Marvel: Upgrading Death 16 - Aristotle, Angel & Dragon

[A/N: Some characters in this chapter use racially abusive language. It is meant to portray their character only.]

Logan, also dubbed as Wolverine by the First Man for some reason, had a new hobby. He cherished this new life and the people around him. He loved Rose, and she loved him back. And thanks to Lady Hela, Rose's aging had slowed enough that he could enjoy life with her at his own pace.

He truly feared losing Rose to age. Now, seeing his beautiful wife-to-be sit by a table and read books brought him peace.

"Come on, brother. Just one, alright? It's a damn beer, not a blood sacrifice."

Logan growled, cleaning the glass with a cloth as he manned the temple's terrace poolside bar. He mostly manned all the bars in the temple. It was mainly the First Man, his family, guests, and the priestesses using his free and willing service.

But he was barred from letting Helvar drink anything. Lady Hela was against it as she termed Helvar a teenager in Asgardian terms, despite the boy being nearly a century old.

“Sorry, bub. Not messin’ with your mom. I’ve seen what she does to folks who cross her,” Logan said, cleaning the glass without looking up.

"Fine, what the hell *can* I get then? There’s gotta be something. I’m dying of thirst here."

Logan paused for a moment, thought about it, and then knelt down to the fridge under the countertop. "Here."

"..."

"It's a damn milk bottle! What do I look like to you? Some drooling infant?"

"Not just any milk, bub. It's mammoth milk."

"Ugh!" Helvar winced away from the bottle. "Why'd you have it?"

"To make Milk Punch."

"What? The hell’s wrong with you? They taste fine with plain damn milk!"

"First Man brought it. Fine drink if you ask me. Your father's a genius."

"Ugh... Should’ve seen that coming. Dad’s so twisted he’d tug milk out of a lizard with teeth."

“Given his age, I’d say he’s already been there,” Logan muttered, and noticed a tall, dark-haired woman approaching. "So when’d you ever touch milk punch?”

"..."

Helvar shot a gaze behind and saw Hela approaching.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck!"

Logan held back a chuckle and watched a century-old teenager run away to save his ass from his millennia-old mother. As weird as things were, he loved this new life. Sure, the First Man was batshit insane, but again, who wouldn't be after living that long?

"Hey, Wolfie, can I get something to drink?"

Logan looked up at the woman, who was also dark-haired and wearing an extremely revealing outfit called a bikini. He loved Rose, he really did, but hell, he couldn't help but take a look at Selene's jugs. "Sure."

In fact, the pool was far fuller that day with the addition of so many so-called angels. And really, each one of them was drop-dead gorgeous, especially in their bikinis and those wings. Listening to them laugh and play in the water was… every man's fantasy.

And really, with so many women around, he got to make more drinks, experiment more. Though he still loved his bourbon the most.

Wooosh!

And right then, he saw the First Man arrive from the sky. After the battle with the Queen of Angels, the man had disappeared for a few days. And now, he returned with yet another woman by his side. One he had to say was a beauty.

While this one had skin as pale as snow and hair the same color, he noticed a certain pattern. Dark lipstick, large tits, black leather attire. Clearly, the First Man had a type.

Oh?

Then he noticed Lady Hela reacted so strongly towards the woman. She had ended Helvar's pursuit abruptly, her eyes widened.

This is gonna be interesting.

####

"M-My… My Lady!"

Thud!

Hela fell to one knee once she approached the woman beside Marshall. She dropped her head low in sheer reverence and submission.

"The hell's this, Hela? You praying or something? Get off your damn knees, she's a guest, not a damn queen."

Hela glared at her husband in all but name, as the man tried to pull her up.

"Peace, First Man. Hela remains one of my most devoted. It's been some time, Hela. I see you've found someone worthy of your fire."

Hela nodded, eyes full of reverence towards Lady Death, the true personification of death. "I have, Lady Death. We have a son and a daughter to be born soon."

"WHAT?! Holy flaming goat guts, Hela! Drag your mighty, gorgeous self over here!"

"..."

It was embarrassing to be called those names. But she knew better than most that Marshall's tongue had a mind of its own. Even as he kissed her right then and there, looking all happy.

She then focused back on Lady Death and glanced at Marshall. "Did you?"

"Yeah, I fucked her. She said she wants my spawn to see if it comes out swinging at gods."

"..."

Surprising herself, Hela felt delighted and proud of what Marshall had accomplished. Gaining Lady Death's attention was impossibly hard. And to attract her attention to a degree where she wishes to mate? Now that made Marshall likely the only man to do that.

"Good job." She patted Marshall's shoulder.

"Hah, I'll take that." Marshall barked a laugh and swaggered off to the bar, flapping a hand. "I told Death to stop by and show you a few tricks. Live it up."

Truly surprised by that, Hela looked back at Lady Death.

How many could claim they received personal teachings from Death itself? How many could even speak with her?

And yet here she was. Her man had made it all possible.

"So, what knowledge do you seek from the end itself?"

"I can choose?"

####

1917, Atlantic Sea,

Jake Hera Adonis could trace his heritage all the way back to Aristotle. He was as purebred Dinosian as they come. Heck, his family had never married an outsider, and that made him completely Dinosian from every side.

But he changed that. While on his state-funded world tour as a leading geologist, he met a Spanish woman. He fell in love, and it appeared she did too. One thing led to another, and in his third year on tour, he had a son.

Approaching the age of thirty-five, he decided to return home and settle down. Although he knew Dinosia's policies barred men and women from entry if they married outside, and allowed only if they left their spouse, he didn't worry. After all, his wife was also a renowned botanist. Though she was nervous about taking the test at Dinosia's Talent Office in Paris.

