

Angela must admit, fighting amongst the mortals was one of the best decisions she's made.

She didn't know that at first, of course. Nobody truly knows when they're about to change their life for the better in so many ways—at least, that was what could be said of Angela. She initially hated the idea of fighting amongst such intolerable mortals, even if it meant spending time with her family.

There was, however, a factor she hadn't seen coming. A factor that completely changed her worldview on mortals in such a crude but still understandable way. Simply put, Angela now found herself having the time of her life because of the women.

It was no secret that Angela preferred the fairer sex. There was just something about them that she never got from men. Whatever the case might have been, when she first decided to fight with her family, she was utterly stunned by the women who ran in the same circles as her brother, Thor.

It was embarrassing, but there were times when Angela had to control herself and not swat the ass of some scientist dressed in an outfit that perfectly hugged her curves. Gods, they were all smaller than her as well. She could only imagine swooping down and picking up one of these little beauties. It would, of course, be a pleasurable experience for everyone involved. If there was anyone who knew how to give a woman a good time, it'd be Angela.

She just loved drawing those little sounds out of them, the moans and murmurs as her large, muscled hands expertly worked their body. But none of that compared to what she could do with her mouth. Even the haughtiest whores out there couldn't help but scream whenever she moved her mouth down there. But through her journeys of sleeping with pretty much every hero out there, she had heard a rumor of someone doing the same.

A woman by the name Emma Frost. Angela was amused by such a coincidence, but now more than anything else, she wanted to meet this supposed White Queen of the Hellfire Trading Company. That interest only grew stronger once she heard that Emma came with an extra addition.

Angela had heard tales of women who came equipped like that. In all honesty, she wished she did too. It was one thing to mash her cunt up against another woman's who was a solid few heads shorter than her, but to plow an actual cock into her, and make her scream like she never did before, that was nothing short of a dream for Angela.

Perhaps, in another life, if she were to be so lucky.

Regardless, if Angela wasn't the one with the dick, then she would have to make use of Emma and her fat cock. But she wasn't going to seduce and carry her to bed. No, from what she had heard of this Emma Frost woman, she was a warrior, like her.

Which made it even better for what she had planned.

"H-How's this, Mrs. Frost?" The nervous realtor leads Emma into the top floor of the office building they were in.

"T-Tallest building in the area, biggest as well. But as you requested," The realtor led Emma to a nearby window overlooking New York. "A perfect view of Central Park." The realtor looks like he's on the verge of a panic attack while Emma looks out the window. She stares, her expression unfazed if only for a moment before a small smile begins to creep across her lips.

"Well done, Fredrick. It seems you've finally found a building I like." Emma huffs, and the realtor nearly collapses from relief. He had just scored a deal with one of the world's most powerful people. He almost felt like he was on cloud nine before he was suddenly blinded by a glowing light that pierced the actual clouds above.

Stepping closer, Emma looks out as, from the clouds, a woman, built like a damn tank, with long red Nordic hair, floats down. Almost instantly, Emma clocks her as none other than Angela, Thor's new sibling. But with a quick move with her hand, the flying woman produces a spear out of nowhere and points it right at Emma.

"Shit."

"To.... **BATTLE!!!!**" Like a bolt of lightning, Angela comes shooting down toward Emma, who only has a second to flash into her diamond form before she collides into her like a damn freight train. The force of her attack doesn't stop there, though, and she soon slams Emma out the side of the office building, taking her all the way down to the street below.

Midway through the fall, however, Emma manages to grab hold of Angela and pull her in a different direction, sending them both flying back into the office building instead. Thankfully, the building was empty. Emma, on the other hand, still ended up getting slammed through wall after wall before Angela pulled back, allowing her to come to a skidding stop.

"WHAT ON EARTH DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING!?" Emma yells at the Asgardian while leaping to her feet. Angela only smirks back at her while her eyes roam over her form. Everything about her, at least in Angela's eyes, was damn near perfect. The strength, the finesse —she really loved Emma's diamond form —but those thighs, by the Gods, those THIGHS!

"I have come down to the mortal realm for you, Emma Frost." Angela begins to float with her one wing, at the same time, keeping her gaze squarely on Emma, as if she were the only thing in her world. "I have heard great word of your.... Exploits. You have been busy with some of the mightiest warriors of your realm. Even my sister has fallen for you." Angela explains while reading up on an attack.

"So that gives you the right to attack me out of the blue?!" Emma shouts. She knew she couldn't switch out of her diamond form to launch a psychic attack; Angela would be on her faster than light. Still, staring down the curious gaze of an Asgardian, even while in her diamond form, left Emma questioning her own strength.

