

Marvel: Upgrading Death 37 - Helping Kael, Patching Earth, The Big Lawyer & Ancient Awakening

A/N: Disney's She-Hulk does not exist for me. The only She-Hulk I know and imagine is the comics one.

There was no grand ceremony. No public declaration. It just happened: Planet Earth now had a ruler, and it was the God of Mankind himself. For an outside alien species, it may sound strange or even scammy, but when the same god owned Dino Corp, the 'God' title made sense.

Marshall was not happy, however. He was not the type of man to accept more responsibility. He never liked working on something he didn't enjoy. He had no such thing as a sense of duty, or a drive. He simply existed, just as planet Earth and the sun did.

"Think no more on it than is needed, my dear friend," Odin said, giving his shoulder a reassuring pat. "A burden gains its weight only when we choose to carry it as one."

"What? Want me to shut my damn eyes and pretend I ain't got billions of monkeys to worry about? I got scammed, Odin! By my own fucking daughter!"

"Calm down, First Man. Her heart is kinder than most, and perhaps kinder than ours. Hela believes Kael's divinity is rooted in kindness, or something akin to it. Helvar's divinity lies in strength. We all have our part in this universe. You as well, for you are the god of mankind, First Man."

Marshall groaned. "I should be hunting down Aspirants."

"You may do that tomorrow, or in a million years. Aspirants, Celestials, they are multiversal beings, my friend. To them, a year or two is like seconds. Do not trouble yourself with urgency. Attend to what lies before you. Would you not rather see your daughter happy? See the world you have shepherded continue to thrive?"

Marshall frowned harder, but then it vanished, and he let out a very long sigh. Yes, he loved his kids, all of them. They were what he dreamt of for millions of years, living alone. They were only a fraction in his long, long existence. That made them all the more cherished.

"Alright, I'll help her."

"No, you must be the First Man the world believes in."

####

Dinosia, First Man's Temple,

Marshall sat alone, lounging on a beach chair beside the large pool. It was things as usual. Marty was getting cleaned by bikini-clad Angels. It was a sight.

"Dad."

But then the peace ended when his daughter walked over to him. She was in her usual work attire, even with her sword at her hip. But she carried a large stack of papers to him.

"What is it now?" he asked.

"Dad, this is the list of people who need punishment and complete erasure. There are some governments in it as well. The first step is bringing the entire world to parity so there is no region excluded or mismatched in quality of life. We can let nations exist, but only with police. All armies must combine into a planetary defense force..."

Marshall listened to her from one ear and lost it all from the other.

"Sure, Kael, go ahead. Do what feels right. Kill them fucking useless apes, all of them if you want. I can wait a few million years for new ones to pop."

"No!"

He sighed at her pout. She was a grown woman, well, a kid to him. "No, what? I ain't got time for all that."

"You're doing nothing sitting here."

"I'm planning my next move."

"For what?"

"For getting Marty's ass out of that pool. Fucker's hoarding all the angels. Where's my lemonade with jiggly ti—Forget it."

"..."

He felt her silence and finally sat up and looked right at her face. "What do you want, girl?"

"You made them vote, Dad. You're the First Man they chose. You should show your face and prove the vote right. Right now, they don't even know it was you. For all it could be some demon like Mep—"

"Don't say that red assface's name. I'll do it. Where to go?"

Kael grinned. "Follow me."

Marshall summoned his clothes on him, removing his trunks and replacing them with his usual caveman viking attire. He followed behind Kael, looking as excited as a rock at the bottom of the sea.

However, as he walked, he noticed Kael waving her right hand in a circle. Then he noticed a ring that he'd forgotten even existed. Moments later, a round portal with sparks appeared.

"Who gave you that, girl?"

"My friend. Her name's Yao. Let's go, Dad."

He walked through that portal and found himself in the middle of a large, red-soiled area with trees in the distance all around. It seemed like a village of some sort. Africa, it seemed, considering the crowd. But there was more.

