

BAKEDALASKABIGS AND INTERGALEACTIC PRESENT

SPRING CLEANING

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MONTHS OF SCAVENGING AND SCROUNGING FOR MATERIALS, TIRELESS WEEKS AND SLEEPLESS NIGHTS SPENT, ALL TO CREATE THE LITTLE HAVEN NESTLED AWAY UNDERNEATH A SHELF SO BIG IT COULD DWARF A SKYSCRAPER THREE TIMES OVER. THEIRS WAS A COMMUNITY BROUGHT TOGETHER BY THEIR SHARED TORMENT, LIVING UNDER THE DOMAIN OF A WITCH WITH A HABIT OF SHRINKING THOSE WHO HE FELT HAD SLIGHTED HIM. THEIR OFFENSES WERE MINOR, AND YET THEIR PUNISHMENT WAS SEVERE—SMALL ENOUGH TO BE OVERLOOKED BY THE HUMAN EYE, LEFT AT THE MERCY OF A MAN WHO TOOK SADISTIC GLEE IN MAKING THEM MISERABLE.

THEIR HOMES WERE MEAGER AND SMALL, BUT THEY WERE THEIRS. SAFE, AND OUT OF SIGHT, WHICH WAS BETTER THAN MOST IMPRISONED BY THE WITCH.

WINTER WAS PEACEFUL. THERE WERE NO INSECTS TO BOTHER THEM, AND THE WITCH WAS SURE TO KEEP HIS PANTRY AND FRIDGE READILY STOCKED SO HE WOULDN'T HAVE TO FIND HIMSELF OUT IN THE COLD MORE THAN HE WOULD HAVE LIKED.

AS SPRING CAME, FASTER THAN THEY HAD ANTICIPATED, MANY RELISHED IN THE WARMTH SLOWLY SPREADING THROUGH THE FLOOR OF THE WITCH'S SHOP. SOME BEGAN TO PLAN A POTENTIAL MISSION TO THE GARDEN SURROUNDING THE BUILDING, TO FORAGE AND PERHAPS FARM...THEY COULD TRULY BE INDEPENDENT, CUT OFF FROM HAVING TO RELY ON JASPER.

THE FUTURE WAS LOOKING BRIGHT. OPTIMISTIC.

UNTIL THE SHELF MOVED.





THE GROUND RUMBLED, A QUAKE LIKE NO OTHER AS THE WOODEN SKY BEGAN TO SLIDE AWAY. APOCALYPTIC WAS AN UNDERSTATEMENT FOR THE WAY IT MADE THE EARTH RATTLE. THIS WAS THE END TIMES, AND THEY WERE ABOUT TO FACE THE WRATH OF A GOD THEY THOUGHT THEY HAD OUTSMARTED. BEYOND THEIR LITTLE WORLD, THEY COULD HEAR THEIR CAPTOR'S MUFFLED GRUNTS OF EFFORT—HE WAS NOT A PARTICULARLY LARGE MAN, NOR WAS HE VERY STRONG, AND MOVING A SHELF FULL OF PRODUCT WAS NO DOUBT A DIFFICULT TASK FOR HIM.

LIGHT FLOODED THE TINY ENCAMPMENT, BLINDING MANY OF THOSE WHO REFUSED TO VENTURE OUTSIDE OF THE SANCTUARY THEY HAD BUILT. JASPER STOOD, IN A BREEZY DRESS NO DOUBT MADE FOR LOUNGING, WITH A BROOM AND DUSTPAN IN HIS HAND. WITH THE WEATHER SO NICE, HE MUST HAVE WANTED TO TIDY UP. THAT FAMILIAR YEARLY TRADITION OF SPRING CLEANING.

AT FIRST, IN THE HEAVENS, HIS BROWN EYES SQUINTED DOWN AT THE SIGHT BEFORE THEM IN CONFUSION. HE THOUGHT IT WAS DIRT—WORSE, HE THOUGHT IT WAS WELL AND TRULY BUGS...BUT NO. NO, IT TURNS OUT, IT WAS FAR WORSE.

"UGH..." THE WITCH'S GROAN OF DISGUST BOOMED IN THEIR EARS.

"YOU'VE GONE AND MADE A LITTLE COLONY, HAVE YOU? NO BETTER THAN PESTS, THE LOT OF YOU."



JASPER WATCHED THEM WITH A SNEER CURLING ON HIS LIPS. THEY WERE HIS TOYS, THESE PESKY THINGS. MEANT TO LIVE BENEATH HIM AND TO BE CALLED UPON WHEN BOREDOM STRUCK HIM. THE THOUGHT OF THEM MAKING A COMMUNITY UNDER HIS NOSE WAS ENOUGH TO MAKE HIS STOMACH TURN.

THIS WASN'T MEANT TO BE THEIR HOME. IT WAS THEIR PRISON, AND THEY WOULD DO WELL TO REMEMBER THAT.

HE SET HIS CLEANING SUPPLIES ASIDE.

THE WITCH LIFTED HIS FOOT, AND IT CAME CRASHING DOWN HARSH AND FAST UPON THE MINIATURE HOMES BEFORE HIM. THEY CRACKED AND SPLINTERED IN A SATISFYING MANNER, TURNING MORE INTO RUBBLE AND DEBRIS AS HE DUG HIS HEEL INTO THE FLOOR.

THE PESTS WOULD BE FINE. HE'D MADE SURE THAT THEY COULDN'T LEAVE HIM UNLESS HE SAID SO- NOT EVEN DEATH COULD FREE THEM. HE THOUGHT IT WAS A MERCY, TO CURSE THEM WITH SUCH INDESTRUCTIBLE LITTLE BODIES.

THOSE CAUGHT UNDER THOUSANDS OF TONS OF PRESSURE BENEATH HIS FOOT THOUGHT OTHERWISE. STUCK TO HIS SKIN, THOSE PLASTERED AGAINST JASPER COULD ONLY WATCH ON IN DAZED HORROR AS HIS FOOT ROSE AGAIN, BARRELING TOWARDS MORE HOMES AND UTTERLY ANNIHILATING ANYTHING IN ITS PATH. HE SLID HIS LEG FROM SIDE TO SIDE, MAKING SURE TO TURN ANY MEAGER STRUCTURE INTO DUST.