She passed the test with the highest score, and in mere days, they were holding first-class tickets to a ship taking them to New York. Sadly, it wasn't a Dinosian ship, so they had to settle for the mediocre ships of other nations.

Not that his wife hated it.

She was thrilled to have received her interim Dinosian citizenship. Now, all she had to do was reach the legendary nation and enroll in the university as a faculty member or a researcher. In three years, she'd be a full citizen.

"I can't wait to see your home. You said you have Aristotle's writings?"

Jake smiled, an arm over her shoulder as they watched the horizon from the ship's deck. "And many more things. Most I handed to the museum. They were too precious and I couldn't maintain them myself. But I still have special access to them."

"That's amazing, Jake. I—"

All of a sudden, the entire ship violently shook, and a very subtle and muffled boom echoed from under the water.

Pang! Pang!

A loud bell started to ring nearby. The ship came to a sudden halt and…

"No!" Jake panicked. "The ship's sinking!"

"Alexio!" His wife remembered their son.

Jake saw his wife run into the ship's lobby to reach their room. Their son was sleeping in there. He followed right behind her, but then another thud echoed. The ship shook violently.

"No!"

When he arrived in the room, he found his wife on the floor not far from the cradle, blood oozing from her head, a red mark on the bed's wooden frame corner. He rushed to hold her, but she was unconscious.

"Sir, quick! Head for the lifeboats!"

The sailor shouted through the open door and ran away to warn others.

Jake tried his best. He lifted his son from the cradle, placed him on his wife's chest, and then tried to lift both of them together in his arms. But he knew he wasn't built for physical work. Yet he found the strength to do it.

He walked, even if his legs wobbled. Tears rolled down his face when he noticed water already entering the lobby. They were on higher floors, and if water had reached them, it meant the ship was sinking extremely fast.

"No, no, no…"

He groaned, pouring out every ounce of strength in him. He hoped to reach that last door leading to the deck.

That was when the ship tilted against his wishes. Reaching that door became an uphill battle. With every second, that battle turned impossible.

Splash!

When he fell into the water, it had no bottom. He drowned instantly.

Burning tears in his eyes, he knew he couldn't save them both. Crushed, broken, he only held his son and swam up. But it was futile as there was no way up. The ship fully sank, and water started falling in from the top, from that open door.

And he… just sandwiched there in the water.

From dreams to death, in mere moments, a bright mind faded.

####

1917, White House,

“We might not even have to enter this damn war.” President Woodrow Wilson flung the newspaper onto the table. “Fine work, Marshall. Let Europe tear itself apart."

Thomas R. Marshall nodded relaxedly, seated in front of the table, being the Vice President. "Let's hope they react soon. It was hard to get them to believe the information, but they fell for it in the end. Hope Dinosia takes the bait now."

"Of course they will. For all the wisdom and superiority those Dinosians claim, they sure have none. They take in them negro and chinks and hope they'll stand proud?" President Wilson scoffed and took out a cigar. "Let them fight it out on that blasted island. If they fail, so be it; we won't be dragged into their ruin."

The Vice President nervously shifted in the chair. "We must be careful. Last time…"

"We're not the same anymore."

"But he is, Sir."

####

Dinosia,

"How the fuck you gonna know if you've never ridden one? That's like spitting on chocolate without ever letting it melt all sweet and sinful on your tongue." Marshall bluntly stated as he sat by the bar in the middle of the night. It was just him and the angel called Angela, very original. Turned out, she was Odin's daughter.

It was just the two of them. Marshall had been drinking since he arrived home. Angela had joined his side to discuss something. And one thing led to another, they ended up talking about cocks. As expected with Marshall around.

"Well, I'm not that ignorant. I've used—"

"Let me guess, a dildo? Ha! That lump of rubber doesn't even throb or heat up," Marshall barked, guzzling whiskey straight from the bottle. "Not that I've ever handled one, mind you. Just common goddamn sense."

Angela frowned, also sipping but more gently. "It throbs?"

"Hell yeah, it does. It throbs, tightens, swells up, flexes, heats like a forge, and shoots out like a damn geyser. Yup, one hell of a geyser."

Angela wobbled the glass, staring into it, her cheeks slightly flushed. "Hm. I suppose it does. But it isn't about the act itself. It's about doing it with a man. It feels wrong somehow—like how you'd feel if it were another man instead."

"Goddammit, I actually saw that in my head," Marshall groaned, grabbing another bottle. He really couldn't get drunk, no matter how much he drank. "But yeah, I feel you. Hold up, how about this?!"

All of a sudden, Marshall turned one of his fingers into a thick cock-like tentacle.

"That's…" Angela pursed her lips at the thing. "Interesting."

"I know, hell of a damn trick to get the ladies babbling. Though I like using my own tool better. These wriggly talons ain't for everyone. Hela snarls at 'em, says it feels like I'm letting someone else grope her. Selene, though, wicked little thing, wants 'em wrapped around her tight while I plunder every damned hole she owns."

"That's... a bit much," Angela muttered before sipping again. "Though, thinking about it, I wouldn't mind trying it at least once."

"Tentacles?"

"A man." Angela frowned slightly, as if testing the word itself. "Heven had none. Perhaps that shaped the way I see things. If I'm to understand the truth of it, I should experience it for myself."

"That's what I said, dammit. Go buzz around, sniff out a few handsome idiots, snag one, and get your sin on. Ain't a soul gonna give a damn about a night of fun."

"That's the thing, I don't want to," Angela muttered, leaning forward over the countertop, one elbow folded as she rested her head sideways on the palm. "If I'm going to try it, why not just go with the First Man?"

"..."

Marshall gawked at the woman. While she wasn't dressed in her golden armor, she was still gorgeous. She was dressed in that purple leotard-like thing. She still had the golden headgear that covered her forehead and had wings on the sides. Her eyes were green with geometric markings around the corners, the same color as her long red hair.