In the middle of the large field, over a thousand men were kneeling with their hands behind their backs. They were wearing military uniforms, or what was left of them. But they did seem like an army.

The most surprising part, however, was the crowd that kept the hostages. They weren't all humans. Blue face, green face, weird faces, non-human faces, they were all aliens, holding alien blasters.

"You've been busy," he said.

"Of course, Dad. I reached for you only after I caught everyone. These are all the warlords of Mali, and their core commanders, captains, and officers. They are the worst of the worst, and stopping the means cleaning Mal—"

Marshall shrugged and waved his hand without even wasting a second. A wide, red beam of light erupted from his palm and covered the hostages, and incinerated them to ashes.

"Where to next?" he asked with a bored voice.

"This way."

Kael said nothing and made another portal.

This time, he found himself in Cambodia. After that, he was in Afghanistan, then Pakistan, then Iraq, then Yemen, then Armenia, where he killed a bunch of wannabe gangsters. Of course, he did the same in southern Italy.

Marshall didn't think much. It was too much brainwork for him, so he went by Kael, whom he saw as the girl who could do no wrong. She had the power to judge them; heck he didn't know the whole scope of her powers. It was endless. She pulled Deadpool's ass out of time and space; this was nothing.

It was a thorough cleanup around the world. Millions had to die for billions to thrive. Thankfully, many of those evils had ended themselves. It was reported in the news; that too many rich and powerful people were found dead in one way or another. Most shot themselves in the head, but a few were so retarded they didn't know how to shoot properly and died a slow, agonising death.

Though what Marshall didn't know was that he was being recorded as well. This cleansing was going to be the proof Kael would show to the world.

That the First Man had risen.

#####

Somewhere in Russia,

Boom!

"And that's what I call a masterpiece. Red Room in a red bloom. What do you say, Wolfy? Isn't this lovely? Umm... I can almost polish my rod to this." Deadpool rambled nonstop while standing on a rock; far in the distance, the Red Room's base was in flames.

Logan let out a low grumble. "You're sick in the head, bub."

"I don't think so. I was once, cancer, you won't believe it. Then, ah, what do we do with all the cute killing machines we saved?" Deadpool looked behind, at the few dozen girls they'd saved from the academy. They were all staring at him in fear and confusion.

"Calling in for an extraction. Dinosia will do them right," Logan said, and took out a small communicator from his pocket.

In a matter of minutes, a large spaceship of Dino Corp landed near them. The girls were scared, but somehow Deadpool could speak Russian. It was unknown how the guy learned it in the first place.

Eventually, they led the girls to Dinosia, with a girl named Natasha establishing herself as the voice of the group. Logan and Deadpool didn't care; they had more places to torch. Kael had ordered them, and the First Man had sanctioned them.

#####

Five years was a long time.

Bringing the entire world to parity wasn't easy. But it became possible when people were united by faith, and a fleet of Dino Corp was always present to work across the planet, mostly moving cargo.

The least developed regions were given food and water. The most developed regions were given tools to grow further and were tasked with guiding others. It was a group effort, one that became possible with a universal translator tech that Dino Corp brought from space.

It became easy once every intelligent human on the planet learned to communicate with each other; no matter the land or origin, no matter what they looked like. A Chinese person got to learn the life of a Brazilian, and an American got to learn about the world. With that, it became easier to push for change.

Leading causes of crimes related to robbery, sexual crimes, general violence, and racial hate were unequal financial capabilities around the world, differences in education, and mental degradation due to sexual deficiency.

Education was easy to solve. Poverty was easy to eradicate once necessities such as hunger, healthcare, and water were met. People focused on learning then, and those who absolutely didn't want to learn, no matter what, got taken off-world by Dino Corp to work for some space mining company. They would be treated well, but it was basic work. It wouldn't make them rich, but alright.