THE GRIN ON HIS FACE WAS SOMETHING WICKED. POSSESSED OF A DEMENTED CONTENTMENT AT CRUSHING THE HOPE OF HUNDREDS IN A FRACTION OF A FRACTION OF THE TIME IT TOOK TO BUILD THEIR SETTLEMENT.

THIS WAS NO GOD THAT THEY HAD FLED FROM, MANY REALIZED. THIS WAS THE DEVIL.

JASPER'S LAUGH WAS LIKE THE TOLLING OF BELLS, AND HE REACHED FOR HIS BROOM ONCE MORE. HEARTS STOPPED, WONDERING IF HE COULD TRULY SINK ANY LOWER AND SWEEP THEM UP LIKE THE PARTICLES OF DIRT THEY WERE BARELY BIGGER THAN.

"YOU'VE GOT A HALF HOUR TO MAKE YOURSELVES SCARCE BEFORE I CLEAN THIS MESS NICE AND PROPER AND DUMP YOU IN THE TRASH."

WITH THAT, THE WITCH STALKED OFF, CARRYING WITH HIM THE BATTERED SOULS STILL ATTACHED TO THE BOTTOM OF HIS FOOT AND THE RUINS OF THEIR FEEBLE ATTEMPT TO TAKE BACK THEIR LIVES.





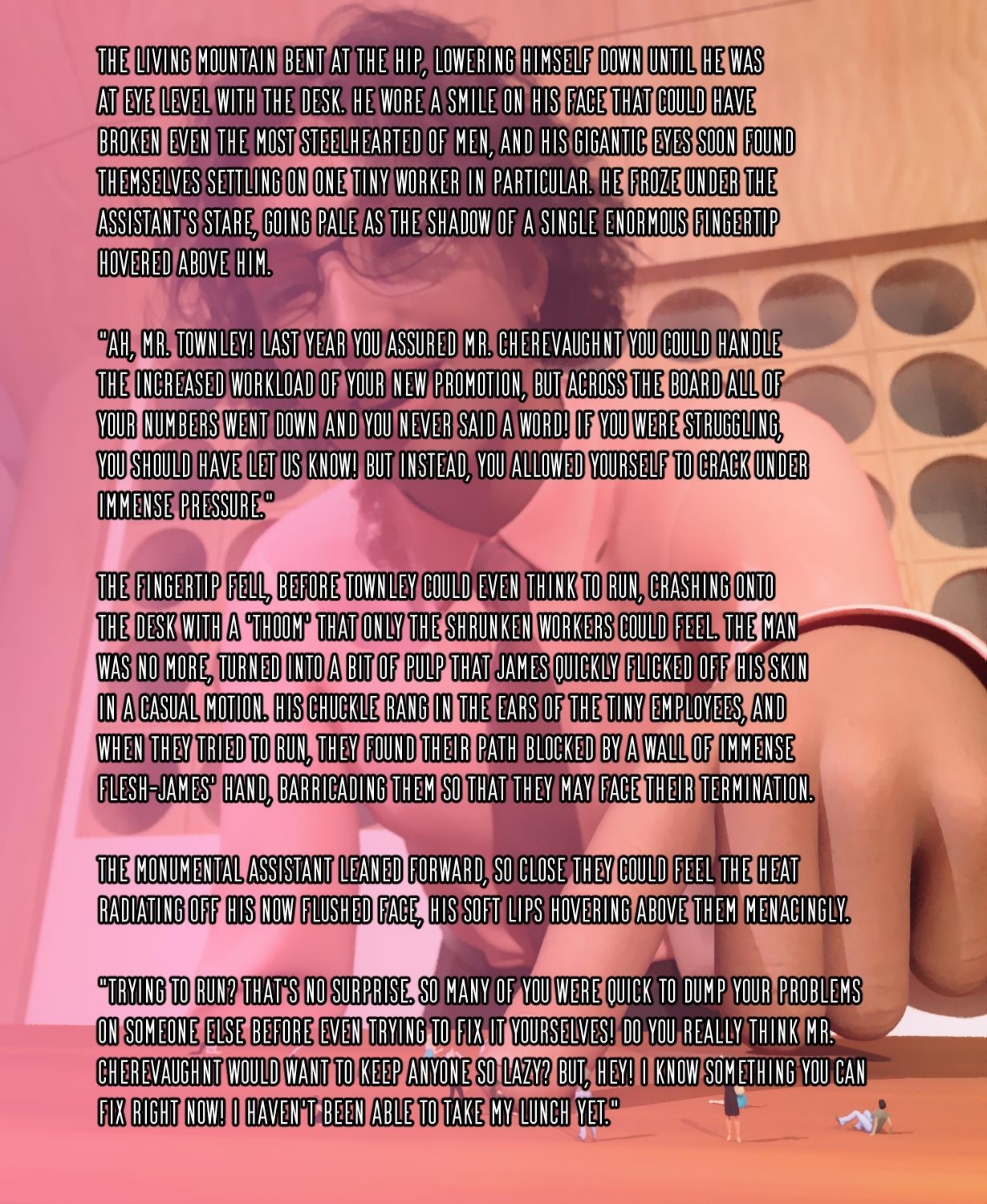
"AS I'M SURE YOU'RE AWARE," A DISTRESSINGLY CHIPPER VOICE BOOMED FROM ABOVE. "MR. CHEREVAUGHT ONLY ACCEPTS THE BEST OF THE BEST HERE..."

ONLY A LITTLE BIGGER THAN ANTS, A DOZEN MEN AND WOMEN STOOD UPON A MASSIVE DESK. TOWERING ABOVE THEM, WITH HIS EYES ALIGHT IN BARELY CONTAINED GLEE, WAS THEIR CEO'S PERSONAL ASSISTANT. WHEN HE WASN'T RUNNING AROUND THE BUILDING DOING FIFTY TASKS AT ONCE, JAMES COULD OFTEN BE SEEN TRAILING BEHIND HIS BOSS OR SITTING OFF TO THE SIDE IN HIS OFFICE, APPEARING TO MANY AS IF HE WAS MORE LIKE A PUPPY THE CEO KEPT AROUND FOR HIS AMUSEMENT MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE. HE WAS...INVISIBLE, REALLY. AN AFTERTHOUGHT.