Now that she mentioned it, Marshall wondered why he hadn't expected that or tried it already. He somehow just imagined that she was Hela's sister and hence out of reach. It was a dumb thing to think, clearly.

"I'm game if you're game," he said, eyeing her for good this time. She had a body to die for, curvy, large, and soft breasts, plump hips, and… flaming red hair that… reminded him of Firehair.

"So? How do we do this?" She asked.

"In the bedroom." He declared and slapped the empty bottle on the table. He jumped off the seat and grabbed her hand. "So, what's it gonna be, sweetheart? The full buffet or just the plain scoop?"

"What?"

"What do you want? Just a roll on the bed and cock in pussy action, or the whole game? Kissing, eating, sucking, and fucking?"

Angela paused, her brow tightening. "I have never been asked that before. I suppose... all of it? Without the whole, it loses its worth."

"Damn right."

In no time, Marshall pulled her into a private bedroom. There were too many in the temple. Then he locked the door and looked at the red-haired supposed angel. She was as tall as him. "Rough or easy?"

"I don't think you can be rough with m—"

Rip!

Before she could finish speaking, he showed the rough. With a simple drag of his hand, he snatched her leotard at the neck and ripped it apart entirely off her body. And the view it left, it was enough to freeze Marshall for a moment.

Angela’s breasts stood proud, defying gravity with their lush weight, each one a creamy mound big enough to bury Marshall’s face and never come up for air. Her nipples a deep flesh-red, darker than her fiery hair. Tight, eager buttons, begging to be bitten. Her belly was taut with the faint ripple of abs, yet softening into hips that flared wide, framing an ass so plump and perfect it screamed to be pounded raw. Her thighs gleamed, muscular enough to crush his skull and make him thank her for it.

Marshall’s cock twitched harder just looking at her.

"Fucking hot! Odin sure knows how to make beautiful girls." Marshall cursed, ripping his own clothes apart. And he did rip them until he stood in nothing. "You said rough, so here it is."

Angela's eyes were glued to his threateningly fat and throbbing cock, the tip swollen red. She'd seen artificial ones, taken one in, but they weren't this big.

"Ah!"

Marshall shoved her back onto the bed, her body landing with a soft thud against the plush sheets.

Her legs sprawled open, their inner curves glistening with the faintest sheen of nervous sweat. They trembled slightly, betraying her bravado. Her body was a vision of angelic sin, every curve screaming sex, from the heavy swell of her breasts to the tight dip of her waist.

That made Marshall’s blood roar. The sight of her helplessly spread out sent a jolt straight to his cock, hard as steel.

“Umm… never used a big enough dildo, I guess,” Marshall muttered, his eyes fixed on her slit.

It was tight, a perfect hidden slit. So sleek, a long, snug line with her sensitive little nub peeking out like a shy jewel. Her pussy was still dry, its lips pressed together like a secret waiting to be forced out. He licked his lips, imagining how that tight seam would feel stretching around him, how it would weep under him. The thought made his cock throb harder.

Marshall crawled onto the bed, settling between her legs, his knees forcing hers apart with a rough nudge. Her thighs spread wide, exposing her completely, the air cool against her untouched core.

He loomed over her, his cock hanging heavy and threatening between them. He kept her legs pinned open, his knees like iron, ensuring she couldn’t close herself off. The sight of her splayed out, her powerful form at his mercy, made his pulse hammer. He was ready to make her feel every inch of what a man could do.

He looked down at her face, the golden headgear framing her features. Those geometric markings around her eyes glinting with an otherworldly charm, her red hair spilling across the sheets like liquid fire.

Her expression was a mix of curiosity and challenge.

"Mmm… A warrior's body." He muttered, his hands caressing her feminine abs. Then went up and massaged her breasts in each palm. They were big; they spilled so much between his fingers. So soft. He almost drooled.

"Mmmmh!" Angela moaned a surprised whimper, her body arching instinctively into his touch.

Her breath stifled as Marshall cock rubbed against her entrance, the girthy, hot length dragging across her dry slit, teasing her clit with slow, purposeful strokes.

He was toying with her, and she felt it. Every intentional grind, every pulse of his shaft against her sensitive folds. She let him, wanting to feel what this man, the First Man, could do to her. His hands on her breasts were rough, kneading her flesh with a hunger that sent shivers through her core. She didn’t mind his eager touch; it was all new, all thrilling. He was the first man to touch her like this.

“And this…” Marshall growled.

He leaned down, capturing her lips in a bruising kiss. His tongue invaded her mouth, wild and relentless.

She fought back, her tongue pushing against his, but she was no match for his hunger. Her lips parted wider, surrendering to the wet, sloppy dance. It was her first kiss with a man, and the raw intimacy of it, his heat, his taste, sent a shockwave through her, her body trembling under his iron grip.

Marshall deepened the kiss, devouring her like she was his last meal.

It was her first, and it hit Angela like a storm. Her eyes widened, irises flashing with shock and confusion. His tongue filled her mouth with a filthy, thrilling heat. It felt wrong, dirty, like a betrayal of everything she'd known. Yet, as his tongue tangled with hers, as his lips sucked hers raw, she liked it. Heven help her, she liked it.

The sensations were sparking through her nerves, making her chest tighten and her belly flutter. Her hands roamed his massive, muscled back with a hunger that slowly seeped through, fingers digging into the hard planes of his shoulders.

His cock, still rubbing against her pussy, sent jolts through her, teasing her dry slit into a faint, hesitant slickness. She gasped into his mouth, overwhelmed by the sinful need blooming inside her.

