

Marvel: Upgrading Death 39 - A Purpose [THE END]

"So, you're saying you'll kill me, pump me with your power juice, then I crack this Knull guy, take his sword, and then I can take on the First Firmament?"

"Precisely that," replied the Second Cosmos.

Marshall stared at their faces with suspicion. He'd tried to read their minds, but he was unable to get through for some reason. His intent would just pass through their bodies like they didn't exist there.

"You perceive us only because we permit it. Otherwise, we would remain beyond your sight. The same is true of the First Firmament, whose existence surpasses even ours," the Third Cosmos, the feminine aspect, replied. "Our thoughts are beyond your reach."

Marshall hummed and rubbed his thick, blonde-bearded chin. He scratched it furiously for a long time, humming to himself. Then, just like that, he shrugged and made all his clothes vanish. He spread his arms wide.

"Alright! Give me that power pump! I'm ready."

"You need not disrobe for this," Sixth Cosmos said.

"It's got more damn flair this way," Marshall said. "Do it before I change my damn mind. Ain't got time to fuck around. Every time I set out to hunt the First Firmament, some bullshit gets in my way."

The four abstract entities spoke no more words. Nor did they attack. Instead, they all flew into each other and began converging into a single body. Each entity gave something: the body, the hair, the attire. The final thing was bigger in size as well, but still humanoid.

And then, they... 'it' fell towards Marshall. No energy beams or special powers. It flew right at him and soon inside him.

"Fuck!"

Marshall felt pain. He hadn't felt it in a long time.

"The hell... are you all doing?"

"We..." the voice echoed from everywhere, deep, feminine, yet not. Demonic perhaps. "...shall reforge you! Into an image of all of us. Inherit... all of us! Vast is your purpose."

It was a different type of pain. Something he'd never felt before. His body was breaking apart yet reforging at the same time. And still, it was killing him. It was a different type of power, enough to bend reality to his will.

Marshall understood then why they said he wouldn't have been able to see them without their wish. They truly did rule over reality. They could warp it.

"Ugh... Nice one. This got a bite," he muttered, feeling his life flee from his body. But there was one sane thought, a question. If he returned to life even now, then wasn't that an even greater level of bending reality? Would that mean his creator was more powerful than these creatures?

Marshall let them wreak havoc within his body. And some moments later, he died at last.

It didn't take long for him to reappear in the same place. However, he perceived things differently now. The Void no longer seemed like an endless dark space. It had its own laws of existence.

"Alright, I feel the pump now. Mighty strong. Where's this Knull?" Marshall asked, summoning his usual attire on his body.

"We will take you to it."

Even now, the four unified Cosmos hadn't come out of his body. They stayed there and spoke.

"Alright. Take me."

####

It was a planet in the Void itself. There was nothing around, no light, shrouded in absolute darkness. But Marshall could feel it through his newfound powers. Moreover, the planet was alive.

"This planet is his cage as well as his home. Formed from Symbiotes."

Marshall listened to the unified Cosmos inside him. "What the fuck are we waiting for? Let's move. I'm gonna kick Knull's ass, rip his sword away, then shove it into First Firmament's ass. Easy shit."

"You will die."

"Fantastic," Marshall muttered.

"You must die. Before you are imprisoned."

Marshall frowned at that. He understood what they were saying. The best way to stop him was to just hold him in one spot and never let him move. Caging him meant stopping him.

"Alright. Let's die then."

Finally, he flew straight into the planet, headfirst. It had no atmosphere; it had nothing. It was just a black mess, gooey and alive. As he tried to land, the surface of the planet moved and formed a hole.

He went right through it, finding himself in a gigantic cavern. He didn't need lights to see; he just knew what was around him. Right ahead of him was a throne, dark all over, and on it sat a creature one could only call evil.

Long limbs, sharp, grinning teeth, red eyes, and white hair. On one hand, stabbing down was the sword he was there for.

"Holy shit, that's one ugly mug. Why the fuck are all you strong bastards so damn ugly?" Marshall asked as soon as he floated in front of the throne. He sure as hell wasn't landing on that slimy, wriggling ground.

"Curious. I feel too many of my enemies are on you."

Marshall replied. "Sure you do. Fucked them all up pretty good."

"You defeated a Celestial?"

"Killed, and I ain't stopping until all of them are dead. And Aspirants. And the First Firmament. And you, for sure."

"Ambitious as well. Who sent you? The Cosmos?"

"Damn straight. Didn't even wanna come to this shithole. But a man's gotta do what he's gotta do to get stronger. Now hand over that sword, and I'll spare your ugly mug," Marshall demanded.

"And arrogant," Knull hissed. "You will die, too."

With a snap, the Necrosword vanished down into the gooey ground.

