

It was becoming increasingly more difficult to even be able to notice the difference between any given person as well; if the leopard had already resorted to swallowing entire groups of people back when he was still operating with heights that only had three digits, once his head broke through the first cloud layer and then just kept going it became entirely impossible for him to even grab *one* snack at a time. They were just too tiny, just too insignificant for him to mechanically accomplish such a thing, forcing him to resort to more drastic measures such as scooping up entire residential districts, or just outright uprooting whole villages and flipping them upside down above his open maw, the bottomless pit in his stomach only growing deeper and wider with each ounce of mass that was poured into it. Things quickly took a turn for the more ravenous once Cookie reached enough of a height that he could see the curvature of the planet he was on; by that point, every step he took was powerful enough to cause earthquakes, ones that would only grow more powerful as he carried on with his path of destruction, slowly but surely thinning out the world's population, one population center at a time. But the biggest threat came not from his size in general, nor even from his endless appetite, but from the... secondary effects of his rampage. Cookie would be lying if he said that at least half of his motivation wasn't sexual in nature, even back when he still fit inside caves and bothered to tell others to fetch his meals for him; half the point was for him to *thoroughly* enjoy himself in a way that only he could, the physical gratification he felt from every prey devoured being enough to set him on edge and keep him there for so long that he almost went mad. It only made sense, then, that the bigger he went, the more the effects of this process would be magnified; if *one* prey already left him so horny that he felt the need to jack off immediately, *millions* of them had turned his hormonal system into something akin to a planet-sized superstorm, with the only thing holding him back from falling down and rubbing out several dozen ones being his overwhelming hunger for even more meals to scarf down. The balance, however, was quickly tipping in the former's direction; though the colossal leopard could still focus on the overriding drive to consume more and more prey, the twitching and throbbing of his rock-solid member was hard to ignore, and impossible to deny, causing him to occasionally flinch and almost trip over himself whenever a particularly strong pleasure wave came crashing through his body as a result of the pressure inside of his shaft rising to unbearable levels. His nuts, too, were *begging* for some release, blue-balled purely by virtue of not being allowed to empty out, having to make due with whatever precum they could pump through the snep's dick; granted, there was enough of it to flood entire landscapes, but that was far more a result of him being so big that the sky around him had begun to turn dark despite it being the middle of the day. Soon enough, he'd *need* a proper climax, much like he'd experienced back before starting his feeding frenzy; he'd need to stop, sit or lie down, and put both of his hands to good use pleasuring himself until he broke in half and flooded everything he could see in a thick carpet of white... and *that* gave him an idea. Cookie's eyes opened wide as the thought coalesced in his mind, putting together the disparate parts of what could maybe be considered a plan while he considered the end result; it was risky, yes, but assuming he managed to hold out for long enough, then he could make it work. And if he did... well, the thought of being able to coat the planet in his jizz was certainly enough to

make him want to get started on it immediately, but if he wanted to truly experience what it was like to transcend the bounds of mortality and assert himself as that world's new god, then he had to stick to the plan. That being, of course, to just do what he was already doing; Cookie wasn't exactly the most complicated of people when it came to accomplishing his goals, and as his new objective was to simply grow big enough that he could quite literally flood the whole globe with a single, glorious release, there wasn't a lot he could do beyond the obvious. If it wasn't broken, there was no point trying to fix it, and now that his form had grown to such a large scale that he could probably walk around the equator in just under an hour, he could probably afford to pick up the pace; no need to stand around appreciating his meals when they were barely even a blip on his taste buds anymore, doubly so now that he had something to work towards. Besides, at his scale, it was far more efficient to simply erase entire demographics off the planet by sweeping up whole countries at a time and shovelling whatever happened to be alive down his throat, again and again, until there was nothing left for him to consume at all. As a process, it was doomed to end quicker the more it was fed into: after all, the more Cookie ate, the bigger he got, and the more he could gobble down the next time around. Thus, it didn't take long before he hit the final barrier, and as much as he looked around for something else to eat, the snow leopard consistently came up empty; as much as he didn't want to believe it, he had finally *run out*, having succeeded in his goal of consuming every prey on the planet. Sure, there were probably a handful of scattered survivors, but those hardly mattered compared to the hundreds of millions now making up his glorious form; they could have the privilege of watching as their new god ascended to the heavens... and quite literally so, as part of his plan involved him being in low orbit around the planet! Not that much of a hassle, truth be told, as he was already having to compete with the world for gravitational pull given his body's density, and all it took was a quick skip and a hop for him to lift off from the surface, cutting off ties with it completely; it felt odd, at least initially, to have nothing underneath him, as the vacuum of space was just that: a vacuum. He assumed it'd be like floating in a pool, but instead it was just... nothing. Nothing but a vast, open space, nothing but room for him to grow into and fill up with whatever he could produce, nothing but a whole cosmos' worth of potential civilizations that he could locate, impress himself upon, and then promptly eat without a second thought. For a few moments, Cookie was stuck in that loop, imagining himself as some sort of cosmic mega-deity whose purview was that of destruction and consumption, himself as a pan-galactic monster of a feline who existed purely to find more prey to devour, growing ever more powerful as a result, all because he had let go and surrendered to his impulses with a bunch of peasants on some backwater planet. And the best part about that particular fantasy was that it was entirely achievable; his was such a perfect form that he had no need to breathe out in space, no need for rest, leaving him with nothing but time and ample motivation to take the universe by storm if he so desired... but first, the world responsible for his ascension. It was the plan, ultimately, and it felt wrong not to give that thing a proper send-off now that he was done with it; there might still be life down there, mostly animal, but the real meat of the meal was dried up, turning that piece of floating rock into little more than a useless sphere as far as Cookie was concerned. Still, there was something of an emotional attachment to