NOBODY NOTICED HIS CRITICAL GAZE. MANY FOUND THEMSELVES SLACKING OFF IN HIS PRESENCE. MISTAKES THAT WOULD NOW COST THEM EVERYTHING.

"I'M SORRY TO SAY THAT IN REVIEWING YOUR INDIVIDUAL PERFORMANCES, YOU HAVE ALL BEEN FOUND TO BE A LITTLE...LACKLUSTER." JAMES SAID, THOUGH HE CERTAINLY DIDN'T SOUND SORRY. NOT IN THE WAY HR REPS USUALLY DIDN'T SOUND SORRY, BUT SOMETHING DEEPER THAN THAT. THERE WAS A BIT OF MALICE IN HIS WORDS THAT MADE THE SKIN OF SEVERAL SHRUNKEN EMPLOYEES CRAWL.

"MR. CHEREVAUGHT HAS DECIDED THAT THE BEST WAY TO SPRING FORWARD INTO THIS NEXT QUARTER WOULD BE TO TRIM SOME OF THE FAT. SUCH AS..."

A giant man in a suit and glasses is looking down at tiny workers on a desk. The scene is set in an office with a desk and a chair. The man's face is the central focus, with his eyes looking down at the tiny workers. The background is a warm, orange-toned office environment.

THE LIVING MOUNTAIN BENT AT THE HIP, LOWERING HIMSELF DOWN UNTIL HE WAS AT EYE LEVEL WITH THE DESK. HE WORE A SMILE ON HIS FACE THAT COULD HAVE BROKEN EVEN THE MOST STEELHEARTED OF MEN, AND HIS GIGANTIC EYES SOON FOUND THEMSELVES SETTling ON ONE TINY WORKER IN PARTICULAR. HE FROZE UNDER THE ASSISTANT'S STARE, GOING PALE AS THE SHADOW OF A SINGLE ENORMOUS FINGERTIP HOVERED ABOVE HIM.

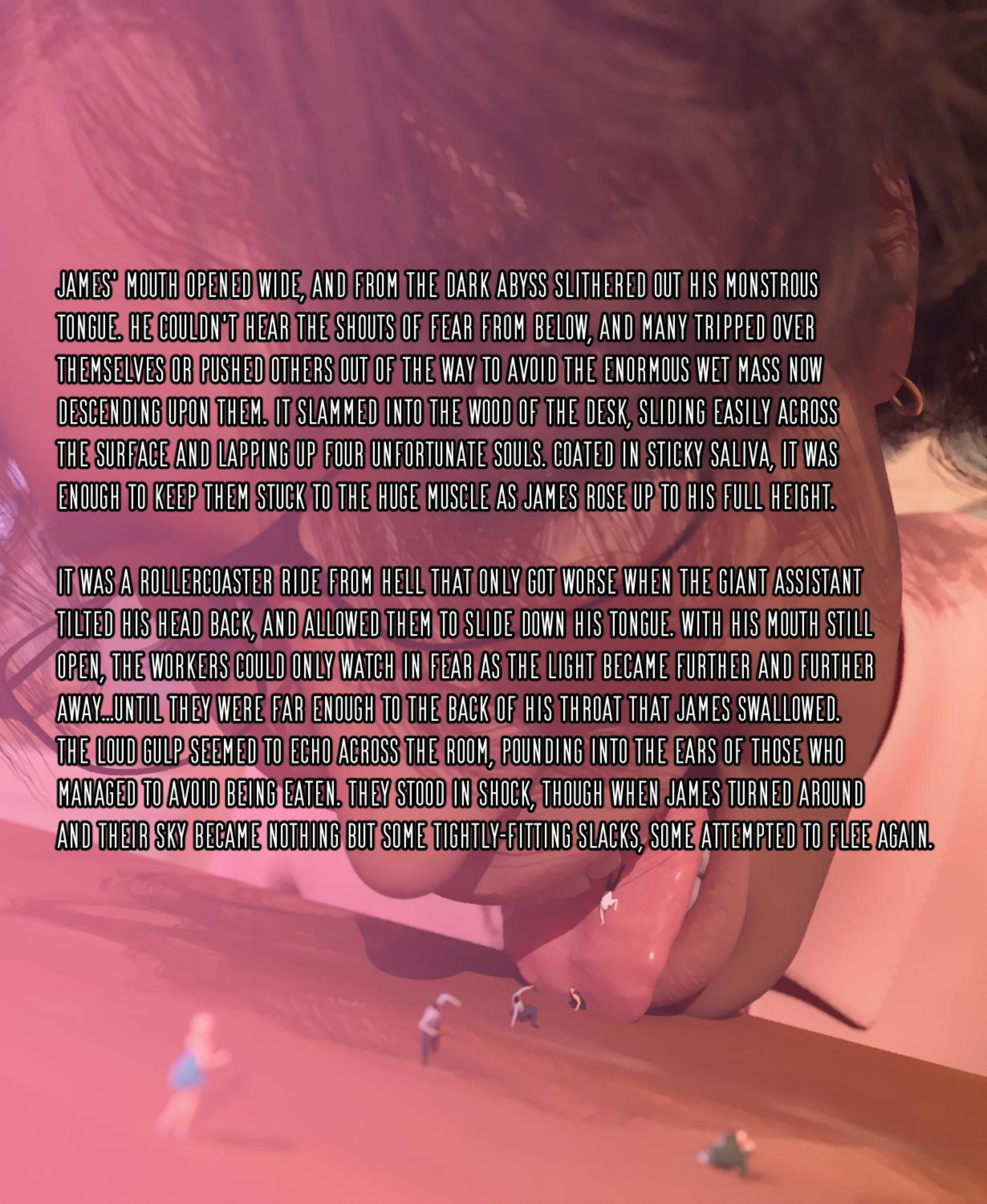
"AH, MR. TOWNLEY! LAST YEAR YOU ASSURED MR. CHEREVAUGHT YOU COULD HANDLE THE INCREASED WORKLOAD OF YOUR NEW PROMOTION, BUT ACROSS THE BOARD ALL OF YOUR NUMBERS WENT DOWN AND YOU NEVER SAID A WORD! IF YOU WERE STRUGGLING, YOU SHOULD HAVE LET US KNOW! BUT INSTEAD, YOU ALLOWED YOURSELF TO CRACK UNDER IMMENSE PRESSURE."