"Mmm… oh… is this… what it's like?" Angela moaned in a shaky whisper.

She felt his cock grinding against her pussy, the pulsing heat across her heavenly gates. It was new, strange, but also hot and urgent, pulling at something deep in her core. The way his shaft teased her, the way it throbbed like a living thing, made her want more.

"It… it feels… good," she admitted, her cheeks flushing as she met his wild grin. She was starting to get it. Her body responded to the fire he was stroking, her slit growing slicker with each deliberate rub.

But then he broke the kiss, his lips trailing down to her neck, and Angela's world tilted. His mouth was hot, wet, sucking at her skin. Her neck arched, subconsciously offering itself to him, and a shudder ran through her. She never imagined a man's mouth could make her skin burn, make her core clench with sudden, desperate need.

Her pussy twitched against his cock, still grinding slowly, and a faint wetness coated her folds, betraying her growing arousal.

"Ooooh!" she gasped, her voice breaking as her body squirmed, caught between shock and pleasure.

Angela's back arched high, her breasts heaving as Marshall's face plunged between them, his rough stubble scraping the soft, creamy mounds. She couldn't move much, not with his hands now pinning her wrists above her head, her arms stretched taut, her body helpless under his weight.

His mouth was ravenous, sucking the tender flesh between her tits, his tongue lapping at the sweat-slick valley.

"Oohh!" She moaned louder, her hips bucking against his cock. She felt trapped, and yet her pussy was weeping now, slick and eager.

Marshall savored the plush softness. Then, he latched onto one nipple, sucking hard, his lips pulling it taut, deforming the tight bud with a wet pop. He looked up at her face, his eyes gleaming as he watched her expression scrunch up in unexpected bliss, her lips parting in a soft gasp. The sight of this warrior angel coming undone under his mouth made his cock throb painfully against her thigh.

Once again, Angela was shocked. The idea of a man touching her like this had once felt repulsive, a deviation from the soft curves of women she'd known in Heven. But now, it excited her. A filthy, thrilling rush that made her pussy clench. She bit her lip, trying to process, but her body arched toward him, craving more of this pleasure.

He suckled each breast in turn, tongue swirling around one nipple while his fingers pinched and tugged the other, making them swell and ache. The wet sounds of his sucking filled the air, each pull drawing a whimper from her throat.

Angela's mind raced. How could something so simple, so base, feel this intoxicating? Her hips shifting restlessly, her slit growing slicker with every greedy latch of his lips on her mounds.

Leaving her breasts glistening with his spit, red and marked from his attention, Marshall trailed lower, his hands finally releasing her wrists to grope her tits one last time, squeezing hard enough to make her gasp.

His lips dragged a path of drooling kisses down her firm belly, tasting her skin, the faint ripple of her abs tensing under his touch. He went further, over the soft patch of faint red pubes that matched her hair, until he lay flat on his belly, his hot breath ghosting over her delicate entrance. His face pressed in, mouth flat against her folds, inhaling her scent like a beast in heat.

"Oh! W-What are you… doing-hhh!" Angela cried out, her thighs tensing as his mouth made contact.

"Hm? Eating… fuck, you're sweet!" Marshall growled, his tongue already darting out for a taste.

Angela frowned, her brow furrowing in confusion. But as soon as his warm tongue slid over her folds, parting them with a slow, deliberate lick, she moaned a long, drawn-out cry that echoed off the temple walls. "Ohhh!"

Her legs locked around his head instinctively, thighs squeezing like a literal vice. Yet that only spurred him on, making him moan into her cunt and eat her out harder, his tongue plunging deeper, lapping at her growing wetness with feral hunger.

"Unnnngh… Oh! This… feels… amazing!" Angela's body arched up off the bed, her knuckles turning white as she gripped the sheets, body trembling.

Her legs squeezed him harder, thighs like iron bands around his ears, but Marshall reveled in it; Any lesser man would have had his head splattered like a melon. His tongue worked her over with relentless fervor, turning her confusion into raw, unfiltered pleasure.

She lost herself, her hips grinding against his face in desperation, chasing the blissful sparks. Her moans poured out nonstop in breathless whimpers and cries.

“Ah! Oh… yes… there!”

Her head tossed side to side, red hair whipping across the pillows, as she surrendered to the madness, her core clenching with each flick of his tongue.

Marshall ate her pussy like a madman, his tongue lashing into her core, plunging deep to taste her depths, then circling her clit with teasing swirls that made her hips jerk. He lapped at her folds, sucking them into his mouth, the wet slurps echoing, his chin slick with her juices. He didn’t let up, devouring her like she was the sweetest nectar, his hands gripping her thighs to spread her wider, exposing every inch to his tongue.

He kept at it, relentless, until Angela’s climax ripped through her like a thunderbolt.

Her body seized up in violent tremors. Her cunt flooded onto his tongue, gushing hot, slick juices that he lapped up greedily, her walls spasming wildly as waves of ecstasy crashed over her. She screamed, her back bowing off the bed, thighs quaking around his head, every muscle locking tight before releasing in shuddering bliss. It was overwhelming, leaving her panting, her pussy twitching with aftershocks, utterly drenched.

He wasted no time as she came down from the high, his body shifting up to get between her knees, rubbing his cock against her slick heat, the thick shaft gliding through her soaked folds. Marshall grinned down at her flushed face.

“Ready?” he asked, but it was more a polite warning. The swollen tip of his cock already found its way between her blushing petals, pressing just enough to part them.

“I a—aaaaah-m!” Angela didn’t even have time to finish her words, her voice breaking into a sharp cry.

Marshall pressed in softly at first, but his roughness shone through, shoving more than half his length inside her with a wet slide, groaning at how insanely tight she was, her superhuman body hugging him like a velvet vice. Her pussy was warm, pulsing alive, clenching around him with an angry grip.

