

## **Marvel: Upgrading Death 36 - Enemy's Enemy, Gamora's State, Kael's Investigation & First Man Rises**

"Who?"

"..."

A thunderbolt materialized in Zeus's grip.

Wylis closed his eyes and tried to remember all the women he'd shagged. There were so many; he couldn't even remember the faces of some. But he tried to connect them to Zeus and remembered a dark-haired woman, strong-looking. And then there was a blonde with massive tits.

"Ah! Aphro-chick! Yeah, massive tits, wild in bed. How is she?" Marshall exclaimed as he finally remembered her. "Shit, that was one hell of a night in Asgard. How the fuck did a face like yours spit out a bombshell like her? Blows my goddamn mind."

Marshall then looked at the two boys. They were old, adults, not kids. Both of them had blonde hair, like him and Aphrodite. They had his facial features, but he had to agree, they were handsome as fuck.

"Stay outta Hollywood you boys, they'll crawl straight up your ass fast over that pretty face. What are your names?"

"Christos."

"Aristidis."

Marshall just nodded, wondering what to do. "Where's your mother?"

"She—"

"She is in Omnipotence City, where she will remain," Zeus roared.

"Liar!" Christos roared back. "Father, we were trying to free our mother. Zeus has kept her locked up since she met you."

Marshall frowned, glaring at Zeus. "You did that? Man, I knew you were a sick fuck, but... wait, when was the last time I met her? Must've been hundreds of years. Alright, let's do this."

Woosh!

Out of nowhere, Marshall appeared right beside Zeus. In less than a second, Marshall's meaty arm wrapped around Zeus' neck and squeezed, holding him in a chokehold.

"Alright, here's the deal. You free Aphro and drag her ass here. I count to ten, and if you don't, I'll kill you, then wipe your precious Omnipotence City off the damn map."

"Y... You wouldn't do that!"

"Fuck I would, assface. Strong rawdogs the weak, and you're spineless garbage to me. I command, you fucking kneel or drop dead. Ain't that how your sorry breed groveled forever? Hurry up, you must have some Odin peeper trick, yank her ass here now."

Zeus struggled in Marshall's grip, thunder roaring in the sky and from Zeus' body as well. However, Marshall's grip was that of an Aspirant, a being of Celestial strength. That was far too above Zeus' level.

"I have no means like Odin to look that far, First Man!"

"Bullshit! I know you've got some trick. Five!"

"But you only started counting!"

"Shut up, fatass, I decide how I count. What I say is the law," Marshall replied and squeezed his arm harder around Odin's neck. He really did plan on killing him if the fucker didn't obey him.

"Three!"

Zeus' eyes bulged out, and his face turned red. No matter how much thunder the Greek God spewed, nothing changed. An ant could not fight the foot in the sky.

"Two!"

Marshall yawned in the middle of it, looking at Emma standing in the distance, and his two sons, whom he didn't know existed until now. They had their jaws dropped for some reason. He didn't understand why. He whooped Zeus' ass even back then when he wasn't this strong. The Greek God was nothing but a donkey fucking fat bitch who moaned around, complaining to everyone, and called it wisdom.

Shhhhhh!

Right then, something similar to an Asgardian rainbow bridge appeared, falling from the sky like a beam of light. As the light vanished, two figures stood there: a tall man in robes and a great general's helmet on his head, and right beside him was Aphrodite in a simple white gown, her wrists chained together, her expression neutral.

"Ah! First Man!" she exclaimed.

Marshall winked back at her and focused on the other man. "Buckethead, free her hands."

"My name is Ares! I am the God of W—"

"Whores? Yeah, sure." Marshall didn't free Zeus and instead walked towards Aphrodite in that position, pulling Zeus along. "So much goddamn pride, man. When I introduce myself, I just spit my name, no fancy titles. Learn some humility, buddy."

Instead of waiting, Marshall used his other hand and grabbed the chain of the handcuffs on Aphrodite's wrists. He cracked it apart easily and threw it away.

"W-What... That was... Adamantium!" Ares exclaimed.

"Whatever." Marshall finally freed Zeus and threw him to Ares. "Now piss off. Earth's mine, and you ain't invited. And forget Aphro and the lads, they're mine too."

"How romantic!" Aphrodite squealed and jumped in to hug Marshall.

