

Marvel: Upgrading Death 35 - Future Past, Reformed Man, Punishment, Emma's Dream & Angry FIL

2016, future.

"It's all gone. I can't hold it anymore." Kael S. Grant groaned as she sat cross-legged in the middle of a desert.

The sky had become dark although it was daytime. The sun had exploded long ago. All the stars in the sky had vanished over the past few days. Nothing was left in the universe but planet Earth.

"I can't... I can't rewrite the universe." Kael struggled, her teeth clenched while her hands smoothly waved in front of her, forming a white circle of inscriptions that glowed. "Dad... killed them all. The Universe destabilized and collapsed. The First Firmament has consumed everything."

"Really? Then what do we do now, princess?" asked Deadpool, the last of the heroes alive. "I got no magic to help."

"I don't know. The universe no longer exists. I'm holding Earth intact with my powers. But the longer I wait, the harder it gets. Everyone's dead anyway... Wade, you must go back in time and warn my father. Tell him... don't kill the Celestials. Warn him of this future."

"Sure, I can do that. Let me yank a damn time machine out of my ass first. Or maybe that DeLorean from Back to the Future."

"I will send you back," Kael whispered. "To the exact moment in time. Before he went on to hunt Celestials."

"Sweet! I get to meet the daddy of humanity? Count me in."

"You will survive the journey. Only you can. It will be painful, but you will last," Kael declared and stopped casting the ability that saved Earth from erasure. Instead, she focused on Deadpool.

"Any words for your dad?"

"Tell him... Marty won't make it. Ugh... Go!"

The end came too fast. The Earth simply faded from existence like a light switch being turned off. But by then, Kael had done her work and sent Deadpool into a time tunnel.

####

Present,

"Kael?" Marshall looked at his daughter on the other side of the table. "You sent this freak here?"

"Mmm, I am pretty freaky, you're right about that, daddy."

Marshall stared at Deadpool speechlessly. How do you even deal with someone like that? Who can't be reasoned with, who can't be talked to normally.

Wait a sec. Was I like this before my mind was fixed?

"Dad, I think... I did send him. I didn't know I could, but now that I think, I feel I can do it," Kael muttered from her seat. "But my mind isn't connected with my future self, so I can't tell the future. And I don't think I can send him back either. It only works one way, into the past."

Marshall eyed the red fuck again. "What happened in the future?"

"I don't know much. Stars just started poofing out like bad special effects, then our sun dipped out. Next thing, everybody's dropping dead on Earth. Boom, I'm the last schmuck standing... till Kael showed up. Girl was there holding the whole planet together with her powers."

Marshall frowned, realising he may have caused this. "Nobody survived? Hela? Helvar?"

"No clue," Deadpool replied, shamelessly grabbing food from Marshall's plate and ramming it onto his mask while there was no hole to eat it. "Oh, Kael said that Marty will also die."

Woosh!

Marshall suddenly rose to his feet. "That ain't good."

Without saying more, Marshall walked away. His mood was spoiled, and his hunger for revenge against Celestial had hit a roadblock. He loved his family; he didn't want them to die, but he didn't want the Celestials to live either.

#####

Saudi Arabia,

"This must not continue! The world moves forward, yet this region remains lost in bloodshed. God made the universe; now our friends from space have arrived to greet us. Yet, we are lost. We are poor. We are unfed. We are backwards. This must not continue! I want jihad! We need jihad! The First Man has paved the path; all we must do is follow the messenger!"

At his declaration, the large crowd before him chanted back in unison.

"We won't let these lands suffer anymore!"

He kept riling up the crowd into loud chants. He was their leader now, after all.

He gave a very long speech there on the grand stage in the middle of nowhere. This was also his army. But he had a divine purpose; he knew it. He finished his speech and turned to walk backstage.

There, he saw a woman named Raven, a Dinosian with Middle Eastern looks. He smiled desperately.

"I can meet the First Man soon, can I?"

"Of course, Osama. You will."

He felt at ease and relaxed. What he was trying to do was build an army of faithfuls and spread science and peace across the entire Middle East. Overthrow all the oil princes, emirates, and dictators. Establish a centralised government akin to the European Union but better, and get closer to Dinosia.

