, we will strike.”

Minn-Erva looked to her commander, confused, “Sir, that wasn’t-”

“One hour,” Yon sternly repeated, “Better make a decision fast.”

The Kree were beamed back up to their ship, leaving the Wakandan army to make a decision.
“Shit,” Sam muttered.

…

“What the hell do you think you’re doing?”, Minn yelled, confused and exasperated.

“Watch your tone,” the commander stated, walking through the halls of his ship.

“The orders were to attack without hesitation. Wipe the city away immediately,” Bron-Char argued.

“Change of plans.”

“You speak of disobeying the Intelligence?”, Att-Lass asked, concerned

Yon swiftly turned to the three, the furious look on his face silencing them.

“Keep the ship’s cannons focused on the city. If they strike us before the hour passes or fail to meet our demands, then we scorch this place and take what’s ours.”

“Yes, Commander,” the three nodded, marching back to their stations.

Before she left, however, Minn turned around, curious, “Why give them time anyways?”

The commander was silent for a moment before answering, “What is a Kree but honor-bound.”

“…You know she’s not coming back, right?”, she stated.

Yon paused for a moment, thinking over the sniper’s statements before heading off, preparing for
attack.
Chapter 20

Chapter Summary

Time for Wakanda to go to war

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“What a cute, little bug you are,” the Goblin mused, edging closer and closer to the two teenagers, “Funny how a tiny insect such as yourself can take out so many of my troops.”

Peter and Shuri turned to one another, wondering how they should react.

“So you’re the boss of the Green Goblins”, Peter breathed.

“‘Green Goblins?’”, the creature snickered, “Wow, such creativity there! Not a bad name, though! Nice ring to it!”

“What are you?”, Shuri asked, gauntlets raised at the villain.

The thing snickered, “Me? Fair question. I’m just a humble servant of something far greater than me. Someone willing to do whatever it takes to succeed and not at all afraid to get their hands dirty doing so!”

“Oh gosh, he’s one of those cryptic villains,” Peter sighed.

“And you’re one of those jokester heroes,” the thing laughed, “It’s cute, frankly. The plucky sidekick of the great Tony Stark trying to achieve the same glory as his mentor. I can almost respect it, honestly.”

“I’m no one’s sidekick,” Peter rebutted.
“But the rest is true though, right? That desire for recognition. Your need to jump into battle.”

“If I wanted the fame, I wouldn’t wear the mask,” Peter pointed out.

“Oh, we all wear masks, little boy,” the creature smirked, “The real question is… ‘What’s underneath yours?’”

“Why did you kill your own soldier?”, Shuri asked.

“Well, you know the saying,” it shrugged, “‘Loose lips sink ships.’”

“So, what, are you from Earth or do you just like reciting World War II slogans?”, Peter asked.

“So many questions,” the Goblin chuckled, “Honestly, this is nice. Us finally having a little heart-to-heart. Unfortunately, you’ve got your job…”

The creature lit up another bomb, the orange glow covering its face, “I’ve got mine.”

A burst of hideous laughter echoed throughout the caverns as all of the soldiers the two defeated slowly hovered up on their gliders and surrounded them on all ends, flaming bombs in each of their hands.

...

“An hour?! An hour?!”, Sam yelled, exasperated, “If they’re gonna give us time, maybe, I don’t know, three hours or something!”

“Why even give us time in the first place?”, T’Challa asked Carol.

“The Kree are total assholes, but they’re honor-bound. They believe in giving their enemies a little time before the slaughter begins”, the blonde explained.
“How courteous,” a certain Asgardian descended from the air, followed by a mutant clad in red.

“We really only have an hour?”, Wanda asked.

“More like fifty minutes but who’s counting?,” Bucky looked over to her.

“So, what’s the deal? We give them their vibranium and they leave, right?”, the mutant asked Sam.

“It’s not that simple,” Sam shook his head.

“If the Kree get the vibranium, they can cause untold levels of damage to the rest of the galaxy”, Carol pointed out.

Bucky asked, “And we can’t shoot them out of the sky because...?”

“It’s set to explode if we take it down”, Sam explained.

“Of course it is,” the ex-assassin sighed, “So what exactly do we do?”

“What we should’ve done the second they arrived. Take ‘em down fast and hard,” Carol explained, her body posture showing she was itching for a fight.

“Slow your roll, Lite-Brite,” Sam ordered.

“What? Just because they’re going to keep their end of the deal doesn’t mean we should let them go,” Carol told the others, “They will destroy everybody else if that metal gets in their hands.”

“We barely survived their last attack,” Wanda pointed out, “Maybe if we do this, they’ll leave this place alone.”

“I’d rather not have the blood of the rest of the galaxy on my hands,” Bucky muttered.
Sam raised his hands up, trying to calm his allies down, “Guys, hang on-”

“I say we attack head-on,” Carol stated, “No point in talking about it. This is going to end in a fight no matter what we decide.”

“We need to give them the vibranium”, Valkyrie suddenly spoke up.

The others looked at her, amazed by her response. Here was the one who throughout this venture has adamantly stated her hatred for the Kree saying that she wanted to take up their deal.

“I’m sorry, what?”, Carol did a double-take.

“If we don’t give them the vibranium, they will kill everyone here,” Valkyrie explained, her voice taking on a more serious tone.

“They will kill everyone period if they get that stuff!”, Carol exclaimed, “Aren’t you the one who wanted to coat your little blade with their blood?”

“Do I want them dead? Of course. More than anything. But do I want everyone here to die because of some rock? Believe me, sometimes we need to give into someone else’s demand if we are to survive.”

Brunnhilde’s gaze turned to the grass, as though dark memories were seeping into her mind. While Carol slowly pieced together what the Asgardian was thinking about and could somewhat sympathize, she couldn’t let the universe she spent the last few decades protecting fall under Kree rule.

“King Brunnhilde, I understand your concern, but Captain Danvers is correct,” Nakia spoke, “I would rather lay my own life on the line rather than the lives of countless innocents.”

“... What if the king is right?,” T’Challa suddenly stated, as though it hurt saying those words.
“T’Challa?”, Nakia looked to the king, astonished.

The king took a breath, contemplating what he just stated, “... I cannot allow my people to be put in more danger.”

“So you’d rather condemn the rest of the universe to the Kree’s wrath?”, Carol laughed out of surprise.

Nakia viewed her fiance with disappointment, “T’Challa...After everything we have discussed, you believe this is the right decision?”

T’Challa could only stand there in silence as guilt and shame covering his face. He couldn’t even look into his wife’s eyes, “Nakia...I cannot let Wakanda be destroyed again.”

“We have made it our mission to provide aid to the world,” Nakia stared her husband in the face, “Yet this is how you wish to proceed?”

Sam was starting to grow fearful, “Okay, everyone. This isn’t getting us anywhere.”

“We didn’t give up the Mind Stone when Thanos arrived,” Bucky interjected.

“That was different. Thanos threatened the entire universe,” Wanda pointed out.

“And so are these guys! Sam, we can’t just give in. What’s the plan?”, Bucky turned to the Falcon, hoping that the ex-soldier had some idea of what to do.

Sam shook his head, “Guys, just let me think for a minute! Okay, so it’s either let them take the vibranium and possibly destroy the rest of the galaxy or tell them to shove it and have them tear us a new one.”

“Sam, we can’t give them the vibranium”, Bucky stated, “That’s basically handing a nuke to the enemy.”
“The enemy’s already got their ‘nukes’. We give them the metal, they don’t launch them at us”, Wanda disagreed.

Sam shook his head, his mind spinning out of panic, “Maybe if we hand it over to them now, we can catch up to them and attack when their guard’s down!”

“That’s too risky. They could end up lightyears away by the time we mobilize,” Nakia argued.

“I don’t see how this is a debate!”, Valkyrie raised her arms up, “Bird-Man, your call?”

“Look, we still have, like, fifty-five minutes to come up with a decision,” Sam addressed the group, “Let’s just think this through calmly before we agree on what to do!”

Carol groaned before she began to charge closer to the massive ship, her fists lighting up, “Screw this. We’ve only got one shot here and I can’t miss it!”

“Hey!”, Valkyrie shouted, grabbing the woman’s wrist.

“I’m not one of your Asgardians, ‘your majesty’,” Carol growled, pulling her arm away, “We can’t stand here and let the rest of the universe be destroyed!”

“Of course. Rushing off recklessly, even when our lives are on the line,” Brunnhilde scoffed.

“I’m not going to be judged by a hypocrite who talks about fighting her enemies when she would rather cower and hide,” Carol growled.

“Danvers, slow your roll right now,” Sam ordered, stepped forwards.

“You think you can just put us all in danger?”, Valkyrie glared.

“Lady, our lives are always in danger. The only difference is that I’m not running,” Carol scowled.
“Danvers, that’s enough!”, Sam shouted, marching forwards.

“Then why don’t you hurry up and make a decision?”, Carol replied, “You wanna call the shots? Fine. But are you gonna take a side or just lean in the middle?”

Sam could only stand there, unable to think of anything to say. He couldn’t allow Wakanda or anyone here to be hurt, but if they let the Kree off with the vibranium, everyone else was doomed.

The ex-soldier’s silence caused Carol to sigh, her face showing a sense of disappointment and frustration, “I’m sorry...But I can’t let anyone I care about die.”

She quickly charged up her fist, preparing to throw a mighty blast of energy straight at the ship.

“NO!”, Brunnhilde yelled as she launched herself onto the captain, bringing Carol down to the floor.

However, that didn’t stop the cosmic beam from being shot right from Carol’s hand.

The blast sped through the air, its course changed by the Asgardian’s sudden intervention. It flew through the sky and scorched one of the wings of the vessel. It didn’t cause considerable damage but just enough to spread a deathly silence over the human army.

Carol and Brunnhilde slowly rose off of the ground, both looking up in complete silence. T’Challa stepped right in front of Nakia, placing a protective arm in front of Nakia. Wanda and Bucky scoped the sky, wondering how this enemy would react.

Sam stood there, slowly reaching for his pistol, “Guys...”

Out of nowhere, the sound of an entrance opening up was heard. They all paled as they saw a horde of smaller Kree ships exiting the ginormous Accuser ship, all of them soaring downwards towards them.

A beam of light shone from the back of the ship, further away from the Wakandan army and deep within the city. Everyone stood still, waiting to see what was coming for them. The sound of
marching was heard as everyone’s guard was up.

Out of the city charged an enormous army of Kree soldiers, all of whom were armed to the teeth and looked as though they were prepared to murder the heroes. The army may not have been as large as Thanos’s troops, but it was still pretty damn large.

The worst part, however, was the enormous cannons aiming right at the city, preparing to wipe out everything and everyone.

“Oh no”, Sam spoke with fear.

A missile was shot right out of the spacecraft, barreling towards the skyscrapers of Wakanda.

Carol blasted off into the air and began aiming for the side of the missile, crashing right into it and putting all of her energy into pushing it off course.

“Wanda”, Sam turned to his old friend, a silent order being passed between the two.

The Scarlet Witch nodded as she lifted herself off of the ground, red light glowing from her hands. She began using her powers and wrapping the smaller ships with crimson mist, crushing them telekinetically and flinging red blasts at them.

“T’Challa,” Sam gulped, “Make the call.”

The king’s uniform covered his face as he unsheathed his claws. Nakia lit up her ring blades, getting into a stance to prepare to charge forwards. Their troops readied their weapons, the jets preparing to take off into the sky.

“Do not let the fight enter the city. We strike. Now,” T’Challa glared at the oncoming Kree troops, “WAKANDA FOREVER!”

Upon that yell, all of the heroes rushed into battle. Sam took to the skies, his pistols in his hands. Valkyrie unsheathed two blades and darted forwards. Bucky readied his machine gun and charged into battle. The soldiers darted across the field, spears and shields in their hands and the burning
desire to protect their homeland in their hearts.

The two armies collided with one another, spears clashing with alien armor, lasers crashing into vibranium shields. T’Challa leaped into the air, claws out. He landed the soldier at the front and began slicing away, his hands swiping at any enemy in his way.

Brunnhilde slashed at the soldiers with her blades, aiming at whatever vital organ was available for her. She yelled with rage as she attacked her enemies, even jabbing both of her weapons straight into the chest of an alien she leaped upon.

Sam fired his pistols at the soldiers flying down in their airships, hoping his weaponry could pierce the windshields of the craft. He lifted his body up so he was gliding on his back, his feet crashing right into one of their jet engines and causing them to fly off course, crashing into one of their allies.

He dove under Wanda’s red energy, hoping not to be one of the Scarlet Witch’s next targets, “STRANGE?! PARKER?! YOU READ ME?! RHODES?! ANYONE?! I’LL EVEN TAKE LANG!”

…

“HOLD ON!”, Peter yelled as he grabbed Shuri and leaped to the left, falling off of the railway.

He shot a strand at the side of the railway and while holding the princess, swung under the structure. Flaming explosives flew right down at them, laughter flooding their ears. The two were flung up in the air as Peter released his grip. Peter fired his webs down at the head Goblin and Shuri fired her gauntlets at any of the other freaks coming for them.

However, the Goblins swiftly flew out of the way with each attempt from the teens.

They landed back on the ground and continued firing their projectiles at the enemies but they continuously dodged them. One by one, the creatures dived down after them, claws stretched out and ready to slaughter. Peter was able to block some of the attacks, but they were clearly overpowered.

“Aim for the engines!”, Shuri yelled as she tried to hit the gliders.
However, the Goblins were agile. It was almost as though they could sense what the two were planning.

Desperate to escape the chaos, Peter flicked his two wrists and pulled himself off of the ground, his body being pulled forward and his feet sticking to the side of the pillar.

“Shuri!”, Peter shouted as he began firing webs down at Goblins surrounding her.

He was able to hit the ones surrounding the princess as her gauntlets destroyed their gliders while they were stuck to the ground.

The boy leaped forwards, shooting a strand at Shuri’s back and another at one of the pillars. As Peter swung away from the attackers, Shuri’s body faced them, firing down at any of the Goblins following them.

“Shootshootshootshoot!”, Peter couldn’t stop panicking.

“Keep swinging! I have this!”, Shuri shouted at him, but the tone of her voice hinted that she was starting to freak out as well.

Suddenly, Spidey’s Peter-Tingle went off. Before he could even react, the head Goblin appeared out of nowhere, a swift swipe at Peter’s head putting the boy in a choke hold. The sudden stop caused Shuri to swing forwards.

