

There was even a certain amount of manic energy to it, an enthusiasm that could only really come from doing something that one *knew* was fundamentally *right*, like Cookie had just found his life goal right when he was in the best possible place to work towards it; everything came naturally, as if it was just instinct, as if him literally ripping out huge chunks from the galaxy he was in, only to turn them into finely-braided jewelry, was something *normal*... which, to him, it actually, undeniably was. Maybe to others it would qualify as being beyond the realm of the reasonable, but as far as the snep cared, what he was doing was exactly what he was entitled to do; he was a god, *the* god, and as such his was the right to do whatever the hell he wanted, even if this entailed physically mangling the very structure of the cosmos itself. Sure, it barely even registered on his form, with each individual light being so tiny that it nearly sunk into his fur, but that was hardly important; he could just make them bigger if he wanted to, he could just snap his fingers and have his adornments grow alongside him, even if this meant abusing the laws of physics to such a horrible degree that they could hardly be called laws anymore. There was only one Law: his will, and whatever he chose to do with it. If this meant that the stars he wore on his person had to grow at the same rate he did, then they just would; nevermind the extra mass needed to make that happen, never mind how they were grow so immensely hot that they *should* incinerate every planet around it, were it not for Cookie subconsciously extending his protection to them as well. The cosmos was his for the taking and his for the sculpting, leaving him as the sole, undisputed overlord of all that was and could be... and at that moment in time, what he wanted was to make his jewelry grow as he did, so it did, no questions asked. Things carried on as such for a while, long enough that Cookie legitimately lost track of how much time it had been; in his state, an eon could pass in a second and vice-versa, with it being difficult for him to care too much about the passage of something that just didn't affect him. Civilizations may come and go, but he was a constant, he was eternal, *he* was the anchor around all things existed... though, given how he hadn't yet outsized the galaxy he was in, the feline could only assume it hadn't been *that* long. Thus, he focused on doing what he did best: taking even more of the stellar clusters around him and fashioning for himself an ever more regal coating of precious adornments, true cosmic gemstones then more than ever, forcing them to grow to proportions so enormous that single stars would outsize entire nebulae without immediately collapsing in on themselves or flash-frying everything for several light-years around it. What mattered was that they *looked good* on him, and it stopped there; no consideration was given to what they should do beyond that, which left most of the star systems under Cookie's direct control stuck in an odd form of limbo, where those who lived in them could tell that things were always just a second away from collapsing, yet never did so thanks to the giant snow leopard god's actions. Despite this, there was still something bugging him, though this time it was entirely external; thankfully, Cookie taking the time to listen to his inner beast and actually give it what it wanted had left him feeling immensely satisfied with himself, so much so that he actually thought about slowing down and enjoying things for a bit before moving onto the next galactic arm. However, there was another thing, a presence that he hadn't noticed until then, one that pressed itself onto him without Cookie being able to tell what it was. Much like when he was alone somewhere and

