

The last thing anyone wanted was to rock the boat, but the amount of sacrifices being demanded of them had grown too high for people not to complain. It was one thing when the colossal leopard told them to throw one person every other month or so, but as the feline continued to grow with each person they devoured, so too did their appetite become increasingly ravenous: every other month became a monthly affair, then bi-weekly, then tighter and tighter until the snep reached the breaking point, where he *informed* his subjects that he would be requiring one person per day for the foreseeable future... subject to change, should he ever feel like increasing the quota. The locals, which by that point had been forced to start raiding their neighboring clans for further victims to throw into the leopard's ravenous maw, were already at a point where they considered open rebellion; they had already made their concerns known to their overlord, who promptly dismissed them with about as much care as one would swat a fly, not particularly caring about what his "tiny feeders" thought so long as they kept bringing him more food for him to devour. Now that they were told about the new quota, however, not even the most subservient among them was willing to carry on; enough was enough, and the clan had reached an agreement: they would stop supplying the snep with further victims. Now, actually *informing* the giant living in his mountain throne was another matter altogether, for as much as the people liked the idea of once again living in peace, harmony and freedom, none of them were stupid enough to try and relay a piece of information they knew would just get them killed on the spot, or worse, throw into the leopard's yawning gullet while they still drew breath. In the end, the matter was resolved by lot, with the one unfortunate soul who draw the short end of the stick being given a ceremonial funerary procession before they were told to climb the steps up to where their overlord was waiting for them; it was a terrifying procedure in the best of times, given the frankly ludicrous amount of desiccated bones littering the way up, doubly so given that the feline had been noticeably grumpy ever since the scheduled feeding was missed on by a couple of hours. Even those in the valley below could hear the angry mumblings of their uncaring god, with the poor schmuck chosen to deliver the message having to stop and hold onto something whenever the voice got too loud for him to withstand normally. He wasn't even equipped with any armor, as even the best that his clan could afford would do little to hold back the wrath of the snow leopard once they were told they weren't getting something they wanted; back when he first arrived in their land and made their first request, they were obviously laughed out of the meeting hall, an act which prompted them to grab the nearest warrior and effortlessly consume them whole, armor and all, before easily fending off the rest of the chieftain's honour guard and letting them know he'd be back in a "couple of months or so". And back then he was still small enough to fit inside regular buildings, rather than the colossus he had become over time; gods above only knew what the cat might be capable of now that he towered over even the tallest of structures the local clan had ever built, when the feline's body was so powerful that it had hewn a throne room out of solid rock. Thoughts like those inundated the messenger's mind, the last ones he would probably ever have all things considered, as he climbed up the final steps and entered the grand chamber within which their overlord resided; it was perhaps the grandest joke played on them that the snow leopard *insisted* on being referred to as Cookie, a name so at

odds with the way they conducted themselves that the only reason no one ever giggled was because they'd learned to respect those six letters whenever they were spoken aloud. It very quickly turned from a potential object of ridicule to a dread utterance, a sequence of sounds that could never, and *should* never be spoken of, even in impolite company; superstition had it that if one were to speak the snep's name without first being spoken *to*, they would summon the wrath of the titan... or worse, would be chosen as their next sacrifice, whenever the cat deigned to inform their captive clan that they wanted someone in particular. As the messenger walked into the cave-throne, however, what he saw wasn't a terrifying, awesome god whose mere presence was enough to shatter continents and part the skies; they were still massive, sure, but rather than being this... *thing*, this horrifying force of nature, the messenger quite literally caught the snep with their pants down: legs stretched out to both sides as they leaned back on their stone seat and stroked their torso-length, surprisingly equine-looking shaft with one hand and used their free one to knead and rub at the two nuts underneath. Occasionally their eyes would open and scan the room, missing the poor little man in there, and *then* the giant would once again complain, muttering swear words and condemnations in between gasps; it was only then that the messenger noticed that the leopard's cock was in full flow, and that what he'd been stepping on for quite a while by that point wasn't just particularly dirty water. The thought left the young man feeling hot in the face, and for a few moments, he forgot himself: he let loose a small "Wow", not nearly loud enough to be heard, but still more than sufficient to get the snep to suddenly snap their head in their general direction. It was unreal: one moment the giant was lazily playing with himself, looking more relaxed than ever, and the next every muscle on their body was tensed-up, clenched, as they leaned forward to stare directly at this interloper. It was clear from their expression that the only reason they weren't consuming this intruder where they stood was because they recognized the clan colours they wore, giving them a perfect opportunity to ask some pointed questions.

"I told you to bring me a sacrifice every day!" Cookie declared, shouting at the top of his lungs that even those in the valley below might hear, "And yet here I am, empty-handed and waiting for you to bring me my meal for the day! Is this supposed to be a joke? Am I supposed to be amused? Are you preparing a feast and expecting me to be satisfied? Where is my sacrifice?!"

