

Ever since all these multiversal and time shenanigans began, Emma was forced into a deeper leadership role on Krakoa.

She, along with Magneto, helped to guide Mutants into this new and strange day and age, and things honestly couldn't be better.

Thanks to her ties with the Hellfire Trading Company, Krakoa had become an economic superpower. Nations from around the world came to bargain and benefit from the natural wonders the island nation produced. As a result, there were always attempts to bribe her.

It wasn't uncommon for CEOs, politicians, and those in power to leave conversations with Emma feeling frustrated. She was simply someone who could never be bought off. Perhaps, in her younger years, when she thought she had something to prove, she would rise to meet the occasional bribe. Now, with the power she had at her disposal, she didn't need anything humanity could offer her. And it was all thanks to her dramatic growth in independence.... And Cerebro.

Emma would never admit it out loud, but using Cerebro practically felt like cheating. With Charles out of the picture, she was the next best telepath to step up and use it, and what a wonder it is to be connected to nearly every single mind on Earth and even beyond. It was an almost spiritual experience for her as she grasped the minds of so many people. It was also an effective means of gathering information.

Usually, if Charles were to be using the device, he would always respect the boundaries of those he mentally sensed. Emma had a slightly different approach. She operated based on not looking into the minds of anyone she considered a friend, and given that her circle of friends was exceedingly small, that left the entire world at her disposal. And what an experience it is.

"My wife-"

"He took-"

"Destiny incarnate!-"

"Yeah, right there!-"

It took her a while, but Emma eventually managed to figure out how to surf the minds of everyone on Earth with relative ease. Despite that, however, she knew it was still a dangerous weapon in the wrong hands. That's why she had the device installed deep underneath Krakoa, near its very heart.

It was a dark and isolated chamber. The only things Emma needed were the helmet and a cushy chair to lounge in. It wasn't much, but it was everything the White Queen needed to comfortably go through the minds of everyone on the planet.

In between looking out the eyes of every mind she read, Emma could feel the silent ambiance of the chamber being disturbed. It was a subtle sound, but through the silence, she could hear cracking going up the wall beside her. It puts her on edge, but she remains seated anyway. If anyone was going to try anything here, then they severely underestimated the might of Cerebro. Soon after, however, as a sudden cold breeze blows through the chamber, Emma quickly recognizes who it is.

"Hela."

A menacing laughter echoes through the room, nearly vibrating the impervious walls that surround them.

A pair of glowing green eyes looks down at Emma through the darkness. They seem amused and curious at the lack of anything from the White Queen at the moment. Eventually, a long, curvy leg clad in dark green armor steps out, followed by another, before the God of death emerges to reveal herself.

"Fascinating. I never knew a mortal such as yourself would be able to detect my presence." Hela remarks as her cold, almost lifeless voice rings out through the chamber.

"You would be quite surprised at the things my people can do, even to supposed Gods of death. In my time, we've run into plenty of those and each and every time we've sent them packing with their tails tucked between their legs." Emma responds, almost just as cold as Hela.

Another fit of laughter comes from Hela in that moment as she takes another step toward Emma. "Such hostility, even though you already know I mean you no harm." Hela keeps things calm and comfortable, although Emma still doesn't trust her. She nevertheless allows the God of death to step forward closer toward her, until she's looking directly down at her as she remains seated.

"You want information." Emma is right on the mark as she peers up at Hela through Cerebro. "Oh? Could it be that the God of death isn't as knowledgeable as she claims to be?" Emma pushes after that, quickly causing Hela's smile to falter slightly.

"I came here in good faith, I can just as well come here for your head." Hela's voice drips with poison as she forms one of her blades. It's sharp, probably sharp enough to cut through her diamond form. But despite the danger she presented, Emma quickly turns the situation around, emerging as the calm one.

"Relax, darling. Plenty of people have come to me begging for help, and some God is no different." Emma continues to smile. "But I trust you already have something to bargain with. Although I would encourage you to be careful. I already have a series of Asgardian artifacts in my collection, or I believe now in this case, Yggsgardian artifacts." Emma lets it all loose fast and quickly, but Hela understands.

She gets rid of the dagger and instead reaches down with one of her hands to brush across Emma's inner thigh. "I cannot lie and say that I have nothing to bargain with, but I believe both of us already know what you are really looking for." Hela's smile grows more sinister, and there's a voice in the back of Emma's mind telling her this isn't a good idea.... However, God pussy was still God pussy.