"I can't wait for that fateful day. I'll give my all to this divine purpose, miss. I will spread the word of the First Man across the land."

#####

Asgard,

Marshall arrived at Asgard because he wanted some answers, and for that, he needed to talk to people who knew about Celestials. He couldn't understand why killing the Celestials would collapse the universe. They were just powerful fuckers for all he cared. And he could kill them, he knew that as well.

"Marshall, my friend. Celestials are multiversal nexus beings. They exist across all space and time at once, in every version of reality. There are no separate forms of them to strike down. If you kill them, you are not solving a problem in one place. You are shifting the balance everywhere, and that could bring everything down with it."

Marshall frowned angrily, seated opposite Odin, drinking the Asgardian mead. "Bullshit! They're just some cockroaches, hard to kill. But I can kill them."

"I have no doubt about that. But what matters is the aftermath. Before you kill them, you must find a way to stop that collapse," Odin suggested, scratching his white beard. "I suggest you meet Galactus. He predates this universe, and may hold the answers you seek."

"That big boy? Alright, I'll go see him. Who else?"

Odin hummed for a moment. "I suggest the Living Tribunal, but I know not how to reach him. There is also the abstract embodiments like Eternity, Infinity, Death—"

"Death? Ah, didn't I have a kid with that white-haired chick? Alright, I'll look for her as well. About time she paid for my free cock drilling service and baby batter."

"..."

Odin said nothing after that.

Marshall downed the entire jar of Asgardian mead and got up, ready to head out. He knew Galactus well at that point, as Galactus was a partial member of the Dino Corp, and provided support when asked by simply moving Taa II, the ship the size of a solar system.

Simply, Marshall created a portal and vanished into it.

#####

Earth, New York City,

Emma had been rather busy. The Earth of today was headed towards becoming a post-scarcity economy. Because of the Arc Reactor developed by Stark Industries and casual Fusion Reactors developed by Dinosian nerds based on alien tech, cheap energy was abundant.

That energy, Magneto's expertise, and her business skills allowed her to establish MagFrost Industries, mainly working in the metal industries, from producing metal to manufacturing specialised parts. Magneto's job was to create machines to shape manufacturing and automate it.

Green energy allowed them to keep the entire process clean. Heck, they had installed massive carbon capture plants to scrub the air where they had set up their plant. And already, she had received some favors from Dino Corp to produce parts for starships. And since Dino Corp itself had millions of ships of varying sizes, there was a never-ending demand.

However, she wanted to do more. She wanted to do more for the planet itself. After all, the greater the scale, the more jobs she could provide to mutants. That was the main goal to begin with.

That day, she was prepared to meet with a group of mutants who had powers similar to Magneto but varying. Some could control gravity, some could control specific elements, some could control air, and so on.

It was a small auditorium in one of the buildings owned by Dinosia. It was as safe as a Dinosian embassy.

As usual, dressed in her white attire, she arrived on time and strolled into the auditorium. She nodded to the crowd, noting how there were old and young. They all likely had jobs outside; some were students, others lived in secrecy due to their physical deformities. But they had all arrived for a better future.

"Let us begin. I have details of all your gifts. Before you finish the final paperwork and get sorted, let me help you understand exactly what we do."

Emma spent an hour showing videos and slides, explaining MagFrost Industries, their work, and their vision. One day, she hoped to be the first private company to build starships. And as she was Dinosian, the likelihood of that happening was high.

Finally, as she ended, new forms were given to the crowd. They were the final submissions before they were given a job.

In the end, she answered a few questions and waved them all goodbye.

"Ms. Emma?"

Right as she sent the last one away, she heard a voice and turned. It was a man dressed in a suit, with short hair and stubble on his face. For some reason, she felt he was out of place as he seemed rather rich. The suit itself was worth a few thousand dollars, from what she could tell.

"Yes? You are..."

"Kevin. Kevin Thompson."

"What can I do for you, Mr. Thompson?" She calmly asked, finding him rather short.

"Emma Frost, you are madly in love with me. You will now be my lover, obsessively if I may add. Now, get on your knee—"

Emma frowned for just a second and instantly turned into her diamond form. She glared at the man and rushed forward, gripping him by the throat and lifting him in the air.