Marshall shrugged. "Alright, let's fight then."

"You are not worthy of it."

Woosh!

With a similar snap, the sword came out of the ground right underneath Marshall and cut him cleanly up the middle, into equal halves. He died instantly.

But then he reappeared without a sound. The cut-apart body parts had vanished.

"Damn, that's a nice sword you got," Marshall said, as if nothing had happened. "Doesn't work, though."

At last, Knull stirred from the throne. "How do you still stand?"

"Ain't standing. I'm flying, dumbass."

At that, Knull flew directly towards Marshall. It was instantaneous, and instead of attacking, Knull grabbed Marshall's face from the jaw and took a close look.

"You look human. But you are not human."

"Too close, buddy. I don't do guys... or ugly fucks like you."

"Let us try again." Knull seemed not to hear and summoned the Necrosword in his hand. He swung it at Marshall.

Thud!

Marshall caught it with his bare hands, however. He was no different than the Necrosword itself, after all. He had all the properties the sword had.

"The swing could use a little work. But now, I'm gonna take the damn sword," Marshall said, turning serious. He tightened his grip on the Necrosword and, at the same time, summoned cosmic flames on that same hand, letting it trickle onto the blade.

"Phoenix Force?!"

Knull jumped back suddenly. Not even bothering to take the sword.

Marshall fully covered the Necrosword in fire, and soon held it by the grip. He smiled, finally having a weapon of his own, and it was pretty powerful. He could feel a Celestial's essence in it.

"Thanks," Marshall said, and dashed forward to strike. "Go to sleep now."

Knull dodged quickly and raised pillars of Symbiotes to stop Marshall. However, Marshall sliced through them like butter. His burning Necrosword killed any Symbiotes it touched instantly. There was no resistance at all, and nothing stopped Marshall.

Knull, seemingly realising the difference in their power, and Marshall, possessing a weapon to harm him, tried to make a portal. He couldn't escape the planet, but he could hide.

"Ain't happening!"

Marshall stopped that portal before it formed. He had reality-bending powers from the Cosmos as well. He kept jumping and dashing towards Knull to hit him. However, as he did that, he also ran his sword through the ground, made up of Symbiotes.

He started a cosmic fire. It was enough to burn everything in its way.

Knull changed his shape right then, turning into one of the Symbiotes and hiding itself.

"Alright, I'll burn it all then."

Marshall muttered and stopped using the sword. Instead, he just aimed his hand towards the gooey ground below and launched a massive, round ball of cosmic flames. Slowly, his entire body was covered by it.

The Symbiotes started to die by the millions every second.

"It doesn't burn me, buddy. But it does burn you!" Marshall shouted and kept flying around, gushing fire from his hands.

It didn't take long before nothing but one single Symbiote was left. Marshall waited to kill it since he was sure it was Knull.

"Who are you?" Knull asked at last.

"First Man."

Sssss!

Cosmic flames sizzled through the last Symbiote. Knull, the elder god of darkness, vanished into nothingness.

"Alright, where's the First Firmament now?" Marshall asked then.

However, he received no answer.

"You guys in there?"

He asked a few more times, but each time there was silence.

"Ah... Don't tell me you all died when I died."

He was speechless for a while.

Since there was no reply, he decided to move on and return to his previous goal.

####

The realm called Outside was massive. It was a region outside the Multiverse itself. So, from there, while at it, Marshall decided to try and deal with that Time guy problem as well. He tried to use his newfound powers to feel all the Nathaniel Richards in the Multiverse.

The goal was to just delete them from ever being written into the flow of time. He reckoned he was strong enough to do that.

On the way, he found Aspirants as well, as they tried to lay traps. He killed them and interrogated them. It had become far too easy.

One of them successfully lured him into the region ruled by a thing called Amatsu-Mikaboshi. It was some sort of evil God. And sure enough, Marshall killed him, too. It wasn't more difficult than killing Knull. Cosmic flames worked there as well.

Wonder what Marty's doing. Miss that fatass.

Bored, he kept searching for the First Firmament. He met a couple of other creatures as well. There was a weirdo called Oblivion. It said it wanted everything to end because that was his job. At least the guy told him where to look for the First Firmament.

So, after a chat with the unholy-looking thing, he went straight to where the First Firmament was. Oblivion said it wasn't a singular being. But rather, it was a united universe shaped like a creature. And alone, as a universe, it was more powerful than a Multiverse. It was, after all, the first.

So, instead of looking for the other, new thing, Marshall started to feel it. Since the Cosmos that had given him its power was also a representation of the universe, he tried to lean into that sensation. He tried to find something similar out there. Once he had it, he followed it.

However, he soon realised that the closer he got, the further it went away from him.

"Fucker's trying to run?"

