

Coming to that place had been the best idea Cookie had ever had. Granted, having to abandon his old home wasn't the easiest of decisions, but after he saw what sort of bounty awaited him in this new world, the snow leopard almost forgot what he had left behind, focusing entirely on the delicious promises this "Earth" had for him. Never before in his life had he seen a place so full of eager prey, so stuffed with people who *wanted* to be consumed, when before he'd always had trouble finding volunteers to shove down his gullet; now, obviously, a few of these people that he now shared a world with weren't exactly all that enthusiastic about serving as snep snacks, but Cookie was certain that, with the proper encouragement, and a couple of good shoves in the right direction, even the most reluctant among them would learn to love their new place underneath him... at least until they went inside him, of course. He still remembered his first meal, back when he had first arrived on the planet a few months prior by way of a destabilized wormhole: he found himself alone, in a city he didn't know, in a country he'd never heard of, surrounded on all sides by bipedal, hairless apes who all looked at him like he was some sort of circus freak. A few ran away screaming, others took *far* too close of an interest for his liking, but in the end, one thing was certain: they were *delicious*. Almost as soon as Cookie found himself one person who was more than happy to bring him along to their place, as soon as he tasted what these "humans", as they called themselves, tasted like, he knew that he needed to have more; even after he had to stretch his jaw out far more than he usually did, not to mention having to lounge about the now-ownerless apartment for a few hours just to digest the heavy meal, the one thing in Cookie's mind was how much he needed more, and just how much he wanted to *grow*. It was an urge that he didn't get to indulge too often back home, at least not without the authorities getting antsy, but as far as the snep knew, no one in this parallel version of his homeworld had the kind of stretchiness that he did, nor were they so eager to consume their fellow sentients for fun and pleasure; presumably, the fact that they were all one species made it more difficult for them to parse such an instinct, or maybe they were just weirdos who didn't consider the partaking of one another to be one of the most exhilarating displays of power and dominance. Whatever the case, Cookie was determined to see how far he could go before anything resembling a government authority came knocking on his door; his, because he was certain no one was going to bother if he just took over the home of the person resting inside his belly.

As a result, he then spent the following several months inviting more and more prey into his home, initially by going outside and quite literally pulling people off the streets when they least expected it. It was so easy to do, as well, seeing as his unique physiology stood so much in contrast to the rest of the planet's inhabitants that very few people could resist the opportunity to see what this was all about; most of them assumed it was some kind of weird marketing stunt, though a few were quick to accuse him of being a "deviant", whatever that was supposed to mean, but in the end, they all ended in the exact same way: inside his stomach, then as padding on the rest of him. This slowly became a problem the more Cookie gorged himself, because eventually, physics had to start catching up and leaving him with a bit more to his everything for each meal that he gleefully chowed down; while most of it just went straight through him, even when he feasted on entire groups and was left so knocked out he spent *days* resting from the

meals, even the smallest of increments had a way of adding up over time, and the more of them there were, the hungrier he got... and the hungrier he got, the closer the snep came to becoming the main target for a criminal investigation he'd heard rumours about. Apparently, in this world, people actually cared about prey that were eaten, rather than just chalking it up to the circle of life, and the police were apparently trying to find who was responsible for all the disappearances; predictably, this eventually came back to haunt the leopard, who wasn't exactly doing anything to hide his tracks. In fact, after he became too big to go out without attracting *far* too much attention to himself, he happily went online to search for new snacks to invite over, which he was certain would, at some point, be found out. Thankfully, this just played even further into his plans, because now he got to have his meals delivered to his new home without even having to work for them! No more having to entice others with the promise of a hot night of passion, no longer did he have to come up with nonsense about what he could do with his tongue that was only half-true, now he had policemen and investigators walking up to his front door, *willing* to talk to him, not knowing that the person who they would see after knocking with a ceiling-high snow leopard who'd give them maybe five second to stare before scooping them up and adding them to the collection of prey gurgling in his stomach. Soon enough, the very home itself would be crumbling underneath the mounting weight of the snep, who hadn't stopped to consider that maybe roosting on the fifth floor of an apartment building might not have been the best of ideas, but he couldn't bring himself to care; if anything, him growing so much from all the delicious meals that even houses couldn't hold him anymore was just a dream come true, something he'd been looking towards for so long that now that he could *live it*... well, it was just too good to be true. At times he wondered whether the portal had failed, and all of this was either a dying dream or some fantasy he cooked up while in a coma, but as the panicked screaming only got louder and the rumbling all around him became more intense, Cookie realized that, even if that were true, it still hardly mattered; he was there, he was having the time of his life, and he was about to show this world what it meant to be a true predator, just as soon as he stretched his limbs out and utterly demolished the cocoon of concrete and glass holding him back.