Of course, sexbots existed in the universe. That tech was also brought to Earth for various 'reasons'. Both male and female types. To ensure the population didn't collapse, having babies was made financially free. Child healthcare was free, from a sneeze to a tumor. Education till university was free. And there were millions upon millions of daycares across the planet with advanced automated systems.

Stark Industries and a few others, like Emma's MagFrost, took advantage of the boom. But they weren't allowed to grow into planet-dominating corporations. They were instead guided into space and given access to otherworldly markets.

In simple words, humanity's rise no longer depended on local variables. Instead, space trade, food, and entertainment became the major businesses as Earth slowly opened to the larger space. Humanity was gifted with everything, from the ability to fight to the ability to sing. And that made the species slightly unique.

Dinosia was still the leading administrator, however; as the famous nerds of Dinosia were still considered forced labor in a good way. Nerds were forced to govern the planet and its various departments. They hated it, but they poured their life into their 3-5 years of service.

As for Marshall, he could finally focus on hunting Aspirants.

####

Dinosia,

Marshall finally had an actual, real office now. With a real, luxurious grand table, nice soft chairs, big curtains, and bookshelves filled with stuff he'd never touched. However, his table only had one thing. A computer.

He did nothing on it, just played games all day and listened to Kael every now and then. He'd left Earth to Kael and Helvar. One was kind, and the other wasn't scared of getting his hands dirty.

"Fuck!"

He cursed, the third time in a row.

[All we had to do was follow the damn train, CJ!]

"Man fuck this shit! I can't be so bad at this." Marshall frowned and restarted the game mission.

Knock! Knock!

He groaned at the noise. "Who?"

"Hey, old man." The door cracked open, and Logan stuck his head inside. "There's a woman here asking for you. Says she's with some Planetary Legal Alliance. Don't ask me what that means. She's got an appointment."

"I'm busy!" Marshall groaned, but threw the controller away when the mission failed again. "It's bugged! No! It's that fat fuck's weight! Send her in, I ain't playing this shit again."

He turned the game off and sat straight, waiting for this lawyer.

Once again, a knock came, and then she entered. She was so fucking tall, Marshall nearly whistled. She was tall like Hela, but maybe a few inches shorter. Dressed in a purple office suit and high purple heels, she looked fine, and he could tell she had muscles under them. And she was green, of course.

"Huh? Which planet are you from?"

"Oh, I get that a lot. I'm a human, First Man. It's a mutation. You must know my cousin, Bruce Banner."

Marshall frowned, trying to remember. "That green one? I'll be damned, you're far easier on the eyes than him."

The woman smiled, strolling to his table.

"Thank you. I'm Jennifer Walters, also known as She-Hulk, First Man. I chair the Planetary Legal Alliance, which oversees the laws of this little rock we all share. Criminal law, financial law, interplanetary regulations, if there's paperwork involved, chances are we've signed it. I'm here to

discuss a few proposed amendments to our execution statutes. And... uh, before I start, if I seem even a little nervous, I'm choosing to blame your presence rather than my preparation."

Marshall stared at the tall, drop-dead gorgeous woman. He was shameless as well, staring at her green hair, her dark green eyes. Despite her tall and muscular frame, it was all very feminine.

"Talk to Kael; I ain't running the world." Marshall shrugged, still. She was gorgeous, but that didn't mean he had nothing else to do. He had dozens of more games to play.

"I did, First Man," Jennifer added, sounding somewhat nervous. "Lady Kael sent me to you. She said the matters of life and death are for the God of Humanity to decide."

"Ugh... She sure would do that. Alright, take a seat and make it quick."

####

Jennifer was quick to pull a chair and sit down. In all honesty, she could have avoided meeting the First Man by sending one of the senior secretaries. However, no matter how nervous and scared the First Man's name and reputation made her, she wanted to meet the God of Humanity herself.

She gulped and took out some papers from her bag.

He looks so... normal and... handsome.

Jennifer had to admit it, she felt. The God of Humanity sure was a looker. But she had been warned by Captain America before this meeting. That behind the First Man's human-like face was an eccentric god who decided life and death depending on the mood. A being who was millions of years old, recorded in the oldest of the historical discoveries ever made, and... The First Man was fond of women.

