

Marvel: Upgrading Death 32 - Nerds Assembled, Celestial Tracker, Dino Corp On Top & Destroying Ego

Marshall was chilling that night as he often did. Playing baseball with his son and daughters, including Logan, Magneto, his son Azul, a few Angels who could fly, and the witches. The thing about playing with that many powerful beings was that each hit flew off into the sky like it was headed for the moon.

Still, somehow they were all able to catch the balls. Well, except those like Logan, who was a great pitcher but couldn't do shit to skyward hits.

"You can do it, Marty!" Marshall roared from the side. "Swing that damn tail!"

It was now Marty on the pitch, and the bat was his big tail. The one throwing the ball was Logan, who had reached the strength of Romulus by now after years of constant training under Dinosia's genetic research nerds, who worked their hardest to bring out the best potential of all mutants.

"Wraaaa-Grr!"

Marty roared at the sky, T-Rex style. While the original T-Rex never had that sort of roar, Marty had developed it after the house fucking incident to regain the lost honor and be able to scare people. Indeed, Marshall still reminded the poor boy of that incident.

Woosh!

Logan threw the ball, a curve with such an arc that even Marty would find it hard. But still, the T-Rex swung his tail with extreme precision, changing direction mid-swing and connecting with the ball.

Bam!

It was a loud sound like meat smacking into something hard. The ball got shot towards the sky, where Mephista, Helvar's wife, was flying, playing for the opposition team.

Marshall couldn't accept that. "Mephista! If you catch that ball, you don't love Helvar!"

"I love him!" Mephista shouted.

"Dad, stop cheating!" Helvar yelled.

"Boy! You damn traitor wife-lover! You're in my team, not hers. Blackmail her! Everything's fair in love and baseball matches!" Marshall shouted back and focused on the sky. "Mephista, if you catch that ball... I'll glue Helvar's lips! No more smooching then!"

"What the fuck, Dad! What did I do to you?"

"That's the thing. You didn't do shit. Where's my damn grandkids? Should have a dozen by now."

"Is this about grandkids?"

"Damn right it's about them."

Woosh!

"I caught it!"

Suddenly, a new voice echoed from the sky. Everyone looked up. It wasn't Mephista who had caught it, but Kael instead. The blonde, angel-like girl was beaming, with a big grin and the ball in her hand.

Marshall's face fell. "My own daughter... has betrayed me... Marty... Huh? Why the fuck are you grinning?"

"Rawr-uf!"

"It's fine if it's her? Man, you're weird." Marshall sneered and shook his head, hurling his baseball hat down and stomping it like a pissed coach. "Alright, who's next in the lineup? Azul? You better blast that shit to the moon."

"I'll try, Father."

"No try! I need results, bo—"

All of a sudden, without even realising, Marshall vanished. His words broke mid-speech. Yet, Azul kept walking; the game continued. Nobody bothered, or even got worried. It was just another Tuesday, and weird shit was always happening around Marshall.

So what if the First Man vanished? It wasn't the first time. Better than getting dragged in by curious tentacles inside a book.

####

Marshall was annoyed at first, but once he smelled some fine Celestial stench coming from the boy, he let it all go. He heard the boy's prayers, and somehow his prayers had teleported him all the way across America, straight from Dinosia.

He listened to the boy cry about his mother dying, so he agreed to help. He followed him back into the hospital. He really hated the smell of those damn places. Dinosian hospitals didn't smell like that.

Meredith Quill was dead, however. But when Marshall saw her, he saw the possibility. The woman sure was pretty, cute, and petite, though bald now. And dead, of course.

The useless family members were crying and then murmuring as they parted and let Peter lead him to the side of the bed.

I can smell it! Her pussy... A Celestial-like shit was in there.

He eyed Peter Quill and did a little bit of reasoning. The result was that somehow Meredith got fucked by a Celestial wannabe, because a real one wouldn't even bother. And Peter was the result.

Need more info.

"G-God! Please, save my Mom."

"She's dead, boy."

"I know, but... You're the God! You can do anything!"

"Fuck yeah, I can," Marshall replied and slapped a hand on the dead woman's bald head. "I ain't just waking her up. I'm gonna make her pretty as hell like she used to be."

Though he also wanted to see how hot she was in her prime. Someone that could take a Celestial-like guy's seed had to be something, he thought. Or maybe it was the guy who was too low-level.

