

Marvel: Upgrading Death 33 - Powerful Offer, Easy Loan, Abused Memory, & Fall of an Empire

"Is this real?"

Carol Danvers dumbly stared at the interviewers in front of her, seated along a long table, ten men and three women. All of them had white lab coats on, glasses on their eyes, and old, graying hair. They were all proud Dinosaurs.

She stood there in her US Air Force uniform, not the regular kind but the official kind, suit jacket, long skirt, and a cap on her head. She didn't know why; she had been transferred from Camp Lehigh and sent to Dinosia on an assignment. Right now, she was under the command of Dinosaurian defense forces, which consisted of a handful of extremely powerful individuals.

"I... I don't understand."

She stood there stiffly and listened to the interviewers as they explained why she was selected for this job.

"Ms. Danvers," said William French Anderson, the father of Gene Therapy, an old man. "We at Dinosia believe that humanity has not yet evolved to its final form. By consulting beings such as Lady Hela and the First Man, we learned that humanity has undergone repeated experimentation by extra-dimensional entities known as the Celestials.

"To be clear, this is separate from the case of Mutants. Though they are also linked to Celestial influence, they aren't the subject here. I'm talking about regular people.

"Why do you think Captain Rogers was the first successful Super Soldier? It wasn't just the serum. Rogers himself had something uncommon in his biology. There are many individuals who aren't mutants, yet show signs of unusual abilities or the potential to develop them.

"By First Man's order, Dinosia will accept not only the 'nerds' and mutants, but also humans who show latent potential. Your blood analysis indicates that your physiology can absorb higher levels of cosmic energy. In simple terms, Ms. Danvers, we are offering you the chance to gain abilities that could be used for the good of the world."

Carol frowned. "No, in simple terms, you want to experiment on me."

"It is no longer an experiment if the outcome is already known, Ms. Danvers. We have reviewed your file. You show potential, but you lack trust in others, discipline, and awareness of those more capable than yourself. In Dinosia, such traits aren't acceptable. We don't value pride or arrogance. We value science.

"You have three days to consider this. If you can set aside your arrogance and show a willingness to learn and improve, we will proceed."

Carol watched as they all got up and left the room. She didn't even get to speak back to them or tell them how arrogant they were being themselves.

"I don't need this."

She huffed and left the room as well, walking out of the Dinosian National University. But as she left, she saw something weird. A woman, beautiful beyond words, one of the Angels she knew, landed on the ground. In her arms was a man. The two kissed, and then the man walked into the building.

She read the name tag on the man's chest pocket, a professor of nuclear physics. There was a ring on his finger, the wedding ring.

On her way back to her hotel, she saw many more absurd things. Not just Angels but mutants walking on the streets. People who would never get together outside Dinosia. A mutant man with three eyes walked with an Angel, holding hands. A mutant woman with red skin and a long demonic tail walked with a normal man, rings on their fingers.

And then she saw Helvar flying in the sky with his wife. She couldn't help but feel small and stare at her own hands.

She had ambitions. She wanted to be strong. She wanted to prove herself. But it was hard to accept that others saw her as unfriendly and cocky. Was she like that?

That night, she remained in her hotel room and slept. Well, not really sleep, because she spent the entire night turning and twisting, thinking about what to do. She only had three days to decide.

In the end, she started imagining herself as Captain America. That man was a hero, now growing old but still powerful. Ex-President, and still donning the Captain America uniform. She imagined earning that much name and fame.

By morning, she knew what she wanted. If she wanted to prove herself, she needed to broaden her horizons and achieve bigger things. And she would do it by proving she wasn't unfriendly and uncooperative.

She took a bath and returned to DNU and met with the team that interviewed her. She signed all the paperwork, and before long, she found herself in front of a massive cannon with a strange blue cube fixed in the middle of it.

Her hands and feet were tied to a big table made of vibranium. She was naked, all clothes stripped away so she could absorb the energy. The canon was placed right on top of her, attached to the ceiling. Its muzzle hole was so big that all she saw was darkness, like a massive tunnel ready to engulf her.

And at the end of that tunnel was a blue light.

"10... 9..."

She listened to the countdown and closed her eyes. Yes, there was doubt, there was a question. Was this real? Would she die?

But she put her faith in the First Man's vision of Dinosia.

"3... 2... 1!"

She felt warm.