could “feel” someone there with him, this phantom entity made the fur on his back stand up, his fight-or-flight response kicking in as if he were about to be jumped by some immense predator. But that was ridiculous; what could *possibly* exist that was of such power that it could compete with *him* of all people? He was undisputed, uncontested, all-powerful; anything out there that *could* possibly exist would, by definition, be lesser than him, no matter what it might be... so then, why did the sensation not go away? Why did he feel like he was being stared down by some great, unfathomable *thing* that he couldn’t comprehend? The snow leopard swiveled his head around, trying to make sense of what he was experiencing, his eyes wide as he tried to find the source of this intangible threat; by then, he’d grown so much that his waist was the only thing contained within the galactic plane, his lower body sticking out “below” and upper one “above”. This gave him a perfect view of something that he hadn’t noticed up until then, something he assumed was *too big* for even him to see until he grew large enough: a ringworld. Or rather, a ring-galaxy, given the sheer size of that thing; typically, one would expect a structure of such a scale to be built around a single star, to the point where Cookie simply assumed he *must* have a couple around him on pure chance alone. But as he grew further, as he took in extra mass and outsized the entire galaxy he was in, he saw the immense hyper-structure fade into view, as if its sheer scale was such that it was kept hidden from anything and anyone that wasn’t positively gargantuan as well. The *size* of it was absurd: it circled around the galactic plane, thicker than *it* was, with its frame being wide enough to house hundreds of star systems from end to end, to say nothing of the actual “worlds” contained within it. The construction was so absurd that whoever had built it, whoever had sunk immeasurable amounts of time and energy into building such an impossibly vast *thing*, would most likely consider themselves to be the masters of their universe; after all, who else but gods would be able to build something that rivaled entire galaxies in size? Who else but a group of sentients who had achieved power equal to the divine would have the ability to encircle such a vast amount of space in an artificial home for their kind? It was so horrifyingly huge, in fact, that Cookie was left frozen in place, unable to react; what could he even do, when confronted with something like that? There he was, thinking himself the overlord of all things, thinking himself the most superior and powerful form of life in the universe, one able to just take star clusters and turn them into ringlets to adorn his wrists... and now suddenly, he was confronted with something so large, so *vast*, that for the first time in a long while, he felt *small*. Worse yet, he felt *inconsequential*, for clearly, if the structure was already there, the civilization who built it had had plenty of time in between acquiring the technology to actually *make it* and the present; who knew how powerful they might be, when millions of years could’ve gone by in between the first steel beam and the very last bit of wiring being installed? They could, too, be gods by then, gods who could rival *him*... and he couldn’t allow that, now could he? Cookie was a merciful god, or at least he liked to think of himself as such, but there were limits to his generosity; one could do just about anything they wanted, provided they didn’t step on his toes or reject his offer of dominion and worship. But this? This... *thing*, this colossal affront to his own divinity, standing as a testament to the hubris of a species who believed themselves superior to what they truly were? This monument to their own power, built on the

faulty assumption that they had achieved full mastery over their cosmos? Well, that just had to go; Cookie wasn't going to accept such an insult being directed at him, nor was he going to float there and wait for the structure's owners to bother to show up, when they should've already contacted him to make it clear they thought *he* was still the god of that universe. Hell, they might actually think they were safe, locked away in their artificial world, away from anything that could possibly harm them; if that was the case, then they had a whole other thing coming, and the snow leopard would be the one to deliver it to them. If they wanted to feel like gods, then they should be able to back it up with more than just words, and unfortunately for them, they weren't dealing with just *any* unbelievably huge cat; Cookie was far more than that, far more powerful and resourceful, far... hungrier. There it was again, that gnawing void in his stomach, the same one that had led to him making some astoundingly poor decisions in the past, the same one that *demande*d he satisfy it in the basest possible manner. Yet, that time, it felt slightly different, just enough that he could tell it wasn't anything like what he was used to; it wasn't the *exact* same need, the *exact* same want, in the sense that he knew what he had to do in order to fulfill it, rather than being lost for ideas when it came to a permanent solution. It was less a manifestation of his lack of worship and far more of an active desire that time around, a goal really, one directed at just one thing: that damned ringworld. Because it wasn't an accomplishment, it wasn't an *achievement*, certainly not with Cookie around; the people who built it might've certainly thought so, but they were going to learn a different lesson altogether as soon as he grew big enough to make good use of that thing. All the snep could see when staring at the immense structure was something to be *taken*, something to be worn like the myriad of stellar adornments he had on his person; in fact, the more he stared at it, the sillier his initial reaction became, since, after all, had he not become so powerful that he had broken physics entirely? Had he not transformed his jewelry such that stars grew to be dozens or hundreds of light-years across, just so they could be visible on his person? Had he not grown so large that he could *see* outside of that galaxy to begin with? For all of their might, the civilization that built the ringworld did so within the constraints of physical law, which ultimately made their accomplishments entirely pointless, since anyone, given time, would've been able to replicate them. But there was only one Cookie, only one feline god to go around, and with nothing around to stop him, he was intent on showing that *thing* just who was in charge, by turning it into yet another piece for him to wear... though not like the rest of the accoutrements on him. No, that one was *special*, and as Cookie felt himself growing bigger still, seemingly fuelled by his own desire to outsize the biggest thing around him, he knew he couldn't just turn that ringworld into a bracelet or a necklace like he had with so many of the galaxy's stars and nebulae; being a circular structure by default, and an artificial one at that, it only made sense that it be put to use around the one part of the snow leopard's body that deserved such a grandiose addition to it: his cock. It *had* been a while since the feline paid any attention to it, given that his ascension had taken so much out of him that the notion of pleasuring himself simply vanished from his head, but now that he had both the time and the motivation, Cookie could see that it was a spectacular idea; after all, his equine dick had gone a long while without anything being thrown on it, remaining