He stared down, mesmerized by the sight of his thickness splaying her open, vanishing inch by inch into her snug heat, her folds stretching taut around him.

“Oh, oh, ohhhhh… It… does throb! Oh!” Angela gasped.

Her mind reeled as his cock filled her, so different from the cold, unyielding dildos she’d known. Lifeless things that never pulsed, never adapted. This was throbbing with heat, flexing inside her, accommodating her tightness while stretching her wide, the veins dragging against her

walls in a way that made her toes curl. She could feel it all, his thickness moving, pushing deeper, her own snug cunt squeezing him down in response, milking every twitch.

With her head raised, Angela looked down between her legs, which he spread by the ankles, holding them wide. She still disliked the sight of a man in general, but him… he appeared rather acceptable, his wild grin oddly endearing. And his cock was more than acceptable; it was heavenly, buried deep inside her, making her body sing in ways no woman ever had.

“Mmmmh… Yes!” Angela moaned, now fully surrendering.

Marshall smirked, watching her moan, her red hair a tangled mess on the pillows. He bottomed out with a deep grunt, his hips snapping forward, no longer bothering to be slow. He knew she could take it, Angela, built for battle and now for this. His cock now slamming in and out with brutal rhythm, each thrust wet and resounding, her pussy squelching around him, her immense breasts bouncing wildly with every impact.

Plap! Plap!

Marshall rammed in harder, his hand shooting up to grab her throat, fingers wrapping around her neck with just enough pressure to make her gasp. His thumb pressed her pulse, feeling it race under his grip.

Angela’s eyes widened, but her body responded, her legs automatically locking around his waist by instinct, pulling him deeper, her heels digging into his back as she clung to him.

Plap! Squelch! Plap!

His hips pistoned in with savage force, driving his cock balls-deep into her clenching heat. He fucked her into delirium, each thrust battering her insides, her pussy gripping him like it never wanted to let go.

“Ah! Yes… harder… OH!” Angela’s eyes sparkled with pleasure, glazing over as another climax built, exploding through her in a shuddering wave that made her scream.

It felt so good, so utterly different from what she knew. His thickness filled her cunt completely, stretching and throbbing in ways that made her mind go blank. She didn’t have to work for it; he gave it to her, raw and unyielding, his shaft convulsing inside her, hitting spots that sparked fire through her nerves. Her body trembling, overwhelmed by ecstasy, her walls fluttering around him over and over.

“Ugh… I’m ready to blast it… in or out?”

Marshall asked through gritted teeth, still thrusting into her snug cunt, his hips snapping with urgency, feeling his balls tighten.

“Ah… In me… let me… feel it! Ooooh!” She gripped the sheets above her head, crying into the air, her voice ragged as his tight, rough hand bruised her neck.

She felt him pounding her core with every slam, his shaft moving all the way through her tight love hole. Each punch at her cervix sent shockwaves through her, his thickness rabid and unyielding, everything she didn’t know she was missing.

Marshall pumped down into her with a final, brutal thrust, ramming balls-deep. He groaned, almost howled as his mouth collapsed onto her tits. He suckled hard, pulling the swollen bud between his lips, his tongue swirling as his balls unloaded thick, gooey cum in heavy spurts. The hot flood filled her womb, each pulse a molten rush that painted her insides, seeping deep, making her walls clench around him in greedy response. Gush after gush, filling her up to the brim.

“Ummmmh… So that’s… what… it feels like!”

Angela’s legs still locked tight around his waist. She felt every gush, the warmth spreading through her core like liquid fire, so much it overflowed, leaking around his shaft in frothy rivulets. Her body trembled with greedy need. She wanted more.

“Let me be-eeeh… on to-hp!” Angela whispered through ragged breaths. Her body thrumming with desire to control this new, addictive pleasure.

Woosh!

Before he could respond, Angela moved like a storm, flipping him with a warrior’s strength until he was flat on his back, her curvy form straddling him, his cock still buried balls-deep in her cum-soaked pussy.

“Fuck!” Marshall cursed, his eyes wide as he took in the red-haired goddess atop him.

She was tall, curvy yet athletic, her breasts heaving, her lustful face more angry than spent, eyes blazing with a fire that made his cock twitch inside her.

“I will… feel it… as I want.”

With that, Angela’s hips started to spring, riding his cock with fierce determination, her slick walls gripping him tight.

When Marshall reached for her swaying breasts, she snatched his wrists, hoisting them above his head, pinning him down. Her strength was superhuman, her grip iron, and the sight of her dominating sent a jolt through his spine, his cock hardening even.

She leaned down, her face inches from his, her red hair spilling like a curtain around them, her breath hot and ragged. She was grateful when he folded his knees, dug his heels into the bed,

and started fucking up into her, matching her rhythm as she slammed her soft, plump hips down.

Slap! Plap! Squelch!

The wet slap of flesh echoed, her pussy squelching with each thrust, their combined froth making every movement slick and messy. Her tits dangled and thrashed wildly, brushing his chest, and her grip on his wrists tightened as she smirked, reveling in her control.

“Mouth open,” she suddenly commanded, eyes glinting with mischief.

“Huh?” Marshall gawked, caught off guard, his brows shooting up.

“Mouth… open it,” she repeated.

Marshall felt his cock throb, staring at this stunning woman who reminded him so much of Firehair. So wild, so commanding. Her pussy felt tighter, or maybe he grew harder, the slick heat driving him wild as he rammed up into her, watching her tits dance beautifully.

Her hands stretched his arms taut above his head, and as he opened his mouth wide, she… spat?

A glistening bead of her drool landed on his tongue, a bold, dirty act that made his blood roar.