What's there to even do once you have this much power?

She could somewhat feel it as well. Ever since she got her powers and used them for good, she also sometimes messed around with superheroes. They were the only beings who could satisfy her in her She-Hulk form, the one she maintained all the time now. It just felt natural.

But again, it deterred a lot of men. Only a few brave ones ever tried, only to leave her... disappointed.

Heard a lot about the lovers of the First Man. Must be... Uh.

Jennifer shook her head and placed the papers on the table. "These laws were written for a very different world. Modern policing is far more efficient than it used to be, which is why the Alliance believes the death penalty for theft exceeding ten million dollars is no longer justified."

"Ten million? Hell, I remember wanting it capped at one million," First Man blurted. "Fuckers should all die. What's so damn great about them green asswipes? A million feeds a million people, so ten means they stole food from ten million. Folks go hungry. That's a crime against humanity. So they die. Ain't that right? Kill this law, and you'll get smartasses like Stark, except worse, skimming taxes."

Jennifer frowned and looked down at the papers.

In a way, First Man sounded reasonable, and since she and the Alliance's argument was mostly based on a humanitarian approach, it was hard to argue with the god himself.

"I... Well—"

"How many were executed last year?" The First Man asked.

"More than fifty thousand," she answered.

"There's your damn answer. Law's staying till we've got jack shit for a year, minimum. That it? I'm busy. You can go."

"Wait!" Jennifer stood up, but then realised she had nothing to say. She just didn't want to leave so soon. "Can I ask you something?"

"Shoot."

Jennifer frowned, cursing herself because this was so dumb. She couldn't tell what she was even doing. "May I ask... what do you think about me?"

"Tall, hot green bombshell."

"..." She paused, speechless, and almost felt embarrassed. "No, I meant me, She-Hulk. My kind of people, there are many."

Really? Why am I even asking that?

Jennifer felt the need to keep talking, saying something. This was the first time she got to meet the First Man, and she wanted to talk more. A lot more. She wanted to ask about his history, his future, and his plans.

"I don't give a shit if that's what you're asking. Didn't give a shit when I adopted Marty; he's my boy. Didn't give a shit when I fucked Death. Why the fuck would a green woman be where I draw the line?"

"..."

It really was a dumb question.

Jennifer sighed, ashamed of herself. She was hoping to sound wise, but ended up looking dumb. Of course, the First Man didn't care about one's looks and background. To a god, people were all the same, dead ones and living ones.

"Wait! You fucked who? Death? What's that?" She exclaimed suddenly, eyes wide.

"Yeah, long time ago. Been tracking her ever since. Bitch is hiding with my kid. I'll kill her when I find her."

"..."

Jennifer gawked at that random piece of information. And then it hit her, this god had lived for so long and had seen so many things that nothing was new or shocking anymore.

Wait, does that mean... If I... It'll be nothing to him?

She looked at him and followed his line of sight. It was focused on her chest, and she was proud of those puppies. Moreover, she was proud of herself, but... how often do you meet THE god?

Jennifer gulped, her hands shivering as they reached for her suit's buttons.

That's it. Bruce warned me. I'm going crazy, aren't I? Turning into a green giant bimbo. But it's The god.

Snap!

She unbuttoned her purple suit jacket and removed it. But instead of stopping, she continued and unbuttoned her white shirt, from the top button all the way to the bottom one, leaving those tucked in her pants.

With a slow, embarrassed grip, she pulled her shirt apart, grabbed her bra, and tore it off her. She chose not to look at the First Man, not wanting to feel degraded. She looked down at those large, round breasts, tipped with green nipples. They were almost the size of a human head.

"Odin's bitchface! Those are nice. But I ain't changing laws for green tits."

"Oh, hell with the law." Jennifer felt her cheeks burning as she finally looked up at him. "First Man, I didn't exactly plan on this happening, but... now that I'm here, and considering I've heard a few stories about your adventures... Yeah, I want it."