The questions weren't meant to be answered; once again, the clan had learned a long time that when the leopard went on a rant it was best to let them keep going until they finally waved them off... but that time, the messenger really *did* need to get the word in, even if he knew full well that, in doing so, he was condemning both himself and his entire clan to oblivion; there was no future in which this giant of a feline would *ever* hear the words "We refuse to bring you more sacrifices" and *not* immediately punish their subjects for their hubris. But what else was there to do? What else *could* they do, besides turning into marauding raiders purely to satisfy a hunger that would only grow ever more powerful with time? This was the turning point; he had to be firm, and he had to tell their overlord that they no longer ruled over anyone.

"The village elders have convened!" the messenger rattled out, thoroughly taking Cookie by surprise with this simple act of defiance, "By the word of our chieftain and the Windspeakers, we

denounce you, false idol! No longer will we serve you, no longer will we be your deigned executioners, no longer will we visit death upon our own to sate a hunger that is not ours to resolve. From this day onwards, we are free from you!”

Though the speech was practiced, nothing could’ve prepared the young man for the torrent of emotions that followed him being done with it. He knew, in that moment, that he was done; seconds from that final period, he would be scooped up and devoured, no questions asked, no ifs, ands or buts, by an uncaring god who truly could not give a single rat’s arse about what their subjects wanted or not. Yet, at the same time, he felt *powerful*; despite knowing that he was about to be slapped back, he had successfully slapped a god in the face, at least judging from the expression that Cookie sported. It was hard to tell if the leopard was impressed, enraged beyond belief, or just simply confused that anyone would be so bold as to do what that little man did; it had literally been the first time that anyone dared to do such a thing, leaving the leopard with very little idea on how to proceed. Or rather, he knew that he should *eat* the messenger purely as recompense for delivering such a pathetic declaration of resistance, but that felt... insufficient. Further destruction was required to truly drive the point home, and it just so happened that there was a perfectly serviceable target just at the bottom of the mountain where he made his home.

“I can respect your idiocy, at least,” Cookie replied, in a tone so dismissive as to completely shatter whatever notion of superiority the messenger had gained in such little time, “but rest assured, it was just that.”

The cat bent down further, picking up the tiny little man by the scruff of the neck using only two fingers. How easy it was to bring them over to eye-level, so the two of them could stare into one another’s souls and the messenger could learn in that one final instant of his life, just *how* deeply they had sunk into the pits of absurdity. Truly, how could they ever think that this would go well?

“Idiocy.”

With that word came an opening of the mouth, a baring of teeth, and a flick of the wrist; a moment later and that maw was closed, the prey was swallowed, and the messenger was no more, leaving only a very empty throne room... and enough anger to fuel an entire army of berserkers. Despite this, Cookie *appeared* surprisingly calm, even taking care not to scratch the ground too much when he got up from his throne; he was fuming, absolutely, but what would losing his cool get him in this most critical of times? He had just been denied his tribute by the very same people who he offered his protection to; did they not understand that by *not* giving him the sacrifices he needed, the food he *desired*, they were throwing away the only person keeping all of their enemies at bay? Did they believe themselves safe, perhaps, in the knowledge that they had better warriors than their neighbors? Did they not understand that it was through their rapacious pillaging that Cookie had found them to begin with, and chose to present himself as a god? Surely they couldn’t be so ridiculous as to believe they could just break off their arrangement... and yet, there was a messenger from the clan firmly wrapped inside of his stomach being broken down and rendered into delicious mass, so obviously there were some communication issues somewhere along the line. All of this went through the leopard’s head in

the short moments before he got up and the *sheer, unfettered rage* he felt finally got through to him; in that moment, when his weak rationalizations were torn down by the divine fury of a deity scorned by their own worshippers, he let loose a roar that thundered down the mountainside, ripping roofs from their houses and deafening any who were unfortunate enough to be caught outside. It was important that they knew just how badly they had screwed up, mostly because they wouldn't be getting any further warnings; if anyone in the clan wanted to get away from the incoming storm, that roar was the only thing letting them to get out of dodge, because as soon as the snep was down, he *immediately* threw himself out of his cave, practically leaping off the mountain itself in his rush to get down to the village in the valley below. It had been so long since he was last under the light of the sun that Cookie was momentarily stunned by just how massive he was; sure, he might have seen plenty of his worshippers when they came up the stairwell to deliver more food to him, but now that he could actually measure himself against the world around him, the giant became truly aware of how *huge* his feeding had made him... yet no less powerful, and not an ounce of unnecessary fat on his entire body; in fact, his cock may have actually gotten bigger in proportion to him that it already was before, truly a feat considering how girthy that thing already was before he even started. Behind him, a trail of cum thick enough to drown someone in, a result of Cookie having turned to self-ministrations in order to bide away his time until he was presented with tribute; whenever he got started, it was difficult for him to stop, doubly so whenever anything happened to break his concentration and he ended up going through a half-finished wank, truly one of the worst possible crimes one could commit against him... and that entire village of guilty of it. Within seconds, the giant feline was already upon it, looming over it as he cast a shadow big enough to turn day to night; he would've smiled when he saw a contingent of warriors sally forth, thinking perhaps that they could stab him in the shins hard enough for him to turn around, but he was far too pissed for that. Instead, the moment anyone got close, he simply swooped down and smashed his hand over them, not hard enough to *kill*, but certainly with enough power to leave them stunned and defenceless, perfect for what he intended to do next: scoop them up with the other hand and unceremoniously dump all of them into his mouth, swallowing the clan's best warriors with about as much difficulty as they themselves would eat a piece of meat. The display of power wasn't even intended; perhaps on a better day, Cookie would've actually cared about how he looked, or how his actions impacted those around him, but at that moment all he could feel was *anger*, a burning rage directed at those who would deny him his rightful dues, and if he had to eat all of them in order to get the point across, that was exactly what he was going to do. After all, he was already bigger than any living thing on that world, so if he truly wanted to, he could just find another clan of raiders to become a deity to, one that *wouldn't* turn on him the moment catering to his whims became remotely inconvenient; this, and little more, went through his head as he went through the village, not even listening to the panicked screeching of the little ones below whenever he stepped on a house or picked up yet another mouthful of snacks to delight himself with. Things would've tasted a lot better if he wasn't so unreasonably angry at his worshippers for failing him, but with every bite he took he felt slightly less concerned about the future, and just the tiniest bit