Marshall moved faster. On the way, Aspirants came, but they got butchered without even stopping him for a second. It at least meant he was on the right track. At the same time, he realised where the First Firmament was going.

The Outside was an umbrella term. Far Shore was where he had been until now, also known as the Void. But now, the First Firmament was headed towards the Overspace, a dimensional region where beings such as the Living Tribunal resided. Marshall knew because he had been there before, when the Living Tribunal had meddled.

"Gonna have him meddle again?"

Marshall became furious and moved as fast as he could. However, before he knew it, he was already inside Overspace.

He burned with rage. He truly burned. Necrosword in one hand, still burning with cosmic flames. The flames covered his entire body. Even in that dimension, the cosmic flame held true to his supreme nature.

"Come here!"

Marshall finally caught the stench of the First Firmament. A vast, unimaginable entity, fleeing from him. The distance between them grew less every passing moment. The Aspirants had stopped appearing, already extinct in their attempt to save their creator.

"Face your end!"

Marshall soon caught the tail end of the cosmically humongous entity that was the First Firmament. But it wasn't a physical entity. It was just energy with consciousness. There was nothing to grab.

So, Marshall used his new sword. He started to tear through the First Firmament's body. However, progress was slow. Very slow. It was a clear sign of how vast the difference between their strength still was.

Marshall didn't stop there, however. He didn't know where the First Firmament was headed.

Soon, he added his Aspirant powers to the attacks as well. The attacks became easier then. His new sword sliced out more. That was the extent of it. The First Firmament was immense, and its speed was slow.

Even worse. The First Firmament didn't dare attack back or kill him.

Gotta force you then.

Marshall stopped attacking and tried to move around the First Firmament instead. As he did that, he formulated a plan. A way to kill a few birds with a single stone.

"You know..." He started. "I was hoping for this to be an epic battle. But you ain't even my main target. Just gotta fuck you up before I kill the Celestials."

"You stand blind."

A voice came back this time. Right inside his mind. Heavy, deep, booming.

"I know. They're trying to fuck me over."

"You know nothing, abomination of the One Above."

Marshall frowned. "Know what?"

"Your providence."

"Talking out your ass now, huh?" Marshall sneered and stuck to his plan. "Met one crazy fucker lately. Said there's more bastards like him across the Multiverse. Every one of them wants to take over the Multiverse. Figured a few've gotta be loaded for a fight with the First Firmament. Wonder what happens if I yank them here."

"They will kill you as well."

"Great!" Marshall replied, and did just that. He used his newfound powers from the Cosmos and pulled specific Nathaniel Richardses out of their realities.

The First Firmament was so huge that Marshall didn't even know if they had arrived. However, he soon saw the effects. Something changed; the First Firmament stopped moving and focused elsewhere.

Marshall didn't budge from his place and started attacking at the same time. He wanted to die desperately and seize the First Firmament's colossal powers.

While attacking with his Necrosword, he moved, searching the places where a Nathaniel Richards had appeared, as that was where the First Firmament was likely attacking back.

"There it is!"

Soon, he saw a large gaping hole, where a chunk of the First Firmament's body was. A Nathaniel Richards was there in a strange spacesuit, laughing like a madman. He was using some sort of staff to battle against whatever the First Firmament threw at him. The staff would absorb it and throw it back at the giant being.

"Thanks!"

Marshall swooped in right when the First Firmament launched an attack, and Nathaniel Richards used the staff to absorb it and launch it back. Marshall flew right in that energy's path. There was surprisingly no reaction from the First Firmament.

Ain't it supposed to be omnipresent, omniscient?

Marshall didn't care, however. As soon as the First Firmament's energy swallowed him, he was eradicated like a speck of dust. Then, when he returned, he was different once again.

"Holy baby Jesus!" Marshall exclaimed. "This is an insane amount of power, buddy. All this and you still wasted it."

"Begone! Ant!" Nathaniel Richards shouted right then.

Marshall waved his hand. "You begone."

With a wave, Marshall sent the man back to the reality he came from. He did the same with the rest and focused on the First Firmament.

"Ain't nowhere to run now."

"My providence is complete," the First Firmament replied.

"The fuck's that supposed to mean? Getting all wise with a noose on your neck?" Marshall barked, ready to strike. "Just die so I can go the fuck home. Been here too damn long."

"You have no home." The First Firmament added.

"Bullshit!"

"You shall understand soon."

It didn't make sense to Marshall. He struck with the power inherited from the First Firmament. A massive chunk vanished. He repeated, knowing no fatigue. He struck and struck like a madman, removing the First Firmament's body and reducing it to just its gigantic head, which was large enough to eclipse even the largest of the suns.

Yet, it was enough for Marshall to destroy with a single move.

"Any last words?" he asked.

"Allow me to... give you the true power I possess."