"Want what? Tits review? I say they're lovely tens."

"No! I want to feel IT! I need to know I can still feel it in this giant body. I've tired, but most of the men—"

Creak!

She swallowed her words at the sight of First Man standing up from the chair and walking over to her. She felt like running away, scared he might not want to do this or... he may be angry. She just watched him, one step at a time, until he stood right in front of her, mere inches away.

He smells so... different. Like a God.

Plap!

Oh?

To her absolute shock, First Man stepped in, gripped both her breasts from the sides, and slammed his face between her green breasts. She burned red in shame and... arousal? Most men would ask before doing this. And she'd never allowed it.

But she didn't want to refuse the god. She wanted to see this to the end.

For minutes, she felt First Man's face, his beard in her cleavage. His hands fondled her, fingers pinching until she hummed a moan.

"On the table." He declared, his face out. "On your back. Let's see how big's your throat."

"..."

Is he going to... face fu—Yes, I need to know.

Jennifer had sucked before, of course. But none had ever made her feel truly overwhelmed or choked. So she said nothing and obediently lay down on the First Man's large marble table. It was unusually empty, cool against her back, a stark contrast to the heat growing between her powerful thighs.

She got on her back, her heels dangling off one side while her head hung off the other, long green hair spilling down. She heard the rustle of clothes being discarded, and then First Man stood completely naked before her.

His chest was broad and heavily muscled, dusted with dark hair that trailed down, every inch of him radiating strength.

First Man... indeed.

And then there it was, his cock. She stared silently and frowned. It didn't seem that big. Already she felt a flicker of disappointment, the same familiar letdown she had experienced too many times before with men who couldn't handle her.

"It's a grower," he said with a cocky grin.

Plap!

She felt it instantly. His thick flesh rod landed flat on her face, rolling over her nose, eyes, and lips. Finally, as the fat head nudged insistently against her mouth, she parted her lips, and it pushed inside.

His heavy balls rested on her forehead as he gave her no time to adjust.

"Mmmh!"

So suddenly, she felt First Man plunge forward and ram himself all the way in. His faint pubic hair brushed her lower lip while his balls flattened over her eyes. His cock swelled rapidly, filling every inch of her mouth and then pushing deeper, stretching her throat with its girth.

Oh! Oh fuck! I'm... gonna... gag.

After so long, Jennifer finally felt it. The thing in her throat was getting bigger and bigger, growing thicker and harder inside her throat on its own, forcing her neck to bulge.

"Ugh!"

Finally, she choked on it, her throat pulsed around the massive intrusion.

"Told you."

She heard him tease her even as her eyes watered, and then First Man started moving. Drool spilled from her stretched lips, running messily over her cheeks and eyes as he drove in and out of her mouth mercilessly.

She could feel his veins scraping her lips, wet squelches at the back of her throat as she started to gag. Now, even her cheeks started to feel sore as she stretched her jaw. It was more than she expected, more than any man had ever made her struggle.

It's... a lot.

#####

Marshall fucked her face. He used more of his strength, driving forward with stubborn thrusts. His heavy balls slapped rhythmically against her green face until it started to blush a mix of green and red. His thick cock visibly bulged down her green neck.

Plap! Plap!

He fucked her face like it was a snug, dripping pussy, both hands greedily grabbing her massive green breasts. They were so large and heavy that even his hands couldn't fully cup them. He squeezed and kneaded the soft flesh greedily, fingers sinking deep as he pounded her throat, loving how her body jolted with every brutal thrust.

"Gk gk—!" She-Hulk's choked, wet gags spilled around his cock as her throat spasmed, milking him desperately. Her hands clutched at the edges of the marble table.

Marshall groaned, the tight, rippling heat of her throat driving him wild. He could feel her throat tightening, fighting, then surrendering as he mauled those glorious tits harder.