For her part, Angela merely laughs at what Emma says.

"If you are a worthy warrior, every fight should be a pleasure." Angela summons her spear. "But more importantly, I have come to see what you carry between your legs." The Asgardian points

her spear down between Emma's legs. When the White Queen looks down, she sees that, thanks to Angela's attack, her clothes have been torn to shreds. But most importantly, her cock hangs between her legs.

Emma was about to curse out Angela before the Asgardian charged into her once again, sending her hurdling back and nearly taking her out of the building once again. But just as suddenly, Angela angles her charge downward, taking Emma down through the building, floor by floor, until they crash into the basement.

Once the dust cleared, Angela was standing over Emma, pointing her spear down at her. For a moment, because of that, Emma waits for her swift and brutal end, but it never comes. Instead, another wave of laughter rumbles out of Angela.

"Do not worry. I have need of you. And after some time, I believe you will as well." Angela smiles before taking a step back, giving Emma some respite. Then, without any warning, she reaches down and begins to undo the lower half of her outfit, peeling it off to reveal her truly Angelic form.

"You know- ngh! If you wanted something like this, there were easier ways you could have done it." Emma groans while rising up to a sitting position as Angela finally pulls the final strap loose and exposes her cunt to the White Queen. And from what she could see, like the rest of her body, the Asgardian's gash looked just as perfect.

Meanwhile, taking a step closer, Angela is amused by what Emma said. "I come from a realm of warriors. All relationships in my world were formed from the heat of combat."

"I could have guessed that." Emma remarks as Angela stands over her, her eye level perfectly at her crotch, where the Asgardian then grabs her head and pulls her in, smashing her mouth over cunt. Emma goes along with it as well as she can, lapping her tongue to get things going, but it was still a bit of a rough start.

"Mnnnh. Yes. I believe your mouth is much better suited for purposes such as this." Angela moans, already impressed with how Emma was taking things so far. She thought she would have been able to overwhelm her, given her sheer size compared to her, but the White Queen had been

part of this game for far too long to be outwitted in a situation like this. All she had to do was find the right buttons to push. Her diamond dick below was hard as well.

Emma went off to work away at the task at hand, which was making a literal Goddess cum with her mouth. For most mere mortals, it would seem an almost impossible task without Angela having to step in more roughly, but Emma was no mere mortal. While she might have chosen to stick with her diamond form for the time being, her now crystal tongue proved strong enough to push deeper inside Angela's pussy, forcing more moans and groans of pleasure out of the literal Angel from Heaven.

It was a first for Emma. If she had known Angels were down to fuck sooner, she would have visited the realm sooner. She wasn't deterred, however. This might have been a first, but it was a good chance, as any, to get a feel for how the Angels worked. If she could get someone as mighty as Angela to cum with just her tongue, there was no limit to how far her sexual exploits could reach. That being said, it remained intimidating to look up at Angela while her head was between her legs.

Emma knew for a fact she had thighs to die for, it's what most people comment on after all. But with the way that Angela was moving, she had to keep her arms firmly wrapped around her legs so they didn't come crushing her skull as she pushed things further, further enough to start getting some real moans out of Angela.

The White Queen pushed her tongue in deep, as deep as it could go, before moving back out and returning to tease Angela's clit. Throughout the process, she steadily built up enough wetness to get a taste of what she had been looking for. A real taste of Angel pussy, and like she expected, Angela's nectar had to be the sweetest she had yet. It was near Heavenly to the Mutant Queen, who kept up the pressure while looking up at the woman herself.

"Mnnngh.... You are doing fine work down there, E-Emma-ah!" Angela's grip tightens on Emma's head, nearly crushing it the same way her thighs almost did. Thankfully, while in her diamond form, Emma could take the pressure as she pushed her mouth further into the woman's muff, getting a good whiff of the woman's thick musk in the process. It's almost rapturous for her as she feels her mind going hazy while her dick below managed to ooze out a thick drop of pre, all without a single touch to it.

"Mmmmmmpn!" Emma moans into Angela's muff, pushing Angela further to that explosive orgasmic edge. But the White Queen wasn't set to give Angela any normal head. No. She made sure she guided her further past her limits, while keeping her from falling off that edge—a delicate process she had come to hone through plenty of practice and by reading the other person's mind. In this case, Emma couldn't do the latter, so she was forced to feel things out herself as she looked up at Angela.