THE FINGERTIP FELL, BEFORE TOWNLEY COULD EVEN THINK TO RUN, CRASHING ONTO THE DESK WITH A 'THOOM' THAT ONLY THE SHRUNKEN WORKERS COULD FEEL. THE MAN WAS NO MORE, TURNED INTO A BIT OF PULP THAT JAMES QUICKLY FLICKED OFF HIS SKIN IN A CASUAL MOTION. HIS CHUCKLE RANG IN THE EARS OF THE TINY EMPLOYEES, AND WHEN THEY TRIED TO RUN, THEY FOUND THEIR PATH BLOCKED BY A WALL OF IMMENSE FLESH—JAMES' HAND, BARRICADING THEM SO THAT THEY MAY FACE THEIR TERMINATION.

THE MONUMENTAL ASSISTANT LEANED FORWARD, SO CLOSE THEY COULD FEEL THE HEAT RADIATING OFF HIS NOW FLUSHED FACE, HIS SOFT LIPS HOVERING ABOVE THEM MENACINGLY.

"TRYING TO RUN? THAT'S NO SURPRISE. SO MANY OF YOU WERE QUICK TO DUMP YOUR PROBLEMS ON SOMEONE ELSE BEFORE EVEN TRYING TO FIX IT YOURSELVES! DO YOU REALLY THINK MR. CHEREVAUGHT WOULD WANT TO KEEP ANYONE SO LAZY? BUT, HEY! I KNOW SOMETHING YOU CAN FIX RIGHT NOW! I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO TAKE MY LUNCH YET."

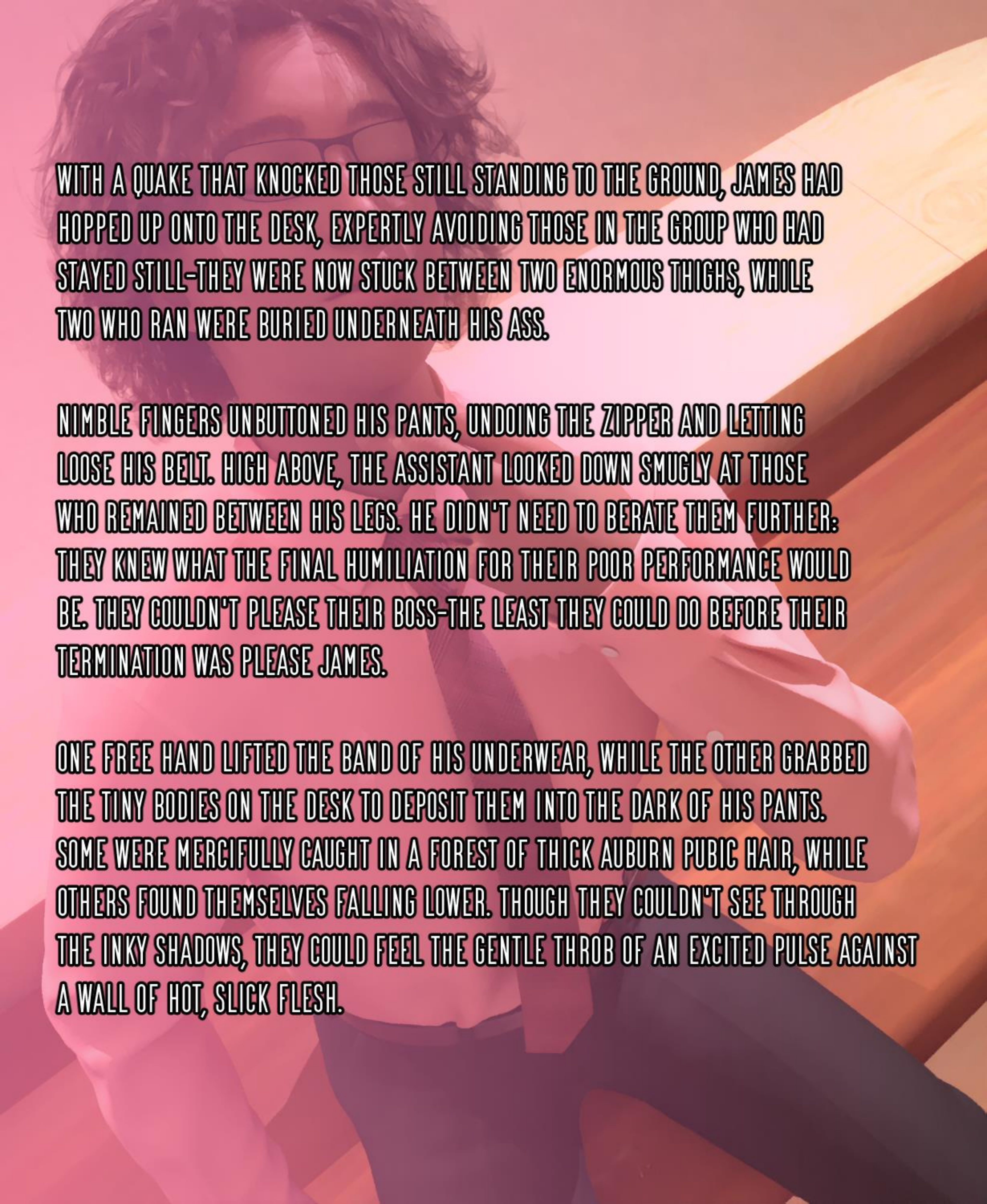


A close-up, low-angle shot of a giant woman's face, looking down. Her mouth is wide open, and a large, pink, fleshy tongue is extended downwards. The tongue is covered in a thick, sticky, white substance. Several small figures of people are visible on the floor, some appearing to be running or falling away from the tongue. The scene is lit with a warm, orange-red glow, suggesting a sunset or a fire. The woman's face is the dominant feature, with her eyes looking down at the people below. Her skin is a light, warm tone. The overall atmosphere is one of horror and awe.