"Playing a trick again? Let me guess, a cage?"

"I am weak enough to be destroyed by even the weakest Celestial now. Tricks serve me no more. I have perished; what remains is a shadow. A powerful shadow. Inherit it, First Man. You shall require it."

"Wai—"

Marshall covered himself quickly as the First Firmament's remaining head exploded outwards in every direction. It was a bright, blinding light that lasted for so long that it came out in waves. He died, returned, and died again as the energy intensified.

Each time he returned, he was stronger than the last.

Each time he returned, he understood the First Firmament wasn't bullshitting. There was something greater at play. A being that had been plotting its return for billions of years somehow just decided to quit? It made no sense.

Feeling the very power. He could see it taking down all the Celestials. And yet, it was dead, still dying, and he grew stronger with every passing moment.

He didn't know how long it took, but eventually the light did start to fade away. But what returned wasn't darkness, but a fading white space. A similar sight was there; the Living Tribunal in his golden form was seated on a large throne.

A look around, others were there as well. The entire Living Tribunal's court was present, including the representative of the Celestials. Galactus was there as well. Even Death was. Also Oblivion, the weird thing he'd befriended recently.

"The fuck's going on here? A fucking circus? This my party or what?" Marshall asked them, flying right in the middle as if he was being judged.

"Marshall S. Grant," said the Living Tribunal, its normal face. "You stand here to decide upon your providence. As we speak, all of the Multiverse has entered a stage of decay. Without the First Firmament, Cosmos, and other beings."

"Huh? I was told we're good if I kill them first." Marshall stared at the Celestial. "This bastard said it himself."

"And they spoke truly. Your presence here shall preserve this one universe. All others shall fade," the Living Tribunal replied. "Thus, the fate of the Multiverse rests with you. Become the First Man across all multiverses, become one with reality itself, and bind existence as one. Preserve the infinite lives, the infinite reflections of those you cherish. Or... remain with this lone realm."

Marshall eyed all the entities gathered there. "One with reality? What's that?"

"To relinquish your physical form and ascend into a higher consciousness that exists upon a plane beyond the grasp of any among us. You shall become the First Man above all."

"Fuck it. I'll pass." Marshall shrugged. "Fuck the Multiverse. I'm keeping this place."

"I expected as much," the Living Tribunal replied and projected a beam of light, out of which a woman appeared. Brown-haired, tall, and voluptuous, a baby in her arms.

"You!" Marshall recognised her instantly. "You're the one I shagged! You gave Marty powers!"

The woman beamed with a warm smile. "It is true, First Man. I am Gaea; many call me Mother Earth."

"I fucked Earth?!" Marshall exclaimed. "Sweet. That my boy? Looks just like me."

Marshall flew right towards Gaea and looked at the little sleeping baby. Blonde hair, chubby cheeks. He could see his own reflection. But right then, he remembered something and looked at Death.

"Where's my boy with you?" He asked Death.

"His destiny has been fulfilled. I gave the boy to Gaea," Death answered.

Marshall turned back to the voluptuous woman. "You got my pale boy?"

"Right here." Gaea gently lifted the child in her arms. "This child carries my essence and Death's alike, while your seed gave him form. After so long, he is ready to claim his place and bind all the Multiverses."

Marshall became absolutely speechless. He eyed the Living Tribunal, Gaea, then the baby again. "What's this nonsense? My boy ain't gonna be some slave deity."

"This cannot be prevented," the Living Tribunal pronounced. "I am the personification of multiversal law, and the law demands commitment for the Multiverse to continue. Should you not fulfill it, this child shall take your place."

"No!" Marshall roared. "I'll fucking kill you all if you touch him. You know I can. Shove that law bullshit. This was all planned, wasn't it? Goddamn it! You whore! You came to me that night with this plan! Death did the same damn thing. You smug know-it-alls... You planned this!"

"Yes, you may destroy us. Yet the truth remains unchanged. The Multiverse shall collapse. Every Hela you love. Every version of the children you cherish. They shall all perish."

"Why should I give a fuck about what happens in another reality?"

"We know you do not. That is why this child exists," stated the Living Tribunal. "The Multiverse is the natural state of time and space. Yet you seek to collapse it, leaving only your own reality to endure."

"And?" Marshall blurted. "So what if only mine exists?"

"You did well to end the threat of the First Firmament," Death voiced. "But tell me, First Man? Why did you do it? For a greater purpose? Or merely because you had nothing else to do?"

"Do you possess a will of your own?" Infinity questioned.

"Do you hold a thought of your own?" Eternity as well.

"First Man." Galactus also voiced. "Look within and answer us. Why do you exist?"

Marshall fumed and looked around at all of them with anger. "I don't owe you any answer."

