

Marvel: Upgrading Death 34 - General's Promotion, Earth's Dilemma, Kael's Adventure & A Crazy Messenger

Xandar, Nova Empire,

"What?!"

Nova Prime stood up so fast that her chair got thrown away and struck the glass window behind her.

"This must be a joke. He took over the Kree Empire?"

"Yes, Nova Prime. He now rules as Emperor of the Kree Empire. His first order was to end all expansion, secure what they already hold, and bring the remaining forces home to be reassigned to the farming worlds."

"..."

Nova Prime stared dumbly at her secretary's face. It was simply too unreasonable to think that a single man possessed the power to do that. Besides, the Kree Empire was run by an artificial intelligence. How could one stop that? And the bigger question: how was the transition so smooth?

"Did the Kree accept him?"

"They have been quite open, Nova Prime. Our reports confirm that the First Man has already delivered his first address across the Empire. The corrupt nobles were executed, and those Kree who seek peace and stability have been placed into new roles.

"Their system is shifting away from AI control toward a parliamentary structure, with each inhabited system electing a representative. It will still stand as a constitutional monarchy, with the First Man holding final authority over those who might stray."

Irani Rael had no words to say. They were planning to force Dino Corp and the Kree Empire into a conflict. But even before that, the Kree had fallen. Now, combining both the Kree and Dino Corp under one single man, it stood as the most powerful entity in the universe. And the First Man as the most powerful man.

"We..." She paused, choosing her tone carefully. "We should send an envoy and hear his intentions directly. If he moves to expand, we may need to turn to the Shi'ar."

"Understood, Nova Prime."

Irani Rael sighed and pulled her seat again, sitting alone in her office and wondering what sort of man this First Man was.

####

Creak! Creak! Creak!

"Goddamn! Blue pussy is the best! But that face... I swear I've seen it before!"

Minn-Erva paid no mind to what the Emperor babbled. How many hours had it been since he took her? She couldn't bother; the pleasure, the sting, the soreness was too much. She had surrendered, given up to this delicious pleasure.

Truly, being a General of the Kree Empire was amazing if this were a perk. Getting pounded by the Emperor himself.

In a blur, she found herself dangling in his arms, his powerful arms under her knees, his wide palms on her ass. It felt like she would have palm prints there forever. The sheer strength in those hands made her feel impossibly small, weightless, completely at his mercy as he held her suspended like a toy.

She stared at his face as he drilled her, sloshing, pumping into her pussy at blinding speed. She didn't have to do anything; he moved her, threw her in the air, snapped his hips, and grounded each thrust so deep she felt it in her womb.

Every brutal plunge stretched her aching walls around his relentless cock, the wet sounds of her soaked cunt echoing with each blinding impact.

Plap! Plap!

"Aaah!"

Minn-Erva saw stars. Her head hung back, her tongue lolling out, utterly weak in his arms. She heard his grunts, his words, each one vibrating through her overstimulated body as her vision blurred with overwhelming ecstasy.

"Ungh! Ungh!"

"There we go!" He grunted.

Once again, she felt him fill her with his seed. There was so much that the entire room reeked of it. The hot, thick swell of his cream flooded deep inside, pressing against her soaked inner walls as it stuffed every inch of her, scorching hot on her sensitive areas. She paid no mind; the First Man had said his seed wouldn't work on her.

"Ungh!"

She suddenly climaxed from that sensation alone. Her body seizing up each time, it almost broke her. Tears pooled in her eyes, her swaying hair a wild mess, the blue sheen of sweat on her belly glistened as her back arched.

She rammed her lips on his, hungrily spilling her tongue into his mouth and kissing his face fiercely. She really wouldn't mind holding onto that seed if she could, the thought flashing through her bliss-drunk mind even as her body spasmed around his pulsing cock.

There was so much she could feel it slipping, sliding down the cobalt curve of her ass in creamy rivulets and dripping to the floor. Yet the First Man was still plowing into her, throwing her body while laughing like a madman, declaring how amazing blue women were.

While it made her happy, she wondered who the other one was.

"Alright, a change!"

Suddenly, she heard him order, and found herself being lowered.

Before long, Minn-Erva had her back on the carpeted floor, her strong legs thrown up all the way until her lower back arched and lifted off the ground. His powerful hands gripped her thighs firmly, keeping her hips raised high towards the ceiling. Her dripping, cum-filled pussy completely exposed and presented to him.