"You dared mind control me?" Emma boomed in rage. The orders she'd heard him giving were so vile. "No, you aren't a mutant."

"Ugh... You will let me go, Emma Frost."

"Pheromones?" Emma scowled, feeling something in the air.

"H-How?"

BOOM!

All of a sudden, a loud explosion rang from the nearest wall. A large hole formed, and two figures came out walking. One was a blonde woman, slender, dressed in a white outfit with a skirt, knee-length white boots, with gold here and there. She had a gold headband as well, and a sword on her back. The other was a man dressed in all red with some black, from head to toe.

"Lady Kael?" Emma recognised the face.

"Hey, Emma. Mother said her magic protecting your mind was breached, so I came to help. Oh, this is Deadpool. He came from the future to stop Dad from destroying the universe."

Emma frowned again, though more out of curiosity. First, she had no idea she was being protected by Lady Hela herself, someone she looked up to. And then there was the random revelation that the First Man was going to destroy the universe.

No, it was already destroyed in the future, hence the arrival of this man.

"Careful! He uses pheromones to mind control people. He tried to make me his sex slave," Emma warned them.

"Oh! I like sex," Deadpool chimed in, walking lazily over. "Cute one, aren't you?"

"You!" The man growled. "Kill... Emma Frost!"

Shh!

Deadpool suddenly unsheathed one of the swords from his back and stabbed.

"Aaaaaaagh!"

Deadpool, as if unaffected, instead stabbed the hanging man's asscheeks. A straight stab of the pointy end of the sword. But Deadpool didn't stop; he kept stabbing, making the man scream.

"Stop! Stop this! You, stop both of them!" the man ordered Kael.

"You're right, Emma. His body is emitting microparticles, but it's like a virus. It doesn't seem to be an ability. It's more like a side-effect of some sort of experimentation," Kael muttered and pointed her hand towards the man. "Wait, I'll heal his body and make him a normal human again."

"No! No, wait! I apologize"

But Kael did not pause. And her work was quick.

"You can let him down, Emma. And change back."

Emma didn't ask or doubt; she just did as said and let the man fall. Because of Deadpool's stabs, the man fell to his knees instantly, crying in pain.

"Oh!" Kael frowned suddenly. "I read his mind and... You shouldn't, Emma."

"What is it?" Emma couldn't stop herself and peeked for herself. Immediately, her face turned cold, eyes deadly. "You... monster! You rapist! You filth!"

She saw the memories of Kilgrave. She saw how he lived, how he treated others like toys. How he ruined families. How he forced people to kill themselves. Most of all, Kilgrave enjoyed controlling women the most. She saw a memory of him choosing random houses on a street and doing horrible things.

"What's going on? Don't leave me hanging, guys. I feel like a third wheel in this, or fourth?" Deadpool asked.

"He used mind control to make women his sex slaves, and then killed many of them," Kael coldly stated.

"He did?" Deadpool suddenly clapped his hands, all giddy. "Man, I love rapists. You never feel bad, no matter what you do to them. Oh, I'm gonna have so much fun with this one."

"No! He must die!" Emma erupted, but suddenly felt Kael's hand on her shoulder.

"Trust me, Emma. There's nothing worse than being tortured and killed by Deadpool. He's... not right in the head."

"I heard that! I'll have you know, I'm all good in the head. Tho I can't say the same for the sixty-nine other voices... What was that? Ah, they agree with me. One of them's a psycho tho, says we should shove a nuke in this fucker's ass and blow it. Fuck that, I don't want radiation that smells like shit."

"..."

Emma confirmed that. This man was indeed insane. She tried to read Deadpool's mind, and all she felt was chaos. Not a single coherent thought in that head.

"I... will agree to that. But I need a list of all the lives he has ruined. The least I can do is help them. That's what the First Man would have done." Emma declared, eyeing Kael. "And I wish to meet him. Is he in Dinosia, Lady Kael?"

"Dad? No, he went to meet Galactus."

"Who?"

"A planet-eating giant, lives in space in a ship the size of this solar system. Dad said he's alright, and he's also got a daughter my age named Galacta. I meet her sometimes."