JAMES' MOUTH OPENED WIDE, AND FROM THE DARK ABYSS SLITHERED OUT HIS MONSTROUS TONGUE. HE COULDN'T HEAR THE SHOUTS OF FEAR FROM BELOW, AND MANY TRIPPED OVER THEMSELVES OR PUSHED OTHERS OUT OF THE WAY TO AVOID THE ENORMOUS WET MASS NOW DESCENDING UPON THEM. IT SLAMMED INTO THE WOOD OF THE DESK, SLIDING EASILY ACROSS THE SURFACE AND LAPPING UP FOUR UNFORTUNATE SOULS. COATED IN STICKY SALIVA, IT WAS ENOUGH TO KEEP THEM STUCK TO THE HUGE MUSCLE AS JAMES ROSE UP TO HIS FULL HEIGHT.

IT WAS A ROLLERCOASTER RIDE FROM HELL THAT ONLY GOT WORSE WHEN THE GIANT ASSISTANT TILTED HIS HEAD BACK, AND ALLOWED THEM TO SLIDE DOWN HIS TONGUE. WITH HIS MOUTH STILL OPEN, THE WORKERS COULD ONLY WATCH IN FEAR AS THE LIGHT BECAME FURTHER AND FURTHER AWAY...UNTIL THEY WERE FAR ENOUGH TO THE BACK OF HIS THROAT THAT JAMES SWALLOWED. THE LOUD GULP SEEMED TO ECHO ACROSS THE ROOM, POUNDING INTO THE EARS OF THOSE WHO MANAGED TO AVOID BEING EATEN. THEY STOOD IN SHOCK, THOUGH WHEN JAMES TURNED AROUND AND THEIR SKY BECAME NOTHING BUT SOME TIGHTLY-FITTING SLACKS, SOME ATTEMPTED TO FLEE AGAIN.



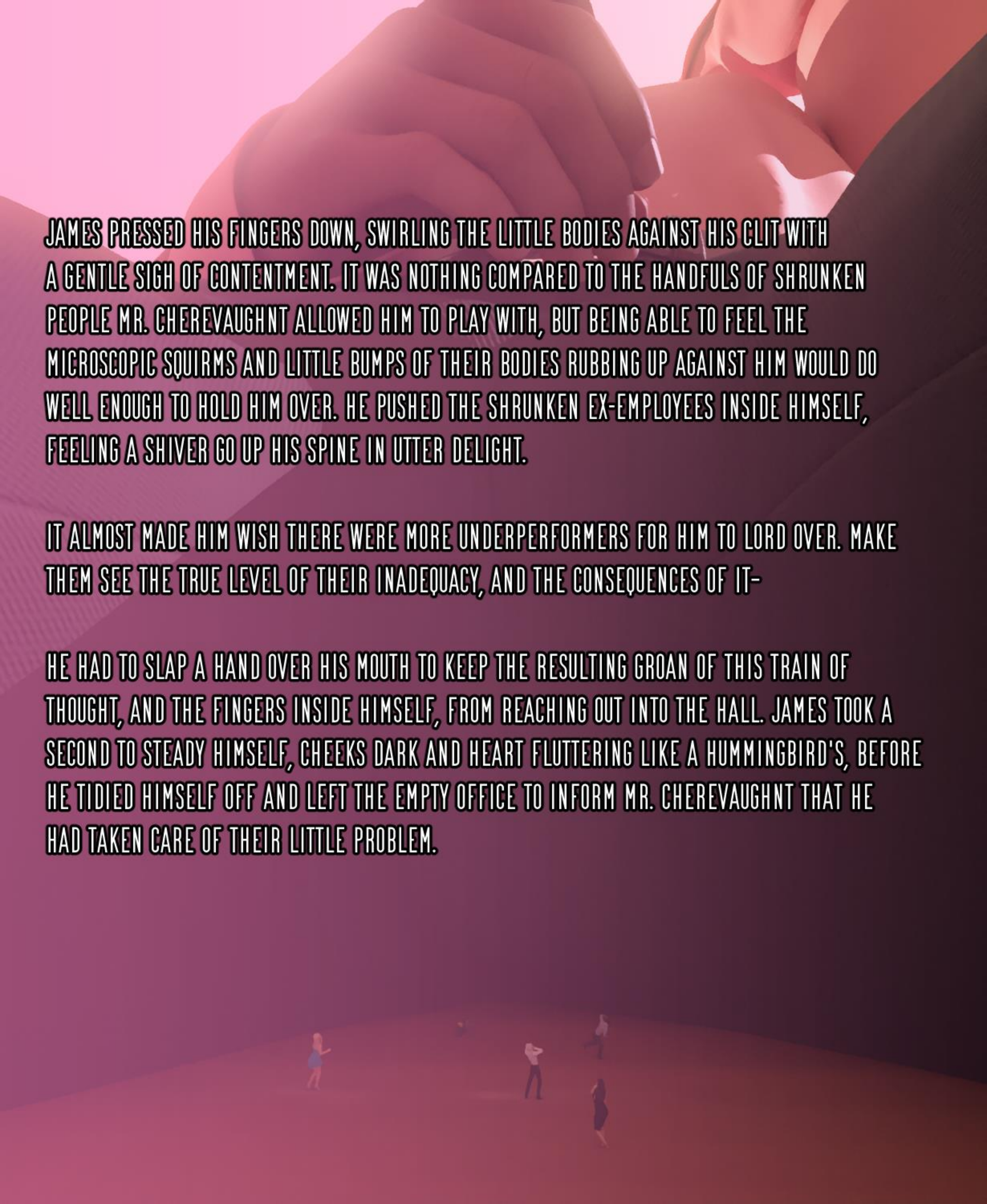


WITH A QUAKE THAT KNOCKED THOSE STILL STANDING TO THE GROUND, JAMES HAD HOPPED UP ONTO THE DESK, EXPERTLY AVOIDING THOSE IN THE GROUP WHO HAD STAYED STILL—THEY WERE NOW STUCK BETWEEN TWO ENORMOUS THIGHS, WHILE TWO WHO RAN WERE BURIED UNDERNEATH HIS ASS.