"Fine then, Hela." Emma decides, and Hela quickly grows more smug. "I'll give you the information that you want, that is, if you can keep up with me." Emma adds that last bit, catching Hela off guard. She nevertheless rebounds and almost seems amused by that part of the offer.

"It will be YOU who will be struggling to keep up. I am the God of death, and you are but a mere mortal in my presence. How can YOU believe you stand any sort of chance against me?" Hela laughs. At the same time, she loosens her outfit, exposing more of her Yggsgardian bust, giving Emma a perfect sight that she's sure nobody has seen in ages.

"Well, darling. That's what the help is for." Emma smiles. Hela's confused if only for a moment before she's suddenly turned and brought into a tight and intimate kiss with another Emma!

The God of death glances over toward the other one, who remains seated with Cerebro. She then turns back to the one who was pushing her tongue into her mouth while leaning into her, making her, of all people, feel helpless!

"What is this?!" Hela tries to shout, only for it to be muffled by the other Emma's lips.

"It's what happens when you try to take the White Queen for a ride, you end up getting ridden." Emma communicates telepathically as she watches her doppelganger have her way with Hela. That wasn't to say that it wasn't consensual. Emma could feel that arousal coming off of Hela's thoughts, only for those thoughts and feelings to suddenly boom when she turned up the heat.

Emma's erection, hidden behind her lower garments, begs for attention. Still, the most Emma does is reach down a hand and rub at it, getting it nice and fully hard in a matter of moments. At the same time, she watches as the other Emma grinds her covered dick into Hela's front. The White Queen surprisingly stood taller than the God of death, so she was able to pull her in close and continue to kiss her while she reached down with her other hand to finally pull out her cock.

Hela's eyes go wide when she sees the thing. Even a God such as herself was taken off guard by its sheer size. No other God or mortal had been able to present her with such a delicious piece of fuck meat. That hunger only grows deeper when Emma forces her down onto her knees, getting her to eye level with her heavy fuck staff as she waves it around in her face.

"Cock shocked, hm? Don't worry, it's a typical reaction to have when faced with the White Queen's TRUE power." Emma mocks. She can feel frustration and embarrassment flow within Hela's mind as she hears her, and yet, she remains subservient, more than happy to get her face up nice and close with her cock.

"Fine. If you wish to receive oral pleasure from the God of death, then I shall suck your soul from your body!" Hela announces before taking the head of Emma's cock past her lips. She soon pushes the rest of it down, even going so far as to swallow it. It isn't long, however, until the same God of death starts gagging and coughing as she struggles with just how big Emma's dick is.

"Having trouble down there, darling?" Emma asks, and Hela glares back up at her. She continues to suck and slurp as well as she can, at the same time flashing an occasional glance over toward the real Emma, who continues to watch them both. She's pulled deeper in when she sees the real White Queen pull out her cock and begin to stroke herself off. The only way she snapped out of whatever aroused train of thought she found herself going down was when Emma suddenly reached out and grabbed her helmet.

"Handlebars, how remarkable." Emma hums as she settles herself down in Hela's throat. She pushes herself all the way in until her nose pushes into her waist, and her thick, cum-filled balls press into her chin. Hela looks up at Emma, her green eyes burning with rage and lust. But soon enough, her lungs start to ache, and she begins to reach her limit. She's about to reach out and grab Emma by her thigh to try and pry herself free. But it was Emma who soon pulled free from her Nordic maw only to plunge herself back in just as hard.

"GLKGLK!"

"Hnnnh...."

Hela lets out a gurgled cry while Emma lets out a pleased groan. Hela's hands quickly snap to Emma's thighs, but the White Queen doesn't let up. She instead begins pounding her hips back and forth wildly, using the horns on Hela's helmet as leverage to really force herself down in there.

"GLK! GLK! GLAK! GLKR! REGLK! GLK! GGRGLK!" Hela tries to fight back, but through a combination of her own arousal and Emma's sheer dominance, she's left helpless at the hands of the woman who used her face no better than a flesh light. It was humiliating in all possible ways, but it turned Hela on so much as well, creating a warmth inside herself that soothed even her own cold body.

"My my- ngh. Such unbecoming noises of a supposed God." Emma, on the chair, giggles. Her hand continues to dart up and down her cock, working it firmly in her grip while taking in such a beautiful sight. The God of death was entranced by her cock.

It made her dick that much harder as she saw it all unfold.