"Aaaaaaargh!"

And then the pain came.

####

Emma Frost took a deep breath and looked up at the massive engraving on the building. It was Dinosia Universe Bank. Yes, it said Universe, because the bank worked closely with Dino Corp.

She gulped, on the verge of taking her next major step. Quickly, she looked down at herself, ensuring she was proper. Her style was all-white; she liked it. Though many say it's too revealing, she begged to differ.

She wore leather, skin-tight white pants that drew her curves out, all the hard work she put into keeping herself fit. Her high-heeled boots accented her hips. Her white top was an off-the-shoulder bodice that tightly clung to her bust, squeezing it into a more perfect shape. Her collarbone, a hint of cleavage, and her entire midriff were bare, perfect to lure in hungry eyes.

She had sleeves that started at her upper arms and white gloves that covered just enough to make her look tempting but mysterious. Behind her, a white cape fluttered down from the edges of her bodice.

She hummed, wondering if it really was too revealing. But she liked it. It showed her best parts, her skin, her toned belly. Her blond hair was done silky, and fell in smooth waves over her shoulders.

"Why should I care?" She scoffed and continued on her way. She had started wearing such clothes to impress First Man, never realising when it became a habit. Too bad, the First Man was hard to find and meet.

She arrived inside the building and followed one of the helping staff to the designated office. She was relaxed, having heard good things.

"Ms. Frost, mutant, telekinesis..." the Bank's officer lazily mumbled, a nerd forced to do his job for three years. "Requesting a loan of three hundred million dollars to establish MetalFrost

Industries with Mutant codename Magneto. Status granted, interest rate is set for zero point one percent for a duration of fifteen years. If the terms are acceptable, sign here."

"..."

Emma silently stared at the loan officer. Wasn't this a bit too fast? She expected to be questioned. Maybe ask for her business plan. Perhaps ask for a market study. What she was trying to do with Magneto wasn't simple, and construction was a cut-throat industry.

Hell, she'd put on her lipstick and done her hair well to look bright and beautiful for this meeting. But the loan officer wasn't even looking up at her.

"Is... is that it?"

"More? Very well, I'm allowed to add fifty million to the loan amount. That's the limit. The interest remains the same."

"No, I meant. Is getting such a big loan this easy in Dinosia?"

"No. Every Dinosian citizen is silently evaluated and assigned an entrepreneurial score. Those with low scores don't get loans, not this large. Your score was amongst the highest, and hence you are getting this. Do you want it?"

"I do! Of course, I do." Emma rushed forward and signed the papers.

"There's also a five-year tax subsidy if you keep the headquarters in Dinosia," the loan officer added.

"I never had the intention to place it elsewhere," Emma replied sternly. "The land where the First Man lives is the only place that will have my loyalty. Thank you for this expedited loan."

Emma collected the documents and left the bank. It only took her thirty minutes. She even had the receipt showing the money transferred to the newly established company's account.

"Shall we begin?"

Emma looked at the man with grey hair and smiled. "You knew it would pass this easily, Mr. Eisenhardt?"

"Of course, I knew. You carry the First Man's favor, and you're a bright woman without a doubt."

"First Man's favor? I don't think—"

"You do. Every mutant carries it. And you are one of those few he personally saved. Just as I was years ago. Come, we have much to do."

Emma walked faster on her heels to keep pace with Magneto. "Thank you for working with me, Mr—"

"Magneto, or Max. We're business partners now, Emma. That is as close to family as possible in such times."

Emma hated many things and people. She had a rather strong personality. But Magneto wasn't one of those people. The man had guided her after her arrival in Dinosia.

"Then, Max. Where should we place our first factory? I'm in talks with China and Brazil."

"Australia. They have the most ore, and the closer we are to it, the faster we can feed our industries."

She held back from trying to read Magneto's mind. She tried to hold back most of the time now. She just agreed, as her business partner clearly knew what they were doing.

"Then I'll begin working on the distribution channels."

"That is your side of the work. Hah, I'll be a factory worker at this age." Magneto laughed heartily. "A one-man factory. But I suppose that's the least we can do after all the gifts His Holiness has given us."

She chuckled.

At least she knew their goal was noble. They hoped to make money and build global mutant protection and employment opportunities since not all could be brought to Dinosia.

"Are you religious, Max?"

"No, I'm a believer."