NIMBLE FINGERS UNBUTTONED HIS PANTS, UNDOING THE ZIPPER AND LETTING LOOSE HIS BELT. HIGH ABOVE, THE ASSISTANT LOOKED DOWN SMUGLY AT THOSE WHO REMAINED BETWEEN HIS LEGS. HE DIDN'T NEED TO BERATE THEM FURTHER: THEY KNEW WHAT THE FINAL HUMILIATION FOR THEIR POOR PERFORMANCE WOULD BE. THEY COULDN'T PLEASE THEIR BOSS—THE LEAST THEY COULD DO BEFORE THEIR TERMINATION WAS PLEASE JAMES.

ONE FREE HAND LIFTED THE BAND OF HIS UNDERWEAR, WHILE THE OTHER GRABBED THE TINY BODIES ON THE DESK TO DEPOSIT THEM INTO THE DARK OF HIS PANTS. SOME WERE MERCIFULLY CAUGHT IN A FOREST OF THICK AUBURN PUBIC HAIR, WHILE OTHERS FOUND THEMSELVES FALLING LOWER. THOUGH THEY COULDN'T SEE THROUGH THE INKY SHADOWS, THEY COULD FEEL THE GENTLE THROB OF AN EXCITED PULSE AGAINST A WALL OF HOT, SLICK FLESH.





JAMES PRESSED HIS FINGERS DOWN, SWIRLING THE LITTLE BODIES AGAINST HIS CLIT WITH A GENTLE SIGH OF CONTENTMENT. IT WAS NOTHING COMPARED TO THE HANDFULS OF SHRUNKEN PEOPLE MR. CHEREVAUGHNT ALLOWED HIM TO PLAY WITH, BUT BEING ABLE TO FEEL THE MICROSCOPIC SQUIRMS AND LITTLE BUMPS OF THEIR BODIES RUBBING UP AGAINST HIM WOULD DO WELL ENOUGH TO HOLD HIM OVER. HE PUSHED THE SHRUNKEN EX-EMPLOYEES INSIDE HIMSELF, FEELING A SHIVER GO UP HIS SPINE IN UTTER DELIGHT.

IT ALMOST MADE HIM WISH THERE WERE MORE UNDERPERFORMERS FOR HIM TO LORD OVER. MAKE THEM SEE THE TRUE LEVEL OF THEIR INADEQUACY, AND THE CONSEQUENCES OF IT-

HE HAD TO SLAP A HAND OVER HIS MOUTH TO KEEP THE RESULTING GROAN OF THIS TRAIN OF THOUGHT, AND THE FINGERS INSIDE HIMSELF, FROM REACHING OUT INTO THE HALL. JAMES TOOK A SECOND TO STEADY HIMSELF, CHEEKS DARK AND HEART FLUTTERING LIKE A HUMMINGBIRD'S, BEFORE HE TIDIED HIMSELF OFF AND LEFT THE EMPTY OFFICE TO INFORM MR. CHEREVAUGHNT THAT HE HAD TAKEN CARE OF THEIR LITTLE PROBLEM.



SPRING WAS SUPPOSED TO BE ABOUT RENEWAL, RIGHT?

REBIRTH. SECOND CHANCES. BOUNCING BACK.

IT WASN'T SUPPOSED TO BE ABOUT BEING SNATCHED UP BY A GIANT PIXIE AND BROUGHT MILES AND MILES AWAY FROM HOME, TO GOD KNOWS WHERE, TO TAKE PART IN SOMETHING MORTALS HAD ONLY HEARD ABOUT THROUGH UNCERTAIN WHISPERS AND HEARSAY. A MYTH TO SCARE CHILDREN AWAY FROM MISBEHAVIOR. THEY SAY, THEY SAY, THEY SAY...

THEY SAY THE SUMMER KING IS THE ONE WHO USHERS IN THE END OF THE WINTER SEASON. HIS WARMTH SPREADS ACROSS THE LAND, MELTING FRESHET INTO THE RIVERS AND MAKING ENTIRE FIELDS BLOOM AGAIN WITH NOTHING MORE THAN A TOUCH OF HIS FINGERTIP.

THEY SAY, IN RECOGNITION OF THIS GREAT FAVOR, THAT THOSE WHO DON'T EVEN BELONG TO THE SUMMER COURT GATHER FROM NEAR AND FAR TO OFFER UP A TITHE. GOLD, JEWELS, RARE FLOWERS AND ANY MANNER OF PRETTY THINGS THAT THE FAIR FOLK COULD GET THEIR HANDS ON. FAR TOO OFTEN, SAID 'PRETTY THINGS' ARE...HUMAN. MORTALS COME IN SUCH ABUNDANCE, AFTER ALL. ONE COULD LOOK UNDER A ROCK AND FIND A GENEROUS HANDFUL. EVEN THE MOST MEAGER OF FEY COULD FIND A PROPER GIFT FOR THE ONE SO KIND AS TO END WINTER'S REIGN.

WHAT BETTER THING TO GIVE KING MAZUS, WHOSE DISTINCT FONDNESS FOR HUMANS WAS VERY WELL KNOWN?

LIFTED HIGH IN THE AIR, HUNDREDS OF MORTALS WERE GIVEN A RARE SIGHT-A VIEW OF THE GREAT SUMMER KING IN ALL HIS GLORY, AS HE LAY NESTLED COMFORTABLY IN A VALLEY. ONE ARM RESTED COMFORTABLY OVER A MOUNTAIN'S PEAK, WHILE HIS LEGS STRETCHED FAR ACROSS THE TOP OF ANOTHER. HIS WINGS WOULD OCCASIONALLY TWITCH, SENDING A MIGHTY BREEZE FOR MILES. IN HIS PRESENCE DEAD GRASS AND WITHERED TREES BEGAN TO REGAIN THEIR VIBRANT COLORS, BUT COMPARED TO THE ENORMOUS KING EVEN THE MOST BRILLIANT OF FRESHLY BLOOMED FLOWERS WOULD LOOK RATHER DULL.