To say that onlookers were startled when he emerged from the wreckage of what used to be a multi-story highrise would be an understatement, because no one really expected the rumours about a "giant man-eating cat" to be even remotely true... and yet, there he was, a positively titanic snow leopard slowly rising from amidst the ruins of a building he had destroyed merely by outgrowing it, looking down at them while licking his lips, the hungriest expression stamped on his face. It was clear, at that moment, that no one within grabbing range was actually safe, that what was about to happen would be the complete and total consumption of anyone that made the fatal mistake of being close enough to be shovelled into the giant feline's mouth, not unlike what had been happening for a while already; that said, it was far easier said than done when one suggested running away, seeing as the general fight-or-flight response for every onlooker was thoroughly overwhelmed and short-circuited when they looked up at something that shouldn't be. People weren't supposed to be that big, nothing *living* that walked on two legs could be that big, and yet not only was Cookie clearly there, they were also some sort of bipedal cat person

that no one expected to see coming out of a destroyed building. The snep's very presence was such that it was enough to break the minds of everyone looking at him, giving him valuable time to walk towards the crowd assembled outside the former apartment block and promptly grab a handful of onlookers to delight himself with. They were as candy, in that a single person wouldn't be nearly enough to satisfy the ravenous hunger he felt, but they conveniently came packaged with so many extra ones that he could quite literally grab himself a handful and then just throw it down his throat, not even bothering with chewing; instead, a large, somewhat wriggling lump made its way down into neck before vanishing somewhere just above the collarbone, with a loud gurgle making it obvious when the first victims of the leopard's rampage splashed against stomach acid. Within *seconds*, the giant's hyperactive metabolism kicked into even higher gear, not only making short work of his latest snacks, but adding even more mass onto him, the efficiency of it only getting more and more ludicrous the more Cookie indulged in the sort of rampant predatory hunting that he'd been denied back home; soon enough, around the same time as panic truly set in and people began to run away from him, the titan was deliberately rounding people up using his tail, corralling large numbers of delicious little treats before bending down and grabbing so many of them that he had to drop them onto his open mouth like he had scooped up water using both hands, fluid being replaced by a mass of screaming, meekly-protesting little apes who thought that if they kicked hard enough, then maybe they could save their lives. How little did they know that such lives weren't even worth saving; they were *prey*, things to be consumed by an apex predator like the leopard, treats for him to spend time savouring, each one only adding to a body that took up increasing amounts of space on the horizon.

It was clear to Cookie that he was growing far in excess to what he had expected, especially after he became tall enough to compete with skyscrapers for sheer height, even if he already surpassed them in weight; in fact, he appeared to be getting more out of his meals than he was putting in, with each individual human snack giving him extra *feet* after a while, rather than just an inch or two. He couldn't explain it, nor did he really intend to, as such a process obviously only existed for his own amusement, that he may abuse it and grow out of control in a very literal sense; sure, it made it slightly harder for him to catch anyone, seeing as he had to rip buildings off the ground and shake the people out of them after a while, but at the end of the day, it all just served to further affirm his full and total dominance over the planet. Rather than just another snow leopard in a world filled with others who would gladly do what he was doing then, he was unique, one of a kind, a *god* to be worshipped and given sacrifices to... and if no one stepped forward and volunteered, he could just tear apart entire cities, whole chunks of urban sprawl, in his endless search for more sustenance. That he could grab a skyscraper with one hand and a large factory with another, simultaneously crushing both and having its occupants fall into his open maw as he shook both fistfuls of wreckage apart, was nothing more than further evidence that he had inherited that world, and could do with it as he pleased; even when he began to outgrow his surroundings by such a wide margin that it became almost impossible to even *see* anyone down below, he didn't stop, for to do so would be to deny his own nature. Even when he

broke through multiple cloud layers and created large, radial cracks on the ground whenever he took a step, Cookie didn't for a *second* even consider slowing down, much less stopping his now-apocalyptic feeding frenzy. Sure, it *did* mean he had to resort to such brutish measures as ripping out entire chunks out of the urban jungle underneath him and then consuming them wholesale, but as long as there were prey in there, then he didn't particularly care; in fact, as long as he kept growing, kept getting bigger and more powerful, then things were going according to plan as far as he was concerned. He wouldn't stop until he was the undisputed ruler of this world, and this wouldn't be achieved until he reached such a size that he could quite literally loom over it... and, given the speed at which he was ascending towards the heavens, this turned out to be a lot easier than he ever expected it to be. Before long, he could feel a noticeable temperature difference between his paws, still stuck down near warmer air, and his head, rapidly speeding towards the coldness of space; that he wouldn't have oxygen to breathe didn't concern him, for evidently he was some sort of deity, and deities didn't need to *breathe*, they just had to *be*. Indeed, he simply willed himself to stop breathing after a while and it was perfectly fine, for he had much more important things to do, like hopping into orbit and then twisting himself around so he could face the planet, hungry look on his face now visible to billions of people at the same time.

He briefly considered just chomping down on the whole thing, cracking open this Earth like an egg and then drinking whatever was on the inside before crunching down on the shell, but frankly, what good would that do? He escaped his world to impose himself upon another, and what was a king without subjects to rule over? Better that he consume just enough that his form would burgeon outwards to the point where he could use this planet as his own personal throne, to a size where he could very easily adjust his bottom on one of the poles and turn the very globe itself into a beanbag of sorts. It caused significant tectonic distress and would lead to large chunks of that world starting to break off, plus it was obviously only a temporary state of affairs before his hunger spiked to such an absurd level again that he'd get up and chow down on the whole thing like he'd just thought, but as he sat there, in those short moments, he felt more powerful than he ever had before. His eyes fixated on a universe that would be his one day, knowing that his own world was out there somewhere, while his tail lazily swept across vast swaths of the Earth, smoothing it out for later consumption.

Everything had gone far better than expected.

And he was *hungry* still.