it; he remembered arriving there as a perfectly regular-sized snep, albeit one with the potential to become what he eventually turned into, and now he was staring at it from such a vastly different angle that his previous self felt like an entirely different person, a lifetime that someone else had lived and left behind in his memories for whatever reason. Now he was a *god*, and while he wouldn't deny that it was mostly thanks to his own actions, he also had to admit that, if not for the bountiful feast provided by that world, he'd never have gotten there; thus, the need to cap the ascension in such a way as to make it clear to any would-be contenders, if they ever reached the point he himself was at, just who they were dealing with. If anyone were left on the surface of the planet, they'd be able to see the snow leopard slowly reaching out towards it, two hands grabbing opposite sides of the world as his body finally settled into its final, titanic size; he had considered straight-up fucking the globe apart, but ultimately decided against it, as the alternative was far, *far* better. Instead, he pushed his cock against the surface, finding a large enough section of a continent that he could start bucking his hips and wouldn't have to worry about any part of his member going without stimulation; the ground might be rough, and the geography might need some flattening, but all it took were a few seconds for him to carve out a deep, wide trench into which he could keep thrusting, keep rolling his hips, keep rubbing and reaching climax at a dangerously fast pace. Now that he had nothing else to do, and no other prey to consume, there was no barrier holding him from just cumming his brains out; no excuses meant his brain could focus entirely on all the pent-up pressure and backed-up pleasure, making it unsurprising that the amount of precum alone increased by such a high degree that it actually slipped into orbit just from how quickly it was being pumped out! Cookie took note of this, and through sheer force of will, managed to yank himself back at just the right moment to avoid wasting his seed when it was finally pumped out; a minute of rubbing his cock against an entire world was all that he needed to finally reach his edge and fly off of it, his brain outright stopping for a second as it rebooted during the moment of climax. For that second, Cookie genuinely thought he might be jettisoned backwards from the force of the release, but as soon as it became clear that he wasn't going anywhere, he felt safe enough to bring his hands to his base so he could keep stroking himself, helping the climax along as it painted the whole world a pearly, stark white. It was like dropping a bucket of paint on something, with one enormous mound of thick, syrupy fluid in the middle of the impact site, oozing outwards to cover every surface that it could find, growing thicker and deeper still as time went on and more and more coating was added; with a body as large as his, it only made sense for a proper orgasm to leave the whole planet Cookie had just been on looking like a uniform white sphere, even if one with some slight irregularities. Oceans were consumed, landmasses covered, and soon enough the whole planet was covered underneath *miles* of the snow leopard's spunk, roiling about with currents so strong that they could topple even the mightiest of buildings; such were the quantities of cum that they began cracking the surface from the pressure alone, infiltrating the interior of the planet all the way down to the mantle and initiating a cycle that would, eventually, lead to its complete destruction. But, for now, it stood as a testament to Cookie's power, and proof positive that he was, at long last, a true god.

So clearly, he had to start working on his next meal.