“Heh!” Angela giggled, a wicked sound, her lips curving as she moaned, “Felt like doing it… ummmh! Oh!”

The act sent a naughty thrill through her, her hips grinding harder, her pussy clenching around his throbbing cock.

“Fuck yeah!” Marshall roared, not the least bit offended. His hips bucked up with rabid fury.

She planted her face down on his lips, keeping his arms pinned, taking complete control. Her mouth claimed his in a searing kiss, her tongue slipping inside in a wet, sloppy tangle. She rode him hard, his cock scraping her in places that made her see stars as she surrendered to the addicting heat.

She didn’t fully understand it. But this, whatever this was, was fucking intoxicating.

Her tongue spilled into him, claiming him as much as he claimed her. She didn’t know what she was doing, only that it felt right. Her hips rocking faster, her pussy gripping his shaft as she chased another high.

“Oooooh… Yes! YES!” she cried as another earth-shattering climax tore through her.

Her body trembled violently, her cunt flooding with nectar, gushing around him as he kept churning her insides with relentless thrusts. Her hips swayed erratically, her walls spasming,

milking him hard. Her entire frame shuddered as waves of ecstasy drowned her, lost in the sea of pleasure.

Marshall kept ramming into her when she couldn't move, too consumed by the aftershocks.

Her body danced, hips swaying, leaking creamy froth onto his thickness, but just as his cock throbbed, signaling his release, she yelped and moved.

"Wait, wait, wait! Let me…!"

She released his arms, sliding down his body, pushing his legs apart as she settled between them. Without touching his cock, she shoved her face down, taking him to the hilt in one eager move, her throat constricting around his cum-slick shaft.

"Ghk!"

She gagged instantly, coughing, eyes watering as she pulled back slightly. But she wasn't deterred, her lips sealing around him as she sucked hard, clearing the musky scent of their combined juices.

"Ummm~" Angela moaned, her hands joining in, churning and stroking his length with raw enthusiasm, lacking finesse but dripping with hunger.

Her mouth felt heavenly to him, warm and eager. Her tongue swirling around his tip, tasting every inch of him, slithering over every bump and groove.

"Fuck! You're… one wild… angel!" Marshall groaned, loving the filthy intensity of it all.

Angela's eyes widened as the first thick, potent batter sprayed into her throat, the scent overwhelming. It was so new, so strange, but the act itself, sucking him, claiming his release, made her feel hot in a way she hadn't expected.

She locked her lips tighter, cheeks hollowing as she drew more from his pipe, gulping it down, the silky texture coating her throat, painting her tongue with its heat. Each swallow sent a thrill through her, her body buzzing.

"Ugh… dammit… You're too good at this!" Marshall was going crazy.

Her mouth sucked him like a straw, drinking him dry with relentless fervor, his cock pulsing with every greedy pull.

Slowly, she felt his cock soften, glistening clean from her efforts. With a loud exhale and a wet pop, she let it slip from her lips, her breath uneven, her eyes gleaming with satisfaction.

"Ummmh… that was intense," Angela muttered as she sat on her folded knees.

"Felt like jumping straight into the flaming ass of hell," Marshall muttered, sitting up with legs circling the fiery-haired goddess. "So, what's the ruling?"

He noticed a drop of his white cream at the corner of her lips, and simply scooped it with his thumb before pressing it on her lips, and she suckled it with a cute giggle.

"I hate it." Angela chirped, smirking, her hand gripping his thumb now. "I don't think I'll ever want to do it with a man… if not you."

"Huh? I mean, yeah, I know I'm a damn fabulous treasure, but that much? You serious?"

"Nothing like that. I did enjoy it, you know. It felt wild and right in all the best ways, just not in the head. And I know you're not the kind of man to mix need with feeling or go chasing after me." Angela scooted closer between his legs before rising higher so her breasts were at his face. "So, what do you say? Up for another round?"

Marshall chuckled and gripped her ass behind, each claw groping her, kneading her. She was so soft and round there. "Fuck yeah."

"Then…" She leaned her breast closer to his face, like a temptation. "Got anything new in mind?"

"How about I lift you up in my arms and pound you?"

Angela rubbed her nipple on his lips, but never let him suckle it. "Oh? If it's you, I think you can hold me up."

Marshall wasted no time and abruptly gripped both her thighs from behind before pulling her in, spread sideways, instantly on his lap. Then he scooted off the bed's edge and stood up, holding her up with ease, his hardening cock probing her.

"Think? Hah, girl, you're playing with fire."

"Um? Tempting me with good times?"

"Bah! You're just my type!"

####

Knock! Knock!

It was early morning, and Marshall was still in bed, having gone to sleep just an hour ago after their tenth cock-ramming, womb-battering ritual. Angela had gone wild, enjoying the new sensations. And now, she slept hugging his body like he was her pillow.

He didn't mind at all because those clouds on her chest made everything better. And she also mumbled a lot in her sleep, which was somewhat cute.

Always someone to ruin my good times.

Marshall groaned and slid off the bed without disturbing the peacefully sleeping angel. Still naked, flaccid cock dangling, he opened the door and found his adopted son standing there. "The world's ending, Azul?"

"A moment, Father. The bloodline of Aristotle is no more."

"Who?" Marshall frowned, thinking deeply. “Wrinkly geezer, nerd hair? Greek?"

Azul nodded.

Marshall sighed and closed the door behind him, walking into the open corridor. "What happened?"

"Won't you wear clothes, Father?"

"Just summon them already. You’ve got the mojo, right? Sling that spell, kid." Marshall shrugged and, as expected, felt clothes appear on him. "What happened?"