"Now we call this the good ol' piledriver!" he declared.

"Ah—Ooooooh!"

She nearly choked when his swollen tip poked her anal hole, but then he slid into her battered pussy instead.

The sudden, thick invasion made her gasp as she had the prime view of his face, his fat cock stretching her open right in front of her eyes. It was hard to believe her once-tight blue pussy lips had actually turned a swollen, bruised pink-purple from the hours of relentless pounding.

"Aaaaaaaah! So deep!" She yelped.

"Damn right!"

Minn-Erva watched as her own cunt stretched around him. Her splayed petals gripping and clinging to every veiny inch as he pulled back, only to slam home again with a wet, nasty squelch. Her pussy lips dragged along his shaft, puffy and glistening, sucking at him desperately.

She stared up at his face, that wild grin splitting his lips. While her entire body dripped with sweat, not a single bead formed on the First Man's skin. She realized he was just that powerful, he could go on for this long without rest.

Her eyelids were getting heavy. Her body was aching everywhere, thighs burning, belly throbbing, pussy sore and overstuffed. This was harder than any brutal physical training she had endured in the Kree military. Yet this... this was the most fun she had ever had.

"Aaaaaah! I'm coming!"

She came again, harder this time.

A full, shameful squirt exploding out of her like a messy fountain. Clear nectar gushed around his pistoning cock, spraying across his chest and arcing all the way up to splash against his grinning face. Again and again, it squashed and splattered each time he plunged in.

Slick! Plap! Spurt!

But that didn't stop him.

"Baaaah! Ain't that the fountain of youth!"

She heard him laugh like a madman and plow even harder, grinding his cock so impossibly deep she felt it in her stomach, shifting her insides. She could swear she saw the thick bulge of his cock moving under her blue skin with every savage thrust.

And then she felt it again. He tightened again, his flesh rod flexing hard inside her, and instead of him moaning, she did.

A broken, blissful cry tore from her throat. "Oooooooh! Soo—Much!"

So absurdly much white batter flooded into her that she lost count completely. She cried out in pure bliss, eyes squeezed shut as he ground deep and unleashed another massive gush.

The thick cream sloshed inside her overstuffed cunt while he fucked her brutally into the carpet. Their flesh smacked wetly, the sound of soaked skin slapping together filling the room as excess batter bubbled and frothed around his shaft with every thrust.

Squelch! Plap!

"Time to end this... with a good old sloppy suck."

Immediately, the First Man lay down flat on that same carpet.

With a casual flick of his will, some invisible telekinetic force lifted her limp, cum-drenched body. He maneuvered her upright and settled her on her hands and knees between his spread legs, her face hovering right above his still-throbbing, wet cock.

Minn-Erva knew this was sex for the sake of sex. Her body was being used purely for his pleasure. She quickly steadied her ragged breathing and gobbled his cock down without hesitation. She didn't mind this sort of use at all. In fact, the thought made her freshly-fucked pussy clench with needy heat.

Gluk! Gluk!

She was soaked in sweat and juices, her hair plastered to her face. Her ruined pussy leaked so much it felt like a river of his thick batter, creamy rivulets running down her thighs, ticklish and sticky. Her throat was jam-packed with his unrelenting meat rod that refused to calm down. Not even the strongest Kree warriors could last this long.

Were all humans like this, she wondered.

Slurp! Ghk! Slurp!

She licked, suckled, and slurped greedily, taking his heavy balls into her mouth one by one while her hands stroked the slick length of his cock. She let the mix of cum and spit accumulate thickly in her mouth, then deliberately let it fall in messy waterfalls, soaking his cock and balls in sticky, scent-heavy filth. It was dirty, musky, and delicious.

"Grrk!"

She finally tried to take him deeper, pushing until her lips strained toward the base. But she couldn't quite reach.

"I'll help."

"Gluk!"

Minn-Erva felt the First Man's powerful legs wrap around her head, locking her in place, and she gave in completely. Finally, her stretched lips touched his scratchy hairs as he forced her all the way down. At the same time, she felt him so deep, throbbing far beyond the edge of her throat. She couldn't breathe; her eyes grew wide with shock and filthy delight.