“Good effort! I can see why everyone likes you!”, the villain gleamed.

Peter tried reaching for the being’s mask, hoping that maybe getting a look under the thing could be a little helpful.

Instead, a blast from Shuri knocked the two off of the glider and back onto the railway. The Goblin rose back onto his clawed feet to see the two scientists on both of his sides. Both of them had their arms stretched out, ready to take down the enemy.
“Stand down,” Peter glared.

“Final warning,” Shuri snarled.

The Goblin straightened his back, raising his fists up, “I can do this all day...but I won’t though! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!”

The thing cackled as his glider suddenly appeared, pulling him off of his feet and rising higher and higher into the air.

The crowd of green soldiers slowly drew closer and closer to the heroes, sinister smiles on each and every one.

“Why can’t it ever be one on one?”, Peter moaned to himself.

“Where’s the fun in that?”, Shuri joked, putting herself in a fighting stance.

“Can’t say this was how I thought I’d die.”

“Neither can I. Life is full of surprises, I suppose.”

As the creatures slowly advanced forwards, something propelled through the air and crashed into the ground between the villains and the heroes. With a swift jab, a vibranium spear pierced straight through the Goblin nearest to the children. The weapon was pulled out of the Goblin’s chest so quickly that the monster was thrown off of the platform.

Okoye straightened her back, her stern glare focused on the attacking fleet as she stood protectively over the teens.

“Some more welcome than others”, Shuri smirked to Peter, who even under the mask was visibly relieved.

The emerald fleet turned around at the sound of marching feet to see the Dora Milaje charge
towards them alongside Osborn’s security team, the Iron Patriot floating from above.

“Not too late to join the party?”, Osborn asked.

“Well, this is usually the part where we all assemble, so...”, Peter looked around awkwardly before shit went cray-cray.

...

“Come on! Come on! Come on!”, Carol groaned, trying to prevent this nation from ending up in flames.

The weapon crashed into the side of the building but Carol was able to pull it away far enough so the impact didn’t lead to the bomb detonating right away. With all her strength, she pulled it upwards into the sky and gave it one last push before blasting away.

As the bomb detonated in the air, Carol evaded the blast radius. Once she was far enough, she gave a massive clap to blow away the flames so they didn’t reach the city.

She sighed out of relief before the sound of another cannon firing was heard. The captain turned her head to see another missile come her way, this one directed right at her.

She propelled herself through the sky, firing her cosmic energy right at the explosive. As the weapon blew up, Carol flew straight through its flames, moving fast enough so that her speed would blow the fire created away from the city.

Two more bombshells fired towards her as the captain began growing tired for the first time in a while. She grabbed one of the projectiles and tossed it straight at the other, soaring straight through the ball of fire.

Her eyes raised up and she saw several more bombs being launched in her direction. She fired her photon blasts at a few of them and redirected one towards another, but this amount was too much for Carol. Sure, she could handle them one at a time of course, but this many in the span of only a few seconds right above a massive city?
“Okay. Showtime,” Carol muttered under her breath.

…

The Wakandan citizens were rushing to their evacuation routes, reaching caverns that would take them below the city and away to safety. Soldiers stood at the edges of the pathways, guiding the people inside.

Queen-Mother Ramonda stood next to one of the soldiers, calling out to her people, “Hurry, everyone! To the escape routes!”

Rhodes, Scott, and Hope hovered above them all, trying to make sure everyone was evacuating.

“Okay, everything’s going as planned,” Rhodes noted, “Sam, the citizens are almost out. Status update?”

Over the voice receiver in Rhodey’s helmet, he heard Sam’s voice, “Rhodes, get your tin-canned ass over here! Your blonde friend in red and blue kind of broke the camel’s back!”

“On our way, Cap!”, Scott responded.

Sam’s voice got mad, “Don’t call me-!”

The voice suddenly glitched out at the end, causing Rhodes to worry.

“Shit. Let’s move out”, Rhodes nodded to the other two.

Before they could move, a small tremor shook the ground as the citizens turned their eyes upwards.

Rhodes scoped the area as something ended up on his radar, “Okay, what the hell now?”
He looked to his right and realized that something was incoming.

These things were tall and robotic, their purple and silver bodies soaring through the air towards the heroes. Flames from the bottom of their feet propelled them forwards as it looked like they locked Rhodey down as a target.

“You know, why do the bad guys always have an army?”, Hope yelled out, “Don’t we get an army?”

“I need you to get their attention,” Rhodey told the two.

“Uh, I’m sorry, make us the targets?”, Scott asked.

“Would you rather have them shooting at the innocent citizens or you?”, War Machine bluntly asked.

Scott sighed, “Well, if they want a large target…”

He hopped off of the metal man’s back and grabbed the back of one of his flying ant buddies. Once Scott got to a reasonable location, he grabbed the center of his belt and twisted it, the red on it changing to blue.

“Here comes Giant-Man,” the ex-con chuckled before letting himself fall off of the ant and pushing the small button on his gloved-hand.

Instantly, Lang enlarged to the size of a building, his massive figure crashing down and his posture straightening to face off against the incoming robots.

“I’m not getting used to that,” Rhodes muttered.

“Y’know, is it true he kicked your ass in Germany?”, Hope asked.

“That really what you’re thinking about now?”, Rhody groaned as he began flying towards the
oncoming fleet.

“Not a ‘no’,” Hope snickered as she unfurled her wings and shrunk down, taking flight towards the drones.

The Wasp put herself into a diving position and snuck herself inside one of the robots, using her stingers to cause the thing to explode. She did the same to a few of the other automatons.

Scott whooped as he began grabbing at the robots and began crushing them in his hands, “Okay, guys! Avengers Assem-!”

“Don’t even try,” Rhodes groaned as he rained fire on the robots, “Get them as far away from here as possible!”

The three fought off the drones and began baiting them to follow their direction. Scott’s giant body pushed through the city as Rhodes and Hope got the robots on their trail.

…

The battle slowly began to grow in favor of the Kree as more warriors began falling to the ground. T’Challa panicked as he leaped from soldier to soldier, trying to get a view of his fiance.

“Nakia?! Come in!”, he yelled.

On the other side of the field, his wife was throwing her blades at the enemies, the weapons returning to her hands after each throw, “I’m fine! How do we plan on stopping this?”

“One body after another’s the only idea coming to mind”, Bucky commented as he fired his machine gun.

“Danvers, is there a way we can negotiate peace with these guys?”, Sam tried to call out on his earpiece.
“Does it look like these people want to negotiate?!”, Valkyrie yelled as she flipped around, Dragonfang skewering anything crossing its path.

“We need to get into that ship!”, T’Challa cried out, “Speak with the men in charge!”

“Kind of a bit hard to do with them trying to shoot us down!”, Bucky replied, his vibranium arm smashing right into an enemy’s face.

Sam’s breathing grew as he pulled out the shield and tried throwing it as hard as he could at one of the incoming ships.

Instead, the shield awkwardly hit the vessel and fell to the earth, the ex-soldier looking down with frustration.

“Motherfu-”

His curse was cut short by a laser blast nearly taking off his head.

... 

Captain Marvel shot her body through the sky and fired at every projectile coming her way. There were too many heading towards the city and too many for her to stay focused.

Once it seemed like the barrage was pausing, Carol landed on the side of a building, her hands on her knees and her forehead, for the first time in years, starting to sweat.

“Alright. Now you’re trying to tick me off,” she exhaled.

Suddenly, something small hit the side of her neck. She screamed as she felt sharp volts being set into her body, causing her to drop to her knees, her palms on the floor. Carol remembered the feeling of the confounded disc on her neck and knew exactly who put it on her.

“Nice to know these things can still do the trick.”
Carol turned her eyes to see Minn-Erva walking forwards, a smoking sniper gun in her arms.

“Gotta say, this is entertaining,” the sniper smugly grinned, her scarred face enjoying what was before her, “You burn me. I burn you.”

Even though she was in pain, Carol couldn’t help but smirk, “New face, same cruddy personality, huh, Minn?”

“I don’t know why Yon wants you alive so badly. Even the Intelligence thinks you’re a lost cause.”

“I like to think it’s my charming personality.”

“I think it’s because he misses his little blonde girlfriend. He always talks about bringing you back to the side of good.”

“Yes, because the side of good totally involves killing off innocent cultures”, Carol sarcastically replied, despite the agony.

“Okay, that’s enough Vers for today,” Minn-Erva raised her gun and pointed right at the woman’s temple.

“Oh thank god. Suck at chit-chat anyways,” Carol joked.

“Fitting final words,” Minn exhaled, clearly ready to murder this nuisance.

“Hold your fire!”

Minn-Erva groaned as her commander walked from behind her, “C’mon, Yon. You can’t be-”

“That’s an order,” Yon sternly commanded before turning to Carol, “I must say, this all feels familiar. Standing above you as you lay powerless.”
“Says the puppet”, Carol groaned.

“Ah, that wit. I must say, I have missed these moments, Vers.”

“Stop calling me that,” Carol scowled at the commander, “I am Carol Danvers.”

“Still clinging onto your precious ‘humanity’?”, Yon-Rogg chuckled, “I admire that conviction. But you must know you’re deluding yourself. Look at what you have done. You have thrown bombs that could demolish continents with your bare hands. Survived the frozen hell of outer space. What in the name of the Supreme Intelligence makes you believe that you are human?”

“So, what?”, Carol snickered, “That makes me one of you? Part of some psychopathic race who thinks that everything and everyone belongs to them? Who’s willing to kill an entire country, hell, an entire world just to show that they’re tough shit?”

For a moment, it looked like Carol’s words actually reached Yon-Rogg. The man’s expression darkened, as though he was ready to let Minn-Erva finish what she was about to start.

However, that glare was soon replaced by a devilish smirk as he kneeled down to be nearer to her, “Well...It is my blood going through your veins, is it not?”

Carol’s expression tightened, that comment bringing back reminders she wished to forget.

“Yes. Now you remember,” Yon grinned, “You see, Vers, you can fly as far away from Hala as you can. You can demolish our empire piece by piece. But you can’t run from what’s inside of you.”

Out of nowhere, in just a second, the disc popped off of Danvers’s neck and the ex-pilot blasted forwards in a massive surge of energy. She grabbed Yon by the neck as the two were propelled forwards, Minn-Erva being thrown right into the building by the speed Carol was going at.

Carol screamed loudly as she began landing blows onto Yon’s face, “YOU THINK! YOU CAN THREATEN! MY HOME??!”
With one punch, she sent the man into the sky, watching his flailing body rise up into the air before plummeting down. Rather than him crashing downwards, Carol caught Yon-Rogg by the armor on his chest. In the blink of an eye, the blonde quickly descended and crashed feet-first on a railway.

Yon-Rogg coughed up blood, his face bruised from the beating, “Even...after all of these years...you’re still nothing without your light show.”

“And you’re still nothing period”, Carol glowered, “Call off the attack.”

“It’s your fault this is even happening!”, Yon-Rogg laughed a little, “You reckless creature. I still have so much to teach you.”

“Call. Off. The. Attack”, Carol emphasized each word.

“I did the honorable thing. I gave you time to make up your mind.”

“Does this look honorable to you? Striking planets you know aren’t as advanced? Holding nations hostage using the same methods you mocked Ronan for? You talk a big game about honor but you fall deeper and deeper-”

Out of nowhere, Yon’s expression flashed with pure rage, as though all of his pent up anger came out in one snap, “DO YOU THINK I WANT THIS?! DO YOU THINK WE WANT ANY OF-!”

The confused look on Carol’s face signaled the commander to silence himself.

“What? What the hell are you talking about?”, Carol asked.

Yon-Rogg tried to shrug it off, “Not important-”

“BULL! None of this has been making any sense so far! Why the hell is ‘Mr. Follow-the-Kree-way’ not fighting alongside his men?! Who the hell are those green freaks working for you?!”
Carol’s eyes flared up.

“They don’t work for-!” Yon stopped himself once more, “You cannot stop us. Not this time, Vers.”

Carol’s rage rose too high for her to contain. For years, she’s been told to keep her emotions in check. Now, she was about to let them all out on this egotistical son of a bitch.

Before she could wallop him once more, something loud rang through the air. She turned her gaze around to see a massive missile about to crash right into the city.

“No,” Carol whispered.

In a hurry, she knocked the Kree out and launched herself towards the bomb, her focus now on the giant weapon hurdling towards Wakanda.

…

A Kree ship crashed down to the ground in flames, Maximoff floating downwards in front of it. She stared down, holding her hand to her head.

“Too much...Too much,” she muttered to herself, her pupils darting everywhere.

Everything around her was destruction and disorder. Alien ships flying overhead. Large missiles crashing downwards. This was too much like last time. She was tensing up and hyperventilating, praying to be anywhere else.

_I can’t do this_, Wanda thought to herself, _I can’t._

“Yes, you can, Wanda.”

The mutant turned her eyes upwards to see a familiar face, one that she could use in a time like this.
“Hey, Maximoff. Look like you’ve seen better days.”

Wanda gave a short chuckle, “Of course you decide to show up now.”

“Alright, kid. Take a breath. Got a world to protect.”

Wanda followed her ally’s instruction. She closed her eyes and began to breathe in. The sound of more vessels coming towards her filled her ears. She slowly floated upwards, her eyes glowing red under her eyelids.

The second she opened her eyes again, a massive explosion of glowing red energy shooting from her palms and destroying every Kree ship in her way. It was as though a scarlet fire tore through the air, wiping out any ships coming for her.

“On your right. Three o’clock.”

Wanda turned mid-air and sent red tendrils to grab another few vessels and force them down to the ground, the resulting explosions ringing in her eardrums.

“Eyes on the back of your head, kid.”

The mutant swiveled around, stopping a horde of beams from hitting her from behind by forming a field of energy around herself. She flashed a devilish smile at the attacking ship before stretching her fingers out and allowing the ship to be crushed telekinetically.

What made the scene chilling was how slowly she destroyed the craft. How she seemed to take glee in pushing its wings into its body, hearing the sound of metal rip apart.

With one wave, she let the ship plummet to the ground and crash down.

With a sigh of relief, the Scarlet Witch’s toes touched the ground, a smile crossing her face.
“Well, that could have gone worse,” the friend shrugged.