However, before she could reach Marshall, he created a portal using his Tesseract powers and tossed her onto his Dinosian temple's roof. Then he eyed the two boys. "Follow your mother and report to Hela, you three. She's the boss lady, so obey her. I ain't got time for teary-eyed reunion crap. Got some Aspirants to butcher."

"Aspirants?!" Zeus exclaimed. "Have you gone insane at last?"

Marshall sneered. "Shut your twat mouth. Was gonna butcher all the Celestials first, but now I gotta crawl the scenic shit-road. Fuck off now, I got work."

"Heed my words, First Man!" Zeus shouted. "Don't invite them over; they will take everything you love. Don't be crazy."

"When was I ever sane?"

Marshall didn't wait and closed the portal after his sons vanished. Finally, he walked over to Emma, grabbed her hand, and walked to the Chinese government's building.

He heard Zeus and Ares leaving but didn't look back. He just entered the large building and found Ajak waiting for him. She looked as fine as ever, now dressed in a long dress that was tight around her truly voluptuous chest and broad hips.

But Marshall wasn't there to fuck around.

"Ajak, get me in touch with your Celestial boss. I need Aspirant's address, gotta hunt them down."

"First Man, I don't—"

"Come on, don't bullshit me. They made you. There's gotta be some batshit witchcraft way to contact them. Some emergency trick." Marshall cut her off. "Try it. Those bastards are probably sniffing around me already. Aspirants are our common enemy, and I'm gonna kill the First Firmament too."

"I... I cannot." Ajak repeated. "I have tried to speak to Arishem many times, but I get no resp—"

"He just responded, didn't he?" Marshall smirked. "Snooping bastards."

"Follow me, First Man."

Marshall followed right behind Ajak, with pleasure, of course. The view was amazing. And right beside him was Emma, just sightseeing as she had no real reason to be there. He followed her into an empty conference room.

"Arishem the Judge will speak with you, First Man," Ajak said. "He is the Prime Celestial. He—"

"Don't matter. Patch me through."

Marshall waited afterwards. He didn't know how exactly the being would speak to him. But then he noticed Ajak and Emma just frozen in place. They weren't even blinking. In a moment, he realised the time had stopped.

Shhh!

Then it all went dark, and the room's ceiling vanished. A giant head with three red dots appeared there, hovering, staring down at him.

"You will kill Aspirants and the First Firmament to merely preserve this universe in the aftermath of killing my kind?"

Marshall nodded. "That's the plan."

"Why must you go that far? I shall grant you dominion over your world and forbid Celestial intervention. We can coexist."

"See, that's the fucking problem right there. It's that shit attitude. You think I need your permission to call Earth mine? You think you're the big swinging dick of the Universe. Nah, we can't coexist. You killed Marty just to poke at me. You fucked around, now I'm the goddamn find out. I'll slaughter the Aspirants, the First Firmament, and butcher every last Celestial. Got a tracker on you rats already, but it'll rip the whole universe apart."

"You cannot defeat the First Firmament."

"I know. And that's exactly the plan. So, where do I find them?"

"The First Firmament and the Aspirants dwell beyond creation, within the Far Shore. Some name it Primordial Chaos. Others call it the Abyss or the Void. There, neither time nor space endures. It exists apart from all living reality, beyond even the reach of Eternity itself. Beyond the Void lie the Upper Realms and deeper mysteries still. But for you, the Void is where the path ends." Arishem revealed. "Seek your allies. They know the way to the void."

"Which ally? Got too many of them," Marshall asked back.

"You already know who."

And just like that, the gigantic head vanished from the dark space. Marshall found his surroundings returning to the conference room. Ajak and Emma started moving as well.

"I... What happened?" Emma pressed her head. "My mind tells me... time was tempered."

"It was. That glowing cosmic asshole froze time. But I got my answers. We're heading back home, Emma. You riding with me?"

"Of course." Emma walked to his side.

"Wait! What did he say? Did he say anything about Eternals?" Ajak inquired.

"Nope, not a goddamn word. Looks like your daddy ditched your ass for good. Better get comfy living here," Marshall replied, and instead of using the raft, he used a portal this time. The raft was magical at that point and could fly back home on its own.

#####

Space,

Helvar didn't know why his mother said space was dangerous. If anything, it was weak and needed saving. So, as he enjoyed his honeymoon with his wife, he ended up joining the Dino Corp to help them with some of their problems.