"..."

Listening to all that, Emma realised one thing that day. There were levels to being a hero, and the First Man operated on an entirely different scale.

"I... hope he returns soon."

#####

Taa II,

"So... I take out the damn Aspirants and the First Firmament first, then butcher the Celestials? They're the ones who wrecked the universe?"

Galactus's giant mouth moved on the equally giant chair. "That is the case. The absence of a Celestial alone does not cause the death of a universe. Not unless attacked from beyond. To end Celestials, you must end those who threaten Celestials first."

Marshall sighed, thinking, rubbing his beard. "Where do I find the Aspirants?"

"Where the First Firmament resides."

"And where's that?"

"I know not."

Marshall, annoyed, massaged his forehead. "So I gotta help the Celestials before I kill them. Fucking great. Just when I had the damn Celestial tracker ready."

"You can track Aspirants as well. Calibrate the tracker using your own energy. You received plenty from dying to that Aspirant," Galactus advised.

"Ah! Hell, how'd that slip my damn brain? Yeah, I'm part Aspirant too. Fine, I'm gone, gotta hunt those nerds again. Thanks, Galactus, toss your girl over whenever. Kael likes her."

With that, Marshall made a portal again and returned to Dinosia, once again forgetting about meeting Death and asking her what she pumped out of her undying womb. But that could wait.

He stormed straight to the Dinosia National University, the nerd headquarters. He ignored the faces around and looked for Howard and the rest. However, before finding Howard, he ended up finding Tony with another guy staring at paintings on the wall.

"Kid, where's your dad?"

"No idea," Tony replied, and pointed at the man beside him. "This is Doctor Banner. He can turn into a green monster."

"Who cares, he ain't got tits." Marshall continued to look towards the corridor.

"..."

"Ah... First Man. Are these paintings done by Van Gogh?" Bruce asked him.

Marshall annoyedly glanced at the paintings. It was him and Marty in it. "Probably. Don't remember the name. Another nerd, red hair, petite, that was it. Anyway, I'm busy."

He left the two nerds and used his telepathy to read the minds of whoever was nearby, eventually locating Howard Stark in an underground safe lab, working with some aliens to make the Celestial tracker smaller.

Marshall barged in there and explained the change of target.

"I'm gonna need to track Aspirants. They're like Celestials, but different."

In the end, he let them analyse one of his energy attacks that used the Aspirant's power. They recorded it and quickly started working to include it in the scanner. However, locating an Aspirant wasn't easy. They were more hidden than the Celestials.

So, Marshall decided to try to talk to the Celestials first. If they could point him to an Aspirant, he could deal with them. He'd be doing a favor anyway.

And it's gonna be fun.

To speak with Celestials, he picked Ajak, since she had a way to connect with them. Though the last he knew, she'd lost contact. But he refused to believe her. There had to be an emergency way to contact the Celestials.

He stormed out of the university and summoned a massive raft. He thought of taking Marty along, but then again, there would be nothing for Marty to do. He sensed that at the moment, the big T-Rex was with Kael somewhere.

So, he stepped onto his ancient raft, ready to visit Ajak far away in China.

"First Man! Wait!"

Marshall looked back and just kept looking. He remembered her; she was one of the pretty ones he'd saved, and her name came up often. Emma Frost, he remembered, was running towards him, and holy Jesus, what a sight.

The woman was barely dressed. She had just a simple white corset on her chest, tight on her voluptuous breasts. Below, she wore some sort of white, tight skirt with a wide slit on one side that revealed an entire leg, soft and thick thighs. She had a white cape on her back. Her white stockings reached her thighs, and her high heels clicked on the road. Her hair was cut short, however, just chin-length.

That blue lipstick?

"First Man..."

He watched the woman finally reach him, panting. "You need something, Emma?"

"Y-You remember me?"

"Sure, I got a shit memory, but I don't forget the important bits, Emma," Marshall replied, staring specifically at her large breasts. What she thought from that was unknown, however. There sure was a blush on her pretty face.

"First Man, I need your help. I've refined my mental abilities quite a bit, but testing them on just anyone would be careless. I'd rather try my full strength on you. You're the only one I trust to handle it."