“Even now, you can’t give a simple compliment?”, Wanda joked.

“Reflexes could’ve been a little faster.”

“Yeah, I’d like to see you do something like that.”

“You sure I can’t?”

Wanda laughed, her face slowly turning downwards. The smile grew more somber and nostalgic as she exhaled.

“I’ve missed these moments,” Wanda reminisced.

“Figured,” the friend nodded, “Why else bring me here? Certainly not for my friendly demeanor.”

The Scarlet Witch nodded, placing a hand on her old mentor’s shoulder, “...I miss you-”

“Nat?”, said a trembling voice.

Wanda froze, recognizing the owner of said voice. She turned to see Rhodey standing behind her, bruised up and confused.

Rhodes slowly stepped forward, his helmet coming off of his face to reveal his terrified face, “Nat, how...how are you-?”

With a swipe of her hand, Wanda turned the apparition of the Black Widow back into red smoke, fearing how her friend would react, “Rhodes, it’s not what you think.”

“Rhodey, I can explain this all”, she said as she rose her hands up defensively.

Rhodes felt like the world was spinning around her, as though nothing made sense around him, “What the hell did you-Why the hell did you bring her-?!”

“Guys! We’re coming your way!”, Hope yelled over the comms.

The two heroes turned to see Scott’s large body struggling to move any faster, his body clearly tiring out. He shrunk down in front of the two, Hope growing back to normal size right next to him.

“Oh god. I really wish I didn’t get so tired from this,” Scott panted, weary.

“Uh, where are the robots?”, Rhodes asked.

Right on cue, they appeared, their weapons aiming down and preparing to strike.

“Had to ask,” Hope groaned.

“Take cover!”, Wanda yelled as she began to form another shield around the group.

…

Within the mines, however, the heroes’ luck was faring better. Osborn’s men fired upon the monsters, Shuri’s weaponry proving to be very useful. The Dora Milaje impaled their combatants and threw them off of their gliders.

Shuri and Okoye fought back-to-back, the princess firing her gauntlets and the general spinning her spear around.
In the skies, Peter swung around and kicked several Goblins down to the ground, Osborn flying next to him and firing his repulsor gauntlets.

“Okay, second mission. Time to see if it was just beginner’s luck in Nepal!” Norman laughed.

Another orange bomb whirred past him, this one thrown by the head Goblin.

“Hiya, Tin-Can,” the creature grinned, “Remember me?”

“Not particularly, no,” Osborn admitted before looking to Peter, now perched on his shoulder, “Let me guess: he’s the boss?”

“He’s the boss,” Peter confirmed.

“Alrighty. You go high. I go...also high.”

The two made their move on the creature, who cackled as he moved towards them as well.

Norman blasted forward and stretched his right arm out, hoping to clothesline the being. The Goblin ducked right as Osborn passed by him, but Spider-Man was able to fire a strand at the freak’s chest and pull himself onto its body.

“Hi!”, Peter waved as he tried dropkicking the Goblin off of the glider.

Its clawed hands grabbed Peter’s feet and swung the boy around, tossing him at Osborn. The billionaire was able to quickly duck and allow Peter to shoot a web at the man’s shoulder.

Peter flew forward before being slingshot back at the Goblin. He shot a few more webs at the glider and allowed himself to swing under and over the contraption, allowing his feet to stick to the creature’s face.

“Alley-oop!”, Peter exclaimed as he weighed down the Goblin so it fell off of the glider.
The two swung from the strands still stuck the hovercraft as Peter kicked the creature off of his feet. The being rolled across the railway before skidding to a halt on its clawed feet.

“My turn!”, the beast flashed its teeth before leaping for the teen.

The two dueled as Peter swung around the rails and over the pillars to avoid its projectiles. The head Goblin flung its orange bombs at Peter but he was able to not only dodge them but also web them up and sling them right back.

When the creature fired beams of heat from its fingertips, Peter was able to grab a spear dropped by the Dora and reflect the beam to scorch the Goblin’s chest.

Osborn watched from above, clearly impressed by the child’s ability to act on his feet, “Atta boy. Go Spider-Man!”

Peter was feeling the rush of the fight. He was actually getting the upper hand on the leader of the monsters trying to kill him and his friends. Piece by piece, Peter was able to remove the armor of the Goblin and it almost looked like he was going to win.

“Wow, you pack a punch!”, the monster smiled, its sharp fangs now cracked.

“And you can’t exactly take one!”, Peter joked.

For once in a long time, a straight-forward win for Peter Parker!

Of course, something had to step in.

Right before the kid could take off the fiend’s mask, a red cloak wrapped around his body and he was pulled right into a golden portal.

“Wait! WAIT!”, Peter yelled out before he was forcibly dragged in.
Shuri and Osborn traded a glance at one another, confused before another bright portal opened up right in front of them.

A familiar cloaked figure levitated forwards through the amber portal, “Everyone! Your king is in desperate need of aid!”

Shuri chuckled, looking at Okoye, “This man and his portals.”

“Dora! To me!”, the general yelled out as she charged towards the glowing vortex, Shuri following right behind her. As the Goblins tried to prevent the Wakandans and Oscorp employees from evacuating, Osborn fired down upon them, stalling them long enough for everyone to go through the portal.

Osborn flipped around to aim at the head Goblin, but the thing was nowhere in sight, as though it vanished into thin air, “Villains and their disappearing acts.”

The billionaire propelled himself next to Strange, giving a brief nod, “Nice save, Houdini. Your boy Parker almost stopped the bad guy before your unannounced arrival.”

“You let the kid fight on his own?”, Strange glared at the man.

“Pointless judgment can be saved for later,” Osborn waved away the comment, “Time to save the world, Doc.”

…

Peter rose back onto his feet, the sound of gunfire and fighting surrounding him. His eyes adjusted to the environment as he recognized the center of the city. Wakandan warriors and Kree soldiers were duking it out, thirsting for blood.

“HOLY CRAP!,” the kid’s reflexes immediately kicked in as he jumped as high as he could and began firing webs everywhere he could. He backflipped off of the back of one of the Kree soldiers and fired two strands at its shoulder blades, pulling it into the air and slamming it right into the soil.
“Uh, guys?!”, Peter shouted as he jumped over alien after alien.

“Parker!”, T’Challa yelled as he landed right in front of Spider-Man, the king’s appearance causing a bright burst of purple energy to blast his opponents away, “Where is my sister?”

“Oh, Mr. T’Challa! Hey! What’s up?”, Peter quickly waved before roundhouse kicking an oncoming soldier, “Uh, Shuri? She’s fine! That cool general woman’s got her back! She’s back at the caverns!”

“CHARGE!”, cried out the voice of someone who was clearly not back at the caverns.

T’Challa and Peter turned to see the Dora Milaje and Osborn’s security team arriving on the battlefield through a giant portal, Shuri and Okoye leading the charge.

“Welcome to Wakanda, bitches!”, Shuri cried out as she blasted away at any Kree coming near her.

“Eish”, T’Challa muttered in Xhosa.

“Okay, so...Not in the caverns”, Peter awkwardly mumbled before he heard the distinct crackling noise of another portal opening up.

Osborn and Strange appeared right behind him, both appearing ready for battle.

“Well, quite the spectacle we’re in now, huh?”, Osborn spoke.

Through the comms, Rhodes groaned, the sound of battle in the background, “Oh great. Showboat’s back, everybody!”

“Strange! Osborn! Get your asses in gear and start lending a hand!”, Sam yelled out, his voice showing his clear fear.

“On it, boss!”, Osborn chuckled, “Hop on, kid!”
Peter quickly grabbed onto the armored hero as they took off, Strange flashing a worried look.

“Peter, wait-!”, Stephen tried to reach out to the boy.

“Strange?! I could use assistance!”, T’Challa cried out as he slashed across a soldier’s face.

Strange sighed as he began spinning around a red whip, the object twirling so fast that it almost looked like a scarlet tornado. He gave it a quick crack, the impact creating a massive explosion that took out a good many Kree. He summoned a series of golden shields and began slamming them across the faces of the villains.

On the field, Valkyrie and Okoye were fighting back to back, stabbing and jabbing at anything in green and blue armor.

“Must say, you certainly have some skills with a spear!”, Valkyrie commented while skewering a soldier.

“Is now the moment for compliments?!”, Okoye yelled in response.

However, it still looked like it wasn’t enough. Another horde of Goblins arrived on the scene, their horrid laughter dive-bombing at the warriors.

Sam fired at as many of the green menaces as he could but the bombs were nearing closer and closer to destroying his wings, “Everyone?! Can anyone hear me?!”

“We’re taking heavy fire downtown!”, Wanda called out, her voice sounding panicked.

“We’re running low on Pym Particles!”, Hope yelled, her tone wavering.

“Sam! There’s too many of them!”, Bucky shouted, the noise of his gun firing ringing through the Falcon’s ears.
The leader felt like everything was spinning out of control. The team was divided and outnumbered, the army was going to overrun the nation, and they were all probably about five minutes away from certain death.

Peter tried webbing up every Goblin he could find but they kept coming after him, their claws shredding at his suit. He tried shooting a web at one of the buildings nearby but the villains kept dragging him away.

Back within the city, Carol screamed as she tried chucking away as many missiles as she could but her body was starting to give out. Each explosion erupted nearer and nearer to the skyscrapers, only increasing her. She tried blasting towards the Accuser ship out of desperation, but she couldn’t let the missiles hit the city.

Rhodes fired everything he had at the Sentries, but there were too many. Wanda was too much in a frenzy to demolish the robots like she did the ships and Scott and Hope’s methods weren’t causing enough damage.

Strange fought as many as he could, but for some reason, he wasn’t busting out the major spells. He wasn’t bringing down the house like he did against Thanos and it was hurting the team.

“Oh god! Oh god!” Peter screamed as loud as he could, his yells for help being drowned out by the Goblin’s laughter.

Suddenly, Osborn’s flying body slammed into the crowd of monsters surrounding Peter, grabbing the boy in his hands as he shot at any enemy in his way.

“Ohmigoshohmigoshohmigosh”, the web-head hyperventilated, all of this reminding him way too much of Mysterio’s drones and Thanos’s Outriders.

“Hang on, kid, you gotta keep fighting a little longer,” the businessman told the boy.

Peter began stammering once more, “Sir, I...Sir, there’s too many of them! Every time we beat them up, they keep coming back with more! Everybody’s split up-!”

“Kid.”
“-And I can’t do anything and no one’s coming up with a plan-!”

“Kid!”

“-And if we don’t come up with anything, we’re all gonna d-!”

“I have a son.”

Peter stopped stammering, slowly raising his head to face Norman’s, surprised by the sudden seriousness in the man’s tone.

Throughout the rest of the city, all the other heroes that were still patched into the feed heard the same sentence and for a quick moment paused.

Norman sighed, his helmet collapsing to reveal a somber look on his face, “That’s why I do this. That’s why I need everyone here to get their act together. We can’t just focus on making it out of this alive. I don’t care if I die, but I know that I can’t because if I do, everything I care about, everyone...it will all be destroyed and all my work, everything I’ve sacrificed, it will all have been for nothing...So if you’ve got something you want to live for, someone you want to go home to, think about that. Let it drill in your head. Be the power behind every punch. Every shot you fire. We’re Earth’s Mightiest, everyone. Time to show that to these blue-skinned sons of bitches.”

Everybody slowly took the words in, amazed at how sincere Osborn actually sounded. It was as though he genuinely was asking for their help. Like he had something to lose.

And Peter, this whole time he’s been struggling to trust the man, thinking he was going to be next Mysterio. But now…

“The portal,” Peter muttered, “Mr. Strange’s portal! Like in Kamar-Taj!”

“Alright, use that big brain of yours,” Osborn nodded, “We get another portal opened up, knock out those engines-”
“No, we won’t be able to sneak inside with those missiles firing at the city,” Peter noted.

“Then we don’t open a portal underneath,” Osborn realized, “Strange, you hear us?”

Strange smashed his glowing shields against the soldiers’ faces, “Kind of can’t hear anything else right now!”

“I need you to open a wide-as-hell vortex right in front of the ship. Send it to wherever the hell you want. The friggin’ sun if you have to! Just get it off the planet,” Osborn ordered.

“Something that large is going to need a lot of energy,” Strange explained.

“Y’know, for a man who calls himself the ‘sorcerer supreme’, I’m not getting the ‘supreme’ part here!”

Strange sighed, “Alright. But I need someone to cover me. Something that big needs time and I’d rather not be blown out of the sky.”

“What about Mr. Rhodes?”, Peter suggested.

“Yep! That’s where G.I. Joe and the Micronauts come in!”; Osborn explained, “Maximoff, guard the three as they exit the city. I need you to go full force, no limits! Colonel, I need you to cover the doc!”

“I’m not leaving Maximoff!”, Rhodes disagreed.

“Yes, because the Scarlet Witch really needs a bodyguard”, Osborn sarcastically commented, “Lang, Van Dyne, bring the gadget. Time to see if we didn’t muck this one up. Don’t disappoint me!”

“Okay, we’re coming your way,” Hope agreed to the plan.

“On it, Norms!”, Lang gave a thumbs up.
“Already disappointing me,” Osborn rolled his eyes.

“Oh, well, I figured you were giving everybody funny nicknames, so might as well—”

“Simple ‘on it’ could’ve worked,” Hope groaned, “Rhodes?”

Rhodey turned to Wanda, concerned for his friend.

Wanda gulped before giving a quick nod, “Go. I’ve got your back.”

The colonel grimaced before lighting up the thrusters on his feet, “Coming right to you, guys.”

As the three flew towards the battlefield, Wanda began blasting away at the robots, crushing them with all of her might.

“Danvers, once that portal opens up, I need you and Maximoff to force the ship through it!”

“Ship’s got cannons at the back,” Carol explained.

“Ms. Maximoff can cover you, Captain!”, Peter explained, “We just need you to push it through!”

Carol sighed, brushing the sweat off her face, “Alright. Strange, get it ready!”

“What about us, sir?”, the boy looked to the armored man, curious.

“Now, my good lad,” Norman smiled, his helmet recovering his face, “Time we get to work. If that’s alright with Captain Wilson, of course.”

Sam landed on the ground, staring up at the floating CEO. Throughout that whole speech, he
couldn’t help but be amazed by how confident the man sounded. Yet here he was, standing there slackjawed.

Wilson sighed, “We’re going with Osborn’s plan.”