"Then answer us, First Man," the Living Tribunal said. "Are we but your captives? Slaves to exist without the freedom of will?"

"Huh? I don't give a fuck what you do. Just don't touch what's mine."

"And what is yours?" the golden being asked.

"My family. My planet. My universe."

"And yet you are the one sentencing them to death. Is your love for Hela bound only to the one who exists in this universe? Or do you love Hela across every iteration? Do you cherish Marty because he speaks in this reality? Or do you cherish every Marty throughout all universes?"

Marshall's jaw tightened. "Don't play your word games with me!"

"Simple truth, First Man. Should you choose to end us all, you must inherit every one of our functions to preserve this universe. You must become Death, Eon, Eternity, Galactus, Infinity, Kronos, and every cosmic entity. Even then, you must relinquish your physical form and ascend into an all-knowing, omnipresent consciousness."

"Trap!" Marshall roared, eyes bloodshot. "Well, shit. You leave me no damn choice but to accept! Sacrifice my own kid?"

"One you did not know existed until a moment ago," Death stated.

"So what the fuck does that change?" Marshall shot her a glare. "He's my boy! My blood! My first damn kid! All I ever wanted was a family, and now you want me to sacrifice it?"

"You have fifteen hours, First Man," the Living Tribunal decreed. "Beyond that lies the point of no return. Every Multiverse shall collapse. Return home. Take the child with you. Then choose. Do nothing, and you will bear a purpose not of your choosing. You will have to kill us all, for we cannot cease. It is our duty to preserve the Multiverse."

The little blonde baby floated out of Gaea's arms, and Marshall held him quickly.

"Fuck off! All of you! I ain't doing this. Nor will my son."

Just like that, he vanished with the baby.

####

Dinosia,

Marshall found himself standing on the terrace of his home. The usual place he'd spent centuries at. Relaxing, taking a dip in the pool. But it was currently nighttime and the place was empty.

Almost.

"What're you doing here?" Marshall asked as he noticed Marty seated alone on the terrace near the edge, staring up at the sky.

"Wraaah?!"

Marty jumped up with a jolt and let out a happy roar. He quickly nudged Marshall with the big dino-snout and received pats.

"Missing me? I missed you too, buddy. How long was I gone?"

"Rwaah."

"A whole year? Shit, took longer than I planned." Marshall said, dropping down beside Marty at the edge. "But I fucking won. Well, the Celestials are still around, but the big bastard's dead."

Marty then looked sideways at his lap, where the baby sat.

"This? Yeah, this one's my lad, too. Gaea, that fucking whore, I met her. Stole my boy. Anyway, let's get inside. Where's the rest?"

The two of them got up soon and entered the temple. It was the same as ever, his home. As he walked, a few priestesses who worked in the temple gasped in happiness. And eventually, he arrived at the gigantic living hall where some of his family and friends sat, including Jeff the Shark and Cosmo the dog.

"Dad!" Helvar jumped, a baby in his arms as well. "You're back!"

Marshall didn't even look at Helvar's face. Instead, he rushed forward and scooped up the baby. The kid had dark hair, reddish-pale skin, and blue eyes. He held his grandson and first son in his arms.

"Good work, Mephista!" He nodded at his daughter-in-law. "Had to see a grandkid before... ah, fuck it, I'm back!"

"Dad!"

Then came Kael running at him and jumped into his arms, hugging him like she was still a little girl. He held them all, and it made him happy like never before. Then he hugged a few more, mainly his other children. Two sons from Shalla-Bal, his daughter with Angela. He also gave one to Azul, his adopted son.

At last, he pulled Hela in as well despite her annoyed huffs. He did love her; he loved them all. His time with them was a tiny fraction compared to what he'd spent alone, and then with just Marty. But even this little had become an addiction impossible to ignore.

"Shalla-Bal, I free you." Marshall declared. "You are no longer a herald. But you can possess your powers. You can also take your human form whenever you please."

Shalla-Bal froze for a second and then changed. She only tried, and in a snap she was back to being herself before the run-in with Galactus.

"Marty, I'm giving you endless lifespan, higher intelligence, and invincibility," Marshall continued. "I'm pretty strong now, you know. Helvar, I bestow you half an extra brain."

"..."

"Kael, you need nothing. You're too powerful. So, I give you all my love and luck."

Marshall gave something to everyone there. But when it came to Deadpool, who was still there to his annoyance, he just ignored him.

"Why not me, daddy? Maybe a nice, footlong in my pants? Oh, how about fixing my face?"

Marshall was about to ignore it again, but then he felt it. Despite all the madness in Deadpool's mind, all the voices just like what he used to have, there was a genuine desire to fix his burned face. He didn't fix the madness; he saw that as an advantage.