#####

Creak! Creak! Creak!

"Gaaaaah!"

Marshall unloaded yet another pussy-full of load and pulled out, leaving the lithe woman to relax in the bed at last. It was Meredith Quill, the same human woman he'd fucked in front of Ego. He'd fucked her so much by now, at the nerds' request to enrage Ego, that he now liked her.

Meredith was fun, young, and mischievous at times. Not to mention, she was gorgeous and tight. She fit right in Dinosia, and he fit just as fine in her. Perfect harmony.

Now, she was a proud Dinosian, his woman, and Peter Quill was his adopted son. The boy was special, it was clear, so he shoved him to Helvar to teach.

"Mm... Another round?"

"God! I'm just a human, First Man. As much as I enjoy it, I can't even feel my legs anymore. Or my pussy. Or my chest. Or my lips. You've bruised me."

"Who the fuck asked you to be this goddamn tasty then, huh?" Marshall jokingly clapped back and threw the quilt over her naked body. "Alright, I'm outta here. Gonna see what they're up to. We've been locked in here for two days now. Usually, someone would knock and cockblock me by now."

Knock! Knock!

"Hah! There it is!" Marshall laughed right as he heard the knock on the door. He summoned his clothes back to his body and opened the door. "Raven? Here to join?"

Marshall adored his super spy. She was usually stern and professional, but a shy girl when with him. Besides, hers was one of the tightest caves of passion he'd ever felt.

"I can't, First Man. I caught a spy, a friend of Captain America from the war days. In addition, Dino Corp has informed us that a Kree Fleet jumped into the solar system. It's an invasion fleet headed this way."

"The blue fucks?!" Marshall groaned and then eyed Raven. "Not you, beautiful. You're the loveliest. Hmm... let those bastards come. Ain't my goddamn job babysitting this shitty rock every single time. Give the heroes time to scrape their asses together. With everyone here, there ain't jack shit to worry about. I'm gonna head out."

"To where, First Man?" Raven asked.

"Where the fuck else? Their goddamn home planet. While those bastards invade my land, I'm gonna fuck theirs so hard it won't even get to scream."

"..."

Raven just... She didn't know why, but she silently offered her condolences to those blue freaks.

####

Hala, Kree Empire,

Hala was the homeworld of the Kree and the capital of the Empire. It was a massive, planet-wide megalopolis with many levels. It was really advanced yet still a rotten civilization. It was a xenophobic, militaristic race, and most of them were blue. But even then, they were racist to each other, considering blue pure, pink lesser.

If asked, Marshall would say pink was the best. He already had pretty Raven for blue. Now it was time for some pink action. And how cute pink ladies would look, he wondered. So, when he arrived in Hala, he went to a nice, expensive brothel and did just that.

He cracked some pink pussies and indulged in the Kree culture personally. Sadly, the pink women were just white, human-like in truth. He tried to understand their world, but it was mostly done by pussy dipping and mind-reading. But he eventually got the hang of it.

"Holy shit! You guys are retards."

That was the evaluation the strongest being in the existing universe gave the Kree Empire.

After having had enough of the *culture*, which he couldn't help but sympathize with, he flew straight to the biggest building, as the Kree Empire's ruler, the Supreme Intelligence, lived there.

It was built like a temple, with a high entrance and all. He expected some enemies or guards to stop him, but it was empty. He just walked right into the building.

Eventually, he arrived inside a chamber with a weird, hexagonal platform in the middle, surrounded by strange blue liquid.

He stepped on it and noticed the liquid moved into ripples. The ripples started climbing up his body like vines.

"Supreme Intelligence is a fucking tentacle monster?" Marshall groaned, a sort of PTSD returning. "Nuh-uh... ain't no probing my ass again, you slimy fuck!"

The vines reached his forehead, and then suddenly it all went black. Marshall was ready to jump, but he waited, wanting to see if Supreme Intelligence could kill him. That would give him more power. He hoped that would happen.

But instead, when he opened his eyes again, he was standing in a strange, endless hall with a metallic sky and ground. It looked fake and dreamy. And then, a figure emerged from the ground, forming itself with the use of shards chipping from the ground itself.

"You..." Marshall choked up suddenly. Tall woman, long legs, a green torn skirt barely covering her hips, a green cloth tied to her chest, a fur-cape on her shoulders, and her hair, red and wavy. "Firehair?! Is that you? What're you doing here? You've been alive?"