“Off to work we go!”, Osborn grinned as he blasted downwards, Peter hopping off the man’s back and firing a web to latch onto him.

As Osborn flew forwards, shooting down at the soldiers with deadly accuracy, Peter was pulled through the air, kicking at any alien in his path.

As Sam and Bucky fought side by side, Sam with his pistols and Bucky with his robotic arm, Rhodey appeared on the scene, dropping charges down at the attackers.

Scott and Hope landed in the thick of the fight, the device in Scott’s hands. With a few pushes of the tablet, Scott nodded to his partner, “Good to go?”

“If it’s not, then it was nice knowing you,” Hope placed a hand on the man’s shoulder.

“ Weird last words for your boyfriend, but ‘kay,” Lang pointed out before pushing a final button.

As Rhodey darted through the skies, the Goblin soldiers suddenly began to stop laughing and start shrieking. They grabbed their heads as though they were in massive amounts of pain before they started to fall to the ground, crashing down onto their Kree allies.

“Great Scott, it’s working!”, Scott laughed like a madman.

“Holy shit, it actually worked!”, Hope yelled out.

As the fiends plummeted to the ground, the Wakandan soldiers picked them off one by one, Valkyrie making sure that none of them decided to step back up.

“Now might be a good time for the medic to get to work,” Brunnhilde looked to Sam.
“Strange!”, Sam shouted out.

The sorcerer rose into the skies, his arms beginning to glow with power. He began to spin his arms around into a circle, creating a small vortex in the air. Rhodes backed up his magical ally, firing at any ships coming towards them.

The portal started to enlarge, growing and growing until it became large enough to capture the missiles it began firing out in a panic.

“Danvers! Your cue!”, Sam cried out.

As Carol sent the last missile into the air, she blasted towards the army, going as fast as she could. Within a few seconds, her glowing form sliced through some of the Kree warriors on the ground before rising up to face the back of the Accuser ship.

As the cannons began shooting at the glowing captain, Wanda arrived on the scene, doing her best to push the projectiles through the portal as well.

“Yes,” Osborn smiled, “YES!”

Carol blasted towards the spacecraft’s end and began pushing with all of her might, Wanda aiding with red ropes of energy.

“Come on! Come on!”, Danvers yelled out as the vessel was nearly all the way in, “Okay! Okay, we need to close this thing right now!”

“Now, Doctor!”, T’Challa shouted to Strange.

“AAARGH!”, Stephen screamed as he began turning his arms around once more.

The portal slowly began shrinking, its embers wrapping around the stern of the vessel. However, as Carol pushed against the might of the ship’s engines, she heard something click.
One of the cannons still had a little juice in it.

Another bomb fired right out of the ship, this one flying so fast that it blew Wanda away and down to the ground.

“NO!”, Carol yelled as she tried to go after it. Unfortunately, once she tried to move towards it, the vessel began attempting to escape once more, forcing her to stay in her spot.

The weapon was flying forwards, ready to crash into the city.

T’Challa’s eyes widened as his fear returned, “No. NO!”

Thankfully, someone appeared to save the day.

Osborn pushed against the weapon with everything that he had in his body. The thrusters on his feet were at full-strength, bright orange light erupting from his soles. His fingers looked like they were clutching the missile as tightly as possible, smaller thrusters appearing from his arm to better push against the bomb.

“Okay. Here we go. Here we go,” Norman whispered to himself as he blasted forward, aiming for the portal before it closed up, “Might wanna move out of the way, Danvers!”

“Mr. Osborn, wait!”, Peter yelped as he realized what the man was about to do.

“It’s alright, kid. It’s alright,” the man whispered, sounding more like he was trying to reassure himself instead of reassuring Peter, “Nice working with you guys.”

Once it looked like he was at the perfect position, he released the bomb, allowing it to fly forward towards the stern of the ship. Carol moved out of the way at the last second as the missile made impact.

Once it crashed into the vessel, a massive eruption shot out from it, the fire and smoke flying right
at Osborn’s body. Screaming was heard over the comms as the portal finally shut.

The entire battlefield was silenced by the event as they all stared up to see something flying from the flames.

Osborn’s smoking body, plummeting faster and faster down.

“No,” Peter breathed, his body entirely still from the shock.

Another man was killed by Peter’s inaction. Another person he cared about has sacrificed himself for some greater good.

Before the billionaire’s body could hit the earth, Carol swooped down and quickly caught him in her arms, setting him down gently.

“Mr. Osborn?” Peter gulped, “Sir?!”

The boy ran across the field for his fallen friend, leaping over some of the Kree soldiers.

Before the aliens could raise their weaponry and start up the battle once more, the powerful mutant crashed down, her eyes lighting crimson red with fury.

T’Challa strutted forward, his claws flashing in the sunlight, “This is the part where you surrender.”

The aliens, clearly frightened and seeing that their ship was now gone, dropped their rifles and held up their arms, clearly giving up the fight.

Peter rushed to Norman’s side, ripping his mask off to get a better look. Tears were flowing from his brown eyes as he grabbed at the man’s smoking hand.

The Iron Patriot uniform was covered in soot, part of the chest piece broken off and small flames covering his arms.
The teen wiped off the flames with his mask and grasped at the billionaire’s faceplate, ripping it right off. Under the helmet, Osborn’s face was covered in sweat and dirt, small scratches covering him. His eyes were shut and his body was deathly still.

“Oh no. No no no no. Mr. Osborn, sir, please,” Peter hyperventilated, shaking the man in the slight hopes that he could wake up, “Come on, sir, get up! Get up, sir! We did it!”

“No. No! Sir! Sir, please! Come on, Mr. Osborn, I can’t let you...No”, Peter begged.

He couldn’t do this. Not again. Not again.

Suddenly, as though divine intervention kicked in, the billionaire started to cough, gasping for air.

Peter’s face broke into a smile, clearly relieved, “Mr. Osborn!”

“Holy-!” Osborn inhaled a large amount of oxygen, his eyes wild and wide, “Ooooh my god! I’m not dead! Holy shit, I’m not dead!”

Carol sighed as well before chuckling, “I know. Disappointment to everyone, huh?”

“You know...would’ve thought it would’ve felt more epic. Whole...sacrificing yourself for the greater good thing,” Osborn groaned as he tried to get up, “Really not as easy as you’d hope. One out of ten. Don’t recommend it.”

“Oh my gosh, I thought you were...I thought you were gone, sir!”, Peter admitted, his hand covering his forehead.

“Believe me, death’s not taking me away anytime soon,” Osborn joked, “Wait a tic. We’re not in heaven, right?”
“Uh, no?”

“Oh god, I knew it. We’re in hell.”

“We’re not-”

“Oh, I never should’ve looked at those magazines as a kid! My mom warned me-”

“Sir, we’re alive!”, Peter chuckled, “We won, sir. We won.”

The billionaire gave a breath of relief, pressing the side of his helmet so it collapsed down into his suit, “Sweet. Would’ve made an awful story in the news report.”

Carol smiled, walking away to give the boy and the businessman some time. However, that happy look on her face fell as she walked over to join the rest of the crew.

Sam watched from afar as Peter and Osborn laughed with one another, shame and doubt beginning to once again grow. Sure, Wakanda was saved but was it thanks to him or even his team, if it could even be called his team?

He turned down and saw the thing he was looking for throughout the fight, the vibranium shield glistening in his eyes. He slowly bent down to pick it up but it was with hesitation and uncertainty. Instead of strapping it to his arm, Sam placed it on his back, the disc sticking to the magnetic straps on his shoulder blades.

Both Wilson and Danvers traded a glance before turning to one of the surrendering soldiers.

Sam got right into the soldier’s face, clearly angry and looking for answers, “Let’s check this off. Your ship’s gone. Your fancy missiles, your battleships. All gone.”

“What the hell is Yon-Rogg planning?”, Carol growled, her fists lighting up, “Why attack Earth now? What are you going to do with the vibranium?!"
What startled the two heroes was how tears started to flow from the soldier’s eyes, a hollow look in his pupils.

“For the good of all Kree,” it muttered, staring down at the ground.

Carol and Sam shared a confused look before Danvers asked, “What?”

The alien raised his head up, shaking it slightly as the look of pure sadness on his face sent a shiver down the heroes’ spines, “…For the good...of all Kree.”

Suddenly, he screamed, his veins becoming visible on his neck and arms. His body shook violently, as though he was being electrocuted at a high voltage, before dropping to the ground, lifeless.

Unfortunately, he wasn’t the only soldier to drop to the ground dead. All of the other Kree on the battlefield began shrieking in pain and terror, all of them being horrifically electrocuted before falling onto the grass. Within a few seconds, the entire field was littered with the corpses of the Kree.

All of the heroes surveyed the scene, horrified of what they witnessed.

“Jesus Christ”, Sam whispered, trying not to vomit.

“By Odin,” Brunnhilde stared, terrified for one of the few times in her life.

Shocked by what she just witnessed, Carol slowly dropped to her knees and wordlessly inspected the body of one of the fallen, seeing something right on its neck.

A small disc. The same one she was hit with.

... Far away in the city, Yon-Rogg and Minn-Erva looked down at the scene, both silent and with
unreadable faces.

Minn-Erva gave a small look to her commander before clearing her throat, “Come on. Ship’s waiting for us.”

She placed a wavering hand on the man’s shoulder before walking off, “For the good of all Kree, sir.”

As she made her exit, the commander gave a small sigh, “For the good of all Kree.”

Chapter End Notes

Wow. Dark ending, huh?

Woof! This was a long one. Thanks for reading, y’all! I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! More to come on the way soon! Comment what you think and hope to update soon!
“Elders, I can assure you that the situation is handled,” T’Challa raised a hand to calm the other members of the Council.

Around the room sat the members of the tribes of Wakanda, all of whom were sharing their criticism of the events that occurred earlier in the day.

“If it were handled, then we would not have been placed in this situation in the first place,” the ruler of the Mining Tribe pointed out.

Since T’Challa’s returned to the world of the living, the Council has been on his back regarding the nation’s issues. He couldn’t help but notice that the five years that they’ve been in charge have caused them to become more disagreeable with their king.

“They were after our vibranium. This issue was going to come to Wakanda eventually,” T’Challa explained.

“There is still the matter of not accepting their deal,” the Border Tribe’s leader responded.

“I was in the process of planning a bargain before Captain Danvers struck,” the king explained, “However, if we were to go through with handing the vibranium to them, the rest of the galaxy, perhaps the universe, they would have been placed in danger.”

“That is not our concern, your majesty”, the elderly leader of the Merchant Tribe replied, “What is your concern is prioritizing your people over the issues of others.”

“We agreed to open Wakanda’s borders to the rest of the world, yet so far, we have opened our nation to reckless gods and alien hordes,” explained the head of the River Tribe, “Some of these so-called heroes caused more damage than the attackers. Even the Jabari are hesitant to continue their support of your crusade.”

If you had told T’Challa years ago that he would prefer M’Baku’s company over the Tribal
Council, he would’ve called you a madman.

T’Challa sighed, “I understand your concerns-”

“But that is not enough”, the elderly tribal leader interrupted, “You must decide for yourself, your majesty. Do your loyalties lie with Wakanda or with the Avengers? It cannot be both. The heroes of America may want their warrior but our home needs their king. So what shall it be?”

The king stared around, looking at the disappointed faces of those he looked up to for so many years. All of his life was spent preparing for when he became the king, for when he was put in a position where he needed to make the tough decisions. Now, he didn’t even know what the choices were anymore.

That shame, that feeling like he could’ve done more, it filled up the soul of the Black Panther.

…

The massive doors to the meeting room opened up as T’Challa exited, his eyes hollow and almost emotionless. The guilt he felt inside almost broke his spirit, his mind unable to think of anything other than the damage created by the battle.

In the hallways stood Sam and Carol, neither of whom were speaking with one another based on the distance between them. They turned their heads up to see the Wakandan king marching forwards, T’Challa’s eyes turning away from them.

Carol turned to the ruler, genuine sympathy and regret on her face, “T’Challa?”

The captain’s words fell on deaf ears as the Wakandan continued to walk past her.

“T’Challa, I’m so sorr-”, Carol stopped herself when it was clear to her that T’Challa wasn’t in the mood for apologies.

Sam watched the ruler exit the halls, a worried look in his eyes as he realized it was now only him and Carol in the room.
The ex-soldier shook his head with restrained anger, “You couldn’t have just waited.”

Carol turned her head towards the leader, “Excuse me?”

He raised his head, looking her dead in the eyes, “You couldn’t have just waited a few GODDAMN MINUTES before you nearly got us blown to kingdom come! What the hell were you thinking?!”

“‘What was-?’ I couldn’t let the Kree take the vibranium! If they got their hands on that, the rest of the galaxy would be doomed!”, she yelled back at him, “Billions of lives on our heads if we did nothing!”

“And your plan was to piss them off?! Get them to fire down at us?! Hell, did you even have a plan or did you just wanna attack?!”

“I had a plan! Attack!”

Sam belted out a humorless laugh, “Christ, priceless! Thirty decades fighting the exact same threat and that’s the decision you came to!”

“At least I came up with a decision!”, Carol shouted, “You call yourself ‘the leader’ yet you never give an actual plan or even an opinion! Like you’re trying to please everyone!”

“I’m trying to protect everyone!”

“So am I!”, Carol yelled, “The world! The universe! It’s all bigger than us!”

“What, you’re some type of ‘greater good, nothing else matters’ type of hero now?”

“Those three decades? They were spent keeping the Kree at bay from the innocent lives across the galaxy! The Kree are always right at their borders! The vibranium would’ve let them wipe out everyone! Families! Innocent people!”
“And Wakanda’s just expendable?”

“I never said that,” Carol shook her head, trying to keep her temper.

“You run off to kill your old boss! Leave us on the battlefield!”

“I was catching the damn missiles! Unless you’d rather we were all scorched!”

Sam raised his arms up in frustration, “Those damn missiles wouldn’t have launched if you hadn’t decided to tick them off with your stupid vendetta! No wonder Val has it out for you!”

Carol’s eyes widened for a moment before she sighed.

Sam glared, “Yeah. Strange told me the shit you pulled with Brunnhilde. You think you can drag Wanda into your crap?”

“That was a mistake,” Carol admitted, “But don’t put all of this on me because you’re pissed at yourself!”