"Alright, you ain't gonna be a nutsack anymore. Still ain't as damn handsome as me," Marshall said, walking away. "Now feed me. Some good barbecue. I ain't got long."

"What do you mean?" Helvar asked.

"Nothing. Move!"

Although the big family had already eaten dinner, they all sat with him as he ate. Marshall didn't need to eat; he just liked the taste. He also got to tell them about his adventure and how he killed the First Firmament. How he also killed Knull, and met other folks.

But he left out the part where he met the entire Living Tribunal's court.

Before he knew it, dinner was over, everyone had gone to their beds, and Marshall was beside Hela. Contrary to the belief, he didn't feel horny at all. He just lay there beside Hela, flat on his back, shirtless, staring at the dark ceiling.

"What are you hiding, Marshall?"

He was waiting for it. He felt Hela scoot closer beside him, turn towards him, and press her head over his outstretched arm. They weren't the lovey-dovey type couple. Yet, they showed care in their own way. Hela was mostly stoic and serious, but that didn't mean she didn't care.

"I gotta choose," he said as her hand drifted over his chest and into his beard, fingers raking through it. "Me or my kid."

"You have to be more specific, Marshall." Hela rose on her elbow and stared down at him, her face pale as ever, her long dark hair sprawled.

"Well, after I killed the First Firmament, the Living Tribunal showed up and..."

He told her everything, holding nothing back. "So, every Multiverse is falling apart. They wanna save it. To do that, they need me, or the kid. I told them I'd just kill them all. But then they said I'd have to take all their place just to run this one universe. So... it's me or the kid."

"And which one did you choose?"

Marshall let out a very long exhale. "Ain't a choice anymore. Somebody's gotta do the damn thing. Either me or the kid. They planned this whole shit. Fuck... that bitch Gaea."

"What do you want?" Hela asked.

"That's the thing. Never gave that shit a thought. Been sleepwalking through all these years. Back then, it was just pure fucking insanity, all the voices making me do shit. Ran on instinct. Then I kept at it because there wasn't jack else. Never had a damn plan. But I don't wanna lose you all. Barely know the new kid, but he's mine. And..."

"You don't want him to suffer?"

"Don't know what being some higher dimensional consciousness even means. Sounds fucked, I think. Cosmic monster, everywhere, knows everything and shit. Kid's just a baby. He don't deserve that. I've been kicking for millions. Ain't done jack with it either. No purpose, no reason, just living because I'm alive."

Suddenly, he felt Hela scoot closer, her arms embracing him from the side.

"Without you, I'd still be locked in my prison," Hela said. "Without you, Helvar and Kael wouldn't be alive. Without you, Midgard would've never known peace."

"Never planned it. It just happened. Guess it's time I picked a damn lane. There's gotta be a reason I exist. An immortal freak like me makes no damn sense."

Silence fell between them for a moment. Hela's face pressed right beside his ear. He could hear her breath.

"Have you thought of a name for him?" she asked.

Marshall hummed. "Well, kid looks just like me, so... Marshall S. Grant Jr. ain't half bad. Hope the kid's sane, nothing like me."

"I shall raise him as my own," Hela replied and pressed her lips to his cheek. "You can watch over him."

"I'll try."

####

The next morning, Marshall gathered everyone on the roof and revealed to them what he had decided. Faces fell, some angry curses came, and Marty's heart broke.

"Still don't know how the fuck I came to be. But I got a choice to make now. I've done insane shit, too damn much, but it ain't right to sacrifice my own kid. Maybe this was my whole damn purpose, just took a few million years to crawl out. I don't give a shit about the Multiverse, but if I'm doing this, I'm doing it right."

He walked over to each of them and hugged them one by one. He told Helvar to keep popping grandkids and keep Earth safe. He told Kael to just enjoy life. He told his children to live their own lives.

But the one hardest to leave was Marty. His friend for as long as he could remember.

"Wraaa Rwa!"

"I ain't dying, my boy. You can't come along. I'm gonna turn into brain dust or some weird shit. I'll still be watching though. So keep an eye on the boy. Named him Marshall. Looks just like me. Protect him, be his friend, and enjoy life. And..."

Marshall hugged Marty's massive face near the eye.

"I'm gonna miss you, buddy."

Marty let out a low grumble, filled with sadness.

"I love you all," Marshall said, the clearest-headed he'd ever been. "You're all I ever wanted for as far back as I can remember. Thanks for tolerating my insane shit."

At last, he stepped away from them.

"Don't do dumb shit."

One last time, he looked at all of them, nearly all eyes filled with tears. He glanced at Marshall Jr. once, and then vanished.

He returned to the Living Tribunal's court. It was the same as it was before he'd left.