Her throat's desperate attempts to breathe only massaged and rippled around his cock further, squeezing and milking him like a pulsing sleeve.

Just before she passed out, he freed her. She gasped in a desperate lungful of air, only to immediately dive back down and resume the sloppy suckles with hungry desperation.

Marshall repeated the torment again and again, choking her throat full until her vision spotted, then releasing her just long enough for her to cough and sputter before forcing her back down.

Each time her throat rippled and kneaded his shaft harder, her eyes watering, drool cascading in thick ropes over his balls and thighs.

"A perfect little—cocksleeve, General," Marshall growled between ragged breaths. "That greedy blue throat works... like... Magic!"

"Aggggh!" Finally, Marshall exploded in her mouth with a guttural roar.

Thick, hot ropes of batter erupted straight down her throat. She tried her best to swallow every pulse, gulping frantically, but some still overflowed, frothing around her stretched lips and

dripping messily down her chin. She felt full, their juices already sloshing deep in her pussy and now flooding her throat and belly as well.

Her blue cheeks puffed out from the sheer volume, and she gulped it all down. The heavy seeds coated her gullet in a warm, clinging layer that refused to go down easily.

By the time his powerful legs finally released her head, his cock slipped free of her ruined mouth with a squelch and slapped heavily against his thigh.

Her face landed flat on his still-throbbing, cum-soaked cock, the mess coating her cheeks, lips, and matted hair. She just lay there, utterly spent, using his massive, warm shaft as a pillow and nuzzling into it, breathing in the thick, musky scent of their combined filth.

"Mm... Are all... humans like this, Your Majesty?" she muttered, panting and exhausted, body trembling with exhaustion.

"Hah? Humans? I ain't one, girlie."

"Oh?"

She asked nothing more. That explained everything. This meant the First Man ruled not only the Kree but also the humans and the Dino Corp. Getting to sleep with such a being was really an unimaginable privilege, she reckoned. A hazy smile tugging at her cum-smearred lips.

"You're gonna be the Grand General of the Kree Empire now. Directly under me, more ways than one. You'll report to me and work with Dino Corp," Marshall said casually.

She cooed softly, a shiver of delight running through her wrecked body at the instant ladder climb in her career. Truly, pretty privilege was the greatest power in the galaxy.

"Understood, Emperor."

####

Earth,

It was as if the 21st century didn't just change the date but also the world. The alien invasion that all feared was halted by the arrival of Dino Corp's massive fleet.

But that also marked the time the entire world was told about aliens. Until then, it was a mere theory. An open secret. Those with half a brain knew that aliens existed. But the governments never accepted it.

With the signing of the UN resolution, it was now a global, official standing that aliens were real, and they were strong as fuck. At first, it led to some chaos. There was no shortage of fools in any nation.

Eventually, the Dino Corp's ships descended onto an island in the Mediterranean Sea. The island had been handed over to the Dino Corp to turn into their supply base. It was also where the Dino Corp set up their embassy, which was in truth a shop where governments and companies could buy things from them. From tech to information. But it had to be first approved by Dinosia, as tech too advanced could endanger the planet.

Meanwhile, at eighty-three, Howard Stark became the US President. The man had no interest in politics, but he did it simply to keep control of the country in the small group that was established by the now-deceased Chester Phillips. The group had been in power since before World War II, and by now, they had done everything to keep private interests out of the White House.

Private interests that aimed to favor monopolies or harm the country. It was in many ways a gift from the First Man. First Man was a god who was present, and that made scaring enemies easier. Congress also feared the First Man, having suffered the purge once, just like the recent Soviet Union and the Chinese communist party.

Even now, Howard was a citizen of Dinosia. But with his dual citizenship, he was able to stand in the election. Normally, it would cause a scandal. But in his case, it was a boon. Like a stamp of approval to Americans that he was worthy.

Yet, in the center of it was Dinosia. The sole nation that was acting as the unifier of the world. Because Dino Corp received its approval from Dinosia, it became a national interest of all nations to please the land of the First Man.

Instead of protesting and taking the risk of enraging the First Man, the nations chose to swallow their pride. Space technology was the hottest thing.

But soon enough, they learned that whatever they received, the entire world received. It was impossible to gain any upper hand with the alien tech. The entire planet was advancing at the same pace.