“Why the hell would I be-?”

“You’re itching so badly to be the next Steve Rogers, trying to give out orders, but you can’t even come to any decision yourself! You act like because you wear the shield, that means we all fall in line, yet the second you can’t toss it, you give up!”

“Don’t act like you know anything about Rogers or me!”

“And don’t act like you know anything about the Kree or me.”

The two stared each other down, vivid anger between the two before Sam turned his body around and marched off fuming, leaving Carol alone in the halls with only her thoughts.
In one of the rooms of the Citadel, Wanda sat alone, her eyes staring up at the ceiling.

Outside, Rhodes and Strange were observing her, thoughts of earlier’s debacle going through their heads.

“She was right there,” Rhodes whispered, “Clear as day. She was right there.”

Strange turned to the colonel, “You do realize-”

“That one of my best friends didn’t return from the grave? Yeah. No shit, Sherlock”, Rhodes bitterly replied.

Stephen sighed, “Has she always been able to do this? Illusions?”

“Hell no! I’ve seen her do her voodoo mind tricks and everything, but that...I’ve never seen her actually make something that...lifelike.”

“Her powers are mutant, correct?”


The silence from Strange slowly worried Rhodes as he realized what the doctor was thinking, “Wait, you don’t think she’s-”

“I’ve seen acts not too dissimilar from this in Kamar-Taj,” Strange explained, “Not exactly an art we encourage, but-”

“I’m sorry. Back up. You think she’s magic? Like...an actual witch?”, Rhodes asked.
“Would it really surprise you?”, Strange asked, “Either way, something like this, it can’t continue.”

Rhodes sighed, finding no other option but to agree with the man, “You’re right.”

“She needs to understand that if she doesn’t hold back, she can cause some actual damage.”

“Honestly, the sad part is...that was the most in control I’ve seen her in a while,” Rhodes admitted, “I mean, she was kicking serious ass out there, but...I don’t know. The fact that she turned to conjuring up the dead for reassurance…”

He bent his head down, his temple feeling like it was about to burst, “I’ve gotta go.”

Rhodes brushed past Strange and exited, leaving the doctor alone to enter the room.

“You know, I can hear everything you say, right?”, Wanda muttered, twirling her fingers around in the air as red mist seeped off of it.

“Figured,” Strange shrugged before taking a seat next to her, “How are you feeling?”

“Is this the part where you ask me about my childhood?”

“Not that type of doctor.”

“Are you still technically a doctor?”

“Okay, now you’re just deflecting.”

Wanda groaned, “I feel fine. No need to worry.”
Strange scoffed, “Normally, I’d take that at face-value if, you know, you didn’t create an illusion of a long-dead hero.”

The red mist dissipated as Maximoff slowly began clenching her fists, “If you and Rhodey think I’m losing my mind-”

“I didn’t say that.”

“But you thought it, didn’t you?”, Wanda pointed out.

“...Why did you agree to help Danvers go into King Brunnhilde’s mind?”, the doctor asked the mutant.

“Danvers thought that she was hiding something that could help us. Turns out we were wrong,” explained the mutant.

“Alright. Then why did you keep looking into her mind after you were told to stop?”

Wanda paused, the question taking her off guard. She didn’t know how much she could tell this man. After all, they had just met. She barely knew the guy.

“That’s not your concern,” she answered.

“I’m pretty sure it is given that you nearly broke her mind with your intrusion,” Strange pointed out.

“I didn’t mean to hurt her.”

“Then what did you mean to do?”, Strange asked, “What did you get out of searching her?”

“I don’t know”, she shook her head, trying to clear her mind.
“I think you do”, Strange eyed her carefully, “Is this a mutant thing? Because I haven’t really been up to date on that phenomenon.”

“This has nothing to do with me being a mutant,” Wanda glared.

“Then what-?”

“BECAUSE IT FELT GOOD!”, she yelled out, screaming out the ground as red energy beamed off of her body.

After a moment of slow panicked breathing, the glow faded and she finally muttered some more words, “Because it felt good. To look into someone’s head. To feel what they feel. Even a hellscape like Valkyrie’s... It felt beyond satisfying.”

Strange sighed, “You realize that in this line of work, it’s not best to delve this deep into your powers.”

Wanda let out a harsh chuckle, “Rich coming from the man who calls himself the Master of the Mystic Arts but hasn’t gone full-Strange yet.”

“Excuse me?”, Stephen tilted his head in confusion.

“You could’ve wiped the floor against the Kree. Brought them to their knees. Sent them into other dimensions, whatever! I’ve seen you do it against Thanos’s forces!”

Strange faltered, “...That was different.”

“How? How was that different?! An alien army trying to wipe us off the map led by some delusional maniac?! Yeah, real difference there, Doctor!”, Wanda began raising her voice.

“That was life or death!”, Strange retorted, his fingers starting to tremble more and more.

“What? And this wasn’t?!”, Wanda yelled, “You know, you’re all frightened by me, yet I’m
actually using all of my power! Meanwhile, you hold back like you’re too scared to-!”

Suddenly, in the middle of her sentence, a small vase sitting on a dresser behind Strange exploded, shards of the decorative object flying across the room. While Wanda’s eyes widened with surprise, Stephen kept his head down, his face clearly tense and his pupils dilated.

What concerned Wanda the most was the way his hands were now vibrating at such a rapid pace, the veins bulging and glowing a dull gold as though trying to curl his fingers to create a fist caused immense pain.

After a moment of uncomfortable silence, Strange shook his head, as though he were trying to dispel unpleasant thoughts, “I...I’m sorry, I have to leave.”

He exited the room in a hurry, leaving the mutant to sit by herself and allow the tears to slide down, her mind slowly scattering and crumbling.

…

Peter stood at the balcony at the top of the Citadel, looking over the wide nation with awe and wonder. Ever since the country opened itself up to the world, he was hoping to at least get a glimpse of it up close. Now, he was standing on top of the freaking palace itself.

“Nice night, huh?”, spoke a voice from behind Peter.

Peter turned to see Mr. Osborn walking over, now wearing casual clothing with a few bandages covering his body.

“Mr. Osborn, hey!”, Peter gave a small smile, “Shouldn’t you be down in the medical center?”


The two leaned over the railing, taking it all in.
“It’s beautiful, huh? It doesn’t beat the Big Apple, but it’s pretty damn impressive,” Osborn snickered.

“I don’t know. I mean New York all the way, but...Man, I never thought I’d ever get to travel here,” Peter breathed.

“Wish it was under better circumstances.”

“Yeah, but you get what life gives you,” the Spider-Man shrugged.

“See, I’m of the variety who believe otherwise,” the Iron Patriot chuckled, “You’re not beholden to whatever life hands you. If there’s something out there you want, you don’t sit there and enjoy what you have. You strive to have it all.”

“Eh, I guess I don’t really want it all,” Peter shrugged, “I’ve got Queens, I’ve got being Spider-Man. I mean, it’s not easy, but I’m...I’m well enough.”

“Yeah, well, sometimes enough isn’t enough, if you catch my drift,” Norman shrugged.

“How’s Ned, by the way?”

“Still a little on-edge, but he’s going to be fine. He’s loyal. Has a lot of raw talent,” the billionaire smiled, “He just needs someone to assist him. Show him the ropes.”

Peter gave a small laugh, “Kind of like Mr. Stark.”

Osborn’s smile dropped a little but slowly nodding, his expression becoming somewhat warmer, “Yeah...I guess in a way, yeah.”

After a moment of comfortable silence, Peter felt the question inside of him start to burn, “So...You have a son?”

The older man sighed, “His name’s Harry. He’s your age. Heading to Empire State this fall. He’s
“Not one for the spotlight.”

“Is he into science?”, Peter asked.

The armored hero snickered, “Not in the slightest. Honestly...I don’t know what he’s into these days. Kid can never stick to one thing. I love him, but...I always hoped he would follow in my footsteps, you know? Take over the company when I’m long gone. Spread the Osborn name.”

Peter nodded slowly, sympathizing with the man, “But you still love him, right?”

“I mean, he’s my boy. What else can I do?”, Norman shrugged.

“So you became a hero because of him?”

“Not only him but every other kid looking to the skies for a hero. I want everyone to understand that I’m more than just some idiot billionaire trying to be something I’m not. I want...I want people to see me like how they see you.”

A confused look crossed Peter’s face, “As a menace? A kid? A weirdo?”

“A hero,” Norman answered, looking at Peter with complete sincerity.

The obvious look of shock on the boy led to a laugh from Norman. Peter was surprised to hear such a term applied to him. He always wanted to be called that but for all of his career, even when the city didn’t see him as a freak, they never called him a hero. He didn’t even think he heard any of the other heroes call him that.

“You should see the look on your face,” Norman smiled, “Believe me, you may not think so, but soon the world’s going to see it. In fact…”

He pulled out a small tablet and began tapping it, a small video being projected off of the screen, “I think we’re already making a good impression.”
Peter eyed the video and realized that it was a recording of the battle from earlier. He saw himself swinging around and knocking over Goblins, him and Osborn fighting the Head Goblin, Osborn carrying the bomb through the portal.

“Wait, you...you were recording all of that?”, Peter asked, surprised.

“Yep! Now the world can see what the new Avengers can do,” Osborn grinned with pride, “Don’t worry. Your face and your name were edited out, so you don’t have to fear your identity coming out.”

Peter looked over the footage and a small smile slowly grew, remembering the thrill of saving the day, protecting a country. Sure, they almost died, but he actually kicked ass for the first time in a while.

“Take pride in yourself, kid,” Norman smiled, “Now, you’re everyone’s hero.”

To be honest, Peter still didn’t know how to feel. On the one hand, being recorded in action so that the world could see that he was actually the good guy, it was a smart move. And Mr. Osborn seemed like he really wanted to help the world rise from the pit of sorrow it’s been trapped in since the end of the previous Avengers team.

On the other hand, that dream of being seen as a hero and using recordings and the media to help you gain recognition...It was exactly what Mysterio did.

Before he could say anything, the voice of Colonel Rhodes called out, “Hey, Peter.”

“Oh, hey, Mr. Rhodey! What’s up?”, Peter grinned.

“You mind if I speak to Osborn alone?”

“Oh, come on, Big Guy, whatever you’ve got to say to me, you can say it in front of him,” Osborn chuckled, “I mean, we’re all teammates here.”

“I think it’s best if we’re alone,” the soldier glared at Osborn, standing his ground on the request.
Peter sighed, “It’s cool, sir. I’ll just head out. See you later!”

The teenager leaped off of the balcony and began swinging away, his lean body moving further away from the palace.

“Man, you’ve got to admit, that looks cool,” Osborn exhaled, “So, what’s up, buttercup?"

“Look, you did good today. You saved our asses and...Your plan worked...Perfectly,” Rhodes admitted hesitantly.

“Awh, no need to thank me, Colonel. Just doing my job,” Osborn smiled.

“But this doesn’t change my opinion of you, alright?”

“Pardon?”

“I was with Tony when he stepped away from the billionaire life after the Snap and I remember what he told me about you,” Rhodes frowned at Osborn.

“All good things I hope,” Osborn said with a sarcastic grin, as though he were begging Rhodey to go on.

“He called you a corporate douchebag whose main interest was securing your own legacy and making sure that everyone around you kissed your ass,” Rhodes bluntly stated.

“Tad oversimplification, but I’m flattered nonetheless,” Osborn smugly beamed.

“You know, it’s funny. You’re exactly what Tony hated about himself before he got kidnapped,” Rhodes laughed without heart, “Except you try covering it up with this whole hero thing.”

“I’m sorry, of the two of us, who stopped a bomb from bringing down this entire city?”, snickered
the richer man, “You mock me but at least one of us is actually trying to figure out their place in the world.”

“Excuse me?”, Rhodey asked, growing more and more angry.


“Simple: I don’t want anyone to die!”, Rhodey yelled at the last word, hoping to get it through to Osborn.

“Wow. You know simple’s the right word, Human Tank. It really fits you. Straight-forward, blunt, to the point,” Osborn rolled his eyes.

“Listen, I don’t know what your game is-”

“No, you listen,” Osborn’s face suddenly grew more strict, his eyes drilling into Rhodey’s, “Unless you suddenly picked up a red, white, and blue shield, I don’t recall you being the boss of this new team, so don’t act like these little threats of yours are gonna get to me. You do your job and I’ll do mine. Kapeesh, sweetcheeks?”

“...Just stay away from the kid?”

“What? Take a note from you and the rest of your team like you did to him with Europe?””, Osborn rose an eyebrow, “Yeah, unlike you people, I don’t leave my teammates to dry.”

“That’s not what happened,” Rhodes argued.

The businessman scoffed, “Spoken with the confidence of a truthful man. See, you all either treat this kid like an expendable soldier or a puppy that can be kicked around. Never enough coddling but never enough independence. What’s a team without trust, Colonel?”

With a little chuckle, Osborn walked back into the building, leaving a fuming Rhodey to grip at the railings of the balcony.
However, what they didn’t notice was the small spider drone hiding underneath the platform, recording the audio and broadcasting it directly to its owner.

…

Peter sat on the roof of a building, the argument between the two heroes being played from his right web-shooter.

He lifted his wrist down as he saw the drone appear before him, reattaching itself to his chest.

The kid sighed as he tried to ignore what he heard. As hard as it was deciding if he should trust Osborn or not, he was even more confused about how he should feel about the Avengers and Europe.

Part of him hated to say it but the more Osborn brought up Europe, the more he started to see how the other Avengers looked at him: a kid that was only useful to them when they decided he was.

As he started to rise onto his feet, preparing for another swing, Peter felt the hairs on his back stand up straight.

Before he could even react, a large clawed hand grabbed the back of his throat and starting to squeeze tightly, the hero feeling his lungs begging for air.

“Now, where did we leave off?,” chuckled the Head Goblin.

…

Where the battle took place was where several Wakandan ships were hovering, each one having bodies carried inside. Some of the vessels were taking in fallen Wakandans, preparing them to receive a proper funeral. Others were being loaded up with the Kree who were killed in action, preparing to house them in a secure location until the Wakandans figured out what to do with them.
Carol overlooked the process, aiding the citizens in lifting the many corpses inside. She was on the verge of throwing up. Not from the stench or from the fact that she was holding a dead soldier, but from the fact that there were so many of them.