Marshall rubbed his chin, thinking. "Hmm... Hop on the raft. I'm busy, but I can test you out on the way."

"Thank you!" Emma jumped on the raft and walked to his side.

With that, Marshall made the raft take to the skies. Once an altitude was reached, he turned to the blonde woman. "What do you wanna do?"

"Everything... Eh, I mean... I'll attempt to probe your mind, and I hope you can push back. I'd like to see just how far I can go... especially with you," Emma respectfully requested.

"Sure, I can do that. I got my powers from Firehair, the one... Forget it. Go ahead." Marshall walked a few steps from her and crossed his arms. He stared right into her blue eyes, waiting.

Ah! There it is.

He immediately felt something trying to probe into his mind. It felt like an invisible hand that could phase through matter. And it was touching his brain. He quickly pushed against it, locking his mind.

The probe became stronger. From a gentle touch, it turned into a rough hammering. It felt sharp and strong enough to kill an average human if they were probed like that.

But Marshall barely felt threatened. He completely locked down his mind.

"Aaaagh!" Emma grunted.

But right then, Marshall felt something. Just as he sensed Emma giving her best, he was able to hear her thoughts. They were like whispers and echoes, but it was her voice.

Ummm... First Man... So glad to meet you again. Wish I could just... come and kiss you. You ruined men for me. I can't think of any other... Uh... this is hard. He's too powerful... Wish I could be like Raven and the rest. One of his... Ugh... I should focus.

"..."

Marshall listened to all her thoughts. And the thing about mental communication was that he also felt her actual desire. She was aroused by his pushback. She wanted to be kissed, touched by him, and all the other dirty things.

He smirked.

Alright, let's play.

####

Emma suddenly felt completely pushed out of First Man's mind. She instantly knew she was being probed instead. It was far too subtle to even notice. She hesitated and refused to take her diamond form. This was training, not a fight.

Oh? What is this? He's... thinking about me?

Emma didn't hear any voice, but saw an image in her mind. In it, she had removed her cape and straddled First Man's face without her underwear and skirt, completely sitting on his mouth, clenching her soft thighs around his head.

He wants me to... do that?

"Mmmh..." All of a sudden, she was hit by a sense of arousal. She looked at the First Man and felt nothing but lust in his eyes. "I... I..."

Emma surrendered to the pull, her heels clicking decisively across the flying raft's wooden deck as she came closer to the First Man. Floods of visions crashed through her thoughts; endless scenes of ecstasy, her body twisted under his touch, pleased in ways that broke through human limits.

She halted inches from him, close enough to feel the heat radiating off his chest. He loomed taller, but not overly so, his godly presence drawing her in. Rising onto her toes, she slid her soft, pale hands into the coarse tangle of his beard.

"I dreamt of this for so long, First Man."

"And it's coming true."

Taking it as the green light she craved, Emma lunged forward, crashing her lips against his in a frenzy.

She devoured his mouth, sucking and biting at his lips, smearing them with streaks of her vivid blue lipstick. Their tongues dance the filthy tango as she felt his rough hand clamped onto her ass, fingers digging into the firm globe before hooking under one thick thigh, hoisting her right leg high against his side.

She sloshed her tongue into him heatedly, sliding over his. She ground her hips forward for more, lost in the wild rhythm of their kiss.

"I... want to--"

The words barely escaped her swollen lips before the First Man yanked back, dropping flat onto the raft floor with a thud on the speeding raft, wind roaring past as they soared over the endless ocean waves far below.

Woosh!

Emma was surprised for a moment, but quickly stripped away her long white skirt with an eager rip. Then, she peeled off her white panties, kicking them aside with her dainty feet. Naked from the waist down, her corset was the only thing clinging to her slender torso.

She was utterly exposed, displaying her perfect legs that flared up to those amazing hips, curving and smooth as fine porcelain. Her core already glistening in the salty air.

Her heels clicked as she swung a leg over, straddling his face with her back to his toes. Looking down at his rugged face, she parted her knees wide, lowering herself inch by inch.