"Oh, Marshall."

He couldn't believe it as Firehair ran up to him, smiling, eyes filled with tears. He caught her as she jumped and hugged her against his chest. She was real, her body was burning, and soft, and he could smell her scent. Millions of years had passed, and he still remembered it.

"Did the Kree fuckers capture you?" Marshall angrily asked.

"Shhh..." Firehair captured his face while in his arms and kissed him.

Marshall's whole body shook the instant her lips touched his. A shiver raced down his spine, goosebumps exploding across every inch of his skin. Those soft lips were exactly as he remembered, exactly as they had burned into his soul centuries ago.

This was Firehair. His Firehair!

The first woman he had ever loved, the one who had carved her name into his soul all those millennia ago. His chest tightened, and for one perfect moment, the endless pleading prayers in his head went silent.

"Take me, Marshall," she breathed against his mouth, the words licking straight into his core like flames.

With a single flick, Marshall willed his clothes away. Firehair's clothes also burst into flame and burned away, leaving her gloriously naked against him.

He kept her locked in his arms, massive palms spread wide over the firm globes of her ass, squeezing her snug against his body. His cock, already throbbing with need, stood hard as a flagpole. Lost in romantic nostalgia, he guided her dripping entrance down onto him.

"Mmm... Just as I remembered you," Marshall groaned as her scorching tightness wrapped around the head of his cock and slowly swallowed him.

He stared obsessively into her face, drinking in those familiar eyes, that wild red hair, the same fierce hunger still blazing hot after all this time. His fingers clawed hard into her cloud-like flesh, digging deep enough to leave marks on her perfect skin.

This was Firehair. He didn't need to hold back at all; never had to. Their passionate nights had destroyed entire mountains before, and he was ready to break this place the same way.

Plap! Plap!

Marshall gripped her hips and rammed upward while forcing her down, slamming their bodies together with force. Each wet, flesh-clapping impact sent visible sonic ripples exploding through the air around them, loud enough to echo across the endless hall like thunder.

"Mmmm... I missed you, my love," Firehair moaned, wrapping her arms around his neck and crushing her mouth to his again. "Umphh...! Ye--sh! Yes! Ooooooh!"

Marshall answered with a deep, possessive groan. Without thinking, he dropped them both to the ground, never once breaking the rhythm of his greedy thrusts. He laid her on the steel-like floor and covered her completely, hips snapping into her again and again as passionately as they did on their first night.

"Ohhh! Yes! I'm coming, my love!" she gasped with desperate pleasure.

Marshall felt her walls contract around him, a molten squeeze rippling along every throbbing inch of his cock. He felt her long, powerful legs snap around his hips like steel, locking him deep inside her with greedy, desperate strength.

All the while, he slammed down so hard that every brutal pull lifted her ass clear off the ground for a split second. Firehair's body rose with his before he drove her back down with savage force.

Bam!

Marshall fucked her into the ground, pounding her with every last drop of his strength, hips snapping forward in a relentless, flesh-crushing rhythm that made her magnificent tits bounce wildly and her red hair whip across the metallic floor.

Boom!

The ground cratered under Firehair's back, the steel-like surface buckling and sinking under the sheer power of his thrusts.

Boom!

"Mmmmh! Ah, too much!" she cried out as a perfect imprint of her body formed with every devastating impact.

Marshall frowned even as he kept slamming into her. He had never heard those words from Firehair before. She would always beg for more, even when he folded her like a cheap lawn chair. She was just as godly as him, just as unbreakable.

Boom!

He didn't stop. He rammed in even harder, his cock sinking an extra inch from the sheer intensity, stretching her deeper than ever. The ground cracked apart under them, a bigger crater forming as shards of the metallic floor exploded outward, and...

"Mar—ssssshl... you... oooo—grrrrr..."

Marshall paused suddenly. Firehair was... glitching?

Her face distorted into flickering pixels, fracturing and reforming. Then her entire body started to break apart. Slowly, her fiery red hair dissolved into static, her beautiful face melted away into digital fragments, until all that remained was a blank, white, void-like silhouette of a woman. And still, his cock was buried deep inside that pulsing, wet pussy.

"You ain't my... Firehair! You... you whore! You played tricks on me!"

Bam!