She had never seen any tactics like this used by the Kree or most other aliens. The only species she knew that did things like this were the Chitauri, which would explain why they went extinct.

The Kree have done many awful things, but this...This was a new low that they’ve sunk to. And one that Yon-Rogg would pay for.

Behind her, one of the other heroes from earlier, Bucky Barnes, walked towards her, a blank expression on his face, “Yeah. It never gets any easier to look at.”

Carol shook her head, “You know, I’ve seen a lot of death and despair before out in space...but something like this…”

Barnes nodded somberly, “I don’t think we got properly introduced. James Barnes. Friends call me Bucky.”

“And you let them?”, Carol couldn’t help but let out a small giggle.

“Eh. There are enough Jameses in the world. Could be a worse nickname,” the ex-soldier shrugged.

The captain gave a quick nod to the side in agreement, “Carol Danvers.”

“The glowing woman who blew up that purple alien’s ship?”

“The very one.”

“Damn. What I would give to pull off something like that,” Bucky sighed, “So, you know these guys?”

Carol nodded, a sad look in her eyes, “I used to be controlled by the Kree. After one of them nearly
killed me, they wiped my mind. Forced me to serve their every command without question. To forget about my past life. It was...horrible.”

A look of empathy covered Bucky’s face, his eyes turning to the ground as though horrid thoughts were coming back to him, “Would you believe me if I said I actually understand?”

Carol gave him a puzzled look, clearly asking the man to explain further.

“I used to be a soldier. One moment, I’m in the middle of a mission. Next moment, I’m falling to my death,” Bucky spoke in an almost-sorrowful tone, as though it pained him to look back, “When I woke up, I wasn’t Sergeant Bucky Barnes anymore. I was just the Winter Soldier. A weapon. The monsters who brainwashed me lied to me...they’re the ones who did this to me.”

He lifted up his metal arm, displaying it to Carol. The ex-pilot listened closely, fully engaged in what Barnes was saying.

“Eventually, I broke free. Got at least some of my memories back,” Barnes sighed deeply, his eyes practically burning a hole in the ground, “But...I did a lot of bad things. Things I know that I’ll never be forgiven for.”

“...I’m sorry,” Carol spoke in a quiet voice, her eyes filled with sympathy.

“Thanks, I...I wouldn’t be standing here if it wasn’t for Steve, T’Challa, and Sam”, Bucky shrugged.

“Yeah. T’Challa’s a good man. I didn’t know Rogers super-well, but he was cool.”

“And Sam?”, Bucky asked.

Carol scoffed, “Sam...I don’t know. I mean, I don’t get it. He seems like he’s done a lot of good work before, but now, it’s like he doesn’t know what he’s doing.”

“I mean, can you blame him?”, Bucky chuckled a little, “Sam’s...a jackass, that’s true, but this is his first time actually leading a team. Not only that but now, he’s living up to Steve’s legacy.”
“What is exactly is the deal with being Captain America?”, Carol asked.

“Hell if I know. Every time I think of Steve, I just see him as the short kid from Brooklyn, but everybody else...He was their hero. The man everyone looked up to,” he explained, “Sam was there for him when I wasn’t. He followed his every order, backed him up in every mission. Outside of me and...and Nat...I think Sam was his closest friend. Now, the world’s looking for someone to carry the shield and for better or for worse, Steve chose Sam for the job. All Sam wants is a chance to show he’s worthy.”

Carol thought over the ex-assassin’s words, thinking back to her time with Dr. Lawson. She may not have had all of her memories, but she remembered looking up to her, wanting to make the doctor’s dreams of peace become a reality. While most people didn’t know of the good Mar-Vell did, everyone on this planet knew Rogers.

“Just understand that. Please,” Bucky requested before heading out to help carry away the bodies, leaving Carol to stare out at the battlefield in deep thought.

...

“Oh. Oh no, I don’t feel so good,” Scott mumbled, holding his gut, “I think...I think I’m gonna-”

Suddenly, a bunch of playing cards appeared to shoot out of his mouth, earning a loud laugh from the Wakandan children watching him. While much of the marketplace surrounding the battlegrounds were destroyed, Scott took on the responsibility of alleviating the citizens gathering nearby.

The ex-con chuckled watching the kids be entertained by his jokes, being reminded of his days playing with his own daughter, “Now, if you liked that one, you’re gonna love this-!”

A loud gasp came from the crowd, the civilians suddenly cheering.

“Now, now! I haven’t even started yet!”, Scott laughed.

The Ant-Man slowly heard the sound of embers crackling. He turned to see a portal open up from
behind him, Strange and Hope walking out of it. Immediately, the crowd cheered for Strange, amazed by the spectacle.

Scott sighed, a bit miffed to have his thunder stolen, “Well, there goes my five minutes of fame.”

“Clean-up going alright?”, Strange asked, his face appearing hollow and tired.

“Yeah, so far. I just figured that everybody was freaking out and scared, so I decided to show ‘em a few tricks!”, Scott grinned.

One of the kids rushed forward towards Strange, a gleeful look on his face, “Excuse me, sir, are you a wizard like Mr. Lang?”

“Are you his apprentice?”, another young audience member asked.

While Scott and Hope snickered, Strange stared at the kids with the most deadpan expression, “You know what? I’m done. I’m walking off now.”

As the sorcerer did just that, Scott looked over to the children, “Alright, everyone! Show’s over for now! Gotta have a quick word with my partner over here!”

“Awwww!”, all the children yelled with disappointment.

“Don’t worry! I’ll come back once I’m finished up here!”, Scott calmed down the group, who slowly dispersed and took off.

Hope had a humored look on her face, “So, it looks like you’ve got yourself a bit of an audience.”

“Yeah, well, unlike certain people, they appreciate my card tricks!”, the Ant-Man sarcastically spoke, collecting his playing cards off of the floor.

“Scott, I forgot to clap once. You gotta let it go”, Hope bluntly pointed out, clearly having heard this excuse again and again.
“Uh-huh. So, the device worked! It actually took down those goblin guys!”, Scott threw his hands into the air with pride, “I was thinking I could get another look at that thing. Maybe we could upgrade it to take down those giant robots from earlier!”

“Right, um, about that,” the Wasp looked around awkwardly, “Wilson and Strange asked for Shuri and I to be the ones to handle that.”

Scott paused, stopping his card-shuffling, “Oh. Well, I can always assist! I mean, I think I’ve got a couple of ideas for-”

Hope sighed, “Scott, I...I don’t know if…”

The ex-con’s joyful face dropped slowly into a frown, “Oh.”

“Look, it’s not that we don’t think you can do it-”

“You just think I’ll end up screwing it up,” Scott finished the statement, his eyes dropping to the ground.

Hope, clearly unhappy with this decision, tried to explain, “That’s not what we think. It’s just that we’ve only got a little bit of time left. For all we know, the Kree are gonna strike again soon and if there any setbacks-”

“It’s cool. I-I get it,” Lang half-heartedly smiled, slowly stepping away, “I’ll see you around. Just gonna head out.”

“Scott,” Hope tried reaching out to her partner.

As the ex-criminal walked off into the crowd of Wakandans, the scientist could only stand there, regretful and feeling guilty. She knew Scott was capable, she’s seen him do so much, but could she really blame the others for doubting him?
Valkyrie used her strength to lift up the destroyed planks of a ruined market. She placed the wreckage onto a floating hover-cart beside her. Next to her, T’Challa was speaking with the store owner, an apologetic look on his face.

“We will make sure your store shall be repaired within the next two weeks. I swear this to you,” T’Challa promised.

The citizen bowed to him but it was clear that they weren’t putting much stock in his words.

“Let’s move it, Panther,” Valkyrie called out.

The two monarchs proceeded forwards, the Asgardian pushing the cart and T’Challa speaking with anyone needing aid.

“You realize there is no need to push it, right?”, T’Challa asked.

“Oh, now, you decide to tell me,” Brunnhilde rolled her eyes, releasing her grip on the hovercraft, “You really think you can fix all of this in two weeks?”

T’Challa explained, “This is not the first time Wakanda has suffered major damage. Our vibranium provides us with many resources to rebuild this.”

Valkyrie sighed, “None of this would’ve happened if we had just handed over that blasted metal. Pointless to even wait for a counter-argument to be made.”

“While Captain Danvers’s decision was...reckless, she was right in that handing the vibranium over wasn’t the perfect move.”

“Oh please. That glowing lunatic will get us all burned to a crisp soon enough.”

“What is your history with the Kree, if I may ask?”
Valkyrie stopped in her tracks, lost in her own thoughts, “…I’ve seen the blue buggers in action. They attacked a world that Odin had his eyes on, hoping to strike up an alliance. The first time the old bastard turned to an alliance instead of an invasion.”

T’Challa listened closely, the topic of colonization and imperialism being one he had familiarity with.

“A horde of those bastards appeared, hoping to add another planet to their empire. The king sent the Valkyries out to combat them. Figured, ‘Hey, we’ve taken on worse. What could these worms do to us?’”

She paused, clearly trying to push the memories out of her head, “That planet, it had the same metal your homeland has.”

“Vibranium?”, the Panther looked up with surprise, the idea of other worlds having the substance still amazing him.

The warrior nodded, “It was a simple decision. Hand over the planet or be killed…You can guess what we chose.”

T’Challa eyed her with sympathy, understanding how the loss of comrades, family, could affect one’s spirit.

“I am sorry,” T’Challa stated, “But is Danvers truly to blame for any of this?”

“Excuse me?”

“It is no secret you two have been feuding since the team was formed. I know it is not my place, but we are facing a grave threat, one that requires all of us to be united. Your animosity towards her, even after learning that she was brainwashed by the Kree, it’s unnecessary.”

Brunnhilde’s mind was racing. Yes, this woman had nothing to do with what happened to her friends and she appeared to hate the Kree as much, if not more than the rest of this so-called team. However, that same hatred and her reckless behavior was going to get them all killed.
She sighed, “...You’re right.”

“Really?”, the Wakandan said, surprised.

“It’s not your place to think of this,” the Valkyrie quickly added, grabbing the cart and pushing it forward.

T’Challa watched her leave, standing behind to contemplate some things.

“Yeah, believe me. You’ll get used to her soon enough.”

The king turned to see Stephen Strange appear, his bearded, stoic face eyeing the alien.

T’Challa let out a small chuckle, “That implies I’ll be staying long enough to get used to any of this.”

“What do you mean by that?”, Stephen asked, squinting his eyes in confusion.

“I have been wondering if agreeing to this was the right choice to make,” T’Challa admitted, “I believed that as an Avenger, I could protect the people I love. Perhaps even inspire hope as everyone has been talking about.”

“Yes, common dream amongst everyone putting on a suit these days,” Strange joked in his traditional straight-forward demeanor.

“But after today...My people wish for me to choose between being a king and being an Avenger,” the Wakandan explained, “You are a man with great power and a high ranking. How do you manage?”

“Honestly? Barely. This is actually a temporary position until they find someone actually worthy of the title of Sorcerer Supreme.”

“And you don’t see yourself as worthy?”
Strange stared at T’Challa for a moment, turning his head to the dirt, “There are far greater men than myself. And I’m not just talking about other sorcerers.”

The king recognized what the doctor was referring to, “You never told us what exactly happened with Stark. I know you traded the Time Stone for his life and that you feel a degree of guilt for some reason-”

“I’d rather not talk about that,” Strange brushed the question away, the sudden shiver of his fingers not going unnoticed by the king, “The point is that this team, as...insane as it is, it needs a man of honor. Someone with a clear moral compass, guidelines.”

T’Challa laughed without any humor or joy, “I don’t know if I have that anymore these days.”

Strange viewed his ally almost with empathy. Almost as though on some level, the doctor could relate to the ruler. However, rather than ask any further, he simply said, “I was wondering if I could take a look at those injured in the attack? I know you already have some of the best doctors in the world, but-”

“Of course. I’m assuming you know healing spells?”

“Nope. Just whatever thousands of dollars spent on med school taught me.”

The two shared a laugh, Strange surprised to feel a genuine laugh escape his mouth after so long.

…

Sam sat on top of one of the walls of the Citadel. In his hands was the shield, his sullen reflection staring back at him in red, white, and blue. He sighed, letting the object lay in his lap, his head dropping down.

From behind him arrived Osborn, now wearing his patriotic armor, “What is it with heroes and brooding?”
“Osborn,” Sam dully said, clearly not in the mood.

“What’s the haps, Cap? Why the long face? We won, didn’t we?”

“Barely. You see the marketplace? I just got back from there. Wakanda’s not exactly our biggest fans at the moment,” Sam pointed out.

“Oh, come on. We did good! We scared off those aliens. We’re not dead. This could’ve gone a whole lot worse.”

“Yeah, it would’ve. If not for you,” Wilson shrugged.

“Oh, no doubt. But you guys did great!”, Osborn congratulated the man.

“Did we? Did we really? We could’ve formed a united front from the get-go. Plan ahead before shit went down”, Sam sighed, “It’s what Steve would’ve done.”

“Ah, yes. The prodigal mentor.”

“Steve was not my mentor, let’s get that straight,” Sam glared at the billionaire.

“Right. Yet you’re standing here dressed in his old uniform. 2014 design, SHIELD-made, right?”

“Go to hell.”

“Rather not,” Osborn chuckled before asking, “Why did you follow him?”

Sam exhaled, shaking his head, “Steve...He didn’t have any doubt. He saw somebody in trouble, he saw something go down, he didn’t fall to the ground. He stood like a tree and told the world, ‘No, you move.’”
Osborn looked as though he genuinely was hanging onto each word the Falcon was saying, “Interesting. I never had the honor of meeting Captain Rogers, but I hear he was a great man.”

Sam nodded, “Yeah.”

After a second of contemplation, Osborn continued, “I believe the world needs someone to look up to. Someone who can live up to the legacy that Rogers and Stark left. Somebody with confidence and power. That’s part of why I put on the armor.”

“What, for glory?”

“To show the world that someone out there is going to protect them. No matter what comes at them. The world wants an Iron Man and a Captain America, might as well go all the way, right?”

While Sam didn’t distrust the Iron Patriot to the same extent as Rhodey, he couldn’t say he fully understood the man’s intentions. However, anyone willing to let themselves die in an explosion, knowing that they probably wouldn’t have survived the outcome must have some heroism inside of them.

Maybe the type of heroism needed to carry a shield.

