

Onyx did her best not to purr. It was quite hard, honestly. She could barely even feel the absolute largest of her tribe's scant few macros- recent additions who'd hurriedly learned the ways of her people the moment they'd seen what happened to macros who didn't- were almost impossible for her to feel as they moved across her body, tending to her fur and making sure any debris was tossed out of her pelt. They certainly weren't much help with her actual fashion, struggling to gather any shiny stones big enough for her to see except as sparkles dotting her claws, but she was finding that the tiny little glittery effect on her claws was actually quite appealing. Something about the way the light caught on them was very lovely, and made her feel that warm happy feeling that having clean brushed fur or a spotless hair bone did. And that made her want to purr with pride. And if she were to purr, it'd not only endanger her little ones, it'd also scare away her breakfast.

She lay peacefully, her chest rising and falling in such massive yet slow sweeps that it was hard not to think of her as landscape, even if you were a thousand feet tall. Two giantesses had fallen for the trap, climbing up onto her massive paws as she'd slept to use them as lookout points, hoping to take advantage of the fact that her toeclaws seemed like the highest points anywhere nearby so they could peer down across the world and spot meals. The fact that her fur-wrapped chest was a bit higher at its highest peaks didn't register to them- it was so far off, they hadn't even spotted it against the night sky when they started climbing. One was a titan of a Marowak- a bone-clad beast who, though delectably clean and in good condition, had no sense of fashion in the haphazard arrangement of her bones. Even her skull mask was slightly chipped and askew, for goodness sake! And the other macro was even worse- not only smaller, but a ragged mess of matted fur and callused pads and even an ungainly asymmetrical block of wood. Utterly disdainful. Onyx quickly turned away from the wolfess before she lost her appetite, and focused on the Marowak instead. The Marowak was still working their way up the towering kitty toes. It kept stopping for some reason- and it wasn't until she peered closer that she realized why. It seems the two visible speck-macros weren't the only ones who'd sought safety or food upon her mighty limbs. Rude little macros of all sorts were scampering up or down her fur, not the helpful ones of her tribe who kept things clean, but some outsiders with no sense of cleanliness or cuteness. How dreadful! They might even have eaten some of her little ones, the brutes...! This was an outrage, a disaster!

Before Onyx could start to rise up to snarl down at the trashy troublemakers, though, she saw the Marowak sweep a huge handpaw through the largest group of them. The beastess scooped them up by the dozens, opened her skull-shielded maw, and devoured. Instantly, the Marowak started to surge larger, growing bigger and bigger as she reached out and grabbed another set of macros who were now in her (longer) reach. Shoveling the smaller snacks in as fast as she could, and growing by leaps and bounds, the Marowak rumbled greedily with just enough power and strength for Onyx to feel her against the fluffy soft fur of Onyx's toes. Hm. Slowly, carefully, Onyx started to slide her other paw over. She could see out of the corner of her eye that the ugly beastly wolfess was doing much the same as the Marowak, gobbling down her former peers and swelling bigger in huge spurts, but the Marowak was pulling ahead fast- while the wolfess was only just now managing to catch up with some of the shorter fur strands on Onyx's toes, the Marowak was just a couple heads shorter than a claw. Honestly, the Marowak almost seemed as voracious and growth-prone as Onyx herself... almost.

It didn't take long for the wolfess to notice, and as she turned to look around, she soon spotted the enormous thick base of Onyx's paw. Her eyes trailed further, up the ankle, towards the calf, past the knee, along the thigh- and then the wolfess let out a startled, distant bark as she realized that the brown-ish wall next to the thigh was some form of cloth. Her gaze whipped up, staring between the two mountain peaks of Onyx's chest and peering through to see an enormous feline eye. Vast ears swiveled, causing clouds far below them to scatter and swish, while a gorgeous polished bone the size of the largest lakes loomed even further behind- It was at this point that her vision was obscured by a huge brown handpaw, and she heard the ominous growl of a hungry beast high overhead. Medulla clutched Scareye tight in her hand, snorting dismissively as she realized the wolfess was frantically slamming that ridiculous soft wood club against her fingers. Pathetic. Trees were nothing compared to good solid bone- but size and hunger were more important by far than either. She crammed the struggling wolfess in her maw, easily shoving the kicking paws deeper as her jaws crunched through the wooden stick, chewing it up before gulping it down on top of the yipping furious canine.

The rush of growth was immense, and glorious- all those meager scraps had barely tided her over in her endless search for food, but that wolfess- foolish as she was to trust in wood- had been a real proper muzzle-filling snack. Her body surged, pushing aside the strange white trees around her as her head plowed towards the morning sky. She had to adjust her stance several times as she more than doubled in height, then more than doubled again, her tail lashing in proud triumph as her vision crested the sparkly white peak before her and she could so clearly see that it was a claw atop a toe which she'd just outgrown several times over- Medulla's gaze snapped to the main base of the paw, to the ankle, to the calf, to the- Onyx was far too quick and clever to let the Marowak finish figuring out what was happening and which way she needed to run- and also much too hungry. Her handpaw blurred, moving hundreds of miles in a blink as she pounced at her own paw, grasping the beast just as it tried to leap down the softer-looking side of the pawscape- it'd have left her trapped on Onyx's ankle anyway, but that's what happened when your reactions were too slow to deal with the predators above you.