"Mmmphhh!" Another strangled, throaty moaning gag vibrated straight through his shaft as her body arched on the table, her massive breasts heaving in his grip.

"Agh! You know what? I'm gonna give you the full treatment!" Marshall declared.

He fucked her face harder, snapping his hips forward with force. His thick cock battered the depths of her throat with every thrust. The wet sounds grew louder, wetter, as thick ropes of saliva leaked from her stretched lips. Marshall felt her throat convulse and ripple around him, desperately milking his swollen shaft.

Finally, he buried himself to the hilt, balls pressed tight against her sticky face, and erupted.

A tsunami of cream blasted straight down her throat, flooding her gullet in hot, viscous spurts. He kept pumping through it, churning the load deeper, forcing excess seed to explode out around his cock in messy white bubbles. It splattered across her green cheeks, coated her lips, dripped into her eyes, and ran in thick rivulets down her face and into her hair.

By the time the torrent stopped, She-Hulk's face was an absolute glazed wreck. Her cheeks were shiny, her mouth sticky, and her whole face was painted white.

Slosh!

Marshall pulled out slowly, savoring the filthy, sticky feeling of his cock leaving her warm throat. He stared down at the absolute mess of a lawyer below. Her face was utterly ruined, streaked and dripping with his batter.

"You good?" he asked.

"Hmm... Don't... Stop. It's so... fresh," she muttered, tongue unconsciously licking at the froth coating her lips.

He'd never heard a woman describe getting face-fucked like that before. A laugh bubbled out of him.

"Alright," Marshall said, already moving. He walked around the table to her feet, grabbed her ankles, and barked, "Onto the floor!"

Thud!

"Oh!" Jennifer yelped as Marshall yanked her powerful body straight off the marble table. She landed on the carpeted floor with a heavy thud, green muscles flexing instinctively.

He immediately grabbed the waistband of her pants and tore them open with his strength, ripping the fabric apart and yanking the ruined garment down her smooth, sculpted green legs.

"Work of art, there I said it," Marshall said in open admiration, his cock twitching hard at the sight.

Next came her purple panties; he shredded those too in one savage pull. Her pussy was revealed in all its glory, faint green pubes framing puffy, swollen petals and a glistening pale green slit that was already drooling.

However, instead of taking her missionary, he wanted something different.

Marshall seized her ankles and pushed them upward, his strong hands sliding down to sink into the dense muscle of her under-thighs. She was soft and flexible in all the right places, but muscular enough to take his beyond normal human fucking. And he loved that, almost making him giddy.

He folded her powerful body in half, forcing her legs up and up until her lush green ass lifted completely off the floor and her toes touched the carpet on either side of her head. Her arms spread wide for balance, breasts spilling heavily toward her face, while her soaked pussy pointed straight up towards the ceiling.

"There we go," he muttered, eyes locked on that perfect, upturned green cunt.

"Fuck—!" Jennifer moaned, both in shock and desperate need.

Marshall lined his tip and drove into her like a piledriver, forcing the swollen head of his cock between her tight green lower lips. It bloomed around his tip, stretched and splayed like a glove, then snapped down around his crown to grip his girth. He could instantly feel her inner walls salivate around his sensitive skin, struggling to help him along.

Her walls were insanely tight, gripping him despite the size of her cunt. The incredible squeeze of her muscles made his eyes roll for a second. He knew he wouldn't last long in this position, so he didn't even try to be gentle.

With a savage grunt, he slammed his hips down and buried every inch inside her in one brutal plunge.

Plap!

He settled balls-deep with a wet smack, his heavy sack slapping against her ass. Her pussy around his girth, clinging desperately as he bottomed out.

"Fuck! Fuck! I can feel it... so deep! It's at... the limit! Shit... I didn't know that was... poss-oooooh!" Jennifer cried out.

She was an absolute mess. Face still painted with his cum, body folded and helpless, massive green tits bouncing heavily with every breath while her tight cunt frantically clenched around his invading cock.