just as barren as it had always been, albeit with its black surface slick with pre thanks to its gravitational well pulling all of his pre back against it. It felt only appropriate that something on the scale of that ringworld should be used to adorn something of equal size, something that *deserved* to have such a fantastic feat of engineering as decoration. Of course, Cookie fully intended to break the structure apart once he grew big enough, but that was hardly important; it was the exercise of power that mattered, not what was actually *done*, and besides, it was through their hubris that the ringworld's civilization had doomed themselves. They dared to stare into the face of God and proclaim themselves superior to its creation, and now, once this absent deity was replaced with a very much present one, they were about to reap what they had sowed countless ages past. It was poetic, in fact, if somewhat crass and rude, when Cookie realized that whoever lived there was *literally* going to be fucked; it made him chuckle, just as his body reached a point where he had to start moving away from an increasingly-thinner galaxy, one whose mass was rapidly depleted as it was repurposed into yet more cosmic jewels for Cookie to wear. Soon enough, he would be *too* big, to the point where, even if he hadn't literally stripmined the entire galactic disk to make himself look even more resplendent, the snep would've outgrown it anyway, reducing it to thin dust purely by virtue of his body being *that* large. A positively wondrous side effect of this was that, past a certain point, his own gravitational pull exceeded that of the ringworld, enough that, with minimal effort, Cookie could hold it in place so he could make his grand entrance: slowly "rising" from "below", like a shark stalking its prey, his face appearing from behind one of the inhabited sections to let all the other ones know just who the real god was. He would appear before them, shifting into view as he came closer and bent light so that he might be visible, his mind extending outwards to tune into the countless souls waiting for him within that artificial mega-world. They were numberless, so many that Cookie actually had to flinch as he reeled from the impact, listening in to their desperate cries for mercy from the "monster in the heavens" they were all seeing. As soon as the initial shock of making contact with literally *quintillions* of lives was over with, however, Cookie had never felt more powerful in his life; so many of them, so many souls, so many flickering lights, so many little ones *begging* him to spare them his wrath, so many presupposed masters of the cosmos reduced to grovelling for just one more moment, that they may repent for their sins... or, at least, that's how Cookie chose to interpret it. He didn't particularly care about whether or not the details were correct, only that the ringworld went nowhere, giving him a target to aim for when he pulled back and brought the real star of the show to bear. There was no need for him to use his hands either; in fact, using them at all would be a disservice to himself, when the whole point was to show off just how powerful he truly was. So really, all he had to do was gently aim the flared tip of his cock at the immense hole left behind by where a galaxy had once been... and then thrust into it.

A second. That was all it took. A structure of a size so gargantuan that it defied explanation, one that had most likely been built by the combined efforts of eons' worth of generations, the ultimate resting place for a civilization that had transcended the bounds of mere mortality. A ringworld to encompass the perimeter of a galaxy, the ultimate demonstration of power over the

laws of the universe... gone, just like that. It existed for a moment or two, a brief couple of instants in between Cookie's shaft moving towards it, and it hitting a section of the snep's equine rod that was simply too large for it to stretch around; it existed for just long enough that its inhabitants realize they weren't about to be blessed with extra size like all the stars the feline god was wearing. It existed for just long enough that they could feel the rumbling of their artificial world as it was torn asunder, as it slammed straight into a shaft that was far too large for it, as it was broken into pieces and the historical work of an entire species vanished in but a fraction of the time needed to build it up. And as Cookie stared at the wreckage, admiring how all it had taken was a single thrust, he snapped his fingers, willing the countless souls drifting through space to be granted refuge upon one of the many, *many* worlds on his own form; after all, there was no point in wasting such a wonderful collection of potential worship batteries, even if it'd take some time for them to come to terms with this new heaven of theirs. What mattered was that he had asserted himself, he had proven his superiority, and for now at least, he was the undisputed ruler of the entirety of existence, with none to call his equal.

As it very well *should* be.