Her trimmed mound was bare, puffy pink lips soaked, and now twitching, begging for contact. She perched first on her heels, gasping at the blast of his hot breath scorching her core, sending shivers racing up her spine.

But then she felt those powerful arms shoot up, coiling around her thighs, yanking her down fully onto her knees. The sudden drop buried him completely, her dripping folds smothering his mouth and nose.

"Ah--!"

Emma fell forward, palms slapping the deck for balance as her full hip weight crushed down, her fluffy thighs engulfing his head entirely.

She felt it as the First Man squeezed her thighs inward with brutal force, choking himself entirely, sealing her tight around him. She knew what he wanted.

"Ooooooh!"

She had fantasized about this since the day he rescued her, wondering how the First Man would feel buried inside, if any mortal could rival the god between her legs now.

Oh! This is amazing! That tongue!

The thought exploded in her mind as ecstasy ripped through her.

Emma marveled at how he could breathe under her, his heavy arms snaking tighter around her thighs, hauling her ass down with such hunger that her knees scraped raw against the rough wood. She was practically sitting on his face, her thighs locking in and her pussy smothering his entire face.

"Mmmmm!" she moaned towards the sky.

It felt heavenly. His tongue diving impossibly deep, swirling and circling in sloppy, slithering strokes that splayed her inner core. The tip scarping her moist walls, touching every sensitive spot. The tongue felt thick, almost like the cock she yearned for, stretching her entrance with relentless pressure.

Her arms trembled weakly, her lips parched, eyes pooling tears from the overwhelming pleasure swelling in waves.

It wasn't just the pleasure, it was the raw emotion, the awareness of who it was between her legs. This was the First Man, eating her up like she was a delicacy. An oyster pried open and utterly slurped up.

Slurp! Slurp!

She heard the sounds his tongue was making. Every wet, dirty slosh stroking her lewd fantasy.

She reckoned a god would be disgusted by such acts. But he was the god, after all, her god. This was her reckoning, his mouth devouring her entire pussy. Lapping her leaking juices, sucking her sensitive nub, probing every flushed fold, teasing her clit with merciless wet flicks that buckled her knees to submission.

"God! Ah, ah... Yes, I'm so close.... Oh! I'm sorry! I shouldn't!"

Emma gasped, her body betraying her every attempt at restraint, thighs quivering uncontrollably around the First Man's buried face. She bucked wildly, pleasure coiling tighter in her gut, but shame flickered through the haze. He was the First Man; she couldn't defile him like this.

Desperate, she pushed up on her arms, trying to lift her hips free, but his iron grip clamped harder around her hips, pinning her down as her relentless trembling only fueled his hunger.

"Aaaaaaaaaaah... So much!"

She shattered into oblivion, her pussy clenching and gushing in violent spasms. Clear nectar burst out as ecstasy sparked through her shivering body. It was a filthy mess, juices squirting hot and slick down her thighs, and dripping onto his face and mouth.

No! What have I done!

Panic sliced through the aftershocks as she pictured his divine face smeared in her slick, ruined by her mortal filth.

Finally, his arms released her, and Emma scrambled to her feet, legs wobbling. "Ah! I'm sor—"

"Bah! Dammit, woman! Should've told me you've got a pussy this tasty. Would've eaten the hell out of it by now," he muttered, wiping his beard with the back of his hand.

"..."

"Come on then, take a seat on the throne now. Let me have a look at those wide cheeks."

"..." Emma stood frozen, speechless. Her god's crass words struck like a drug, flooding her veins with sinful heat. He was filthy, unrefined, and it made her feel deliciously degraded. Oh, this was a dream come true.

"It will be my honor."

Marshall savored the lingering tang of her on his tongue. That perfect pink, puffy pussy was pristine, begging for more abuse. She was a masterpiece, every curve screaming its need to pleasure, but now his cock throbbed urgently, demanding entry.

Laziness kept him sprawled on the raft's deck, so he let her work for it.

He watched her turn, her impeccable ass swaying as she positioned herself over him in reverse, knees bracketing his hips, her back towards his chest. A vision of fair perfection aimed straight at his face. Oh, her ass was gorgeous, thick, wide, and pale as snow, not a single spot of blemish, smooth and soft as pure marble.

