

## ***Offerings to the Goddess (Omnipotence, Giantess, Vore, Madoka)***

Tall and marble, the Goddess's throne loomed over the room like a deity itself, a gigantic idol perfectly shaped to fit its mistress's generous rear.

Shuffling said rear—she could never quite get comfy—Mami looked down at the slaves before her in disgust. There was no end to them! A small army trailed from the door of the room to her throne, their tiny bodies clasped in ragged clothes and resembling nothing more than a line of ants carrying offerings to their queen. Which she supposed wasn't too far from the truth.

Leaning down, she squinted at the young man at the head of the line. "What have *you* brought me, worm?" she asked, suppressing the urge to laugh at his fearful sweating.

The young man cowered, clearly afraid she'd take the slightest excuse to stomp on him (an assumption that wasn't too far from the truth either). "I—I've brought you some nail polish, Goddess." He held up a normal-sized bottle of the stuff. Normal-sized for her, at any rate. For him, it was like holding up a barrel of water—he visibly strained with the weight of it.

Mami rolled her eyes. "*More* nail polish? Can't any of you peasants show the slightest scrap of creativity?" With a sigh, she kicked off her sandals, sending a group of her closer slaves scattering with a scream as they flew into their midsts. "I've received hundreds of bottles of nail polish!"

The young man trembled, looking like he might pee himself. "Please, Goddess! It was all I could afford!"

Mami retched—she'd heard that little canard so many times it made her want to throw up. "You'll pay for wasting my time," she said, raising her exposed foot and holding it over him like the sword of Damocles. The young man shrieked and threw himself to the floor.

The instant before she reduced him to strawberry jam, a thought occurred to her. "On second thought, maybe there's a more fitting way to punish you." Chuckling, she raised her hand and snapped.

The young man squeaked as the bottle of varnish flew from his hands, lid spiraling as it unscrewed itself. Floating into the air, it came to a stop next to Mami's upraised feet. The young man, and the rest of the crowd, stared in confusion.

She wasn't finished yet though. Another snap, and he shot into the air and flew over to the bottle, where he came to a stop and flipped upside down, locks of hair falling into the sticky red liquid below.

His face went pale. "No! No! Goddess, please! Please, don't—!"

With a smirk, she snapped again, slamming him headfirst into the varnish. Holding him under for several seconds, she finally drew him spluttering and gasping from the polish and,

with another snap, slammed him facefirst into one of her toenails. He screamed—or tried to, at any rate—as his face crashed into the keratin, pressed into it hard as she rubbed him. It was almost a full minute before her nail was properly coated, and by the time she pulled him away, his screams had been reduced to pitiful, broken whimpers.

Laughing, she dipped him back into the polish and resumed painting her toenails. Hopefully he'd let her finish before expiring.

As she slammed him back into her next toenail, a booming sound rolled through the room, earning screams from the slaves on the ground. A second later, it came again and again, growing louder and louder each time. Trembling, some of the humans below ran for cover—Mami simply turned her eyes to the door and waited.

A few moments later, another goddess burst into the room: a short one with wavy white hair. “Mami, Mami, Mami!”

Surging towards the throne, ignorant or uncaring about the hundreds of little humans beneath, Nagisa bounded across the room. The slaves in the queue screamed and fled or found themselves reduced to a sticky red salsa.

Mami chuckled in amusement. “What is it you want, Nagisa?”

The smaller goddess skidded to a stop at the base of the throne and dropped to her knees, looking up with pleading eyes. “I'm hungry!” she cried.

Mami laughed. “Well, that's easily solved.” With a smile, she turned to the recovering line of slaves, whose members were still in the process of crawling out of their hiding places. “Who here has brought food for me? Come to the front, immediately.”

A murmur passed through the line. Most of the slaves stepped aside, but a handful of its members stumbled forward, carrying fruit and berries and other treats.

“There,” said Mami. “Eat up, Nagisa.”

With a squeal of delight, Nagisa dropped to her knees, knocking half the slaves to their own in the process, and squinted at the first item on offer: a giant apple, twice the size of the four young men forced to carry it. Snatching it up with casual ease, she raised it to her mouth and took an enormous bite, chewed for several seconds, and finally cast the entire thing aside. It struck another group of slaves with the mercy of a boulder.

“Urgh,” she said, spitting out the mush. “Disgusting.” Raising a hand, she slammed it straight into the unfortunate applebearers, instantly reducing them to a thin layer of ketchup. “Next!”

Another group approached, this time carrying a gigantic bowl of ice cream, complete with an equally enormous spoon. Bodies bent beneath its weight, they hurried to haul it to Nagisa's position. No sooner had she snatched it off them than they collapsed in exhaustion.

“Hmm...” she said, scooping a spoonful into her mouth. “This is a *little* better. But it’s still not good enough!” Spinning the bowl around, she slammed it down on the unfortunate petitioners, who screamed as the remaining ice cream buried them alive.

Back on her throne, Mami chuckled in amusement. “Don’t you think you’re missing the obvious course of action, Nagisa?”

Nagisa raised an eyebrow and stared in her confusion. Then, just as suddenly, her eyes lit up as an idea occurred to her. “Oh! Of course!”

Whirling around, she stooped to meet the next group of approaching slaves. “Gather close, everyone! That’s right, get in close!”

Trembling nervously, the throng of slaves squeezed tight, bunching tight. Nagisa grinned like a wolf. “Perfect.”

Spreading her hands, she wrapped them around them and clasping tight, trapping a hundred or more of the tiny humans in her vice-like grip. Laughing manically, she raised them screaming into the air. “I should have done this from the start!” She opened her mouth. Then her hands.

Like a flurry of chocolate chips, her gathered slaves slipped from her hands and fell screaming into the wet cavern of her mouth, disappearing one by one into the void, until at last her teeth slammed shut with a resounding clack. She chewed noisily, and swallowed with a satisfying gulp. “Ahh~”.

High on her throne, Mami smirked in amusement.