

The slight twinge of regret he felt after consuming the village lasted for just long enough to serve as motivation for him to move onto the next one. With a body like his, and a hunger like the one he nurtured, Cookie couldn't just sit there and feel sorry for himself after consuming the very source of sacrifices that had turned him into a behemoth to begin with; after all, the workout he got destroying the village in the first place was enough to leave him *famished*, and while the villagers were enough to keep him sated for a few hours, it was obvious that he'd need to find another fresh source of sacrifices to tide him over for the foreseeable future. Yet, as the snow leopard got up and began scanning the horizon for the nearest settlement, he realized something: he was tall enough to do such a thing. He wasn't the tiny little feline that had first reached those shores months prior, nor was he in any position where he should demand anything less than *everything* he could possibly eat; he was a god now, a true divinity among lessers, and if there was anything he *should* be doing, it was demanding the most out of everyone around him, damned be the consequences or whether or not the little ones could provide. What were they going to do, rebel? His first captive village tried and they ended up padding him out, only leaving him *more* powerful in the process; if anyone else tried to pull the same trick, he could effortlessly wipe the floor with them and move onto the next clan, then the next, until eventually the world lay barren behind him and he became the undisputed god-king of that planet. Cookie liked that; the idea was enough to get him hard almost instantly, enough that he thought nothing of just dropping onto his back and spending a good hour or so stroking himself, ultimately flooding the woodlands around him with a thick coating of spunk that left the ground itself salted and unable to grow anything else. It didn't matter, really; with the sort of hunger he felt, the world's population was about to suffer a large dip, because the snow leopard wasn't about to *stop*, nor even slow down, ensuring that his ravenous appetite only grew increasingly unsustainable. Thus it was that he ended up finding another village to lord over, though the experience of asserting himself was vastly different that time around; rather than knocking at the door to the clan's leader and having to prove he was a threat, his very presence was enough to let this group of mortals know that their doom was approaching, with their attitudes not changing much after Cookie let them know he didn't intend to eat *them*... at least not yet. They were to be his servants, and they were to find him *meals*; more specifically, the giant snep set the benchmark at what he assumed would be a good number for the present: a whole village's worth of sacrifices, presented to him every week on early Monday, that he might keep the prisoners captive in his lair (wherever that might end up being) and consume them as he so desired. It was a testament to the leopard's power that, though his new servants *clearly* wanted to protest against such an absurd quota, none of them dared to even open their mouths; in any other day, Cookie might've taken just their expressions as an excuse to make an example out of them, but he was hungry, he needed tribute, and he couldn't afford to get rid of another set of subjects so quickly after the last one. Granted, he *did* let them know what happened to his first village, smiling widely and showing off his teeth as he did so, and that seemed to do the trick; from that point forward, though occasionally Cookie would see a few angry glances from random passers-by, not a peep was heard when it came down to resisting his demands, cementing him as the clan's