Her asscheeks parted slightly to frame the gaping slit above his rigid shaft, eager to swallow him whole. The raft's motion added a hypnotic sway, pussy hovering inches from his swollen tip, ass flexing as if daring him to conquer.

Marshall didn't wait for her to come down. As she dropped to her knees, gripping his veined cock to line it up, his claws raked her asscheeks. He kneaded the tender flesh, fingers sinking deep. Softer than clouds, they yielded under his grip, spilling over his palms like warm dough.

Fuck!

Heaven instantly enveloped him as Emma speared herself down, her stretched pussy lips splaying wide, pink inner walls blooming open around his girth, swallowing him inch by brutal inch.

He stared transfixed at the obscene stretch, her pussy struggling to grip his shaft.

"Ooooooh! That's... big," Emma moaned, leaning forward to brace on his knees, forcing herself lower.

But he felt it; she took him fully, right down to his base. Her tight heat cradled his length in floating bliss, warm and unyielding. Her insides twitched and stretched, sucking on his girth in blissful waves.

Marshall shut his eyes, groaning low, letting the sensation wash over him. Pure, divine friction pulsing along every ridge.

Slosh!

Then he felt her start to move, petals sliding up and down his wet shaft. She moaned and cried out, hips slamming down with greedy abandon.

He opened his eyes again and watched it all as she rose onto her heels, pounding herself on his flesh pole with savage rhythm. Her pussy was leaking and drooling all over his cock, sputtering more of her nectar as she slammed onto his base.

Plap! Plap!

He saw her marshmallowy asscheeks clapped flush against his pelvis on every plunge. The impacts rippled through her flesh, jiggling deliciously. Her pussy lips dragging outward on each upstroke, slick and clinging, then hammering back in to bury him balls-deep. It was gorgeous.

However, there was something else just as beautiful.

For the life of him, Marshall couldn't recall a prettier puckered hole, pale white skin blushing faint pink, winking with her every drop. It was calling to him, breathing.

Marshall couldn't help it. He dragged his right middle finger across his tongue, coating it thick with spit, then jammed it straight onto her back door, the tight pucker surrendering under pressure as he probed the resistant rim. He pushed in with need, breaching the hot, clenching hole, sinking knuckle-deep.

Emma faltered instantly, her hips stuttering mid-plunge, body tensing around his buried cock as the intrusion stretched her star-shaped hole.

"Aaaaaaargh! God!" A sharp gasp ripped from her throat, her ass clenching hard around his finger.

"Don't stop," Marshall snarled. He twisted his finger deep, fucking her ass in brutal thrusts.

As she struggled to keep pounding, Marshall's hips snapped upward in vicious bucks, driving into her sopping pussy while his finger plunged relentlessly into her ass. The raft rocked under them, amplifying every slam, her body jolting between the twin assaults.

"Aaaah! Coming... again! So much!" Emma wailed to the endless blue sky again and shattered on his cock.

The finger ravaging her ass made the blaze even hotter. Her hole spasmed viciously around it, milking his digit as shocks ripped through her nerves. Her pussy clamped down like a fist, convulsing in waves that threatened to suck him deeper. Her back arched as she lost all control, every muscle seizing in her body. Her entire frame quaking in wild ecstasy as juices gushed from her stretched lower lips, soaking his balls.

Marshall teetered on the edge, his sack tightening, that telltale tickle surging from his core. Balls churning, ready to erupt.

Emma seemed to feel it as well. "Where?"

Huh?

It was Marshall's first time being asked where. It was usually him asking. Well, he never asked that either since his juice didn't work on most. His seed never took in mortals anyway. But her? Asking like she craved his choice?

"Hah!" Marshall yanked his finger free from her gaping ass and sat up, keeping her on his lap.

His arms snaked around her soft belly, thick muscles bulging as he crushed her plush form against his chest. In one explosive heave, he hurled her forward onto the raft's planks, her knees splaying wide, face pressing into the wood.

Her lithe body sprawled belly-down, legs spread and straight shamelessly, pale cheeks parted to expose her dripping pussy still impaled on his veined shaft. The position pinned her utterly, his massive frame looming over, cock angled downward into her splayed slit.