"Alright, I'll do it. But I still ain't done. I started this shit because the Celestials fucked around. So I'm gonna kill every last one of them too," Marshall snapped. "That's the deal. You don't agree, I'll kill you all, let the Multiverse collapse, and hold this one damn universe by myself."

"Agreed." The Living Tribunal instantly approved.

The representative of the Celestials, Arishem the Judge, didn't speak at all. As if its will didn't matter once the Living Tribunal had spoken.

Marshall smiled and flew straight at the giant Celestial. With his First Firmament powers, he completely disintegrated Arishem, and also read its mind to find the location of others. Then, he vanished for a short moment.

When he returned, he was smiling even further.

"Ah, almost forgot that clown Nathaniel Richard," Marshall muttered and closed his eyes for a moment. He felt he could kill them all, in all multiverses. But the multiverse was ever-expanding. Which meant there would always be more of him.

Still, he did that for now. About deleting Nathaniel's complete existence, he reckoned he'd be able to do it later.

"Let's do it."

The Living Tribunal shot a beam of light through its eyes and enveloped Marshall. Although it came from the Living Tribunal, it didn't feel like it belonged to this cosmic entity. Instead, it felt greater, far greater than anyone there. Like the Living Tribunal was being used as a vassal.

"By the One Above's decree," the Living Tribunal said. "First Man is now granted rule over the fabric of all reality above all Multiverses. Henceforth, he shall bind the multiversal law, govern it, live it, and we shall obey."

"Oh?"

Marshall was surprised that even the Living Tribunal would obey him. But he didn't think much as he noticed his physical body disappearing. As that happened, he also felt his own power, understanding, and everything else expanding. As if he was turning into a cloud that was spreading out in every direction.

Omnipotent, omnipresent, and omniscient. He felt himself getting closer to all three Os.

And the first thing he did with that was trying to find his origin. With ease, he saw his own body, traced it back as far as time went, and then he saw. The arrival out of nowhere. Death to a dinosaur.

That's... it? Just an average bloke?

Before he could even digest the information, he completely lost control over himself as a being and became 'it' no longer a 'he.' Just an ever-present, powerful force, watching over everything and everywhere all at once.

But before it had happened. He was determined to hold onto himself. Even if it's a tiny bit.

How long it would take to regain himself, he didn't know.

But at last, he had a purpose now. There was no more death awaiting, no more revival. There was nowhere left to go, to upgrade.

[THE END]

[Epilogue]

20 Years Later, Tokyo

"Mm..."

He slowly opened his eyes as he felt his mouth was too dry. A little sore down there, he felt two arms on his chest crossing, one from each side.

Last night had been wild, the proof being his nakedness under the sheets, the two beauties on his side equally naked, and one sore, limp cock.

Need water asap.

He moved their arms, but not before he pecked their faces. He was seriously dating them, two at the same time. It was weird at first, but by now, a year later, it was normal. Not like he was still fucking around outside. He was loyal to them.

"Marsh..."

"Shh, sleep, Gwen. Let the spider rest today," he said, chuckling as the quilt slid down over his and the bodies of the two women. Gwen's breast was covered with marks he'd left last night.

Then he looked at the other, slightly fuller breast, the same in height as Gwen, but with longer hair. Her chest was the same, marked, as was her neck, and her face a mess with dried sweat and sticky hair.

Finally, he got out of the bed, naked to the balls. Still, he walked into the bathroom and wrapped a towel around his waist. Then, with a glass of water, he sat down in front of the study table in the same bedroom.

While the two beauties slept, he fired up the strange laptop.

It had no keys, no camera, nothing. It was just a sleek laptop with a screen. He'd made it himself. And as soon as it was fired up, words appeared on it.

[You into blondes? We ain't the same, kid. I was more into Goths, tall, dark-haired chicks.]

"Dad!" Marshall S. Grant Jr. exclaimed. "You were watching us? Your own son doing the deed? Have some shame, old man."

[Kid, I see the whole fucking multiverse shag and pull worse shit. You're tame as hell next to that. Still, a solid choice. One's a spider. The other's a human Mutate.]

Marshall Jr. scratched his head full of blonde hair. Yes, he was talking to his dad, as shocking as that was. Unlike his father or mothers, he didn't have the gift of never dying or constantly growing more powerful. He did have absurd superstrength and regenerative factor, but where

he stood out was in intelligence. He was as intelligent as his father was insane at the peak of his insanity. And that meant he had no upper ceiling.

At the age of three, when he learned how his father sacrificed himself to protect him, he was filled with great sadness. He had become obsessed with meeting his father. He traveled the galaxy, used the Dino Corp, met with Odin, and even traced the Living Tribunal by the age of ten.

Gathering all knowledge, he constructed a device to speak with higher dimensions. One dimension at a time, he eventually found his father. Initially, his father didn't recognise him, but over time, he felt that change. It took years, but he'd pulled his father's scattered memories into one unified personality. And using the device, he now often talked.