HE WAS A GILDED CREATURE STUDED WITH EMERALDS IN HIS EYES, THE SORT OF THING MORTALS ASCRIBE TO THEIR DEITIES. FAMILIAR IN THEIR PERSONHOOD, ALIEN IN THEIR REMARKABLE OTHERWORLDLY BEAUTY, AWESOME IN SHEER SCALE...



HAD THE MORTALS NOT BEEN CLUTCHED IN THE EXCITED HANDS OF THEIR FEY KIDNAPPERS, THEY MIGHT HAVE APPRECIATED THE SCENE BEFORE THEM. INSTEAD, ALL IT DID WAS FILL THEM WITH UNSPEAKABLE DREAD. SURELY, THEY WOULD NOT RETURN HOME—AND IF THEY SURVIVED THIS DAY, THEY WERE NOW PROPERTY OF THE SUMMER KING. FOREVER HIS TO DO WITH AS HE PLEASED.

ONE BY ONE, THE MITE-SIZED MORTALS WERE DROPPED ACROSS THE EXPANSIVE BODY OF THE KING. HIS SKIN WAS SOFT TO THE TOUCH AND WARM. BEAUTIFULLY, BLISSFULLY WARM—HE WAS LIKE THE SUN, CHASING AWAY THE STILL-CHILLED AIR OF THE EARLY SPRING. HE SMELLED OF BLOOMING ROSES AND TREE SAP; HIS ENTIRE BEING RADIATED WITH A POWER BEYOND THE MEAGER UNDERSTANDING OF THE HUMANS ATOP HIM. WAS IT HIS BREATH THAT MADE THE WIND BLOW? WAS IT HIS HEART THAT PUMPED LIFE THROUGH THE FOREST?

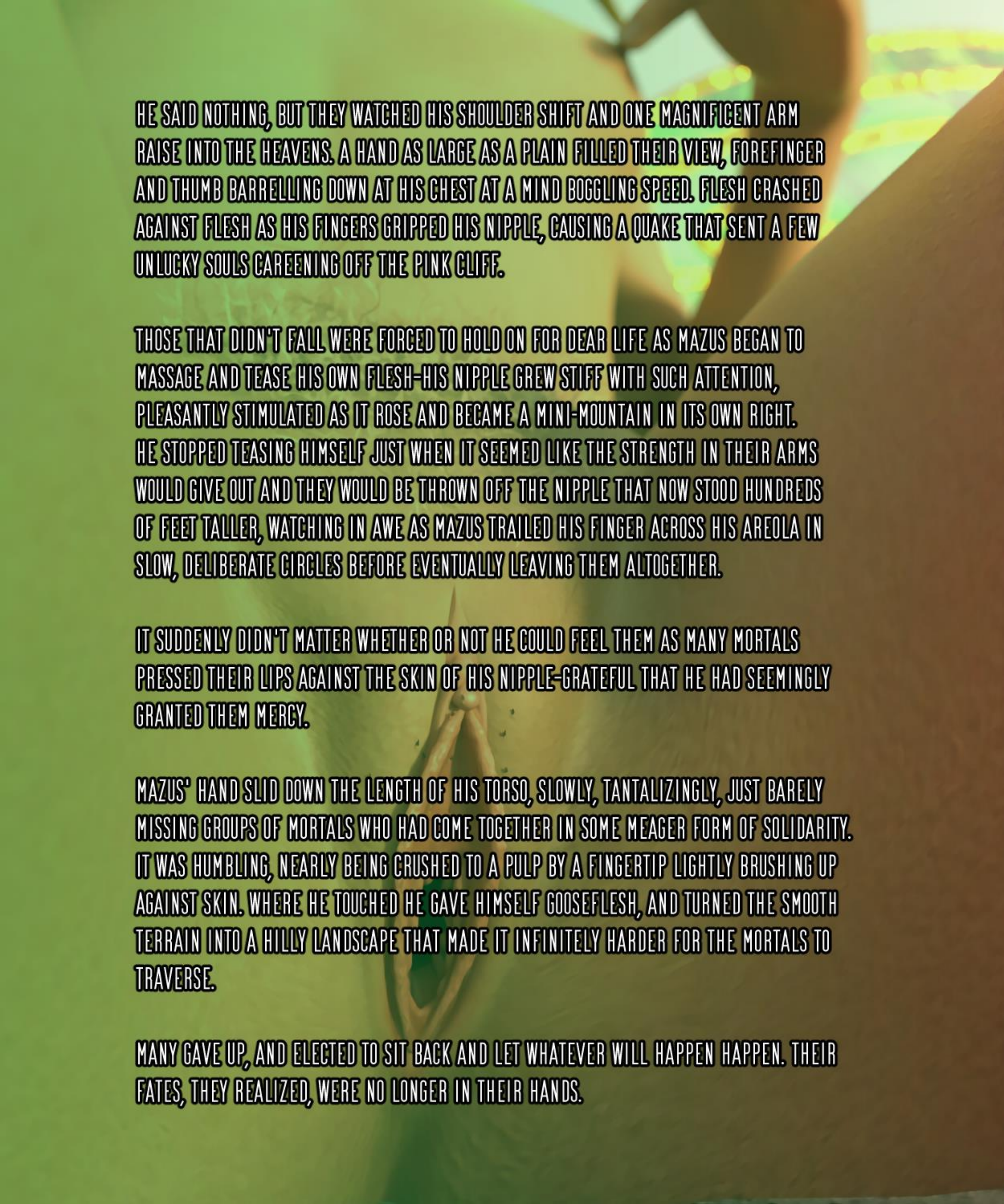
IT WAS EASY TO BELIEVE, IN THAT MOMENT, THAT THIS GIGANTIC FAERY COULD CHANGE THE SEASONS SIMPLY BY HIS WILL ALONE.

MAZUS HAD A CONTENTED SMILE ON HIS FACE, EYES HALF-LIDDED BUT ENTIRELY FOCUSED ON THE ACTIVITY GOING ON ACROSS HIS BODY. COULD HE FEEL THEM AT ALL, THE MORTALS WONDERED. DID HE EVEN SEE THEM?