"Oh!" Marshall exclaimed suddenly, though a frown formed over his face. He stared down as the woman was already alive again, brought back from the extremely tiny bit of cellular life left in her body. It was pretty much a defibrillation at the molecular level, not as magical as bringing Marty back from non-existence.

Yes, she was indeed gorgeous, with lush golden-blond hair, a toned face, big grey eyes, and a broad, bright smile.

However, that also meant that Marshall felt every single cell in her body. And that meant he noticed whatever was out of order.

"Cute baby Jesus and his mom! This cancer ain't natural at all, girl. It's a fucking virus, reeks of the same Celestial fuckery as that boy. That fuck planted this cancer in your head."

"What?" It was Meredith Quill who spoke, awake already, listening to it all.

"Mom!" Peter jumped on the bed.

"Meredith!"

The family gathered around.

Snap!

But Marshall snapped his fingers and froze everyone around. It wasn't the time he froze; it was just their bodies. They couldn't move or speak. Just breathe in silence. Only Peter and Meredith were able to move.

"Who's the boy's father?" Marshall asked.

"I..."

"Think of him," Marshall asked, and read her mind instantly. "Handsome bastard, no wonder you spread for him. Fake as hell though. I spot fake ass every time, plastic or magic crap. Well, Meredith Quill, the bastard who banged you is probably some alien monster from space. He was experimenting. Kid's the goddamn result."

"What?! No! He loved me, and he came back."

"That ain't what your brain says. He came, literally, and dipped. And what's this seed I see in your memory? He planted that shit on my damn land?" Marshall boomed angrily. "Stay put, I'll find this thing. Happy birthday, I guess."

Marshall walked away and out of the hospital room. As he left, all the frozen people started to move.

Instead of flying this time, he created a portal. Having walked all over the planet for so long, he knew almost all the places. He arrived at the place Peter's father had planted that seed-thing.

It was a strange, flower-like thing coming off the ground. But it didn't exactly look like a flower. It looked foreign, exotic, and not in a pretty way.

"What do we have here?" Marshall crouched beside it, poking it with a stick. "He nudded here or what? I ain't touching a Celestial's cum. But I do sense those bastards from it."

What Marshall wanted was some sort of tracker. Something that could lead him to all the other Celestials who were hiding from him. His desire to slaughter them was still as alive as it was years ago. His revenge was still incomplete, no matter how much he laughed, smiled, and fucked.

"I'm gonna need nerds to help me on this," Marshall muttered and thought of someone. An intelligent bastard who had a unique mind. Someone who could make him a powerful tracker with the ability to scan most of space.

Nerds like Einstein and Tesla were already dead, so he thought about other ones.

"Hmmm... I know who I need."

Another portal was created, and he walked straight through it.

"Ah! Ah! Ah! Ooooh... Howard!"

Marshall appeared right inside the bedroom of Howard Stark, and from the looks of it, Maria was currently riding Howard.

"Nice tits," Marshall commented.

"Aaaaaah!"

Maria screamed and jumped sideways, grabbing the sheets.

Howard sat up, his cock going flaccid instantly. But unlike most who would have screamed or thrown a tantrum, Howard looked back at his wife and nodded.

"Can't disagree there. They're pretty fine," Howard said and grabbed his pants. "What's the occasion? Don't tell me you plan to tag team her."

"..."

Marshall sneered. "Fuck no! I ain't into that shit. You might be, most of you nerds are weird. No, I got a project for you. Come with me, we're picking up Hank next."

"Hank? I'm afraid he won't work with me."

"I ain't asking," Marshall replied. "That fuck either drags his ass or loses Dinosian citizenship. Don't need nerds who don't do nerdy things when I need it."

"That serious? I'll get dressed." Howard kissed his wife, squeezed her tits a few times, nodding in approval, and then ran to put on his clothes.

Moments later, Marshall made another portal and walked into Hank Pym's bedroom, Howard at his side. There was no sex happening, however. In fact, Hank and his hot wife were sleeping in two different beds with a significant distance between them.

"Don't seem like a happy marriage to me," Marshall muttered.

"I love Maria," Howard confessed.

"Must be those tits," Marshall said and walked over to Hank's bedside and yanked the blanket. "Get the fuck up! I could have murdered you a thousand times by now. You got the response time of a goddamn rock!"

Marshall sounded like a drill instructor. And sure enough, Hank reacted like he was a little soldier and jumped out of his bed, standing stiff in attention. Then he realised he wasn't a soldier and frowned.