"I-I'd give you a-a warning.... But where would the fun be in that?" Angela smiles, returning a smug look down to Emma, who takes her up on that. She honestly agreed, as well. While it was nice to be able to prepare herself, Emma came to love that sudden burst of fluid, even when it caught her off guard.

It was too late to think about that, though, with how deep in she was already. The only thing she could do was follow Angela's movements and listen to her moans before guessing from there, and from what she could hear, things were quickly coming to a head—or, more specifically, her head.

"Nnnnggh!" A sharp intake of air through clenched teeth is all the warning Emma gets before her face is bathed in a golden light that comes from Angela's body. Despite being light, it somehow manages to press into Emma's face, nearly knocking her out just from how overwhelming it is before she pieces it together. Angela, with all her might, was giving her something she had never experienced before, an Angel's orgasm.

It all clicks together when Angela's pussy splashes out a burst of fluids that quickly fills Emma's mouth. She could only get two good swallows in before the liquid started leaking out from her mouth, but she was far beyond the point of caring.

Emma's own arousal, without having any physical contact besides Angela pulling her head against her cunt, was skyrocketing, making her diamond rigid length throb between her legs as it spits out thick globs of pre. It was something that Emma had rarely ever experienced outside of a few moments where she desperately needed to fuck. But thanks to Angela, she experiences that kind of arousal when her Angelic/Asgardian pussy was covering her face with cum. And right alongside Angela, when the wave of pleasure begins to die down, and the flow of sexual fluids finally stops, only then does Emma finally get a hold of herself, exactly when Angela decides to let go of her head and take a few steps back.

They were both breathing heavily. For Emma, her mind was working a mile a minute, filled to the brim with possibilities for how she could take this. Her eyes then drift toward Angela, who leans against a pillar behind her. Her muscled body is covered in a sheen of sweat that Emma would have started licking off if she weren't still catching her breath. There was still one question on her mind, after all of that, but like a literal divine being, Angela knew what she was thinking.

"Angels don't.... 'Express' themselves the same way you mortals do. Our bodies have much more significant reactions." Breathlessly, Angela looks back at Emma as she rises back up to her feet, her cock still rigid between her legs, while she walks toward her.

"You don't say," Emma responds sarcastically as she comes to stand directly before Angela. "But if I remember correctly, you didn't come here for my mouth." She lays it all out for Angela, who meets her gaze every second of the way.

"I did, didn't I? Well, I believe it's time, Emma, that you showed me what has had all these wenches screaming out in delight." Angela smiles while taking a step closer toward Emma, making it so that they were standing right in front of each other, with the Asgardian Angel being the one to look down on the White Queen, surprisingly enough. Usually, it would have been the other way around in situations like these.

Whatever the case was, there was still the point to be made that throughout her journey of trying to stick her dick in the most famous and infamous women out there, there had been rarely anyone who could reach Emma's level of boldness. Emma herself considered it to almost be a superpower alongside her telepathy and diamond form. Emma had never come across someone BOLDER than her until now.

Without needing to flash out of her diamond form, Emma could read Angela like a book with how she hungered for something proper to fuck her. She was looking for the right kind of cock that could satisfy those deep carnal cravings to be fucked that couldn't come from a strap-on or anyone lesser. Emma wasn't quite sure she could fulfill those demands until she reminded herself who she was.

It wasn't the first time Emma fucked someone so powerful. She had brought the likes of Storm and Hela to their knees just from what she did to them. Even now, while looking up at Angela, she could already imagine her breaking, moaning, and screaming as she plowed her diamond dick into her. It was only a matter of getting her to that point.

"Well, in that case-" Before Emma can finish her sentence, Angela already tackled her to the ground. Her forceful body quickly has Emma pinned underneath, and soon enough, she was straddling the Mutant Queen, angling her cock right up with her gushing gash, and already in the motions of moving herself downward. She even uses one of her axes to help her balance as she looks down at Emma.

"I'm afraid you won't be the one doing the riding, Emma." Angela smiles before her voice quivers once she sinks the head of Emma's cock into her cunt. For both of them, it's an utterly shocking experience, with Emma having to stop herself from cumming right then and there. At the same time, Angela, on the other hand, goes rigid from being filled by an actual cock. It wasn't some toy or some device; she could feel it, even while Emma's body was made of diamond.

"Good Lord! This might be too much, even for me!" Emma groans as her dick is clenched around like it had never been clenched before. Every nerve in her body sparked into never-ending pleasure that nearly fried her brain and would have if her diamond body didn't protect her from such an attack. Regardless, the thought that she overestimated herself is only amplified when Angela sinks herself down even further, and that need to burst skyrockets to levels Emma had never experienced before.