He slammed his hips forward in one final, merciless thrust, pouring every ounce of his fury into it.

BOOOOM!

"Nooo—arkk... trrr..."

The entire hall shook violently.

Suddenly, everything turned dark. The ground vanished, the metallic sky shattered. The white silhouette completely broke apart, dispersing into thousands of floating shards.

Marshall's eyes opened suddenly, and he found himself standing right where those vines had started. He looked down and then forward. His eyes were bloodshot, and the frown on his face was something that had only been seen during Marty's demise.

"My Firehair... You fucked with my memory!"

That memory was sacred.

And this Supreme Intelligence was responsible. That was all Marshall needed to know.

"Where are you hiding?!"

There was no stopping Marshall anymore. Supreme Intelligence was dying that day, one way or another.

#####

Earth, UN Headquarters,

The United Nations had gathered, some physically but most through telephones and representatives. It was a General Assembly, but the weight was far heavier this time.

Ronald Reagan stood at the podium, tired and done with it all. He once imagined himself enjoying his time as the president. Now he knew it was just hell. He didn't even want to run again despite decent approval ratings.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we are here to vote on a pact that may well shape the future of our world. The Imperial Kree Empire is approaching from the stars, intent on invasion. We have strong and courageous people among us who are willing to fight, but their numbers are small compared to the enemy.

"We simply cannot guard the entire planet by ourselves. So, as you have read in the proposal, we turned to the Dino Corp, a peacekeeping organization made by the First Man. They are prepared to defend Earth if we allow them a base on our soil and turn the moon into a transport and supply hub for this region of space. I hope we can all come together on this. Thank you."

And then came the vote.

The result was as expected. As soon as First Man's name was invoked, there was only one way the countries could vote. They either accept it or live in fear of angering the god of humanity.

So in the end, all nations voted yes. Not a single one abstained. Green all across the board.

With that, Earth entered a contract with Dino Corp.

####

Hala, Kree Empire,

Boom!

Marshall did what he knew best. He punched holes into the building to find the core of the Supreme Intelligence. It was a computer as far as he understood, and the best way to destroy a computer was to destroy its processor.

He punched through the many levels of the building. This time, there were enemies; Blue-skinned Kree. But they were just meatbags in the way of a star-sized wrecking ball.

Boom!

Floor after floor, he eventually arrived inside a massive, dome-shaped cavity underneath the building. It was brightly lit, and massive tubes sprawled across the entire floor. All those tubes converged with one single thing in the center of that dome. A machine of sorts. It was tall and had a face, a nose, and four eyes. It looked hideous.

"Ugh..." Marshall felt like vomiting. "I fucked you? Odin's tits! Just chop my balls off already. I fucking fucked you?! No, you tricked me, you crazy bitch. You tricked me with Firehair. How fucking dare you!!"

Marshall boomed with just rage and raised his right hand high and summoned Zeus' lightning.

"I'll fry your ugly mug. No idea if you feel pain, but I'm gonna give it to you!"

Of course, it was a machine. There were no screams. Marshall summoned a storm of thunder and fried the thing. All the tubes. All the connections. Then focused on the giant face-thing and left burning wounds on it.

Finally, he created fire.

"I'll let my Firehair's flames fuck you up."

He created cosmic flames and unleashed them on the entire floor. The fire spread like lava and engulfed everything. The aftermath was just ashes. The flames wouldn't stop unless he made them, as there was nothing the Kree had that could stop them.

"Intelligence my ass!"

He watched the entire computer burn. A computer that ran a galactic empire.

"What to do with the smurfs, no—what's a smurf?"

####

Earth,

The Kree's invasion fleet was massive. They sent it knowing well how many powerful beings lived there. And their plan was to simply glass the planet instead of doing a ground invasion.

Humans didn't have the capabilities to reach for the stars yet. And having seen how dangerous humans were, it was best to end them before they became too capable.

Two hundred heavy cruiser Accuser Warships approached planet Terra. With them were countless light cruisers. The fleet was massive, and the last time such a big force was used, it was against the Skrull and the Nova Empire.

Now, they brought it to a single planet.

"General Hidean-Nar, all ships will be in position in nineteen minutes."

"Fire as soon as we are."

Hidean-Nar was a blue-skinned Kree General, a man from a noble house. And he was the one leading the fleet. Since Ronan had gotten himself killed, he'd taken his place.