"What... What is the m—"

Marshall didn't bother, staring at Janet instead. The woman was in a thin nightdress, one piece, sleeveless, hanging off the shoulder with a little string. It reached her thigh, and sweet science, she had nice legs. With her tousled brown hair, she looked even more fine.

Marshall looked at Hank with disgust. "You got that as your wife and sleep in different beds? The fuck's wrong with you? Can't get the meatstick up?"

"That's a personal matter. Y—"

"Janet, that's your name? On a scale of one to ten, how good is he at pounding you?"

"..."

Janet didn't reply.

Marshall sighed and grabbed Hank by the back collar since he was dressed in a silky night suit. He made a new portal and walked out of it, arriving at the same forest where the celestial seed was.

The forest was pretty vibrant even at night. It was the opposite of when a predator comes. The forest came alive, and every fucking insect and animal started singing as if their daddy was there. It was true, however, as Marshall was kinder to wildlife than to humans.

He led them to the weird flower and made some light by lighting his right hand in cosmic flames.

"What am I looking at?" Howard asked.

"Probably alien cum," Marshall replied. "Seed, it's called, just a fancy word for cum."

"I won't touch that." Hank stepped away.

"Yes, you are, nerd. This seed is my damn key to revenge. Remember that giant face in the sky during the war? This ties to them. I need you two to use it, tear it apart, and build me a universe tracker for Celestial energy. I'll use it to hunt every last one. They killed my Marty, and they're still fucking breathing."

Howard sighed and crouched beside the flower. "Do we get access to all the alien tech Dinosia got?"

"You do. And anything extra you need. Just hit Dino Corp, and they'll sort it out. I need the tracker at all costs. Assemble a team of nerds if you need." Marshall ordered and thought of a reward for them. "Pull this off, and I'll grant one wish. Ask for anything except my ass or my women."

At that, the two nerds perked up. A god telling them he'll grant them a wish, and it can be anything, was a great reward to have.

"Is there a time limit for this wish?" Hank Pym asked.

"No time limit."

Howard grinned. "I guess I'll need a few more bags of coffee to get this done. I'm in, First Man."

"Me too," Hank added. "But I want to bring Janet in as well."

"Whatever the fuck, but only you two get the goddamn wish." Marshall said and walked away, "I'm heading back home now. Grab these transponders, they'll let you call anyone on the planet and the universe, long as they're connected to me."

"..."

The two nerds stared down at the tech. It was a tiny, bead-like thing one could put in the ear, and it was... the most cutting-edge thing they'd seen. That little thing could communicate with the universe.

"W-Who made this?" Howard asked.

"Tesla, I think. Anyway, get to work, nerds."

"..."

#####

Xandar,

Nova Prime was angry. For thousands of years, Nova Corps stood as the intergalactic police force of the Nova Empire. Millions of systems trusted them and respected them.

Yet, there she sat in her office, reading the latest report on Dino Corp, a peacekeeping mercenary force. In every common sense, it didn't make sense for something like this to grow so big.

Peacekeeping would usually be just in name, and the corps would fracture and split apart. But Dino Corp didn't, it kept increasing in size and scale, and also deeds. It saved entire planets, entire species, solved plagues, hunted down pirates and warlords, and brought peace wherever they went.

And since they were a private company and not a galactic ruling party, they could not be barred or fought against. They paid their taxes honestly, and that was the end of how far the Nova Empire could go.

The balance had been ruined. Dino Corp had now exceeded Nova Corps in scale, influence, and numbers.

"Is this true?" Irani Rael asked, gawking at the numbers. "E-Eight million starships? Six hundred motherships, a dozen worldships, and... Is this true? Galactus gifted his worldship?"

"No, Nova Prime. We have learned that Galactus and the leader of Dino Corp are allies. Hence, Galactus has allowed the Dino Corp to make use of the Taa II, and even move it if needed."

"..."

Irani looked at her assistant as if to see if this was a joke. But seeing the seriousness, she looked down at the numbers again. "Over a hundred million members. I can't imagine the logistics it must take."

"They have contracted planets of specific species that are good with numbers and artificial intelligence, Nova Prime. Entire planets are contracted to work as supply chain hubs and more. Dino Corp is no longer just a mercenary company but an intergalactic trade company."

"And the owner?" Irani asked. "What do we know about him?"

"As much as we knew before. He's Terran, from a rather secluded part of the universe. He's connected to many higher beings, Celestials, and the sort. He's close to Asgardians as well. He's considered to be the god of his home planet."

"Hmph." Irani scoffed. "So he's a tyrant?"