“Look, I...I know none of you really...like me. I get it. I’m an acquired taste. Rare flavor,” Osborn admitted, “But I just want to do what I can. To leave a mark on this world that’s not just my company name. You get me?”

Sam faltered, seeing the sincerity the billionaire was displaying and understanding what he was trying to say, “I do. Weirdly enough, I do.”

“Good,” Osborn nodded, “Nice to know I’m not alone on this.”

Sam slowly stood up, stretching before jumping off of the wall, his winged body gliding across the night.

“Hm. Maybe I should add wings to the suit,” Norman mused.
He looked down and realized something was left by Sam on the floor: the shield.

“Oh boy, he really needs to take better care of his belongings”, he scoffed.

Suddenly, an alert came from his gauntlet, a loud beeping noise being heard.

“What the-?”, he looked at the alert and saw that it was sent from Peter, “What could this be about?”

He pushed a button on his wrist and the voice of Peter Parker screamed out, clearly panicked, “GUYS! I NEED BACK-UP! THE HEAD GOBLIN’S TRYING TO KILL ME! SOMEONE HELP, PLEASE!!”

…

Peter darted across the rooftops, trying to send his distress call to anyone who would listen, but for some reason, no one was picking up, “Crap, crap, crap!”

Right before he could leap off one of the buildings, the devilish creature suddenly hovered in front of him, claws out and ready for shredding, “Where you going, kiddo?! Fun’s just about to start!”

The teen shot his webbing directly at the Goblin’s face, but it just spun around, the strands missing him. The menace lifted up a flaming bomb and tossed right at the kid’s feet.

Peter launched himself into the air and fired strands at the hoverboard, pulling hard and letting himself be propelled forwards like a rock in a slingshot. With his legs stretched out, he slammed his feet right into the Goblin’s chest.

As the two plummeted down from the high building, Peter landed as many blows on the things face as he could. However, before he could strike another punch, he started feeling his Peter-Tingle.
From behind him, the glider shot forwards, its pointed ends aiming right for Parker’s shoulder-blades.

Right before he could be impaled, Peter grabbed the glider and used it to push himself up, flipping backward. The hovercraft instead returned to its rightful place: under the Goblin’s feet.

“Now, this is more like it!”, its sharp fangs glinted.

Peter landed on the side of the building, his brown eyes wide with fear, “What do you even want with me?! Why are you coming after me?!”

With a snicker, the creature answered, “What can I say? I like you, sport! Everyone else here’s a dime in a dozen, but you? You’re something else, aren’t you?”

“Yeah,” Peter replied, “I’m the goddamn Spider-Man.”

He pushed himself right off the building and fired some web-bullets at the engines of the hovercraft. The glider began to shake and shudder, sparks beginning to fly off of it. Right before the Head Goblin could react, Peter’s elbow wrapped around his body and pulled him off of the glider.

The two soared through the air before Peter landed a quick kick on the beast, sending them downwards to crash onto a roof.

Before it could get back up all the way, the Goblin felt a rain of webbing flying down at him, trying to force him to the ground. He looked up to see Peter swing around columns and satellite dishes in order to go after the fiend.

The thing continuously tried to escape the hero’s line of fire, but each web fired slowly began to force him down.

“Come on now!”, the Goblin snarled, chucking bombs left and right and firing lasers from its fingers.
Each explosive thrown was webbed up by Peter and either tossed into the sky or used to defend himself from each laser blast.

The boy landed in front of the Goblin, landing a spin-kick across the creature’s face. He fired a strand at the villain’s eyes but instead, it stuck to its free wrist, which was lifted up in order to block the attack.

Before the Goblin could pull out another bomb, Peter shot the webbing so the freak’s free arm was stuck to his chest.

“Wow. You know, you really need a better gimmick,” Peter panted, a little tired, “I mean, goblins are cool and all, but there’s gotta be something better. Like trolls! Ooh, or gremlins! Gremlins are awesome!”

“What can I say? I had an idea and I went for it!,,” the creature giggled, “I mean, after all...You’ve gotta shoot your shot.”

With his webbed-up hand, the Goblin fired a blast from its finger, aiming directly for the boy’s face.

Peter’s senses picked up on it too late before it was about to destroy his head, what he believed was his last thought being, Well, can’t say this isn’t how I expected to die.

However, instead of turning his face to cinders, something flew right in between the blast and Peter and deflected the Goblin’s attack. In a blur of red and white, something began crashing around the rooftop and flying back to where it came from.

“I’ve got your back, kid,” Osborn spoke from under his faceplate.

The Goblin and Spidey looked over to see the Iron Patriot hovering next to them.

And covering his left arm was the iconic shield.

The Green Goblin giggled before ripping apart the webbing, itching to tear apart the two heroes.
“Did the others get my message?!”, Peter asked.

“They should have!”, the boy’s elder nodded, “Come on. Let’s teach Trick-Or-Treat here why the bad guys run from the Avengers!”

The two began ganging up on the villain, with Osborn throwing the shield around like a pro. While the Goblin swatted it away with a quick swipe, Osborn fired a quick repulsor blast at the shield’s center while it was in mid-air, the blast not only bouncing off and hitting the Goblin from behind but also creating a loud enough ringing noise to blow the villain to the ground.

Peter shot a strand and webbed the shield up, swinging it around like a flail and letting it crash into the side of the villain’s face. The teen landed on his hands and fired his webs onto the Goblin’s hands, sticking them to the concrete.

As he flipped back onto his feet, Parker handed the shield back to his ally, a proud look on his injured face, “So, we’re not dead.”

The monster began cackling maniacally, “You think that’s enough to stop-?!”

“Hang on. Wait. I’m gonna let you finish,” Osborn interrupted, clearly not caring, “I just need to do one thing.”

He lifted the shield up with one hand and aimed his palm at the back of the weapon, charging his repulsor beam up.

“May wanna cover your ears, bud,” Osborn warned.

With a carefully aimed blast at the center of the shield’s back, Osborn fired, sending the shield forward at an amazing speed and sending it smashing right into the Goblin’s face. It ricocheted off of the other end of the rooftop and crashed into the villain’s back, slamming the front of their body right into the ground.

The defensive weapon returned to Osborn, whose faceplate was now off, revealing a look of complete shock and awe. Peter shared the same look of amazement as the two stared at the shield.
before facing one another.

“That. Was. AWESOME!” Peter exclaimed, a smile forming.

Osborn couldn’t help but laugh in surprise, “You think Wilson would let me keep this?!”

As though on cue, Sam landed behind them, clearly astonished, “Holy shit.”

“Hey, boss-man! You left this back at the palace! Really got to make sure you don’t lose this,” Osborn grinned, handing the shield back to Sam.

“How...How do you even know how to throw it?”, Sam asked, shocked after seeing that display.

“I mean, was it that hard?” he laughed, “I don’t know. Just felt right.”

Some of the other heroes arrived as well, with Carol landing down with Bucky in her arms and Rhodey appearing in his armor with T’Challa in one arm. Strange floated down, a look of fear in his eyes.

“What is going on?!”, T’Challa yelled.

“We saw the explosions all the way from the battlefield!”, Bucky yelled.

“Why didn’t any of you call this in?!”, Strange asked in an angered tone.

“I did,” Peter whispered.

“What?”, Carol asked.

“I did!”, the teen repeated, now in a louder voice, “I sent a distress call to all of you! I told you that the Goblin was coming after me! That he was trying to kill me! WHERE WERE YOU?!”
“What are you-?! None of us got a distress message!”, Sam shouted back, lifting up the small screen attached to the glove on his wrist, “There’s nothing here that says-!”

He paused as he saw a message from fifteen minutes ago: an alert from Peter.

Each of the heroes with tech looked down, Carol and Rhodey staring at their gauntlets and T’Challa viewing his kimoyo beads. Each one had a message from Peter. All of their faces paled as they realized that Peter was right.

Sam stuttered, “This...This shouldn’t be right, I...I didn’t see anything-”

“How? I saw it the moment it was sent out,” Osborn pointed out.

“And you didn’t tell us?!”, Rhodes yelled.

“I figured you guys had to have gotten the message first! I mean, you’re his friends, right?!”

The question hung over everyone there, all of them avoiding Peter’s distraught, bruised face. The kid couldn’t believe this. He cried out for help and what did his “teammates” do? Nothing. Absolutely nothing.

A shrill laugh pierced the air as everyone’s attention turned to the trapped Goblin. It was on its knees, facing downwards as each of its limbs were stretched out by the webbing. Its face wasn’t visible to the heroes, but they could see blood dripping to the ground from its nose…

And the being’s mask shattered in half on the ground.

Slowly, Peter moved to the fallen villain, Osborn aiming his repulsor over the boy’s shoulder in case something went wrong.

With a trembling hand, he reached out to the cackling figure and pulled the purple hood off of their face, hoping to finally understand who was leading all of these attacks.
Peter’s eyes widened, pure shock, terror, and horror suddenly slicing away at him.

Their usually-combed, black hair was now in a shaggy mess, pieces of debris stuck in between each strand. His eyes were bulging, practically begging to pop out their skulls, tears streaming down his face. Whether out of laughter or fear, Peter couldn’t tell. His pupils, once a dull-color, were now flashing bright green, shining so vividly that they almost looked inhuman.

His flesh was tinged with emerald veins, sweat beading down almost corpse-like skin as his bruised eye was displayed clearly.

His smile, once cheerful and innocent, was now contorted, stretched across his face like an evil clown. Even his teeth looked like they were sharper. His laugh was no longer joyous and kind, but rather mocking and shrill, as though he found everything amusing.

“HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!”

Norman lifted down his arm, a look of pure horror on his face, “Oh God.”

Peter felt the tears fall down his own cheeks. Felt his heart stop as though he had died and gone to Hell. He tried to find the words, something to clear this all up. Maybe a plea or a prayer.

But all that escaped from his mouth was one name.

“Ned?”

“HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!”

Chapter End Notes

HAHAHAHAHAHA! GOD, I love playing with your emotions!

Thank you for those still reading! Hope you enjoyed this chapter! Comments are greatly appreciated!
More to come soon!
Chapter 22

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The S.W.O.R.D. agent’s fist slammed onto the metal table, causing Ned to jump back in his chair out of fear. The pale white interrogation room of S.W.O.R.D.’s on-Earth base was almost like something out of those crime movies he and Peter would spend late nights watching.

Except now, it was real. And he was the convict.

“You’re not making a believer out of us, kid,” the agent glowered, “Just tell us the truth. Where did you get your tech and how long have you been working with the Kree?”

Ned’s face was puffy from crying. Instead of a green and purple costume, he wore a blue shirt and an orange hoodie. His skin was no longer tinged with emerald veins and his eyes were now the correct shade of brown.

No longer was he laughing like a maniac or making snide quips. Now, he was trying not to break in front of this federal agent, a goal that he was currently failing at.

“Please, I already told you! I’m not working for the aliens!”, he sobbed, trying to prove his innocence.

“Then do you mind explaining why you were running around dressed like their soldiers? Bombing entire cities?”, the agent glared.

“I-I don’t know what happened! I went to sleep in the medical center and I-I woke up and I found myself in some cell! I don’t remember anything!”, the teen yelled, his lips quivering.

“Kid, unless you want to be prepped for a lifetime in the Raft, you need to tell us everything you know about your employers! Did they give you the suit?”

“I-I don’t.”
“What about you? Are you enhanced? Did they give you something?”

“I DON’T KNOW!”, Ned screamed, clutching his head and facing the floor, a flood of tears going down his face, “Please, I...I just want to go home.”

The agent shook his head, “Look...I get that you’ve been through a lot, but I need you to remember what happened to-”

Suddenly, the door to the interrogation room opened as an older man in a business suit entered with a suitcase, “Mr. Leeds, I need you to stop speaking right now.”

“Who the hell are you?”, the agent asked.

“Holden Holliway of Goodman, Lieber, Kurtzberg, & Holliway. I’m here to represent Mr. Leeds,” the man explained.

Ned looked up, confused, “Um, I’m-I’m sorry, but I don’t have any money-”

“Don’t worry about that. Your bill’s already been covered,” Holliway explained.

…

From behind the one-way mirror of the room stood Osborn and Peter, both of whom were watching as the lawyer took a seat next to Ned and began speaking with the agent.

Peter’s eyes looked worried as he saw his friend in probably the lowest point he’s ever been in. The guy that he played with since they were kids, who brought him lego sets to build, who helped him out on patrol, who was...who is his best friend.

Osborn sighed, appearing concerned for his employee, “Don’t worry. GLK&H is the best firm on the east coast. If anyone can help Ned, it’s them.”

Peter nodded, trying to stop himself from tearing up, “Thank you...For doing this.”
The billionaire placed his hand on Parker’s shoulder as a way of comforting him, “I’m not going to let anything happen to him, Peter. I promise.”

He walked away, leaving the distraught teen on his own to stare at his fallen friend.

“Kid?”

Behind the boy arrived Sam, Rhodes, Strange, and Carol, all in civilian clothing and looking at the boy sympathetically. Peter wiped the tears out of his eyes with his sleeve, trying to regain his composure.

Sam shook his head, “Peter, I’m sorry. I know you two were close.”

The boy’s back was still turned to them, standing eerily still.

Carol cleared her throat, “Pete, we know you’re dealing with a lot, but do you know anything about Ned working with the Kree?”

He shook his head, “No. No, he never...He’s just a kid from Queens, guys.”

Rhodes sighed, “Well, S.W.O.R.D.’s planning on taking us to their off-Earth base to discuss our strategy if the Kree come back. Suit up. We’re heading over there in a couple minutes-”

“I’m not going.”

Looks of surprise covered the three adults’ faces, taken aback by the reply.

“Peter, what are you talking about?”, Strange asked.

“I’m not going”, Peter repeated in the same weary tone.
Carol looked confused, “Peter, we need your help on this, especially now that your friend’s involved.”

“Oh, you need my help?”, Peter laughed humorlessly, “You need my help?”

She exhaled, “Peter, we told you. We didn’t see the alert—”

“But Mr. Osborn did. He came right away.”

Rhodes walked forward, “Peter, you can’t trust him—”

The boy turned to face the heroes, eyes red and bloodshot, “And I can trust you?”

The colonel paused, taken aback by the bitterness in Peter’s voice, “Kid—”


Rhodey’s eyes widened, remembering the conversation from last night. Before he could say anything or even apologize, Peter continued, as though he was just getting started.