His cock never slipped free. Instead, Marshall rammed forward, burying every inch to the hilt in one thrust, her inner walls blooming around his girth. Then, he collapsed his full weight onto her, hips locked flush as his cock erupted like a geyser.

Thick ropes of batter blasted into her, hosing down her scorching depths. Pulse after viscous pulse flooding her pussy, painting her cervix white. Overflow gushed back around his shaft, creamy strands bubbling from her stuffed lips, painting her marvelous ass creamy white. He pumped out spurt after spurt, grunting with each burst.

His hand clamped her jaw as he turned her face sideways. Their lips crashed together while he kept unloading, cock twitching wildly inside her, every throb dumping more molten load into her overflowing cunt.

Emma's eyes flew wide into the kiss, pupils dilating as she felt it all. The scalding rush filling her belly, stretching her womb with his cream. It was a dream come true for her.

However, as she felt the high going away, she cried.

"First Man... Can we do this again?" she panted against his mouth.

"Again? Woman, this ain't the end. I ain't done. Yet to taste them tits, and fuck them, and that ass. You're mine now."

"..."

Emma's tears of worry turned into tears of joy. "Yes! Yes... That's all I ever wanted! Yes!"

To Emma, if there was any man in the world worthy of her, then it was First Man. The God of humanity.

"Damn right. Now let me have a look at them hills."

####

By the time Marshall arrived in China, he'd done everything to Emma that he'd said he would. The entire raft was covered in their combined mess. He was butt-naked, as was Emma, but she was a total mess.

Her lipstick was smudged, her mascara left long trails, her hair tousled. Her throat was sore from sucking him balls deep and draining him. Her breasts were bright red from all the sucking and pinching. Her pussy felt perpetually wet with all the times he'd pounded her in so many positions and finished inside.

Finally, she failed to sit on her back as her ass had been pounded to kingdom come. She couldn't feel it anymore, and First Man seemed to have enjoyed it the most, using the cushion of her rear to pump into her.

Oh, she didn't complain. Not once. This was everything she ever desired. And feeling his kisses all across her body made her feel needed, made her feel special. And even barely awake, she wanted to keep going.

But they had arrived in China, and she had to get ready again. Thankfully, First Man used his powers to clean everything up and even summon clothes on her body. She did feel it, however, he didn't summon her underwear.

She giggled and let it be. She loved the attention. And standing beside him while debarking that raft in the middle of Beijing was an experience she never wanted to forget. He himself had put an arm around her waist while walking.

The people took pictures. A crowd gathered. The police tried to keep them away. She felt like a couple, and it made her heart excited.

"Why are we here, First Man?"

"To meet Ajak, and talk to her creator. I think she's advising the Chinese government how not to fuck up and earn my anger again," Marshall muttered and walked.

Honestly, Marshall didn't mind Emma beside him. She was like a trophy wife, but wasn't his wife. But she sure was a fine trophy.

Boom!

Right then, thunder boomed in the sky. It was cloudy, so he shrugged and continued to walk towards the Chinese government's headquarters.

"Let's go eat Chinese today," he muttered.

Boom!

Another blast of thunder echoed.

At that point, Marshall stopped and looked up towards the sky. "Someone's coming."

Instantly, Emma turned to her diamond form.

Marshall, just waiting, lazily scratched his neck.

Booom!

As another thunderbolt fell, it smashed right on the ground in front of Marshall. The road exploded into dirt.

"Take them!"

A loud roar came from the dust. As it settled, Zeus appeared in his full armour. But Zeus wasn't alone; he was holding onto the collars of two boys, both blonde and identical in looks, handsome.

"First Man! Take back your damned demon spawns! I have tolerated them enough. No more. My palace is gone!"

Marshall didn't react at all, poking his ear. "My spawns? When did that happen? I don't remember banging your ass. It's thick, sure, but I ain't into that."

"Not me, you desecrating tyrant! You slept with my daughter!"

Marshall finally frowned, looking down. He crossed his arms, humming. But then he looked up, confusion on his face.

"Who?"

"..."

A thunderbolt materialized in Zeus's grip.