Hela, on the other hand, was struggling to keep up. Emma was working with pure power as she plowed her dick down her gullet. She's able to easily control her head, giving the once-proud God little to no chance of actually turning things around. But as things progressed, that idea didn't seem all that bad to Hela, the more she thought about it.

This wasn't her proudest moment by any means, but she would be a liar to deny the beauty Emma had. She didn't know if it was just the arousal overtaking her mind, but seeing her blonde hair and facial structure reminded her of Nordic heroes and villains she fell in love with in the past, man and woman alike. But eventually, after plowing her dick down her face long enough, Emma began to feel her limits being reached. As a result, she picked things up drastically.

While avoiding stabbing herself on Hela's helmet, she leaned over her head to pound her dick directly down her face. Hela herself struggles with it for a minute, but eventually finds the rhythm and works things out. This gives her the chance to reach down with one of her hands to begin toying with herself after shifting around more of her costume to expose more of her body.

Hela's cunt was already soaked through, so she didn't waste any time getting two of her digits inside. She's quick to start finger fucking herself from that point forward as she quickly scratches that itch that had begun to grow the moment Emma really started laying into her gullet. It made her feel like a whore to act in such a way. She was a God, not some cheap tramp. But she guessed this was what she had asked for when she decided to come to Emma. From what she had heard about the woman, she found her to be somewhat similar to herself. So she offered something only she would want: the chance to dominate, and as the White Queen got her last few thrusts in, she could feel it all in full force.

"GGNH! Get ready, darling!" Emma slams her hips back and forth, moaning out the warning. Hela quickly discovers it was on short notice as the moment the words leave her mouth, she's

bombarded with a series of hot and sticky blasts of cum that fill up her mouth and eventually pour down her throat.

"GGGLRRRKLK!!!!" Hela's eyes nearly roll into the back of her head as her airway is blocked. She knows she could easily send Emma back flying with her strength. Yet, her natural instinct is to continue giving herself over to the smug woman above her. It was as conflicting as it was troubling for her as she tried to keep calm. It's only when Emma finally finishes that she pulls her spit-slick member from her lips.

"Wonderful! A truly GODLY oral experience, darling. But I don't think you're quite done yet." Emma, still lounging on the chair, rises to her feet. Her dick was as hard as it was going to get, almost looking like it was fit to burst right there on the spot while she came to stand above Hela, who continued to catch her breath. It was in those moments that her helmet fell away, revealing her head of long black hair. After that, it's the rest of her outfit, completely exposing Hela's near-perfect and pale, plump body to Emma.

"W-What did you say?" Hela rasps as the duplicate Emma fades away, leaving only her and the real deal. Her face was a mess of cum, spit, and other fluids that smeared down her makeup. Yet, despite that, the God of death still managed to flash a deadly glare that nearly put Emma on the back foot if she hadn't been quick to take back control. This time, she does it by turning Hela around and leaning down on her from behind.

"What was it that you said, you'd suck the soul right from my body? Well, let's see if your cunt will fare any better." Emma says before pounding her dick forward into Hela's gushing entrance.

"GOOOOGGGHHHHHHHH!!!!" Hela screams as in one fell moment, she goes from baying for dick, to being completely filled enough to the point that there's even a little bulge in her stomach when Emma fully hilt herself inside her. It's a Godly experience for both of them in that moment. For Emma, it was simply the fact that she was fucking a God, but for Hela, her mind nearly shatters from the rapturous pleasure that overtakes her.

The White Queen is quick, however, to kick things off right from the start. There's no more foreplay at this point, so she just starts pounding, tearing into Hela's cunt with precision and power. Her mammoth-sized member managed to hit all the right places, as if it were directly aiming for them, and in those moments when Hela felt like reality itself was being turned upside down, she believed it.

"Hope you don't mind, darling! Mngh! But I plan on taking my time, it isn't every day a God puts herself out to me." Emma grunts, letting out a loose chuckle just to rub it in that bit more.

"Y-You dare!? Do you know who I- NNNNGHHHOOOOOO!!!!" A sudden orgasm rockets itself out from Hela, completely frying her words and mind until she was no better than a moaning, screaming mess, filled with the best pleasure and best dick anyone could ask for. It was the lack of respect combined with everything else that made Hela completely submit to the White Queen. She might have been the God of death, but she still fell to the same kind of pleasures as anyone else.