"Jake Hera Adonis was thirty-four. He traveled the world to study the Earth and its old formations. He married a bright botanist, and together they had a son. They were on their way home aboard an American passenger ship when it was struck by a German submarine. The ship went down. The university reached out to tell me he was missing. I searched for the wreck myself and found what was left: Jake, his wife, and their boy."

Marshall frowned as they soon walked into his so-called office that he'd never used until now. Other than the table and chairs, it also had a bed, of course. "That sucks, sure. But why the hell am I the one getting shaken outta dreamland?"

"They're calling it the Great War. France, the United Kingdom and the Empire, Russia, and Italy on one side. Germany, Austria-Hungary, Ottoman Empire, and Bulgaria on the other side—"

"Ah, didn't I fuck the Queen of Austria-Hungary that time? She was a stunner," Marshall remarked suddenly.

"..."

Azul resumed, too used to his father's eccentricities. "I did some investigation, Father. The German submarine was obeying an order that was based on suspicious intelligence they had received. I followed it and found the source to be America's Department of War. Vice President Marshall oversaw it all."

"Marshall? Fucker's got my name and doing shady shit? Kill him just for that," Marshall barked, arms crossed. "And what do you want?"

"Your approval. Should we enter the war? Should we investigate the United States?"

"The fuck are you whining about here, boy? I didn't raise you to be a sissy ass. What war? You're the fucking army itself. Christ, Marty alone can shit their armies. But don't fight a war as Dinosia. Make it an example, what happens when they hurt a Dinosian. Even a small puppy born here is under my protection. Go, kill the German chief of army or whatever, find the submarine that attacked, and kill everyone who manned it. Kill their entire intelligence department. Kill whoever gave the order. Make the papers publish why you did it. Tell them that if another Dinosian is scratched, the First Man will flatten their precious little patch of land."

"..."

Honestly, that was more than what Azul wanted to do.

"And the Americans?"

"Find out which bastard planned it and kill them. Make their crime public first," Marshall declared and got up. "Alright, I'm dragging my ass to sleep then."

####

White House,

"W-What is this?!" President Woodrow Wilson stared at the newspapers, his words choked up. There was no photograph, but the headline was big and threatening.

'Helmuth von Moltke Executed! Dinosia Takes Revenge For Aristotle's Last Blood!'

The rest of the article detailed what had transpired. Who was on that ship, and how were they killed by the German submarine attack. The papers had to write the report even in Germany without any change or suffer Dinosia's wrath.

"Why hasn't Dinosia declared war?" Woodrow asked, looking up at his Secretary of War and Vice President. "I was promised res—"

Right then, the door to the office opened. A seven-foot-tall man walked in, his face marked with lines and his skin color inhuman.

"Results?"

"W-Who?" Woodrow rose.

But a single wave of a hand from the tall creature made the President fall back into his seat.

"Don't bother standing. The blood will splash everywhere. I'm Azul S. Grant, son of the First Man. You really don't get it, do you? One mistake after another. Every innovation in your hands is a weapon wielded to trample others. You don't live in peace, nor will you let others live in peace. So tell me, insect, why should I let you live?”

Click! Click!

Woodrow tried to grab the telephone and dial a few numbers. Each time, his call was picked up and then denied.

"Y-You… You can't do this to me. I'm the President of the United States of—"

"Nothing." Azul waved a hand, and the massive table got swept away to crash into the wall.

“You’re a small creature, given the power to make real change for the good. And yet, you chose the most ridiculous path. Authorizing segregation in your offices. Denying admission to colored students at Princeton. For a man with so much power, so high, your actions do appear rather small-minded, puny. As my father would say, bullshit."

"What do you want?"

Azul gestured at the two other men in the room. “These two have given their interviews. They confessed to provoking Dinosia into war. I’ll appoint a new president shortly. I imagine that’s easier for your government to accept than another thirty percent tax.”

"No… Yo—"

Azul shook his head, walked over to Woodrow, grabbed him by the face, and lifted him up. "Simply because I speak gently does not mean I'm any less violent than my father."

Bam!

He bashed Woodrow's skull into the nearest wall, crushing it into pieces, a red gooey mess.

Shaking his hand clean, Azul walked to the Vice President and made a gesture with his hand. The man instantly got bent backwards, his spine shattered, then his head rolled, turning his body into a ball.

Finally, the same fate befell the Secretary of War.

After that, Azul walked out of the office where a dozen more members of the Congress and the Cabinet awaited. They had peeked inside already, half of them had wet their pants, and the other half were shivering.

They had clearly spent all their luck with Theodore Roosevelt in the past because they were no longer dealing with just the First Man. The First Man didn't think much. Didn't plan much.

But Azul was different. He was violence with a brain.

####

Georgia,

Marshall was on his way back after visiting the settlement in the Mammoth reserve he owned. The furry elephants were no longer on the verge of extinction. The town had also grown into a city, almost. It was named New Dinosia.

"Wruf rawr."

"Come on, man. Don't start crying about it. You parked your ass with Hela instead of tagging along with me. I went up there, blew an entire damned planet to dust, and guess what? You missed the show."

Marty rolled his eyes, waving his hands. "Grrr-puff!"

"Bullshit, I call bullshit. You're just blaming me for shagging ladies now. Now get your sassy ass over here so I can pat that dumb, adorable head. I missed your crocodile face, thought you finally escaped my madness."

Marty shrugged, as if embarrassed. But he ended up laying his massive head flat on the gigantic raft and let Marshall pat his snout. It reminded him of the old days when he was very young. How Marshall took care of him, how they roamed the forests together.

Sniff! Sniff!

But then, both of them started to sniff loudly. It was night, so everything was dark. But when they looked down from the raft, they saw a pretty large fire in the shape of a massive cone. And around that fire were a few dozen men.

"The hell's this now? A party? We can join."