He loved no other being more than he loved his father.

"Well, I love them," he replied awkwardly, aware how uncommon it is to engage in a healthy polygamy. "They're my endgame. I'm gonna marry them someday."

[You'll do that alright, I know it. And they're a little older than you, good for keeping that nerd brain of yours in check. Ha! My own damn son turned into a nerd. But shit, you've got no game when it comes to mating.]

Marshall Jr. turned red. "Fuck! You did watch me fucking? That's fucked up, Dad! I'm gonna mess with your statue again, mark it. But... How was I?"

[Pathetic! I did it for days. Once my pump engine starts, there was no ending. And stop fucking pulling out, boy! I want a whole damn army of grandkids. You've got two beauties. Even Helvar coughed up six, and Kael gave me two, even if I hate the bastard she had them with.]

"..."

Marshall Jr. was speechless for a while. He really wished his father was present physically. Photos and movies could never compare to the real thing. Though, he did see why some feared him. The old man had no control over his tongue.

"Alright." Marshall Jr. stood up with a sigh and turned towards the bed, and then removed the towel. He was rock hard again. Getting hard was never an issue with them.

[That's my boy! Stop using that nerd brain, and fuck like a caveman. Have no shame, eat, lick, fuck and go make me some grandkids! I'll take care of the bald fuck Watcher peeping on you.]

"Huh?"

Marshall Jr. frowned and looked back at the screen. But by then, the screen was turned off again.

He sighed and walked to the bottom edge of the bed and pulled the quilt away, grinning like a fool. Fuck, he loved them so much.

"Sue... Gwen... I think I'm gonna take the day off today."

"Hm?"

The two women stirred awake slowly, and the first thing they saw was their man's rod, hard and throbbing towards them. They sighed with a blushing smile, looked at each other, and quickly got on their hands and knees, crawling towards him.

Marshall Jr. gulped and let the sensations drown him. Though he did hope the old man wasn't watching.

Silently, he looked down at the two faces, two tongues lapping him up. Then he looked at their curving spines and the slope of their bottoms.

Dad, I think... Grandkids are gonna come sooner than expected.

Meanwhile, at the same time, in Dinosaia, Uatu the Watcher lounged on a beach chair on the First Man's temple's terrace. In one hand was a drink, and on his eyes were custom glasses. He wore them so nobody noticed his all-seeing gaze.

"Ah!"

Suddenly, he felt a migraine that came out of nowhere. He quickly retracted his vision, realising he saw something he shouldn't have. He could swear he heard a thousand curses and a mocking laughter in his mind.

"Time. Space. Reality... Once an enigma, now the ruler of it all. Gone from this realm, yet ever present. He is there, everywhere, at all times, watching us as I do—"

"Dad! Uncle Uatu's doing the retard talk again!"

Uatu snapped out of it and quickly looked sideways. There stood a little girl, blonde-haired, eyes matching the First Man's. Eldest daughter of Helvar S. Grant.

"Uncle Uatu, you need help? I can grab Jean. She's badass at reading minds, even huge ones. She'll unfuck your retardation real quick."

"..."

Uatu gulped in silence and sipped some of that lemonade.

He has gone, yet the chaos remains. Even greater than once was, for they have multiplied.

"You're doing the retard talk in your head now, aren't you?"

"..."

"I pray for the Multiverse," Uatu muttered. "Do you require something from me, young one?"

"Yeah! Me, Uncle Marty, Jeff, Cosmo, and the rest are playing hide and seek. Can you find them? Dad said your bigass head is useless anyway. I'll help you use it, awesome, right?"

"..."

Uatu pressed the bridge of his nose and took off the glasses. Yet, he chose silence and just pointed a finger in a direction.

Slowly, he relaxed back on the beach chair and stared at the sky.

I shall watch over them. I hope the knowledge you offer me shall be worthy of it.

"Ugh!"

Like a response, he felt a migraine again.

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A/N: With this, the fanfic comes to an end. Honestly, I struggled writing this end. That's why it took me so much time. Normally, I always plan the end of a story before I even start writing. But I didn't do that this time since it was a crack-fic and also an experiment.

I didn't imagine so many would like this. So, as the story moved on, Marshall grew too OP. To the point where the crack part of the fic stopped being a crack.

I could have kept going if I hadn't written the powers as Upgrading Death, growing with each death. If this were a crackfic with a normal MC, maybe something about having the power of luck, or something else low-level, I could have written a lot more.

For now, I'm gonna take a break from Marvel. Might go for DC next. But first, I'll focus on the ongoing Tyrant, Madman, and Star Wars fanfics.

Thank you so much for reading this story, guys.