"No, our intelligence reported that he's millions of years old, and hence the first being of his entire species, and therefore called the First Man. He possesses many abilities and is revered by his world despite never asking to be revered."

Irani sighed and rubbed her forehead. "This isn't good for the Nova Empire. Nova Corp is a major branch that ensures stability and control. If we allow Dino Corp to lure away member systems, the Kree and others may get ideas. We cannot allow that to happen."

Her assistant nodded. "The intelligence and planning department believes the same. Page eighty-six suggests the optimised plan to reduce Dino Corp's power."

Irani quickly scrolled to the said page and read. The plan had no name, and it was top secret, just for her eyes. It suggested orchestrating some events that would pitch Dino Corp against the Kree Empire.

Knowing how proud and militaristic the Kree were, they would never accept Dino Corp standing against them, and the conflict would naturally grow into an all-out war.

However, Irani didn't feel so certain. "You just said they have connections with Galactus. I loathe to accept, but even if Nova and the Kree Empire came together, we won't be able to stop the Devourer of Worlds."

"That is why this must begin slowly and never reach an all-out war. Our goal is to weaken them, not destroy them. Dino Corp already provides us with a buffer against the Kree. And Galactus... we hope to offer him a few worlds if the situation goes out of control."

Irani Rael nodded and closed the file.

"Very well. Since we must do something, this is better than nothing. Tell the relevant Centurions to bring me a full plan."

#####

Dinosia,

Somehow, Marshall's personal office had deteriorated even further. The table was now missing, just two folding lawn chairs were left.

"As far as I know, this research resulted in nothing. It was headed by Hydra's cells and the Soviets."

Marshall lazily stared at Ronald Reagan as he poked his ear to remove the water after his dip in the pool. "Shit, I'm stunned they yanked my hair from that fucking mammoth pen. Those furballs are drowning in the stuff. Doubt it's mine though. I don't shed or shit or piss... wait..."

Marshall sat up straight, a light bulb lighting up. "Holy shit! I don't shit and piss... I didn't even realise. I don't remember when I did it last... Marty!"

He walked over to the window and shouted at Marty, far in the distant grounds, playing with Kael.

"Marty! You ever seen me take a shit?"

"Gruff!"

"Can't recall, eh? Fuck, I never caught that." He muttered and turned back to look at Ronald.

"Well, there you go. Those octopus suckers failed because they had no DNA of mine. Go home now, I'm busy."

"..."

Ronald Reagan was smart. He knew when to leave. He just thanked him and walked out, not pushing his luck.

Just as Ronald left, Marshall watched two nerds, Pym and Stark, walk in, their eyes sunken and dark circles making them seem like pandas. In Howard's hand was a metal suitcase.

"Is this what I think it is?" Marshall rubbed his hands in excitement. "My little Celestial Finder?"

"No," Howard said quickly, cutting things off before anyone got too excited. "But this is still a big step forward. It's just a prototype for now. We've located the source of that seed. Bring it back to us, and we should be able to build the real Celestial Finder."

"That's still pretty juicy!" Marshall got closer, "Where's the fucker hiding?"

Hank walked forward, taking the suitcase and opening it. Inside it was a large gadget. It was bright blue in color, had no buttons, just a brick-like thing with a touch-screen covering it.

"We asked around to figure out what a Celestial actually is, and Lady Hela gave us some real answers. Turns out these Celestials left their mark on just about everything in the universe. Their traces are all over the place. We just had to find a way to pick up on them. The seed helped a bit, but not enough. Its source is somewhere in the Andromeda Galaxy. Dino Corp managed to narrow it down to a specific planet."

Clap!

Marshall was ready to go. "Boys, fucking stellar! If you had pussies and a hot face, I would have slobbered all over you. Now spit the location, I'll drag that bastard back. Besides, he dared jizz on my planet!"

"..."

The two nerds frowned, as if disgusted, and activated the scanner and showed Marshall the location.

"No idea," Marshall muttered and made a portal. "But Dino Corp does."

#####

Ego,

Ego was nearly as old as the Universe itself. He was a curious being, and he wanted to find meaning in his life. He was rather ambitious and decided to achieve his desire; he needed to remake the universe via an extinction-level event.

Now, Ego liked to call himself a Celestial. Many others called him the same. But Ego knew that he wasn't really a Celestial. Not even close. But he wanted to be as powerful as they are as soon as possible. And this plan to remake the universe would help.

Sadly, he needed another being like himself to finish this plan. And of all the places he could go to find a worthy offspring, he went to the planet owned by the most insane being in the universe. The one to whom the Living Tribunal yielded, for there was simply nothing else that could be done.