*new* lord and master. Granted, the shift into high gear caused some friction with the local raider clans; kidnapping an entire village's worth of people every week was bound to raise some eyebrows at the end of the day, but as far as Cookie cared, so long as he woke up on Monday and had a line of people in chains being delivered to him, that's where his involvement began and ended. He had better things to spend his time on, like carving a new lair for himself out of the nearest hills, now that his old one was too far away for his new domain; it took him the better part of the first week to get everything ready, most of which he knew was going to be rendered useless in short order once he started snacking on his sacrifices, but it wasn't *about* the usefulness, it was about the message it sent. It was about him, sitting on an exquisitely carved throne of resplendent marble, colossal and imposing, framing the immense underburrow from whence he ruled over his subjects; it was about cowing everyone into submission, even as they approached him with the express intent of making it clear that they were already enslaved to his will. Thus, when he sat down to sleep on a Sunday evening, he knew that he had nothing to fear, for he would open his eyes after sunrise and see his meals for the next week, all lined up and ready for him to partake in at his leisure... and indeed, when he woke up, there was a single messenger waiting for him down below, so tiny that Cookie barely saw him at first, clearly tired from having spent goodness knows how much time trying to wake up the giant leopard from their slumber. The snep nodded, waving towards the young man, who informed him that the first tribute was prepared; they wasted no time in leaving as soon as Cookie began licking his lips, and minutes later, the procession began: dozens of warriors clad in bloodstained leather and mail, wielding weapons that had obviously seen recent use, surrounding a throng of terrified-looking peasants held together by ropes and tethers. The giant couldn't help but notice that their number was reduced compared to what his last big meal had been, and only then realized that the process of abducting entire villages might lead to some unfortunate casualties along the way; still, there were close to a hundred people there, a whole series of lineages, a history, a culture, a bustling settlement that had ceased to be, delivered to him for his amusement and enjoyment. Cookie's subjects were nothing if not utterly terrified, hoping perhaps that their new overlord wouldn't take umbrage at them having had to kill off most of the opposing clan's warriors, with many even taking a step back once the snep moved forward to pluck one of the prisoners from the crowd. Snapping their restraints was easy enough, easier still to open his mouth and throw the little snack into it, swallowing it in one go with a contented sigh escaping from his lips; it had been far too long since he'd last tasted the sweet flavour of prey, and now that he had again... it was hard to stop. It awoke the hunger again, the predatory instincts that had led to him venturing to that land in the first place, overtaking any sense of caution he might've harbored before; Cookie might've thought about making that village last for a whole week so he could last until the next one, but as soon as the aftertaste kicked in, he was leaning forward and taking whole handfuls of prisoners, screams filling his impromptu throne room as he shovelled as many people as he could down his throat, moaning whorishly loudly as he did so. He couldn't help it, it was too powerful, more powerful than even *him*; it was an instinct that had to be obeyed, a desire that couldn't be ignored, and so, bit by bit, mouthful by mouthful, the assembled warriors watched in

terrified silence as what was *supposed* to be a week's supply of sacrifices was thoroughly spent within a matter of a couple of minutes, the giant snow leopard's belly bloated and swollen from the sudden gorging... at least for a few seconds, before the gurgling and digestion began. Cookie could've held it together for long enough that his subjects wouldn't have to see it, but frankly, by that point, he didn't care anymore; whether or not the clan of raiders knew what happened when he ate that much was irrelevant when the whole world would eventually be made privy to it, and besides, it'd serve as further reinforcement to the notion that they shouldn't even *think* of double-crossing him. Thus, the snep set his body on overdrive, processing the mass of captives within his stomach and repurposing it for the rest of him, adding foot upon foot of height to himself as his frame expanded outwards, taking up so much space that even the throne room he'd carved had already begun to feel crowded. Above all though, it was an excuse for him to take his cock into his hands and start stroking it, unashamedly so, dozens of gallons of pre flying from his tip and splattering all over his remaining audience, who took it upon themselves to bolt out of there the moment they realized what was coming. For the little ones, the sequence of events had been nothing short of a nightmare: they'd lost several good warriors, only to have their weekly tribute vanish down the gullet of an uncaring giant in what seemed like an instant, and now they had to run out from under the hills, covered in male fluids, while a torrent of spunk came rushing towards them; they barely made it out without being drowned in it, just enough that they could look back and watch as trees and bushes were uprooted and swept aside, the very land itself seemingly sterilized as the ludicrous amounts of seed seeped into the earth and rendered it barren. They knew, then, that theirs was a position so precarious as to be entirely unsustainable; they'd eventually run out of villages to raid, whether because they were successful or because all their warriors died in a raid, and as soon as that happened, the giant leopard would turn on *them* before moving onto their next target... and the longer they kept this going, the more sacrifices they provided, the bigger and stronger the beast would become; worse yet, there was nothing they could do about it, for now they had sealed their pact with the demon by presenting a whole village's worth of people as tribute. No one would stand with them, and in fact there was a good chance they might band together against them, placing them between a rock and a hard place. As for Cookie though, he couldn't be further away from this dilemma if he tried; still sitting on his throne and having just finished blowing a load after what felt like an eternity of being dry, he couldn't possibly be happier. His belly full, his hunger sated (at least for the time being), he was finally happy with his arrangement again; in fact, for a short while, he even convinced himself that he was fine with the notion of only having sacrifices delivered to him once a week, since at least he could make a little ceremony out of it... that is, until the rest of the morning passed, and by mid-afternoon he could already feel his belly rumbling, demanding more fuel be thrown into the proverbial furnace. It was alarming, or it should be at least; for Cookie, the knowledge that he needed more food than the planet could ever possibly provide *should* have been a warning sign, but instead, he took it as evidence that he was headed in the right direction; he was a god, after all, thus he shouldn't have to concern himself with sustainability or whether or not his appetite would result in the death of the world he was visiting. Hell, if he wanted to, he could just find