"Get in the cabin, Mephi!" Helvar shouted to his wife as he took control of the massive spaceship. "Let's deliver it to Dino Corp and head home."

Moments later, Helvar flew the ship. Through jump points, he made his way to Contraxia, the headquarters of Dino Corp. It wasn't a green planet as it used to be, ever since the First Man saved its dying star. Rising population and landscape marked the planet.

Of course, since the ship was so massive, Helvar didn't bring it down. Instead, he connected it to a massive space station in the orbit of the planet. He delayed getting out, however, as he was busy making love to his wife on the ship.

And being the son of the First Man, he had a godly amount of stamina. And Mephista, being the daughter of one red bastard, was no less than her husband. In fact, they had done it during the entire journey.

An hour after docking the ship at the station, Helvar finally walked out, finding dumbstruck Gamora waiting for him. He just shrugged and shook her hand.

"Count this one as a gift from me. For showing my wife and me a good time," Helvar said.

"Snatched this mothership from some dumbass trying to conquer a planet. Hah, bastard was so busy he never realised I grabbed his ship."

"W-Where?" Gamora inquired.

"No idea. Check the ship's starmap, gotta have a log," Helvar replied and started walking away, unbothered by the fact he'd just stolen a mothership miles wide, miles long, and many miles high. It was a flying world in itself.

Left alone, Gamora stared at the large ship from the viewport of the space station's connecting arm. She recognized that shape, that color tone. She'd imagined it in her nightmares.

"H-He..." She muttered. "He stole Father's ship? How far has Thanos fallen?"

The truth was, Thanos' warlording days were over. Dino Corp now ruled the space, and there weren't many places to raid and destroy left.

Gamora's initial motivation to join the Dino Corps was to use it to destroy her father. But she had to do nothing, and Dino Corp did everything on its own. They had grown so much that even if Thanos wanted to, he couldn't challenge them. They had a literal god on their side, and of course, millions of ships and hundreds of motherships.

"That's a nice one." Stakar Ogord arrived, eyeing the ship. "It'll look good with our colors. And Big Boss' face on it."

Gamora just nodded. That was all she could do.

"I wonder what he'd feel."

"Who?" Stakar asked.

"The owner of this ship."

"Probably angry, sad, or confused. Who cares, not like they got the balls to attack us."

She nodded again. That was right, Dino Corp was too big.

#####

Earth, Africa,

Kael decided to bring her half-sister on a trip. Since Diana's mother was Angela, who didn't live in Dinosia, it was rare for them to meet.

"Why is this place so dirty?" Diana asked.

"I don't know. It's just the way people live here," Kael replied as she flew over a town in DRC.

"Why?" Diana asked again.

Kael just hummed, pondering an answer herself. "Maybe... They don't have enough time. Or the resources."

"But didn't we give them cheap, clean energy? They should have everything by now. Look at those huts, they looked like a slum. I don't see any electricity poles around either," Diana added, pointing her fingers.

That really got Kael curious, and she changed direction. She went down towards the ground instead. As she did that, she made herself and her sister disappear and incorporeal so nothing would bump into them.

As she knew humanity, to get her answers, she flew to the government's building, as those in power usually had all the answers. She phased through the wall of the presidential palace. With ease, she found the President alone in his office, not working but watching TV instead.

"What are we doing here?" Diana asked.

"Getting answers," Kael replied, and simply read the President's mind like it was an open book. Her powers were different from a telepath. Reading a mind was just... like a thought for her. Like she wanted to read it and get some information, and she could simply do it.

As she learned about the history of DRC from the memories of the President, she couldn't help but frown. Of course, once upon a time, a man called King Leopold II owned the land, and did horrible things to its people. But she knew her father had punished him for it.

However, it seemed Congo didn't gain absolute freedom even after that. Fearing First Man, colonial powers went underground and ruled through subtle means and small assassinations. Congo's mineral-rich corporations were privatised by Belgium, and the new nation was left with debt and no means of income. And each pro-nation politician was assassinated. So every president was in the pockets of Belgian interest groups. Everyone was involved, from European powers to even Americans.

It was all happening silently and secretly. Even the cheap electricity that Stark provided was knowingly undistributed. The funds for electrical grid expansion were stolen through corruption. People were kept poor and hungry, so they didn't ask for a better quality of living.

"Seems... this poverty's not natural but... a manmade decision."