Marshall hurried the raft down to check things out. But as they got closer, it became clear that this party had no grilled meat or drinks involved. No, it was the strangest party both Marshall and Marty had ever seen. A group of weird men dressed in white curtains that had pointy hats ran around the fire in circles.

"What in the moonshine-soaked clown ritual is this, Marty?"

"Snorf-raa"

"Begging the gods for rain, huh? That's a possibility."

Still, Marshall decided to check it out and landed the massive raft as he usually did. He flattened a large chunk of area and walked over to the fire to join the party. His presence hadn't gone unnoticed either, as the pointy-curtain-wearing men had stopped dancing around the fire.

They had each grabbed their guns and aimed them at Marshall and Marty.

"Mind if I join the party, lads?" Marshall waved from a distance. Marty did the same, waving his little T-Rex arms.

"Jesus! It's the First Man!"

"He's one of us?!"

"That's brilliant!"

Marshall heard them go all excited and approached them. "Where's the beer?"

"Oh, we got beer," said one of the men, wearing a dragon sigil on his yellow curtain-robes, appearing different from the rest. "We are honored that you joined us, First Man. We always knew you were one of us. I'm Grand Dragon Sam Fleming of the Ku Klux Klan."

"Dragon of the cool cunts clams? What in retardation is that?" Marshall narrowed his eyes, one finger poking his ear to ensure he heard it right. "You a dragon? Hm, fine shit. Got any women amongst your ranks?

"Ah, of course, First Man. We have women membe—"

"Hot damn! My buddy Marty here's got balls full of dino-cum for millions of years now. Be a saint and bring one of your scaly, fire-breathing babes to give him a proper workout? Will you?"

"..."

Grand Dragon Sam Fleming looked at his men and then back at the god. "I… I don't think… it'll fit."

"Why the hell not? Ain't your lady a dragon too? Bet she's got a goddamn canyon down there, enough room for my buddy to park himself. Don't worry, he'll be gentle and treat her right. I'll stand at the corner and watch… fuck, no I won't, that's cuck behavior, but I don't want to fuck a dragon-cooch so… is that getting cucked? Food for brain, or brain for food? Shit, I'm confusing myself now."

"..."

Grand Dragon Sam Fleming backstepped instinctively, feeling scared. "F-First Man… W-Will you join us?"

"Bring the dragon chick first, then we'll talk."

"Sir, there is no dragon. It's just a title," Grand Dragon Sam Fleming exclaimed. "I'm a human. Everyone here is a human. We gather here to oppose the unjust system the government is imposing on us."

"No dragon bitches?" Marshall sighed and looked at Marty. "Sorry, buddy. Maybe next time."

"Mrrr-blee!" Marty shrugged.

Marshall sighed and walked closer to the fire. "So, what injustice are you fighting for?"

"Coons!" shouted a man nearby.

"Negros!"

"Them Indians!"

"Jews!"

"Catholics!"

"Italians!"

Marshall listened to them all ramble one after another. He kept his arms folded and nodded each time, nudging them to keep going. After about ten minutes and hundreds of their complaints, he sighed.

"Retards! All of you. Marty, eat them."

“Hnnn-umph!”

"What? What do you mean they're yucky? You're a T-Rex!"

"Whuff-pfft…”

"Ah, you've got standards now? Damn, Hela really spoiled you, didn't she? Alright, I'll do the deed then. I came for roasted meat, and I ain’t walking out till I roast something."

Woosh!

"No!"

"No! Let us go!"

Marshall raised both his hands. All thirty-six men flew in the air and got thrown into the massive fire they had built. Screams echoed right away. Each tried to get up and run, but Marshall's invisible force kept them cooking.

"Should've handed me the dragon cooch! But nah, you went and out-stupid yourself!"

Screams slowly died down, and eventually even the fire died. The scent was disgusting, especially for Marshall and Marty with their superior sense of smell.

"Let's go, boy. Ain't no beer or dragon-cooch here."

Moments later, they jumped on the same old raft and flew away. Marshall flew fast this time as he really craved some beer now.

It still took him nearly three minutes to arrive at Dinosia. He made a quick landing on his temple's roof and ran downstairs for the massive lounge area where Logan manned the bar. Marty followed right behind him, hungry for some food.

Bam!

"Wolfie! Beer! Make it ten!" Marshall kicked the door and walked in.

But it appeared they had guests. In the main sitting area, Hela was seated with her sister on one side and Frigga on the other side. The coffee table before them had a lot of gifts.

"Haha! Marshall, my friend, you bring me joy yet again. Well done."

Marshall received Odin with a cosmic dap of their palms, and then a brotherly hug. "What's this about?"

“My daughter carries a child, what other reason would there be?” Odin said with quiet pride, guiding Marshall toward the seats where the others waited. “You’ve kept yourself busy.”

“Damn right.” Marshall puffed his chest like a rooster that just won a bar fight. “This time it’s gonna be a daughter, and Hela can bite her tongue ‘cause she ain’t naming a damn thing.”

Frigga smiled from her seat. "And what about Aldrif?"

"Who's that?"

"My other daughter." Odin coughed beside Marshall. "You know her as Angela."

"Ah, that’s her fancy Asgard name? Sounds like it could punch me through a wall. Or spit in my mouth."

Angela almost dug her chin into her chest because of how much she was looking down.

"Marshall, you don't know?" Frigga asked.

Finally, Hela directed her gaze at Marshall and spoke. "She's with child."

"..."

"The hell you talkin’ about? I asked her that time, and she said, ‘In me, let me feel it.’ I remember, crystal clear. Ain’t that code for ‘no baby bombs incoming’? I mean, what the hell else could it mean?"

"I…" Angela weakly murmured, never looking up. "I didn't know that."

"..."