another one, or even just reset the whole thing and start over as many times as he so desired; the universe was his plaything, and right about then, the snow leopard ceased caring about anything remotely resembling self-control, focusing entirely on how much self-indulgent insanity he could squeeze out of his then-current situation before it all went tits-up. To that end, he decided to get up and leave; not through the long hallway he carved down from the surface, but rather by just walking through the hills themselves, bursting free from underneath the local geography as his body burgeoned outwards with the last remnants of his village-sized meal. Like a volcanic eruption, plumes of dust, debris and chunks of stone rose high into the sky, obscuring his body just enough that, though the local clan knew exactly who was responsible, they still couldn't see him; perhaps it was for the best, as the moment of frozen panic where the raiders were locked into place lasted for long enough that Cookie could clear the distance between his ascension site and the closest village in a couple of short steps, immediately bending down to pick up the nearest cluster of little ones to shovel into his mouth, his newest toy no longer something he cared enough about to keep around. Screaming erupted all over as the villagers realized what was happening, with a few even being so bold as to try and *attack* the giant snow leopard, perhaps thinking that they could gain a modicum of peace in the warrior's afterlife if they went down fighting rather than running away into the woodland; whatever the case may be, it hardly mattered, since they all ended up in the same place in the end: trapped within Cookie's firm grip for a few seconds before being unceremoniously dropped onto his tongue and then pushed down his throat, to be used as further fuel for the giant's eternally-burning furnace. The devastation was equal-parts fascinating and existentially terrifying, what with how *efficient* Cookie had gotten at consuming his meals; he was so big, so overwhelmingly huge compared to the tiny buildings around him, that he could simply flatten a grouping of them with a single hand, closing his fingers around the wreckage and bringing along whoever might've been hidden inside. For those who decided to take their chances and run, it was simple enough to take a half-step in their direction and either use his other foot or his tail to block off their path, and even those who were lucky enough to vanish into the greenery would be found *eventually*; Cookie was still a snow leopard at the end of the day, and while he hadn't hunted anything in the traditional way in quite a while, his senses were still there for him to use. After he was done plucking the last remaining survivors from within the crumbled ruins of where once had been yet another village he depopulated, the giant turned his attention to the forest around him, closing his eyes and letting his hearing and smell take the lead; speaking entirely in practical terms, such an effort was a complete waste of time, as whatever nourishment he could get from the handful of runners hiding underneath the boughs was pitifully insignificant compared to just how massive he had become. But in that case, Cookie was willing to sacrifice some of his time and resources, if only to send a message: there was no running away from him, no defying his will, and if he decided that one's time had come, then one's job was to stand very still and allow oneself to be devoured by one's god, that one's mass may be turned into yet more snow leopard. Souls for the taking, fuel for the burning, that's all those people were; and, one by one, Cookie found all their little hidey-holes, plunged his hand down into the greenery, and got rid of the last remaining elements