A being that couldn't be killed. A being that couldn't be reasoned with.

And now, Ego watched as the being appeared on the surface of his body, which was the planet itself. The man appeared from a portal, and he knew instantly that this was a matter of concern. He sensed a might as primordial as true Celestials from this creature.

"Damn right! I smell the bastard all over this rock."

Ego listened to the man speak to himself as if there were multiple of them. The more he listened, the more he feared. The creature knew of him, and the Celestials, and... he was hunting the Celestials.

"Sweet Marty's balls! The whole planet's a Celestial's fart."

"..."

Ego couldn't sweat, but he would have if he could. He hoped to remain dormant and hide himself. But the secret was already out. The planet was him.

"Where're you hiding?"

Boom!

Ego watched the insane being punch the surface of the planet, him, and make craters deep enough to destroy ecosystems.

Boom!

"The damn core? That's where you're at?"

Ego watched in horror as cosmic flames erupted from the man's body and started wrapping the entire planet, burning everything on the surface. Then he watched clouds gather and thunder fall, then strange tentacles erupt from his back and smash into the ground, causing even larger craters, kilometers wide and deep.

Then blue energy beams shot through the man's eyes, creating a hole in the ground. And finally, he felt it, a red beam so primordial. It was older than Celestials; he could sense it. When that beam erupted from the man's hands, he felt it in his brain.

The beam formed a straight tunnel down to the core of the planet, which was a massive cavernous area where his brain was hidden, his true self. There was nothing he could do. The man smashed through the rocks, through the traps, and as if he could sense his brain, approached.

Boom!

Fire burned and melted everything.

Tentacles destroyed all structures. The planet had started to collapse into itself.

"Found you!"

Ego never got the chance. Before he knew it, the man was standing right in front of his living brain, the true core of his being. He waited for the man to destroy it, but...

"You're coming with me."

Death... was a mercy he didn't know he longed for.

####

Dinosia,

The nerds were happy, and Marshall was just as happy. He had placed the massive brain inside a protected, enchanted, and magically reinforced glass chamber in his sacred island nation. His job was done, but he wasn't done with it.

He probed the brain with his abilities and talked to this being. It was called Ego, and he got to learn much from it. About its origin, and its dreams, and how shitty it was as a father, and how dumb it was for even thinking he was closer to a Celestial than a fucking mortal.

Well, it was now a prisoner for Marshall to find the Celestials. Still, he had one more thing to do. He made sure the sanitised, protected chamber was empty first. The entire chamber was white, from the ceiling to the ground, with Ego's brain sitting in the middle in a special glass chamber filled with liquid.

After that, Marshall made a portal, walked into it, and returned with Meredith Quill. Healthy, alive, dressed in a simple knee-length summer dress, her long blonde hair loose and pretty. She came alone, not wanting her son to find out anything.

"Meredith?" Ego's brain showed activity, his voice echoed, and his humanoid body's shape appeared inside the glass chamber, made of electric currents.

Meredith walked closer to the glass chamber, her eyes watery. "I-Is that you?"

"Bah! Quit your goddamn blubbering," Marshall barked, arms crossed as he glared. "Tell her the truth, wanna-be Celestial Hitler. You put cancer in her head to kill her. You planned to destroy the universe and use Peter to do it. You roam worlds breeding stray women for mini yous, tell her."

Meredith Quill frowned, her big grey eyes dripping tears. "Is that the truth?"

There was silence before Ego's voice cracked again. "I loved you too much. I feared... I feared my feelings would lead me astray from my goals. I was to conquer the universe and..."

"So you decided to kill her. Shit, that's true love if Mephisto puked it onto the page," Marshall scoffed from the side.

"Forgive me, Meredith. I had to forget you," Ego added.

Meredith was bawling by then, her light eye makeup ruined in long dark stains on her cheek. She combed her fingers through her hair, making a mess out of it.

"Do you..." She voiced, only stutters. "Do you still... love me? Us?"

"I do! I have never felt the way I felt for you," Ego confessed. "That is why I—"

But before Ego could finish speaking, Meredith turned around and walked over to Marshall, her simple sandals clapping on the floor. She was a tall, slender woman, and with absolute ease, her tear-streaked, pretty face rose and...

Meredith kissed Marshall on the lips. It was intense, rough, with a motive behind. It was dirty, and it was made to be dirty to watch.