calmer compared to the endlessly maddened monster he had been just moments prior up in the mountain. The whole village would have to go, obviously, as would every last member of the clan; they would all end up inside his stomach for their insolence, for an act so foul and despicable that the leopard didn't even once consider the possibility of letting any of them go for it just so they could serve as a warning. The very disappearance of the clan would, in itself, be more than proof enough: whenever he asked anyone if they remembered who they were, and received nothing but a vacant stare in response, he could afford to reply with a smarmy "Exactly" before demanding more sacrifices. And he was exceedingly good at what he did; really, he barely even noticed when he swiped his hand across a pile of rubble that used to be the clan's great hall and plucked the cowardly chieftain from within, the very last person to remain. Indeed, the act of swallowing the man who was most likely the one responsible for even suggesting the mere notion of resistance was, frankly, little more than a formality; what was another weight when his belly was so stuffed he could see it slung out in front of him, the wriggling forms of his victims occasionally trying to push against it before being dragged back down? It was yet another example of his irresistible power, yet more proof that he was a god amongst lessers... and it left him interminably aroused as a result. He couldn't help it, not after the messenger had interrupted a perfectly good self-love session to deliver some of the worst news possible; besides, now that the village was consumed, who was left to tell him that he couldn't just jack off all over the ruins? If anything, sitting down on one half of the clan's holdings and letting his paws wreak havoc across the other half was the ultimate insult, the biggest middle finger to the very *memory* of the people that used to live there; served them right for defying his will, that now they were going to see their old settlement covered in a layer of spunk so high, so thick, that it would most likely congeal and solidify long before it had the chance to melt away properly, even under the heat of the afternoon soon. It was the sort of thing one could do when they were divine in nature: simply producing so much cum that it came out pressurized and hyper-dense, in quantities so absurd as to defy explanation, and never quite leaving him feeling satisfied. For Cookie, it felt as if nothing would ever make him feel like he was *done*, that no amount of climaxes would ever succeed in making him think like he needed to take a break, because for every one that came out, for every load of his that painted the landscape white, there was always another one ready to come out, ready to bulge out that equine shaft of his, ready to flare his tip further before firing off into the aether and landing somewhere that wouldn't ever grow vegetation again purely from how saturated the soil would become. Perhaps it was a trick of fate, that something used to create life would be so good at destroying it, but that was the snow leopard in a nutshell: he was either kept well-fed and taken care of, or he would make his dissatisfaction everyone else's problem but his until someone stepped up and gave him what he wanted... and seeing as he had just eaten everyone that could ever serve him up more sacrifices, the latter option just didn't seem all too likely to happen any time soon. Maybe after he was done stroking himself, when the world around him was flooded in his seed and his body was practically afloat in the stuff, he would bother to get up and find another clan to dominate; perhaps this one would listen when he told them that there would be no escape, no mercy, no other option for them but to do what he told

them to do, no questions asked. Perhaps this one wouldn't moan and whine and beg for an extension whenever he gave them a slightly harder task; that would certainly be a new experience. Maybe, if he was lucky enough, he could actually settle down and live a truly divine life, not having to worry about ever having to hunt down another meal, seeing as he'd just have them thrown at him, bound, gagged, and oh-so-ready to squirm as he devoured them with characteristic gusto. For the time being, however, he had no one but himself, and nothing in his mind but an incessant desire to achieve climax a couple dozen times; the rolling hills surrounding him would be rendered barren, the vegetation washed away and the ground itself salted permanently, but, as far as Cookie was concerned, this was nothing but the most fitting outcome for a clan of traitors who believed themselves better than a living *god*.

Fat load of good their refusal did them.

Cookie didn't even remember their names.