From his chair on the bridge, he watched the space outside as the planet in the distance grew in size. They passed by a few, and soon he could see Terra. It was beautiful, a planet with greenery and blue water. Not often does one find such worlds, perfect for life.

Yet, his duty was to destroy it. Humans had been decreed too dangerous by the Supreme Intelligence.

"Uh... General! We're reading multiple incoming jumps from the far side of Terra."

"How many?" Hidean-Nar asked.

"Two... th—no thousands... no! It's..."

Hidean-Nar stood up and looked out of the large viewport. He didn't need the radar officer to tell him the numbers. He watched in awe and shock. Ships were coming out of jump on the other side of the planet.

There were many. Their sizes varied, but they were massive. Many were bigger than their own Accuser ship. First, it was a few, then more, and eventually he saw the entire viewport filled with white spots in the distance, some tiny and others not so. Those truly massive, the size of a space station, carried a massive sigil of the Dino Corp.

"General, there are... almost half a million ships on the other side. It's the entire... entire Dino Corp."

Hidean-Nar frowned, yet calm. "Connect me to the Supreme Intelligence."

The captain of the ship hurried. The fear was noticeable on the command bridge. The enemy had far greater numbers than them. They wouldn't be able to do anything to Terra, no matter what.

"General, we are connected."

Hidean-Nar straightened his back and stood in front of the communications projector on the bridge. He expected to see the Supreme Intelligence appear in the image of a strong, blue Kree. That was what Supreme Intelligence looked like to them.

"What'd you want, blue cunt?"

Instead, what he saw was a man. Blonde, bearded, dressed in tribal, nomadic attire. He was seated on a grand throne, and there were Kree standing beside him. Kree, he recognised, the nobles, the royals, the most powerful in Kree society.

"Who are you?" Hidean-Nar asked hesitantly.

"Your daddy. I'm gonna take your ma to pound town if you don't stop that fucking attack."

Hidean-Nar gulped and looked at the Kree man standing beside the throne. He recognised him, the head of the Kree Council, one who ruled directly under the Supreme Intelligence.

"Councilhead? What is the meaning of this?" Hidean-Nar demanded.

"Silence, General Hidean-Nar!" the Councilman snapped. "You are addressing the rightful ruler, the Emperor of the Kree Empire. Kneel or be deemed a traitor!"

"Where is the Supreme Intelligence?" Hidean-Nar asked, defiant.

"That hunk of metal? Shit's ash now. Dead, gone, deader than your ass if you don't stop. Actually, who's that pretty blue chick behind you? Let her come closer," the humanoid so-called Emperor demanded.

Hidean-Nar looked behind with a frown. It was an officer of the combat forces. He nodded and called her forward to stand before the projector.

"Ummm, nice face for a racist bitch," said the humanoid. "What's your name?"

The female Kree eyed Hidean-Nar. He permitted her to speak with a nod.

"I am Minn-Erva, a tactical sniper."

"Nice name for a hot ass. Alright, Hideous-Nar is demoted to... shitter clearer duty. And you, Minn-Erva, are now the General. Congrats, I like the face. Pretty privilege, you can call it."

"..."

Minn-Erva frowned. "I... I am?"

"This is unacceptable!" Hidean-Nar roared. "I do not take command from a lowly—"

Shhhhhh!

All of a sudden, a portal formed. It was blue and spiralling. It appeared right inside the bridge of the ship. Hidean-Nar noticed it to his right and then...

Wooosh!

A fiery blast came out of it and hit him. It burned, it was so hot he didn't even have time to writhe and try to douse the flames. He screamed and turned to ash in seconds.

"Now, we're one shitter cleaner short. Anyway, blue-ass, bring your fleet back home. We'll chat face-to-face, or ass-to-cock if you're lucky. Godspeed," the Emperor decreed, and the hologram vanished.

Minn-Erva looked at the scorched mark and a heap of ashes on the floor. She gulped and looked down at her body.

She'd spend her life carving it to be lethal, but... she just realised there was more to a soldier than just skill. Beauty mattered.

"Prepare to return!"

A commanding voice erupted from her mouth on its own.

"To Hala."

Oh, the way they saluted her made her heart thump. Who cared if a humanoid was the Emperor? She was now a General because of it.

I will serve the Emperor best.

Though she wondered in what ways.