It was sloppy, an unthinkingly enthusiastic revenge. She poured every ounce of betrayal into that kiss, mouth open wide, sucking and licking. Her hands fisted in his clothes as if she'd climb inside him just to spite the thing that had ruined her life.

Marshall was amused for a second, but once he felt her lips, his arms snaked around her slender waist. His rough fingers slid lower, claiming two greedy handfuls of her soft ass. With just the slightest effort, he lifted her clean off the ground, forcing her long legs to snap around his hips and lock tight behind his back.

The moment he had her wrapped around him, Meredith's tongue went feral. Hot and filthy, it shoved deep into his mouth, slobbering messily over his lips, his teeth, even dragging wetly across his chin before coiling wildly around his own tongue.

She kept just enough space between their faces that the glistening tangle of tongues stayed perfectly visible. A nasty show for the only audience there. The shiny strings connecting them were sinfully clear. She devoured him with sloppy, eager moans.

"No! Stop this! Meredith!" Ego roared, the glass chamber vibrating.

But Meredith didn't stop. If anything, the scream only made her kiss harder.

Marshall understood instantly. This wasn't lust, it was rage. This was her loud, messy, dripping revenge for his twisted plan that had left her dying and Peter fatherless. For his cheating with god knows how many women or female kind out there. She was going to fuck the pain away right in front of the bastard who caused it.

"Ummmmh..." Meredith slobbered against his mouth, the sound deliciously eager. Her hips rolled shamelessly against the growing bulge in his pants.

Grinning Marshall obliged. He turned slowly on the spot so Ego's brain had the perfect view of Meredith's back, the way her summer dress was already riding up. He kept one hand locked under her ass, while his free hand kneaded one firm asscheek.

His thick fingers wrinkled the fabric higher and higher until the smooth, nude length of her thighs was exposed and her cute white panties were on full display, stretched tight over her pert little ass.

"Meredith! I did it because I loved you!" Ego screamed, the entire glass chamber rattling violently.

Finally, Meredith ripped her mouth away from Marshall's. She slid down his body until her sandals touched the white floor again, breathing hard, chest heaving. Her eyes were still glassy with tears, but the look she gave the floating brain was pure, venomous hate.

She ignored Ego's words completely and spoke only to Marshall, voice trembling with something far darker than grief.

"First Man... please make lov---No, just fuck me."

"..."

Marshall looked at her, then at Ego's glowing brain, then back at her. His gaze dragged slowly from her tear-streaked face down her slender body. She was thinner than he usually liked, but pretty, and right now that was more than enough. He hated Ego, and even the faintest celestial stink on the bastard made this personal.

This was Meredith's revenge. And his too.

"Got a better idea." Marshall grinned wickedly. He stepped behind her, planted one large hand on her ass, and gave her a firm push forward until she stood directly in front of the massive glass chamber, Ego's brain floating mere feet away. "Lean forward."

Meredith understood instantly. Without hesitation, she bent at the waist, placing both palms flat against the cool glass. She spread her feet apart, arched her back, and pushed her ass back toward him, presenting herself like an offering of pure spite. Her glare bored straight into the brain behind the glass, eyes blazing with hate even as fresh tears spilled down her cheeks.

Marshall moved in behind her. With a casual flick of thought, all his clothes vanished into nothing, leaving his tall, muscular body bare and his half-hard cock already swelling.

He yanked her summer dress up and bunched it roughly around her lower back. Then he hooked two fingers into the waistband of her white panties and ripped them apart, letting the ruined fabric flutter to the white floor.

Her ass was cloud-like soft, not overly large but perfectly pale. That smooth curve was a sight to behold.

Marshall slid one thick hand between them, fingers gliding over her shaved or waxed pussy. She wasn't drenched yet, but that didn't matter. He pushed one finger inside her tight heat, then another, curling them while his thumb nudged her swollen, sensitive kernel.

"Ummmh... Yes!" Meredith moaned as more tears streaked down her face. "Aaaaah!"

"No... Stop, Meredith." Ego murmured, the brain flickering with distress.

Marshall didn't stop. He fucked her steadily with his thick fingers, curling them deeper into her heat, pumping faster between her flushed lower lips, until her body betrayed her completely.

After years bedridden and untouched, the sudden stimulation was too much.

Meredith's thighs started to quiver. Her pussy clenched around his fingers, her walls salivated nonstop, and with a broken cry, she came. Clear nectar gushed out of her in pulses, splattering onto the sterile white floor under her spread legs and coating Marshall's hand in glistening juices.