Marshall bent his knees and pumped down like a jackhammer. Each brutal downward thrust slammed his cock balls-deep into her, the fleshy impacts echoing through the room as he folded her even tighter. Each jolt sent ripples through her green flesh, pushing her womb against his tip, teasing his greedy little beast of a cock even harder.

Jennifer couldn't stop it; the pleasure inside was building up faster than she could think.

Suddenly, she came hard, like a broken dam. A gushing waterfall erupted from her cunt, spraying out around his pistoning shaft in powerful arcs that splashed across her own massive tits, her cum-streaked face, and her trembling green abs. Her body convulsed wildly, muscles flexing and shaking as she lost control completely.

"Oh god!! I never thought I'd feel this again... In this form... Fuck, I can actually feel it!" she mumbled deliriously between broken moans.

Plap! Plap! Plap!

"It's coming!" Marshall snarled, slamming down every last inch.

He rammed all the way in, burying himself to the hilt as his cock swelled and erupted inside her. Thick, heavy ropes of batter flooded her spasming pussy in powerful jets, filling her to bursting. The sheer volume made her belly swell with every pulse. It squelched and spurted as he kept grinding deep through, churning the creamy load into a frothy mess. The white stood out stark against her green.

"Ain't done yet!"

Marshall pulled out, a thick river of mixed cum immediately gushing from her ruined pussy.

Before Jennifer could even catch her breath, he flipped her onto her knees. She was so lost in pleasure she didn't brace with her elbows, her face pressed flat sideways into the carpet, arms stretched uselessly backward, only her broad shoulders and cheek supporting her front while her knees spread wide and her thick green ass rose high.

"Knew I'd love it!" Marshall licked his lips hungrily at the sight of her tight, clenching green rump, still slick from her own juices and his cream.

His cock, glistening and rock-hard, didn't wait. He pressed the fat, cum-coated head against her puckered hole and pushed forward with steady, relentless pressure. Her tight ring stretched wide around him, resisting at first before slowly yielding in a hot, angry grip. Inch after thick inch sank into her ass, the feral stretch making her hole flutter and clench desperately.

Jennifer gasped sharply, eyes flying wide. "W-what's—Oh fuck... that's my—!"

She realized what was happening and reached back with both hands, gripping her own thick green asscheeks and spreading them wider for him, a needy moan tearing from her throat. She gave herself up to this demanding god.

Marshall smirked and pushed all the way in, burying every inch until his hips pressed flush against her plush asscheeks. He stayed there, savoring the mind-blowing tightness.

"Got your answer?"

"More than that... First Man! Oh!" she cried out, her whole body trembling with overwhelmed pleasure.

Marshall started pumping, slow and deep at first, then building into a punishing rhythm. He fully planned to pump his next load deep inside her ass as well.

All holes filled. That was the full treatment.

####

Outside First Man's Office

"It's done, I don't think the planet even needs a military now." Helvar arrived outside Marshall's office. "Stark's planet shield's up and running."

"Lucky us," Logan grumbled.

Creak!

Just then, the office door opened, and a very tall, green woman in a suit walked out. She said nothing and walked away. But Helvar noticed something.

"What happened to her? Why's she limping?"

Logan shrugged. "First Man happened."

Helvar sighed. "Makes sense. Dad's a one horny bast—"

"Saying something about me, boy?"

Helvar ate his words as Marshall appeared, not naked this time.

"Stark's shield's working, Dad."

"Good fucking timing. I'm heading out to butcher some Aspirants tonight. I don't want Kael to guilt-trip me to stay again."

"I don't think she has time to stop you again. But you can go without worry now, at least," Helvar said.

Marshall shrugged and started walking. "Ain't stopping even if she tries this time."

With nothing to do, Marshall headed to the terrace again, hoping to find Hela and tell her about his decision to leave. She and the rest knew already for months now, but that day was the last.

"Logan, where are your cubs?"

"Left a long time ago. They're not kids anymore," Logan replied.