"Y-You sh-shan't- Oh!...." Angela isn't going through anything easy either. It made her feel pathetic, acting like a virgin after the experience she's gained over the years. She wasn't supposed to be acting like this, and yet it felt so natural. Is this what submission felt like? That thought alone sends another spark of hot and heavy pleasure coursing through her body. It pushes her to finally cut to the end and slam herself all the way down, fully spearing herself across Emma's cock. In her mind, she was expecting it to be a triumphant moment, something that would finally decide who's going to be the one topping here.

However....

"NNGGGH!"

"GGGOOD! GOD!"

Both women cry out at once in unison. Emma felt like her diamond dick could snap off just from how tight Angela's Angelic pussy was. Meanwhile, Angela herself feels her cunt stretch in ways that it never could before. It came with the startling realization that Emma's dick was the first member to really push into her and fill her so completely.

Despite that, neither woman was backing down yet. It was a battle of two dominant personalities, both Hell-bent on breaking the other. Angela wanted to be the first one to finally break Emma and her long and successful fucking streak, besides that strange Squirrel woman she had heard rumors of. For Emma, she was just pissed Angela caught her off guard like this, so against every fiber of her being, screaming at her to finally release and fill this bitch full, the White Queen reaches out and grabs the larger woman by the hips and slowly pulls herself back while she's distracted. It was really the only advantage she had in this sexual battle, using Angela's own inexperience when it came to cocks as big as hers. Although she wasn't going to be stupid enough to try to rub it in.

There had been a few times Emma had concentrated as hard as she was now, maybe besides when her life was at stake. But Angela was truly something else beyond the normal heroic whore whose body she could play like an instrument. She had to put all the effort she had into simply pulling herself out far enough so that she could slam herself in. When she does so, it's another sucker-punch of pleasure that nearly has her flat on her ass if she didn't keep herself calm.

But when you're fucking a literal Angel, you couldn't hold yourself back. You had to go all out, and that's what Emma did as she suddenly wrapped her arms around Angela and pulled her in close. With her diamond form, she has just enough strength while Angela's distracted to pull her in tightly, even if her arms don't wrap around her all the way.

"W-What are you!?- Gah!" Before Angela can react, Emma pulls herself out. But just as fast, she thrusts herself back in, knocking the Asgardian off guard long enough for the White Queen to launch in another thrust, and then another, and then another after that. Even though her cock was screaming and begging her to cum already, she held that door shut tight as her diamond balls came wailing against Angela's muscled ass.

THWAP *THWAP* *TWHAP* *THWAP*

The sound echoes throughout the ruined office. Along with that came the hard and heavy moans from Angela and Emma as they quickly rushed toward an explosive finish. The Angel/Asgardian's body quickly begins to glow once again, but Emma doesn't let up. She feels her arousal being driven up further, thanks to what was about to happen, as things start to overwhelm her.

Even people down on the streets below could look up at Emma Frost's new office building and watch as the windows from their floor begin to glow a bright golden light. It would be hard to explain something like this once the White Queen hopefully managed to get past this. Still, in a world of Mutants, Gods, and monsters, nothing could be too out of the ordinary. Although the same couldn't be said for what Emma was feeling as she and Angela began to float off the ground.

Emma kept pounding her dick into her like her life depended on it. She could tell that Angela was close to being beaten; all she had to do was hold out. But her dick, Oh goodness, her dick. It didn't just feel like it was being clamped down on by the tightest cunt imaginable; her cock felt like it was entering a new plane of existence, as strange as that sounds.

Emma's and Angela's bodies were enraptured in worlds of total pleasure-filled bliss. With the White Queen still holding onto her, Angela could feel her cunt as it was filled alongside her body with a wave of static euphoria that overflows every nerve in her body with something that couldn't be described with mortal words. As for Emma, each load that was pumped out of her cock and into Angela's body pushed her Mutant strength to new levels.

What was supposed to be an Asgardian Goddess felt small and weak in her arms. It overpowered Emma's mind with pride and lust as she managed to deliver a few more thrusts into Angela's quaking body that utterly destroyed her, all before the burst of energy suddenly ceased, and both women fell to the floor.

Once the smoke had cleared, the realtor from before looked down at them from the hole in the ceiling. His face twisted into a look of concern and confusion before it suddenly turned red when he saw the state both women were in. Still, with a shaking voice, he manages to mutter, "M-Mrs. Frost?"

Emma, through half-lidded eyes, looked up at the man. "Oh, you're still here." She quickly sits up. "I'll take the building, as is."