There was no longer a point in having a larger navy or army. As soon as spaceships appeared, it all became about who conquered space first.

Sadly, space was already conquered by the Dino Corp.

Slowly, the world started to realise the trap they had signed.

####

Northern Europe,

Kael loved roaming around the world with her best uncle, Marty. She could understand him, and that helped a lot.

"So you did hump the house?"

"Wraaagh-huf!"

"I know, Dad exaggerates all the time. But you did it," Kael replied, walking through the forest. "Anyway, Dad always says he'll find you a mate, but he never does. I'll do it once I learn to travel space, I promise, Uncle Marty."

Marty let out a cheerful roar.

"Rawr?"

"Me? I'm not looking for a mate. I don't want one. Besides, I'm sure Dad doesn't care either. And I doubt he won't kill whoever I choose. He's too protective of me."

"Grwaaaa!"

Just as they climbed a small ridge, they heard a roar. It wasn't from Marty, so both of them looked into the distance and saw a fight between bears on another mountain. It was a mama brown bear with two little cubs, fighting off a larger male brown bear who was likely trying to eat the cubs.

"We should help!" Kael decided.

"Gruff~"

"I know it's the natural order. But Dad would have helped, I know."

To that, even Marty couldn't refuse. The First Man didn't give a damn about natural order or anything else. Besides, the man loved animals. So, he agreed, and soon enough, Kael was flying, dragging him into the air with her confusing, limitless powers.

As soon as they landed on the other mountain, Marty let out a loud roar towards the male bear, scaring the poor guy away. Behind, the mama bear was also scared, covering the little cubs. But then Kael did something even Marty didn't understand.

She spoke with the bear. She spoke in human words, yet there seemed to be a response anyway. The mama bear relaxed instantly and allowed the two cubs to run to Kael and jump into her welcoming arms.

"They're so adorable! And fluffy! Awwww!" Kael hugged the two cubs.

Marty sat there on his T-Rex ass and watched. Mama bear also sat beside him soon after, watching Kael.

"That's it!" Kael finally turned, two cubs in her arms, both babies grinning with their tongues out. "We're helping them. The mama bear is on her way to the feeding grounds to prepare for hibernation. We're going to help."

At that point, Marty just nodded. There was no denying Kael.

#####

Dinosia,

Marshall returned home as if nothing had happened. He just appeared and went to sleep with Hela. The next day, he woke up, got dressed in his swimming trunks, and relaxed in the rooftop pool with a nice, strong martini.

Sadly, he couldn't get drunk.

"So, you're saying you took over a galactic empire?" Helvar asked, jaw agape.

"Damn right I fucking did. Rammed straight through their goddamn AI overlord and tore its circuits to bloody shreds," Marshall snarled, cramming French fries down his throat. "Mm... Shit, this tastes fucking amazing. Your wife cooks like a damn goddess. Lucky you yanked her away from that red asshole Mephisto."

"I didn't snatch her, Dad. We love each other."

"Sure, sure, and I'm a virgin."

"Forget that, Dad. I wanted to ask you something." Helvar scooted closer in the water to his father's duck-shaped floatie. "So, since you rule pretty much half or some part of the universe, can I take Mephisto on a date somewhere? I... want to see other planets."

"Sure, why not. Go ahead. Dino Corp will haul your ass wherever the hell you want. Family privileges."

Woosh!

Helvar suddenly dived on Marshall and hugged him, splashing water on his bucket of crunchy French fries, annoying him.

"Ugh... Run before I spank your ass! Dammit, I need chicken nuggets now." Marshall groaned and waved to one of the Angels manning the bar that day.

He relaxed the whole day like that. Sunbathing, listening to music, watching naked Angels take a dip, and chatting with whoever came over to chat.

When evening came, he gathered with his huge family in the living hall. There was a TV showing a new movie called American Psycho. He didn't like it, it was boring as hell. What was so good about killing people? It was dull as fuck. He'd done it so much.

Knock! Knock!

Right then, someone knocked on the door of the hall. Only one being bored, he looked and saw his favorite nerds standing there. Howard, Pym, his wife, and there was also Tony this time. He quickly left the movie.

"Tell me you cracked it."

"We have, Your Holiness," Howard revealed, grinning. "In fact, we've already locked onto the location of one Celestial."

