

He didn't really expect it to work, but then again, he *had* spent a considerable amount of his money buying the damned pill in the first place, so it was the least that it could do for him.

Cookie barely had a couple of seconds before the effects began to take hold of him, with his clothes bursting in every direction right after he swallowed the seemingly unassuming white pellet that nearly melted on his tongue. It was *supposed* to be an extra-strong variant of a commercially-available growth supplement, and if there was one thing in that description that truly hit home, it was the word "extra"; he'd heard tales of that the regular stuff did for people, already powerful enough to turn them into giants so large that compressor tech had to suddenly keep up with a lot more pressing demand thanks to people constantly breaking free of their homes, so for something to be experimental and stronger than *that*... well, the snow leopard couldn't really say no to that.

What the snep couldn't have expected was for it to feel so *amazing*! Rather than pressure or discomfort, he was instead filled with a sense of overwhelming might and power, like a furnace had been lit inside of his chest, a furnace that kept him wide awake, completely alert, and quite a bit hungry for fuel. There was no doubting it, that raging inferno he had inside of him wasn't going to feed on sunshine and prayers, very much *demanding* that he do something about how amazingly hungry he suddenly felt. It only made sense; after all, since he was suddenly a few feet taller and still growing bigger with each passing second, his body needed a suitable amount of caloric energy in order to keep it from collapsing in on itself, and given how infatuated Cookie was with his own burgeoning self, he was more than happy to throw anything he could find directly into his ravenous maw.

It seemed at that point that even breathing in more heavily than before was enough to get him going, almost as if he was consuming the very atmosphere around him; it certainly fit into the furnace metaphor, given the need for oxygen, and the strength of the gusts of wind caused by his uncontrolled draining of whatever air he could get his lungs on caused whatever remained of onlookers to search for shelter, lest they be flattened against the ground and dragged towards that budding colossus. It was hard for the snep to even tell just how quickly he was growing anymore; in between the constant rate that the pill had given him, the heavy breathing and, eventually, him outright taking huge chunks out of buildings, he had suddenly gone from a perfectly unassuming feline to an enormous, thirty-foot-tall colossus of a snep that still insisted on growing even larger. Soon he'd be towering over most of the structures around him, taking whole handfuls of concrete and rebar and just stuffing them down his gullet, seemingly capable of transforming even the most inorganic of materials into even more raw mass for his ascension... though not without consequences.

As his whole body grew, so too did a very specific part of him, in excess to what the rest of him was experiencing; who could really fault Cookie for being aroused when all of his size goals

were being met, shattered, and then readjusted so they could be beaten again? He was turning into a macro-grade giant, so of *course* his cock was going to be as hard as it could possibly be... and of course, his arousal was going to be so high that he could barely even think straight anymore, to the point where suddenly he felt a very intense, almost insurmountable need to stick that dick somewhere big enough to satisfy that burning desire of his to *fuck* something.

It was all happening so fast, and yet all that the snep could think of was to hilt himself inside of something, specifically *something* big enough to hold him; with his body still climbing towards the clouds at a respectably steady rate of a couple of feet every other second, the city around him was starting to fall away from view, with Cookie only capable of seeing the tops of buildings. Soon enough, there wouldn't be anything left that he could use for stress relief, and that idea left him so terrified and stressed out that he figured it'd be best if he just *went* for it; no thoughts, no concerns, just running towards the nearest biggest building and shoving his turgid equine shaft into it as hard as he could. Thankfully, there was a whole downtown area he could use for just that task, one filled with skyscrapers of a wide variety of styles and sizes, but all of which had one thing in common: they were *big*.

Cookie barely noticed as his wide footsteps left enormous holes in the ground whenever he moved close to his target, his perspective constantly shifting as he grew taller still, giving him an extra incentive to get a move on and disregard the damage he was doing to his surroundings just for the sake of sating that *need* that had taken over all his conscious self. Apartment blocks were knocked over, whole retail districts stamped flat, but in the end, he made it there; with his eyes practically shining and his hands moving up on their own to grasp at the tallest structure he could find, Cookie outright knocked every other skyscraper around him onto the ground like they were made of tissue paper as he pulled back his hips, aimed the tip of his dick directly at the mid-section of the tower he chose as his object of affection, and promptly *spear*ed through the whole thing with a single thrust.

Neither steel nor glass could get in his way. One moment the snep was bent over and looking down at his throbbing shaft, the next his back was arched forward, he was letting loose a yowl-turned-roar that literally parted the clouds above him, and his shaft was buried so deeply into the skyscraper's frame that most of it was jutting out from the other side. He was left breathless, unable to really formulate a plan of action, and as such the giant's muscle memory kicked in; realizing that it was now or never, his body moved on its own to give its owner the most amount of pleasure possible, bucking Cookie's hips for him on instinct in order to properly fuck that building like the fucktoy that it was. With each motion, the snep only got bigger, the hole punched through the skyscraper widening until it was a hole no longer, but simply a tear, with half of the building left perched precariously atop the shaft responsible for the split, and the other half crumbling underneath it.

But that was fine, because Cookie had outgrown such silly needs in the short time it took for him to utterly destroy the biggest building in his former home city. He was bigger now, more important than a single structure, powerful enough that, by the time he came back to his senses, even the downtown area barely registered as any different from its surroundings; everything was just an undifferentiated mess of sparkling metal and dull stone, melting into a grey blotch of landscape that would soon become just another thing for him to step on and forget about, as the whole world shrank around him at record speed. From there, it was a simple step towards orbit, or rather, towards growing so massive that the gravitational pull of the planet was no longer enough to keep him grounded, and as soon as *that* happened, there wasn't a lot else that could be done to hold him back.