“And you know what? He’s right. He’s actually right about everything. You don’t come to me or give a shit about me unless you need something from me.”

“Peter, that’s not true,” Strange argued.

“Then where were you in Europe? Hm?”, Peter glared, slowly raising his voice, “Where were you when London was being destroyed and I had to fight off all those drones? Or-or where were you when the UN was calling me a terrorist?! When I was about to be thrown in jail for life for something I didn’t do?!"
Strange sighed, “Peter, I know you don’t want to hear this, but there are bigger-”

“What? Bigger what?! Bigger things? More important things than helping out or even leaving a message to some dumb kid from Queens?”, Peter shouted, his temper rising to a higher level than the group has ever seen, “You know why I didn’t want to join the Avengers before Thanos happened? Because I knew the truth.”

“The truth?”, Sam asked, “Peter, what are you talk-”

“The Avengers don’t look out for the little guy. The guys working the corner store. The people trying to make ends meet and survive in this insane world! You fight the big, world-ending threats, but what? The gang wars? The robberies? Who’s there to stop that?! To stop people like Ned from getting hurt?! WHO’S THERE FOR-?!”

Peter stopped himself as he felt the sobs start building up in his throat again. The four looked horrified at the child, startled that such a kind, gentle person had so much anger and vitriol inside of him.

He took a deep breath and wiped his face, “...I’m sorry...But I don’t want to be an Avenger anymore…”

Sam gulped, “Peter, I don’t think-”

“Just...Please leave me alone.”

Wilson sighed, stepping out of the way. The boy slowly trudged past them, his eyes to the ground as he moved.

“Peter, where are you going?”, Carol asked, her voice quiet.

“Queens. Back home.”

Strange cleared his throat, “I can take you there if you’d-”
“No thanks. Mr. Osborn’s waiting for me in his car.”

As Parker made a turn around the corner, the others stood in silence and shame.

...

The teen exited the building only to almost run into the ex-con and the scientist.

“Hey, kid! You heading off somewhere?”, Scott asked, surprised the see the boy outside.

“Yes, I thought Wilson said the team was going to S.W.O.R.D.’s base off-Earth?”, Hope raised an eyebrow.

“Uh, yeah. You guys are,” Peter nodded, “But, um, I’m not.”


“I kind of quit.”

“Seriously?”

“Yeah, I...I don’t think being an Avenger is what I’m meant to be,” the child explained.

“Oh. Well, I’m sorry to hear that, dude,” Scott understood.

“It’s fine. I’m okay with just being the friendly neighborhood Spider-Man. Besides, you’ve guys won’t need me. You’re Ant-Man and the Wasp,” Peter put up a fake smile, trying to sound happier than he actually was.
The couple sadly smiled as well, seeing Parker’s discomfort.

“Alright, well, see you around, Webs,” Scott grinned.

Peter waved at the two before he trotted over to a sleek black car parked outside, the door opening to let him in before the vehicle left the base.

“I’m gonna miss that weird guy,” Hope sighed.

“Yeah, he was cool. Plus, he actually knew who we were!” Scott smiled.

“Still think it should be the Wasp and Ant-Man.

“Details, details,” Lang brushed the statement away before his positive demeanor slowly evaporated, “So… We can quit apparently.”

“I guess so,” Van Dyne shrugged.

“I mean… It’s been working out so far!,” Scott chuckled, trying to bring back his usual energy, “Me on a team! You on the frontlines! It’s been going good, right?”

“I don’t know, Scott.”

“C’mon, Hope. Can you say you would’ve been able to do any of this if we weren’t a part of the team? Fighting aliens, seeing Wakandan labs and sorcerers if we didn’t accept that offer?”

“Can you say you’re happy here?”

The two looked at one another, waiting for an answer. Scott was the one who pushed for the duo to become Avengers, but he’s been stuck on the sidelines and ignored. Hope has been given the chance to do so much more, but the more she did for this team, the more she put herself out in the open.
Scott rubbed his head awkwardly, “You know, the kid said they’re waiting for us, so we should probably head on in.”

“Yeah. Yeah, let’s go,” Hope nodded in agreement, fine with changing the topic.

... 

At the bottom floor of the base was a massive hangar filled with a variety of airships. Spacecraft and advanced vessels from all over the galaxy were housed there, with pilots, agents, and everyone in between walking back and forth around the area.

At one end was a small ship, preparing itself for launch. It was a pale grey, its wings stretching out from the center like a bird getting ready for takeoff. The sound of its large engines revving up filled the air around it as inside, the group, now one member short, were buckling in.

An agent sat at the pilot’s seat with Carol sitting next to them as co-pilot.

“So, your first time going to space. You ready?”, Rhodes looked to Sam, the colonel donned in his bulky, grey armor.

“Not gonna lie, I’m scared shitless here, man,” the ex-soldier admitted, gripping at the shield in his hands, “What was it like for you?”

“Word of advice, make sure that seat belt’s tightened all the way.”

Sam’s eyes widened as he began fumbling around with his chair in a panic, earning a chuckle from Rhodes.

“So, no Osborn?”, Rhodey asked, curious as to the tech mogul’s absence.

The Falcon shook his head, “I think him leaving with Parker was a sure sign that he’s not coming.”
“Thank God for the little gifts, I guess,” War Machine smirked.

“Don’t get your hopes up. If he’s leaving, then that’s two members down,” Sam explained, “Of all people, would you have ever thought the kid would be the first one to quit?”

Rhodes stared down at his feet, sighing, “Honestly, I can’t blame him.”

Sam raised an eyebrow, “You think he was right? About the Avengers not caring for the little guy?”

“I don’t know about that,” Rhodey shrugged, “But...He was right. I should’ve helped him out in Europe or with the U.N. At least called him or gave him my support.”

“I don’t mean to come off as an asshole, but it’s not like we can be there for the kid 24/7.”

“I know, but Parker...He was practically family to Tony. The man wasn’t sure of a lot of things, but...he was sure of Peter.”

Sam nodded slowly, his brows furrowed, “...Do you think bringing back the team was a mistake?”

“Without a doubt,” Rhodes bluntly stated.

Sam gave his ally a look of pure disbelief, “Wow, tell us how you really feel, Rhodes.”

“But maybe the real mistake is thinking we can be the old team.”

Wilson shut his mouth, turning his face to look straight ahead. At first, he called bull on the colonel’s analysis. It’s not like Sam was trying to force this team to be like the original six. But then his eyes slowly looked down to the suit he was wearing. Not even a new or customized uniform, just Steve’s suit from his time with S.H.I.E.L.D.

Maybe there was a grain of truth in Rhodes’s words.
The entire vessel began to shake as the heroes felt the craft rise up, the sound of the roof creaking open being heard from above. Sunlight peeked in, illuminating the room and allowing the floating ship to rise out of the base.

“For engaging retro-reflective panels,” the agent piloting stated, pressing a few buttons.

In a mere second, the spaceship disappeared from the view of everyone outside, almost as though it wasn’t there to begin with. Cloaking the vessel was necessary as S.W.O.R.D. desired to keep their more unusual activities out of the public’s view.

Within twenty minutes, the blue shades of the sky grew lighter and lighter, the government base shrinking to the point that it looked like a minuscule dot in a sea of green.

“Oh. My. God”, Hope’s eyes widened as she looked through the window, her heart stopping from what she saw before her.

The heroes stared in wonder as the blinding white before they peeled back to reveal a world of deep black and purple, stars twinkling before their pupils.

T’Challa turned his head to the side window, watching the blue marble that was his planet stare back at him.

“For the love of,” the king whispered in Xhosa, his amazement clear.

“You know, it’s not as big from up here,” Hope commented, her eyes glued to the blue and green orb.

“Спектаккулярно,” Wanda breathed in Sokovian, earning a small laugh from Strange who was sitting next to her.

“That’s a way of putting it,” the doctor gave a small nod, a calm look on his face.
All of their jaws dropped at the sight except for Carol and Valkyrie. The Asgardian looked at the sight as though she’d seen it all before, but the captain had a genuine smile cross her face.

Carol turned her head to look at the others, letting out a small chuckle, “Yeah. Never gets old.”

Sam gulped, gripping the arms of his chair. He watched with both terror and awe as he was now entering a world far greater than himself. Staring into the vast, endless realm that was outer space almost made him feel smaller than he already felt.

“Guys, I don’t want to ruin this moment,” Scott spoke up, “But I’m really regretting not going to the bathroom before this.”

“You ruined it.” Strange bluntly replied.

“Alright. We’re exiting the atmosphere”, Carol turned to the agent, “Might as well drop the disguise.”

The pilot scoffed, taking off his aviator shades, “Finally. I was wondering how long I’d need to keep this up.”

Suddenly, the agent’s face began to shift, his skin becoming a lime green and sharp teeth growing from his mouth. As his ears stretched out, his eyes changed to become entirely black.

“Whatwhatwhatwhatwhat?”, Scott stammered, grabbing his partner closer to him.

The others were clearly confused and a little unnerved by what they were seeing, with Sam lifting the shield up slightly in anticipation.

It was only after the agent’s face stopped contorting and moving that the others realized that a green-skinned man was at piloting the ship.

Rhodes backed up a little in his seat, his eyes showing that he was clearly frightened, “What in the hell?”
“Calm down, Metal-Man,” Carol joked, “Friend, not foe.”


“I’m sorry, Skrulls?”, Hope asked, unable to hide her discomfort. Understandable given how her last confrontation with extraterrestrials went.

“These are the guys I’ve been spending the last thirty years helping out. They helped create S.W.O.R.D. with Fury and are the ones running it,” Danvers explained, “Oh, and they’re shape-shifters.”

“ Couldn’t mention that when we got on the ship?”, Strange asked, the only one other than Danvers who didn’t appear surprised or unnerved. Which makes sense when you take into account the weirder shit he’s seen in his career as a Master of the Mystic Arts.

“Yes, sorry for the cloak-and-dagger, mate. Can’t be too careful who to trust, y’know?”, Talos replied.

T’Challa eyed him suspiciously, “So, you’re the reason Captain Danvers left Earth for so long?”

“Yes. My people owe much to Carol. She sacrificed her life on Earth in order to help us find a home,” Talos explained, “It is only fair we help her however we can in any way that we can.”

Carol couldn’t help but smile at the praise, happy to hear someone say something actually positive about her and her accomplishments over the decades. If the woman was being honest to herself...She really needed to hear this today.

Brunnhilde, meanwhile, watched the alien carefully, the kind words spoken by Talos about the captain ringing through her ears. This was the first time she’s ever heard any alien say a good thing about Danvers. Every other planet she went to, people either feared the glowing lady or hated her for dismantling their empires. Now, she was looking at someone who saw her as a protector. An actual hero.

“So, you’re a shape-shifter?”, Rhodes asked, “Like ‘Invasion of the Body-Snatchers’-type or ‘The
“We simply have to look at someone and we can just change into them,” Talos answered, “I mean, we’ve been trying to expand our powers lately—”

“Sorry to interrupt, but I gotta know. Can you turn into a filing cabinet?”, Scott spoke up.

“What about a cow? Or a cat? Can you turn into a cat?”, asked Wanda, curious.

“...Is it too late to return to Earth?”, Talos groaned.

Carol laughed, “Some things never change.”

...”

“Well, you’ve been quiet,” Osborn commented, staring at the boy seated next to him, “You okay, kiddo?”

Peter’s head was pressed against the black leather of the car seat, his fingers fiddling with his backpack.

“Hm? Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah! I’m good!”, Peter nodded, “Um, just lost in thought, I guess. I’m just hoping I didn’t make the wrong choice, you know?”

“Oh, come on, Peter. I get that those people were your idols and everything, but you were right. No matter how many times you came to them when they needed help, they never returned the favor!”, Osborn argued, “It’s best to cut them off before they keep on using you.”

The boy nodded, taking in the man’s words, “Maybe you’re right.”

“Oh, I know I’m right. Even when I’m wrong, I’m right. That’s how the world works!”
Peter chuckled as he looked out the window, gazing at the many buildings and cars they were passing by. This was where he was at his best. Classic New York. Home.

“Um, hang on. My neighborhood’s down that way,” Peter pointed out.

“I know. We’re just gonna make a quick detour,” Osborn explained, “There’s something I wanna show you. Something big.”

The car continued on its way through the busy streets of Manhattan, Parker slowly recognizing the streets they were moving down and wondering what Osborn was planning.

Peter’s eyes scoped the area, rolling down the window to get a better view, “Wait a minute, where are we…”

His words got stuck in his own throat as he looked out and saw the massive building in front of him.

The massive building stood as proud as ever, the redecorations still not enough to erase the boy’s memories of swinging around it. The bright daylight gleamed off of it, helping it stand out amongst the many skyscrapers surrounding it.

The biggest thing that grabbed the boy’s attention, however, was how rather than a massive letter A at the top, a large letter O with a small portion removed from the bottom right of the circle.

Osborn grinned as he saw the look on the kid’s face, “Peter Parker, welcome to Oscorp.”

…

The spaceship began to slow down, coming to a halt in the middle of space. The planet Earth was still clearly visible, but they were a long way from home.

“Why did we stop?”, Sam asked.
Talos pressed a button on the dashboard and leaned next to what looked like a radio. He spoke to it in an alien language, deep and loud, almost animalistic.

The Falcon paused, “Was...Was that an answer or-?”

Suddenly, it looked like the emptiness of space opened up as in front of the ship, a large, bright, and rectangular light appeared, almost as though a massive door was opening up for the vessel to move inside.

“Aaaand we’ve finally come to the pearly gates,” Rhodes joked, “Nice knowing y’all. Not surprised I ended up here with you guys.”

The area around the light began to ripple before the blackness of space was replaced with bright, silver metal. The rippling continued until floating before the group was what looked like an enormous satellite. It looked like something ripped straight from a sci-fi novel, bright lights shining from it and a large metal circular ring spinning around the top.

“Whoa,” Sam whispered, “So this is where you’ve been hanging this whole time, Fury?”

Talos smiled, “Avengers, welcome to the Peak.”

Chapter End Notes

This chapter was originally going to be longer but I decided to cut it in half and save the rest for the next chapter because one, I wanted the emotional moments to better pop out, and two, I didn't want to rush things with the next part.

Hope you enjoyed this chapter! More to come soon!

End Notes

Hope you like the story! More to come soon!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!