Logan had kids with his wife years ago. Since then, Logan's kids had grown older, but just like Logan, they had superpowers and aged more slowly than the rest. They looked like young adults despite being very old, and since the world was friendlier to mutants now, they were out roaming.

"And you, Helvar? Where's my little grandson? Thank sweet Jesus he ain't red. I'd've gutted Mephisto for that shit."

"..."

Unbothered by his son's silence, Marshall finally arrived on the terrace and saw Hela seated on an outdoor couch. However, the creature she was petting held him by surprise. Cosmo the dog and Marty were also there, watching.

"What kind of fucking fish is this?" He asked, walking over, eyeing the small shark with feet, sharp teeth, but intelligent eyes. "You caught this one, Marty? Looks weird, but got mass. We making sushi then?"

"Jeff is not meant to be eaten," Hela declared. "He's a poor soul. Gamora left him here not long ago."

"Mrrr... Grrrrr."

"Huh? It talks?" Marshall frowned and knelt in front of the weird shark. "Who the fuck wakes up and names a shark Jeff?"

"Grrrrr!"

"Boy, you're in my damn house. Ain't no baring teeth at me, or I'll have Marty chew your ass up. Ain't that right, Marty?"

"Grwar!"

"The fuck you meant 'nuh-uh'?" Marshall roared and jumped at Marty, wrestling with the massive T-Rex, only to get smacked by the dino-tail. "Hah! I felt nothing."

Splash!

"Wraaaaah!"

Marshall fell into the pool instead. Clearly, that was the T-Rex's intention in the first place.

Splash!

"Wrrrrrr!"

Right then, Jeff also jumped into the pool and swam around Marshall.

"Hah, wanna play with me? Alright, dodge my weird-ass tentacles then!"

On the pool's side, Hela shook her head and looked at her son, Helvar. "They're both children."

"I heard that!" Marshall shouted from the pool. "Got better ears than Marty, believe it or not. Ain't that right, boy?"

"Grawr!"

Splash!

In response, Marty jumped his massive ass into the pool as well, causing a splash so big that poor Jeff almost got swept away, out of the pool, and down the terrace. If not for Marshall's weird tentacle grabbing it.

It was like a tsunami with all of them in the pool. Of course, Cosmo the dog also joined soon, jumping on Marty and Jeff's backs every now and then.

"I'm gonna miss this," Marshall muttered as the splashes settled. "Don't know how long I'm gonna be out."

"Wraaaaah?" Marty asked.

"No, ain't taking the risk. You're staying with Hela."

"Grwwar!" Marty roared angrily.

"Boy, if you die, I'd rather end the multiverse than save it. Don't forget, I'm doing this to kill Celestials. And I ain't sitting unless I got them all."

Eventually, Marty calmed down. Marshall swam over and jumped atop Marty's back, patting it. How many millions of years they had lived together; Marty was more to him than his limbs.

"Let's have a planet-wide party when I'm back."

"Grwaaaah!"

"Hah!" Marshall howled and looked at Jeff. "Yeah, we'll eat lots of sushi."

"Wrrrrrr!" Jeff instantly growled.

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How many years have passed?

A voice woke up on Planet Earth, sometimes called Terra. Deep within it, somewhere near the core, the closed eyes once again opened.

He has left this universe.

Her voice was feminine, warm, and nurturing. Her dark brown hair remained untouched despite the surrounding magma. She was bare, her feminine, mature body curled in a fetal position. But now, it uncurled.

The time is close. The event I foresaw. The man who will win all of reality.

She gently, fully uncurled her body and revealed something in her warm embrace. A baby, small as if born yesterday, with blonde hair and blue eyes. It rested without a sound. And she held him with the love and longing of an entire world.

But he must escape the cage of He Who Remains and end the tyranny of the Conqueror.

Her primordial face glanced down at the baby as she smiled with a motherly warmth.

Only then shall your father end the architects of creation and fulfil his purpose. As will you.