Not that Cookie had the best self-control around, but up until then he hadn't actively lusted after the very planet that he used to call him, and neither did he look around at the cosmos as one big, immense snack that was just waiting for him to pick up and devour like it was nothing but a salted cracker. And yet, as his body continued to grow and outsize the very Earth, as he felt himself be pushed out as his own mass surpassed that of his homeworld, what he saw floating in front of him *wasn't* the Blue Marble, the only known cradle for life in the whole universe, but rather something that he could, and *should*, be devouring in order to fuel his ascension even further. It was hard to believe that just minutes earlier he had been so small as to be able to fit inside doors, and indeed the snep couldn't really understand how and why any of this was taking place, but he did know one thing: he was hungry, ravenous, even, and if there was one thing that could sate this gnawing void in his stomach, it was the planet in front of him.

But he wasn't yet big enough. Certainly on a scale so vast as to be able to hug Earth, sinking his fingers into two different oceans and rubbing his cock against it until he dug an enormous groove along several thousand miles that created tsunamis and triggered earthquakes, but not nearly big enough to just chomp down on it. It was, of course, just a matter of time; eventually, he would grow to be able to hold the whole Earth on a single palm, then between two fingers, so he needn't worry about that. In fact, if it was such an inevitability, why not make good use of it? Why not do to his homeworld what he had to the skyscraper just a few moments before, holding it firmly as he adjusted the tip of his cock to press firmly against its surface, the snep's body trembling all over as he prepared himself for a thrust that would see him break through the Earth's mantle and straight through the core...

... or so he thought. Truth was, his body once more reacted to this unbridled display of lust in the same way it had previously, granting him such an immense and sudden burst of size and might that, by the time Cookie bottomed out inside of the planet, he didn't end up touching its very center so much as pierce through the whole thing and end up ejecting the solid iron core from the other side, his equine shaft poking out the other end and already rending the two halves of Earth as it thickened considerably in a short amount of time. The snep knew he had to act

quickly: pulling back, he held the shattered remains of his home planet in his two hands, staring at the hole he poked through it, until it grew too small for him to use both palms, then too small to fit in just one without floating away, until finally, the giant brought the diminutive little blue thing to his mouth, shoved it inside, and it ceased to be two seconds later as he chewed it down.

Earth was gone. The rest of the solar system remained. And it too would soon be devoured.

With the inner, rocky planets being little more than a tasty snack for Cookie at the size that he was at, it was no surprise that, by the time he even got to the outlying gas giants, even they didn't pose that much of a challenge for him anymore. It almost seemed as if being in space made him grow *faster* now that he didn't have to worry about remaining planetbound, having so much more empty room to expand into that whatever process the pill kickstarted went into overdrive and left his body incapable of even so much as remaining stable; if he bothered to actually check, the snep would quickly realize his rate of expansion was *accelerating* over time, enough that, when he finally turned to face the Sun after everything else was devoured... it was tiny.

Not just small, not just insignificant, but *tiny*, barely able to occupy the tip of a single one of Cookie's fingers when he carefully picked it up and brought it close to his eyes. Its rays were effectively indistinguishable from the rest of the starlight surrounding him, and the longer he went on staring at it, the more it became just as small as all the other little glimmering lamps surrounding him in every direction. It almost felt like a waste to *just* eat it, especially since he wouldn't even feel it going down. No, he needed something better, something that would truly affirm his status as the new *god* of his reality.

The snep didn't know how it came to pass, nor how he realized he could do it. It came naturally, just like the breathing that he no longer had to do in order to survive, or like moving an arm; it was instinctive, in a way, so much so that the first time it happened, Cookie didn't even notice it until he saw a large swath of the sky that used to have stars in it had suddenly gone dark. It was only after he turned around to inspect it, in the process realizing that he was leaving further voids behind him, that the burgeoning god finally understood what was going on: he was *absorbing* the stars, nebulae and the interstellar medium around him simply through him existing, his mere passage alone being enough to erase enormous sections of his galactic arm as his body consumed everything in its path... and, in the process, growing ever more gigantic ever quicker and more efficiently, until the top of his head was so far above the galactic plane that he could actually see the shape of said galaxy, just like it had been in his old school textbooks.

It was beautiful, a lightshow of epic proportions just there for him to appreciate... in more ways than one. He bent over, bringing a hand to the galactic center where the brightest and densest mass was located, scooping up a handful of it like it was a thick, viscous syrup before letting it "fall" into his mouth, gulping down greedily what he assumed were millions of stars

and goodness knows how many tons of hydrogen. He took another handful after that, and then another, and by the time he went for a fourth, there really wasn't a galaxy left for him to take anymore; it had either been consumed by his direct feeding, or the rest of his body had handily taken care of all the bits he hadn't chowed down on.

But that was fine. After all, he could now see the bright glimmer of millions, *billions* of other galactic structures all around him. Who's to say that he couldn't simply reach out and grab one, substituting stars for whole clusters, superclusters into *galactic* ones, until the universe itself was being drained down into his eternally hungry belly?

Who would ever stop him?