"Manmade?" Diana frowned. "Why? Dinosia gave the world everything to grow. We have alien tech, even."

"Greed. Let's go, I want to know how far this phenomenon has spread."

From there, Kael flew to other countries around the DRC. While she found no large-scale violence anywhere, the reason for poverty was the same. It was either a foreign power silently controlling them, or some rich and powerful locals doing it instead. All of Africa was poor by choice of a few, not because they lacked resources.

She wasn't satisfied, however.

Kael flew east, into the Middle East. She passed by countless shrines and temples made to pray to the First Man in that region. But still, the First Man was a god the world prayed to like praying to Santa Claus. The world's people followed two faiths, the First Man and one of the others. Their devotion to each faith changed from time to time.

Yemen, Oman, Saudi Arabia. As she flew and read minds, she found the same pattern repeated everywhere. Iraq, Iran, Afghanistan, Pakistan, India, Nepal, China, Myanmar, Thailand, no matter where she went, the game plan was the same. Poverty was maintained by choice as it made the masses easier to control. Moreover, there was a high level of internal corruption.

Further, even in a developed nation like Japan, she found the same issues. She went around the globe, covered South America, Europe, and North America last. The pattern was clear to her.

Even the developed nations were wrong, if not worse, as they not only stole from other countries, but also from their own people. Corruption was rampant, hidden, and large-scale wars had turned into assassination fields. Each nation worked on turning its secret agencies into the best assassination services.

Kael was more emotional and empathetic than most. Sad, she returned home and found Azul complaining about it. She wanted to do something, but she didn't know what or how. Her father had left humans alone for millions of years.

"You knew? Why didn't you stop it?" Kael asked her oldest brother. "They are all suffering."

"It is not for us to decide the world they build. We gave them knowledge, power, and the freedom to choose. Doing more would be forcing them," Azul S. Grand replied.

"But they are being forced. By other humans, and they don't even know. Shouldn't we at least reveal it to the public?"

"We did," Azul replied. "Humans chose not to concern themselves with it. A few protested, briefly. Then they returned to their routines. Nothing changed."

Kael frowned; her thin brows had never seen that much anger. "Why? Why would they not care?"

"Humans did not evolve from predators, nor prey. They came from beings forced to survive as both predator and prey. Because of this, most turn away from needless danger, while others embrace power over the weak. The human mind favors safety over hardship," Azul explained.

Kael annoyedly turned to the door. "What if Father intervenes?"

"Father can do whatever he desires. He is their God, and they live on his land."

Kael just nodded to that and left. She returned to the temple and looked for her father. It didn't take long as she found him coming out of a portal with a blonde woman.

"Dad." She jogged to him. "Dad, can you stop them?"

"Who?"

"All of them! They haven't changed at all, Dad. They're evil. They hurt their own people. I went around the world and saw hungry people. We gave them so much food, Dad. They're scared of you, so they only do assassinations now," Kael rambled nonstop.

#####

Marshall had never seen his daughter talk so much before. She was usually very calm and collected.

"What are you babbling about? Start at the damn beginning." He asked and then listened to Kael's latest adventure and realisations.

Marshall just scoffed at that. "What the fuck else do you expect from those apes? They were savage, hairy bastards then, and they're the same now. I say let them hack each other to extinction."

"But that won't happen, Dad! A handful of people torture billions to live in total luxury."

Marshall just shrugged and walked away. "Not my problem."

"It is!" Kael snapped. "It is your problem. You're part of their whole history. I've seen your temples and shrines all over the world, some of them abandoned. They pray to you. They beg for your help. And you step in whenever you feel like it, then disappear when you're done. You're their god, Dad. If you won't help them, then who will?"

"Well, they got Jesus, Odin, Shiva, those Egyptian bastards too, plus Aztec, Japanese, Chinese, and Greek. Whole damn zoo."

"Will they? Would they really interfere?" Kael asked. "Mother said the Celestials forbade every god from guiding Earth. Maybe humans became this way because no one was left to lead them. Maybe that was the Celestials' doing."

Marshall eyed his daughter. She was too kind for the world, he knew that. But at the same time, she had boundless powers, literally infinite. And he had no clue what she could do or what the ceiling was.

"What do you want from me?" he asked.

"Then take over. Lead them, Dad. Be the god they need and bring the world together. No more hunger. No more poverty. Make humanity one."