of his second village of servants... and his last as well. The snep didn't think to take another one under his wing; his hunger was such that the thought of waiting for other people to bring him his meals was no longer as appealing as it used to be, plus the fact that all the effort that went into cowing a clan into submission could instead be put towards *eating it* and then moving onto the next one, then again, and again, until there was nothing left for him to consume. The planet would be left bereft of any sentient life, all of it used to further perfect and augment his own form, leaving him to do whatever he wanted with the actual world itself once all of its residents were safely packed inside of him; perhaps he'd fuck it in half, or just flood it over, or a variety of different things if he so desired. The point was that he *could*... but to do that, he needed to see to the little ones still infesting his prize. Thankfully, it was easy enough to walk long distances now that his body was quickly reaching the hundred-foot mark and his hunger served to egg him on even more than it had before; not only did he have the means, he had the *motivation* to find the closest settlement and be rid of it in the most delicious way possible, even if this meant uprooting entire chunks of the local woodlands in the process. It didn't register with Cookie; any devastation caused by him in the process of consuming the world's population was acceptable collateral as far as he was concerned, especially since there'd be no one left to even worry about it once he was done. Indeed, it only took him a minute or so before he stumbled onto yet another village full of delicious little snacks, this one appearing to be fortified for some reason; the sorry things had cleared out a wide area around the perimeter and erected a wooden wall, complete with a palisade, perhaps thinking that if they locked themselves in, they would stand a better chance at surviving any attacks by the snow leopard's chosen servants. How wonderful of them to serve themselves up on a silver platter like that, where Cookie could just stand in front of their town and block the single way out using one of his paws, while his hands flew from one building to the next, ignoring the desperate pleas for mercy as he collected the entirety of the village's population. That time, however, he didn't just throw each individual piece down his gullet; the giant was... well, giant, and thus any one person was far too little of a mass infusion to do anything for him anymore; he needed something *more*, something *bigger*, and seeing as there was a whole settlement full of people there for him to take at his leisure, it only made sense for Cookie to put all of them on his palm before he consumed his next meal. It even made for some great entertainment: as the number of snacks increased, he got to watch as they split into groups depending on how they thought they could appease the destructor deity come to reap their souls. Some, mostly the warrior caste, tried using their weapons to stab him, to absolutely no results; even if their weapons could pierce his skin, Cookie was still far too big for any one scratch from a sword or axe to even begin to register. Others began to pray, perhaps hoping to find some degree of mercy in their afterlife, while others still merely succumbed to despair, occasionally trying to jump off the hand they were placed on only to be plucked from the sky by the snep's other one and brought back to the growing number of sacrifices. Only when the whole village was collected did the feline deign to open his mouth, unashamedly licking his lips and then running his tongue over the edge of his teeth before bringing his open palm to his mouth, *hundreds* of little ones stuffing the top of his throat for just long enough that Cookie had to

actually struggle to swallow them all, even with his body being exceptionally welcoming to extra-large meals. Once he did, however, it was back to feeling the best he ever did, as the squirming lump traveled down his throat and settled peacefully into his stomach, bulging it out ever so slightly; from there, it was simple enough to kick his digestion into overdrive again, adding yet more size to his already colossal form, groaning and moaning all the while. It wasn't nearly enough for his intended purposes though; if he wanted to dominate the planet, he still needed plenty more mass, plenty more meals, but the bigger he got, the easier it *did* get to find his next stop... so why not get to it?

The next few snacks quickly turned into a blur. It was a process to be repeated, really, and not a particularly interesting one at that: straighten his back, look around him, make good use of his height to locate the nearest village, town, or even city if there was one, move towards it, consume. Rinse and repeat as he meandered about the surface of a world that was his by right, not particularly caring for whether he was intruding on this kingdom or that, or whether or not his presence and actions were causing entire coalitions to start forming out of sheer desperation; it wouldn't matter in the end, since he could walk faster than couriers could deliver messages and old grudges could be settled for the sake of trying (and failing) to protect life as everyone knew it. The feeding frenzy had truly begun, and the only thing that any of the little ones could really do was try and mount pitiful defenses with whatever local forces they could muster, occasionally throwing something of a small army at the snow leopard if the lord of the castle was rich and powerful enough and they happened to have enough time to muster up their forces. Regardless of what happened, however, nothing could stop Cookie at that point, not when he was already so immense and only grew more powerful with each handful of prey he threw into his mouth; be it madmen swinging blades or the occasional sage with magical inclinations, they were all just snacks in the end, and the snep treated them as such, holding very little, if *any* consideration for the individual lives that he ended whenever he gulped down a mass of writhing little ones. To him, the only important factor was the *collective*, the sum total of all souls on the planet that would let him transcend his bounds and become something far greater than he already was, and as long as this collective existed on some level, then he still had work to do, cities to raze, kingdoms to empty, nations to *eat*. He was little more than an instinct-driven machine by that point, but that was fine; his conscious mind was still there, just... in the back, watching as things unfolded and Cookie's body did most of the work, going through the motions and leaving behind them a terrifying wake of destruction unlike anything that world had ever seen, or indeed would *ever* see in the future. Once he was done, the snep fully intended to wipe the slate clean, maybe start over at a later date; he was powerful enough to do so, and his hunger would never abate, so why not kill two birds with one stone?