Marshall beamed up. "Boys, I'd kiss you if I had tits. Where the fuck is it? Where's that slimy bastard hiding?"

"We don't know the exact location. Only the general direction. You'll need to get aboard the Dino Corp ship and triangulate it yourself. What I can tell you is this: take this tracker when you go after that Celestial. It'll help you find the others."

Marshall rubbed his hands. "Where's the device?"

"It's the size of a room, your holiness."

"Ah, alright. I'll send Dino Corp's goddamn nerds to shrink that shit. I need it tiny enough to fit in the palm of my hand," Marshall declared and turned around. "Now, I'm gonna have dinner with my family. Get it smaller by tomorrow. I'll go on a hunt."

#####

Marshall had to sit through the entire movie before everyone decided to eat dinner. It was rare for him to see everyone there, so he didn't mind the wait. Having Hela on his right, Helvar on his left, and then everyone around, from his children to friends.

It warmed even his old heart. And now he could appreciate this without voices in his head telling him to kill them all or himself.

"Dad, I'll try to fly tomorrow. Be there for me!" Diana asked, his daughter with Angela, the now bisexual angel.

"I can already fly," said Zen, the boy he had with Shalla-Bal.

Marshall chuckled. "Well, you're all better than Helvar here. The boy couldn't even walk straight for the first year."

"Dad, no child can." Helvar defended himself.

"You ain't an ordinary child. You came outta my damn coc—"

Before Marshall could finish his words, Hela shoved a spoonful of spaghetti into his mouth. He looked at his almost-wife and grinned, chewing.

"How's everything going, Azul? Nerds annoying you?"

"When do they not? But I tolerate. They are good people. People of Dinosia live longer and are healthier than the entire world because of them. Our food safety is not compromised like it is outside."

"Damn right, as it fucking shouldn't be," Marshall muttered, chomping. "But these humans pray to me. Ain't it my job to make sure they get good food? I'd make sure to feed the best grass to my mammoth babies, you bet your ass."

"It will be your job if you wish for it to be, Father," Azul replied.

"Hm, alright. Make it then."

Creak!

"Dad." Helvar got up right then. "I'll go early. Going to pack bags with Mephista for that space tour I talked about."

"Sure, go ahead. I'm bouncing too. Sniffed out a Celestial. This time I'm gonna rip their glowing assholes apart."

"..."

All those knowledgeable about Celestials at the table stopped and stared at Marshall. But that lasted five seconds as they resumed. This was another Tuesday. One does not try to make sense in that house.

Quickly, Marshall resumed chatting with the rest of his family. He had plenty to talk to Hela, as she revealed her recent visit to Asgard. It was after Odin nearly begged her. The reason was later found that Odin wanted to pass on his throne to her.

Hela refused, declaring that she was perfectly happy where she was. But he could tell that she was grumpy about it.

"And you, Kael?"

"Me? I helped a mama bear and her cubs with Uncle Marty."

What the fuck's Marty doing these days?

Marshall smiled and didn't comment. He'd long realised Kael was different, and he couldn't fight her verbally. The girl always knew what to say to shut him up.

"Ummmmh... Yummy!"

All of a sudden, Marshall heard a voice from his left again. The thing was, Helvar had left, and nobody should be there.

"Tasty stuff, but not chimichangas.... Wanna know my secret?"

Marshall stared at the masked man who'd appeared out of nowhere in his son's seat.

"Fuck it, here's my goddamn secret. I've got a wet pickle rammed up my ass, and nobody here's got an idea. Isn't that just exciting? God, I wish I could show it to you all."

All spoons had dropped by then except Marshall's.

"Who the fuck are you?!" Marshall demanded. The masked man was strapped in all leather.

"Oh, me? Fuck my ugly mug, holy shit, you're handsome as balls. Ah, I'm Deadpool, at your service, straight from the ass-end of space and time."

Marshall frowned. "I'm supposed to know you?"

"No, no! Fuck no, daddy. I came here to warn your holy hot ass. Don't kill the Celestials. They're important, or the whole Universe collapses. Anyway, who wants to watch me shove a fat, juicy pickle down my throat? Anybody?!"

Marshall never expected he'd say that string of words to anyone in his limitless life, as it usually applied to him. But at that moment, he couldn't help it.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?"