"Ah! Ahhhhh! Yes... In me... First Man... don't be gentle," she gasped.

"Ain't planning to."

Marshall pulled his fingers free, gripped his now rock-hard cock, bent his knees slightly, and lined up with her dripping petals. Then, he pushed, drilling his purple tip between her folds. She was impossibly tight, her first cock in years, but he wasn't planning on easing in.

Plap!

He slammed forward in one brutal thrust, spearing her open, forcing her pussy to stretch wide around his swollen shaft until he buried himself balls-deep and stayed. His pelvis slapped loudly against her soft asscheeks.

He looked up at the glass, staring straight at Ego's brain while he reached forward and shoved the bunched dress off her shoulders. Her small, perky breasts spilled free.

Marshall's large hands immediately clawed at them, squeezing the soft handfuls roughly, pinching her stiff nipples between his fingers as he started to fuck her

The rhythm was vicious from the first plunge. His hips snapped forward again and again, pounding her tight cunt with wet, obscene sounds that echoed through the chamber. Every brutal thrust made her slender body jolt forward, her mounds jiggling in his hands, her palms squeaking against the glass.

Her pussy lips stretched and splayed around his girth, clinging to him like an angry fist. He could feel her wet walls contracting and fluttering, massaging his cock in scorching heat. This was what she wanted, what she needed to prove she wasn't some discarded pawn. And Marshall gave it to her with pleasure.

Marshall kept his eyes locked on Ego's floating brain, watching the electric sparks flare with rage, then dropped his gaze to Meredith's reflection on the polished surface.

Her tear-streaked face, her eyes wide open in dark pleasure, mouth hanging slack as broken moans spilled out. She stared hatefully at Ego even while her pussy clenched and fluttered wildly around Marshall's pistoning cock.

"Yes, yes, harder... so much! I feel full... oh, you're ripping me open!" Meredith cried, pushing her hips back to meet every savage thrust.

Ego had gone completely silent. No longer screaming, just watching in impotent fury.

Marshall fucked her harder, driving every thick inch from tip to balls with eager force..

Plap! Plap! Plap!

"Move," Marshall barked suddenly. He stepped up, driving her body forward, too.

From leaning, Meredith was soon smushed flat against the massive glass. Her cheek, her small tits, and her flat belly pressed against the cool surface as he kept hammering into her from behind. Her pussy had already clenched and gushed around his cock once, and he could feel her building toward another. She was going to come again and again, right in front of the bastard.

Plap! Plap!

Pang! Pang!

The sharp sounds of flesh slapping glass joined the wet clapping, her pale skin squeaking audibly against the smooth surface with every brutal thrust.

"Fuck! Yesss!" Meredith wailed as he hit that perfect spot again and again.

"Louder." Marshall roared. He grabbed her chin, turned her head, and crushed his mouth to hers in a messy kiss.

"Mmmmmmmmh...!"

Meredith hummed desperately into his mouth, tongue tangling with his. When he finally pulled back, she broke into a loud, pleasurable moan.

"Aaaaaaah! I... missed this... yes! Yes, so good... harder! More...!"

Marshall kept pumping, ruthless and reckless. His heavy balls slapping her clit with every plunge. "Yeah, damn... Fuck... tight pussy... Ego ain't packing much, I guess? Don't worry, I got it... covered... and stretched!"

Ego was deathly silent, but Marshall could feel the seething anger radiating from the brain behind that glass.

Plap! Plap!

"Gaaaah! There!"

Marshall finally felt his blood surge. He slammed in one last time, flattening her hard against the glass until her tits smushed outward, pale flesh widening against the surface. He ground deep, cock throbbing hard inside her tight cunt, and unloaded.

Hot, thick jets of white erupted straight into her, stuffing her pussy in heavy, endless bursts. Rope after rope pumped deep, filling her until it started to leak out around his shaft, dripping down her trembling thighs in creamy white trails.

"On your knees."

Marshall pulled out with a wet squelch, splattering a few drops of cum onto the chamber glass containing Ego. Absolutely intentional, of course.

His cum-coated cock was still rock-hard and glistening. He pushed Meredith down roughly until she dropped to her knees on the white floor. And positioned her sideways so that one side of her tear-streaked, ruined face was clearly visible to the floating brain.

"Suck it." He grabbed a fistful of her golden hair and rammed his soaked cock straight into her mouth, bottoming out in one brutal thrust.

Meredith's eyes flared wide, throat bulging as she took every inch.