THOSE PLACED ON HIS NIPPLE SEEMED TO GET THEIR ANSWER. THEY WATCHED ANXIOUSLY AS HIS HEAD TILTED SLIGHTLY, EYES READJUSTING TO HONE IN ON THEM. THE PIERCING LOOK HE THREW THEIR WAY WAS NOT THAT OF A GIANT SQUINTING TO FIND ANTS—IT WAS THAT OF SOMETHING THAT KNEW PRECISELY WHAT HE WAS LOOKING AT, AND COULD PERCEIVE IT WITH UTMOST CLARITY.

THEY HAD FELT SMALL BEFORE—THEY KNEW THEY WERE SMALL—BUT WITH THOSE GREEN EYES REPLACING THEIR SKY THEY FELT POSITIVELY MICROSCOPIC AND COMPLETELY, UTTERLY, EXPOSED.



A close-up photograph of a person's hand touching their own chest area. The hand is positioned over the nipple and areola. The background is a soft, out-of-focus green and yellow, suggesting an outdoor setting. The lighting is bright, highlighting the skin's texture.

HE SAID NOTHING, BUT THEY WATCHED HIS SHOULDER SHIFT AND ONE MAGNIFICENT ARM RAISE INTO THE HEAVENS. A HAND AS LARGE AS A PLAIN FILLED THEIR VIEW, FOREFINGER AND THUMB BARRELLING DOWN AT HIS CHEST AT A MIND BOGGLING SPEED. FLESH CRASHED AGAINST FLESH AS HIS FINGERS GRIPPED HIS NIPPLE, CAUSING A QUAKE THAT SENT A FEW UNLUCKY SOULS CAREENING OFF THE PINK CLIFF.

THOSE THAT DIDN'T FALL WERE FORCED TO HOLD ON FOR DEAR LIFE AS MAZUS BEGAN TO MASSAGE AND TEASE HIS OWN FLESH—HIS NIPPLE GREW STIFF WITH SUCH ATTENTION, PLEASANTLY STIMULATED AS IT ROSE AND BECAME A MINI-MOUNTAIN IN ITS OWN RIGHT. HE STOPPED TEASING HIMSELF JUST WHEN IT SEEMED LIKE THE STRENGTH IN THEIR ARMS WOULD GIVE OUT AND THEY WOULD BE THROWN OFF THE NIPPLE THAT NOW STOOD HUNDREDS OF FEET TALLER, WATCHING IN AWE AS MAZUS TRAILED HIS FINGER ACROSS HIS AREOLA IN SLOW, DELIBERATE CIRCLES BEFORE EVENTUALLY LEAVING THEM ALTOGETHER.

IT SUDDENLY DIDN'T MATTER WHETHER OR NOT HE COULD FEEL THEM AS MANY MORTALS PRESSED THEIR LIPS AGAINST THE SKIN OF HIS NIPPLE—GRATEFUL THAT HE HAD SEEMINGLY GRANTED THEM MERCY.

MAZUS' HAND SLID DOWN THE LENGTH OF HIS TORSO, SLOWLY, TANTALIZINGLY, JUST BARELY MISSING GROUPS OF MORTALS WHO HAD COME TOGETHER IN SOME MEAGER FORM OF SOLIDARITY. IT WAS HUMBLING, NEARLY BEING CRUSHED TO A PULP BY A FINGERTIP LIGHTLY BRUSHING UP AGAINST SKIN. WHERE HE TOUCHED HE GAVE HIMSELF GOOSEFLESH, AND TURNED THE SMOOTH TERRAIN INTO A HILLY LANDSCAPE THAT MADE IT INFINITELY HARDER FOR THE MORTALS TO TRAVERSE.

MANY GAVE UP, AND ELECTED TO SIT BACK AND LET WHATEVER WILL HAPPEN HAPPEN. THEIR FATES, THEY REALIZED, WERE NO LONGER IN THEIR HANDS.



THE SUMMER KING'S FINGER TRAIL STOPPED JUST AT THE BASE OF HIS MONS PUBIS, WHERE HIS PALM'S SHADOW ENGULFED HUNDREDS OF MORTALS. THEY WERE TRYING TO GET AWAY FROM THE RATHER FOREBODING SIGHT BEHIND THEM, THAT OF MAZUS' SWOLLEN SEX SLOWLY CRESTING THE HORIZON. A MELODIC, BOOMING HUM ECHOED THROUGH THE VALLEY.

"WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?" THE KING ASKED, FREEZING ALL OF THEM IN THEIR TRACKS. THERE WAS NO MALICE IN HIS TONE, AND HIS EYES WERE AMUSED.

"WON'T YOU HELP ME, MY LITTLE GIFTS?" MAZUS CROONED, HIS GOLDEN BROWS FURROWING TOGETHER. "LOOK AT ALL THAT I DO FOR YOU...YOUR CROPS THRIVE AND THE ICE MELTS. THIS I DO FOR YOU, SO THAT YOU MAY LIVE HAPPILY."

THE WORLD SHOOK VIOLENTLY AS THE FAERY SETTLED MORE COMFORTABLY, SPREADING HIS LEGS OPEN FURTHER. HIS HAND REACHED DOWN, BARELY BRUSHING OVER HIS EXPOSED CLITORIS AS HE SUPPRESSED AN EXCITED SHUDDER. THE MORTALS BELOW HIS WAIST QUICKLY REALIZED WHAT HE WANTED OF THEM, STARING MOUTH AGAPE UP AT MAZUS. HIS CHEEKS FLUSHED DARK RED, THE HEAT ROSE, AND THEY COULD FEEL HIS PULSE QUICKEN AS IT THRUMMED THROUGH HIS WHOLE BODY.

"GO ON." HE URGED. "SERVE YOUR KING AS HE SERVES YOU."

THE MORTALS DID NOT ARGUE, AND THE KING'S DELIGHTED LAUGHTER RANG IN THEIR EARS AS THEY TURNED TO REPAY THEIR DEBTS.



A MASSIVE THANK YOU TO MY GOOD FRIEND INTERGALEACTIC FOR COLLABORATING ON THIS PACK WITH ME AND PROVIDING THE INCREDIBLE WRITING I HAD THE HONOR OF CREATING VISUALS FOR.

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