"I know who you are- Mngh! But it's time I burned the memory of me into you! Ngh! And I'll do that, with my cock!" Emma roars as her body suddenly flashes, and she's in her diamond form. Her thrusts, which would already be devastating to anyone who took them, grew stronger AND faster as she continued holding onto Hela's arms for support.

Emma shifts all that arousal into going even harder than before, enough to the point that she would even strain her diamond form, which could take just about anything. It's the least she could do since Hela, of all people, should be able to take it; she was a God after all.

"GGNNNNNNNGGHHHHHHHHHHOOOOOOO SLLLOOOOOOWWWWWWWW!!!!!"

A screaming God, but still a God nonetheless.

"Don't try to hide it, darling. Tell me how much you love my cock!" Emma roars, throwing Hela for a loop as the words nearly come out of her automatically. She has to bite her tongue, but from the continued and increasingly devastating pressure coming from Emma, it was only a matter of time until....

"YESH! FUCK MY GODLY PUSSY! ANILIATE IT WITH YOUR FAT COCK!" Hela screams, and Emma does just that. She speeds up her thrusting until she's going as fast as she can, creating enough pleasure and arousal while still connected to Cerebro that certain people across the world began to feel it. It wasn't just anybody, however.

Susan Storm collapsed into a heap on her lab floor as an orgasm rocketed out of her.

Sai is about to slice through some Oni when her legs suddenly give out from under her, and she collapses at the feeling of being filled by a dick.

Even on Mars, Storm is going through some old Mutant writings when she has to rush to find some privacy to help handle the arousal burning her.

Everyone who has felt the strength and power of Emma's cock in that moment felt her member back inside them, pounding and reaming them out, pushing them to cum more violently than ever before. It was thanks to Cerebro that Emma's powers could reach such an effect, and as her own impending orgasm slowly rears its head, her powers only grow stronger.

"Yes! Here it comes! I'm about to fill you with my Mutant cum!" Emma moans before plowing herself as deep in as she can go, fully hilted to the point that her dick goes colliding up against the entrance to her womb. It's something that completely ruptures whatever sanity Hela had left as she cums as well, except her orgasm comes with a powerful blast that nearly sends Emma flying back if she hadn't kept up her grip on Hela's body.

"FFFFUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCCCCCCCCCKKKKKKKK!!!!" Hela howls like a banshee as her cunt nearly explodes. Her screams could be heard from the very surface of Krakoa, enough to cause quite a stir.

Hela finally has had enough and falls to the floor as both she and Emma come down from their respective aroused highs. Even Emma herself is taken off guard by it all as her cock finishes filling Hela to the brim with seed.

"Ha.... Ha.... Good Lord...." Emma pants as she clambers to her feet and flashes back out of her diamond form. She has to take a moment to compose herself before looking down at Hela.

She almost looked like an entirely different woman. Long gone was the Godly elegance that could put even someone like Emma to shame in the fashion world. Now, it was replaced with the familiar look of someone who severely underestimated the White Queen. It was something that Emma found particularly annoying for a while before she started having moments like these.

Regardless, with Cerebro still on her head, Emma stammers back to her seat and throws herself back down over it. Hela had taken a whole lot out of her, and whether it'd be due to her powers as a God, or if it was Emma who underestimated Hela, the White Queen needed to catch her breath while watching as the God of death recovered.

"There.... Are you happy now?" Hela asks as she turns back toward Emma. Her green eyes were burning with a fiery rage as she gazed at the White Queen. Emma's first instinct in this case was to flash back with some snarky or sarcastic response. Still, her time as a woman in power taught her to be wary of the look Hela was giving her now. And so, within a single second, Emma mentally shoots over the information Hela was looking for over to her.

For a moment, Hela's fiery rage seems quelled once the information hits her. It takes some time, but she eventually rises to her feet and turns her attention back down toward Emma.

"Thank you for the information, Frost. You have been most helpful." Hela's smile shines with a sinister intent, making Emma think that she might have made a mistake in this case. But before she can do anything about it, Hela suddenly transforms into one of her crows and flies off, going back into the darkness of the chamber Emma once found herself peacefully alone in. However, now the White Queen was faced with quite a dilemma.

"I don't have to do anything. He can handle himself." Emma thinks to herself, but it's not enough.

"Oh, damn it." Emma huffs before opening a direct mental line of communication with Hela's more reasonable brother.

"Thor. I just thought you should know that Hela came around looking for information on your host, Donald Blake."