But she didn't pull back. She placed both hands on his ass and shoved her face forward even harder, forcing his cock deeper down her throat. She side-eyed the massive brain behind the glass the entire time, pure anger still burning in her watery eyes.

Slosh! Squelch!

Marshall groaned as her mouth worked him furiously. He could feel lips stretched and swollen around his girth; her face looked flushed from the effort. She took him to the hilt, gagging around his flesh rod while spit and leftover batter dripped in long, shiny strands from her lips. He could feel the froth around his base, sticky and squelching.

"Ugh... swallow!" Marshall growled. He burst again, filling her gullet with fresh, thick batter.

Meredith drank every drop, gulping greedily around his pulsing cock, not spilling a single drop.

"Show me," Marshall ordered, pulling out.

He looked down. Meredith, still on her knees, opened her mouth wide, tongue out, showing the creamy pool of white gathered there.

"Show him."

She turned her head slightly toward the glass chamber and opened her mouth even wider, displaying the filthy evidence for Ego to see. Her eyes never left the brain, defiant and hateful even as cum glistened on her tongue.

Chuckling, Marshall grabbed her arm and pulled her back to her feet. In one smooth motion, he scooped her up into a princess carry, her cum-leaking body cradled against his muscular chest. "Let's move to the bedroom. Ain't much fun with this ugly brain-thing around. Better pound you in private."

"Mmmm... please do... as much as you want," she whispered needily.

With that, Marshall opened a portal in the air and vanished with Meredith still in his arms, leaving nothing but the wet spots on the white floor behind.

Ego was left completely alone in the white chamber. For a long moment, there was silence. Then the electric currents around the brain started to snap and crackle violently, bright arcs of energy lashing uselessly against the reinforced glass.

He could do nothing but seethe.

#####

Meanwhile, outside the Ego's confinement chamber.

"You seeing this?" Howard asked, staring at the camera feed.

"He's... wild," Hank Pym muttered, eyeing his wife Janet behind.

"He's big," Janet added.

The three were in the security room and watching what was happening inside. However, the reason they did that wasn't that they were curious. It was because Ego's brain showed an extreme amount of activity that helped them calibrate their Celestial tracker.

"So..." Howard gulped. "Should we ask First Man to... bang that woman in front of that brain every day?"

"I suppose so..." Janet muttered. "But I'll need a closer look."

"..."

Hank Pym sighed and pressed the bridge of his nose. "Divorce?"

"Hmm... I suppose," Janet answered.

"Our daughter?"

"Fifty-fifty," she replied.

"And the rest?"

"Yours is yours, mine is mine."

Howard Stark gawked at the little exchange. That was perhaps the quickest divorce initiation and settlement he'd ever seen.

####

Dinosia,

Raven had lived a long life, most of which was fun thanks to the First Man taking her in. And as the intelligence chief of Dinosia, she got to experience some of the most exciting things in the world.

She truly believed that Dinosia was the most powerful nation in the world, if it could be called a nation. It was just a place run by unwilling nerds who did their job to earn some benefits and get funds for their future nerd projects.

She loved it. They were all so competent in everything they did. And because they were so lazy, they always found the fastest way to complete each job. That was why she also believed that Dinosia had the best intelligence network.

They had alien technology to help them in the first place. They could spy on anyone on the planet, no matter how secretly hidden they were.

And that was why she stood in that interrogation chamber, staring at the man they had caught trying to sneak into Dinosia. The man had swum all the way from mainland California to Dinosia. He did that with a metal arm.

"So you're saying this man is James Buchanan Barnes? A friend of Rogers from even before World War?" Raven asked, eyeing the man in question. "Blood report?"

"A version of super-soldier serum, ma'am."

Raven sighed, shaking her head. The world was obsessed with serums for some reason. Even their own nerds were interested in it at first.

"When is Rogers coming?"

"He's on the way, ma'am."

"Alright, keep him locked up. I'll go report to the First Man."

She didn't need to tell that to the First Man, however. She had plenty of discretion and trust. But she still wanted to because no matter what, she was a little bit greedy for his attention.

"Ma'am!"

However, it just wasn't her day. On the way, she was stopped by an intelligence officer who showed her a report on a futuristic flat-screen touchpad.

"Our Dino Corp ships sent this. Multiple Kree ships have jumped into the Solar System."

"Those blue bastards!" Raven cursed.

Though there was a bit of insecurity. She wondered if the First Man would prefer her blue self or those blue aliens more.

"I'll report to the First Man."

This time, she really had to.