Onyx brought Medulla up to her face as she rose to a sitting position, settling one of her paws down protectively over her tribe's lands. The shadow of her toes offered them a bit of shade and warmth and the safety of their protector, reminded them that their powerful guardian loomed grander each day. The feline turned the growing, frantic, furious Marowak this way and that, marveling at how it was still expanding, filling her handpaw entirely now. Still, there was a way this sort of thing had to be done, and Onyx wasn't even remotely concerned that this Marowak might outgrow her. She brought up her other handpaw, and jabbed her claws forcefully at one of the fangs jutting from the Marowak's skull helm. The tooth instantly shattered to dust, which was angrily brushed out of Onyx's fur with a few hurried sweeps, but the end result was to make the helm properly matched on both sides, an empty socket to go with another empty socket on the far side. By this point, Medulla was almost as big as Onyx's arm. More than clean enough, and thankfully big enough to serve as a very appealing first course of breakfast.

Her graceful feline jaws parted, showing off flawless white teeth glittering with damp drool and a plush pink tongue as rough as sandpaper. The tongue slithered around

Medulla's waist, soaking the Marowak and making her increasingly panicked attacks land with muted glops and splaps. Even as she grew, even as she swung harder, even as she reared back and *slammed* her bone against the wall of giantess with as much force as she could, Medulla found Onyx to be entirely unphased by the efforts, not even noticing them- Scareye had at least managed to draw Medulla's attention, even if she hadn't hurt her! With one final raging snarl, her head a mere single mile from Onyx's muzzle, Medulla gathered all her strength and brought down her mighty bone upon the nearest cat tooth in sight. The bone shattered, snapping off just past Medulla's grip as a shower of white splinters went every which way, as long as those ways were down the abyss of cat maw. The light of the sky vanished, and Medulla found herself plunged into warm wet walls that pulled her deeper by the second. Onyx swallowed. Before the more-than-muzzle-sized bulge of Medulla's still-growing body was even halfway down the fancy feline's throat, however, it had vanished away to a tiny speck that rustled barely a dozen strands of fur on Onyx's neck.

Onyx purred. The entire landmass under her rocked by a gargantuan cataclysm of an earthquake as her body roared larger in a wild, but smooth, surge. Her tribe's lands were instantly lost under her pads, unharmed but very covered, then were exposed again under the shadow of her legs, then were sunk into the crater of her rear compressing down the planet's crust. Countless other tribes, countless other macros, countless entire ecosystems were buried beneath colossal onrushing walls of cat. Her tail lashed in gleeful swishes like a flailing serpent, zooming across the landscape, ripping up forest and mountains from the sheer power of its movements. She arched her back, catlike, rumbling, smug; feeling her paws shove forth as her shoulders spread and rose. A cool breeze swept over her as she pushed up further out of the atmosphere, making her mewl with comfort and delight. And in her stomach, a speck- already smaller to her now than her tribe had been to her minutes ago despite their growth still pouring on new size non-stop- continued falling down a shadowed throat so vast and dark that she couldn't see the sides of it, towards an ominous gurgling far below... Onyx purred with delight as she adjusted her position repeatedly, shifting about and sliding this way and shuffling that way, making sure her growing paws didn't expand all the way into the big wet ocean. It was starting to get quite hard to sit and fit without that happening. Onyx decided to stand up, her paws crushing gigantic explosions of magma across the crust that she made sure to avoid, not wanting the mud-like goo to stick to her and make her dirty (but entirely unbothered by its pleasant warmth). There we go! Now she had time to take stock of things without worrying about her paws running out of room for at least a few moments.

Her home continent stretched out under her like a bed, though one not quite big enough to stretch out on and sleep upon safely. Her toes loomed like endless walls over the inhabitants, white fluffy obstructions that drew your eyes skyward, where you'd see Onyx's perfectly-clean and fancily-decorated form, and probably be stunned in shock by a mix of terrifyingly immense size and gorgeous beauty (Onyx was quite sure it'd be more the latter than the former). And she was still growing. And she was starting to get *very* hungry. Her handpaw dropped down, blotting out the heavens, and she scooped up her tribe's lands- or rather, the massive sprawl of intact landscape she had now decided all belonged entirely to her and her tribe, comprising a solid tenth of the entire continent- and casually but carefully balanced it atop her cleavage. It... seemed to belong there. Like it was meant to dangle between her chest and her neck. Though she felt like

there was supposed to be some sort of string holding it in place, like her necklace. Ah well, she'd just have to ask her tribe to make one that'd fit her new size... Assuming her growth slowed down enough for them to finish it, at some point. She supposed if she had trouble finding any food clean and big enough to be worth eating, that might happen- but that was a worry for later. For now, she was suddenly realizing that some of those sky orbs overhead were starting to look exceptionally smooth and edible, and the land below her was starting to look exceptionally too-small for her paws... With a hungry rumble, she leapt into space, licking her lips and eyeing her next meal.