Marshall scrunched hard at that. "Too much damn work. Girl, I handed them everything they needed on a silver damn platter. I gave them the choice, and they happily drove themselves off the cliff screaming. Why the hell is that on me?"

"Because you can."

"You know, a lot of folks would die if I did that." He warned her.

"Then... millions must die for billions to flourish," Keal coldly replied.

"..."

Marshall was taken aback. His precious daughter had never spoken something that cold before. She was the personification of kindness. She would think a thousand times before stepping on an ant. She only acted when she was absolutely sure.

And that meant that she was sure about this as well.

“Well...” Marshall scratched his thick beard. “Let’s put it to a vote instead. Every human gets a say. Want their fucking governments wiped out and the whole damn world handed to First Man? I’d bet my left ass they bury the idea. Humans are dumb, girl.”

"Do it! Give them a chance." She dared.

Marshall shrugged. "Alright, let's do it then."

Marshall closed his eyes right then, smug that he was going to prove Kael wrong. He knew humans; they were far too short-sighted to make the decision.

####

China,

Ming Hao was an old man in his seventies. He'd seen a long, long time. He'd witnessed eras, both the good and the bad. That day, in his modest village house, he was lying in his bed, counting his last days.

His son had left home to work in the city. His wife was dead. And he was all alone, barely taking care of himself. He was all bones by now, rarely able to cook for himself. He wanted his son back, but he couldn't. He didn't want to be a hurdle in his son's future.

"Hm?"

At first, he thought he was hallucinating. Or perhaps it was a firefly. But he was wrong, as the nearby window was open and sunlight was coming in. Yet, he could see the words flash before his eyes in Chinese.

And then, he heard words in his ears.

*[This is the First Man speaking right into your thick heads. Today is your lucky day, or unlucky, depending on if you're the abuser or the victim. My daughter recently did some investigation...]*

As Hao listened, he couldn't stop nodding. It was true; the rich and powerful abused their powers, lived in luxury, while the rest barely ate. He personally couldn't eat.

*[Do you want me, the First Man, to take control of the entire planet? Erase all borders, end poverty and hunger? Do you want me to kill all your corrupt governments? If you do, then cast your vote—Yes! Or No!]*

Hao couldn't believe how strong he felt at that moment. His right arm moved at a speed unmatched and smashed through the 'YES' option.

"Anything is better than this hell I live in now."

####

Indonesia,

"Gugu-gaga?"

Putra was just a baby, barely a year old. He couldn't make sense of what he was seeing. But it was shiny and pretty, and he liked the texture.

"Gaga! Hehe!"

Without thinking, or rather lacking the ability to think, the baby smashed his little hand on the 'Yes' sign simply because it was the smallest one.

####

USA,

George was a retired soldier who fought in the World War. He had turned 81, and he had a big family. He'd retired as a Colonel, and his wife was goddamn hot, though now rested in the dirt. His eight sons had gone on to be just as successful, and their wives were also goddamn hot.

Not that he ever saw them with that gaze. He just felt that because his grandkids were all so adorable and beautiful. Heck, he already had great-grandkids. However, he knew his time was coming.

So, he spent most of his days in the living room of his large mansion, resting on the rocking recliner with the TV running in front of him. He watched anything, but mostly enjoyed Dinosian-produced content as it was simply more mentally engaging.

*[This is the Fir...]*

And then it happened. He saw it. The big floating words and that warm, masculine voice booming in his ears. He heard it all with his breath held and...

Woosh!

At 81, George jumped and raised a fist.

"Yes! Goddamit! Yes, at last! The time has come! The day I had been dreaming of, I got to see before my death. Fuck yeah, take us all, First Man, you are everything!"

Like every church-going American, George was loyal to two beings only. Jesus and the First Man. And since Jesus never spoke, the First Man was everything to him.

"Yes! Yes! I hope all my goddamn sons press yes or I'll shoot their fucking heads off!"

Perhaps he was also a little cynical.

####

Dinosia,

Stephen Hawking sat at his table, working on a computer. His back was straight, legs healthy, his body as good as any around, for he had received the cure through magic. Now, he dedicated his nerdy mind to Dinosia.

"Hm?"

Suddenly, the words flashed in front of his eyes. He just read them once and got annoyed as they wasted his precious seconds of work. He dismissively tapped 'Yes' and returned to work.

That was the reaction of nearly everyone on Dinosia.

####

London,

James Igris stared at the screen flashing before his eyes and noticed his butler was staring at something as well. He read it, heard it, and frowned hard. His heart fell completely, and his face turned pale.

Once upon a time, before the First Man massacred them all, his family name was Rothschild. Now, he lived in hiding, but still in relative wealth.

"We're dead, aren't we?" he asked as he tapped 'No.'

"I believe so... Sir."

He noticed it. His butler pressed on 'Yes' by the general positioning of his arm.

"Do you hate me, Frank?"

"I absolutely loathe you, Sir."

#####

Sweden,

Bjorn was also one of the old rich ones. He ignored the floating words and stared down the barrel of his gun.

"Better to go out on my terms. Fuck you, First Man."

#####

New York,

Plap! Plap! Plap!

"Aaaaaaaah! Harder!"

Tony Stark gave it to her just as she asked. He grabbed her legs, threw them over his shoulders, and plowed into her.

"The hell?" Tony exclaimed as he raised his head to stare at the screen. He was all sweaty, balls deep in a supermodel he picked up from the fashion show he visited hours ago.

When he heard First Man's voice in his head, his cock turned soft. However, when he looked down, the woman was pinching her nipples. He was sure she could see and hear it as well.

"Sure, old man." He smashed the 'Yes' button and got back to work.

#####

Unknown Desert,

Wooosh!

Booom!

"Hulk angry!"

Hulk was being tested on by a team of Dinosaur nerds. They were trying to learn the source of Hulk's strength, personality, and how to tame it.

"Hm?"

But then Hulk stopped raging and stood in place. When First Man's voice rang in his ears, he smiled. He listened to it for a very long time, scratching his head in confusion at times. But in the end, he tapped on 'Yes'.

"Hulk loves Marty. First Man friend."

####

Camp Lehigh,

Captain America, now retired US President, Steven Rogers, oversaw some special experiments conducted by the US Army. He was looking at the experiment from behind the protective wall. It required an extreme amount of energy, and thankfully, they had Captain Marvel to help with that.

"Hm?" He saw the words flash before him all of a sudden. "Took you long enough, old man."

No hesitation, Steve pressed 'Yes'. He looked inside and noticed Captain Marvel and the rest smiling as well, likely pressing 'Yes.'

After all, if the First Man took over, it would free the rest of humanity to not worry about land borders, espionage, tension between nations, and they would be able to focus on space.

It was a Win-Win situation in Steven's head.

####

Red Room,

Natasha was in the medical bed, feeling her mind slowly waking up after the surgery. She could still feel some pain, but she was used to it. Still, it enraged her, to be given an involuntary hysterectomy.

*[This is the First Man...]*

The first thing that greeted her after waking up was that text in front of her eyes. She listened to the voice, and her mind told her to press no. Yet, her hand hesitantly moved and tapped on 'Yes'.

Bam!

"Did you press no?"

A uniformed officer stormed into the room. She just gave a nod and closed her eyes.

*Only a God can fix me now.*

#####

Dinosia,

"What the fuck!" Marshall glared at the numbers rising in front of him. The 'Yes' stood at 5 billion, and 'No' stood at just nineteen million.

"Were you expecting something else?" Kael asked him.

"Well, yeah. When did the retards grow a brain? Last I remember, they fought over borders and other bullshit."

"They never did, Dad. It was the select few at the top making the rest at the bottom fight for them. You are the First Man, of course, they would pick a God to rule them over some human leader they can't be sure about. Your name is millions of years old, you're tried and tested, and predictable."

"Me? Predictable?" He frowned. That felt like an insult.

"You're unstable, and that's predictable about you. You're unapologetically honest and unbiased, and that makes you the best leader."

Marshall stared at the numbers rising and finished counting. Out of 6.58 billion humans, 6.534 voted 'Yes'. It couldn't have been more landslide than this.

"I... I got... I gotta go hunt the Aspirants." Marshall turned to sneak away.

Woosh!

But as expected, he felt Kael jump and climb his back, her arms wrapping around his neck in a choke hold.

"What's the next plan, Dad? How are you going to rule them?"

*Fuck!*

"Eh... I didn't plan that far."

"Awesome! I'll help."

"..."

Almighty First Man, whom the Universe feared, was weak before his daughter.