

Pryce wiped his brow as he squinted in the pale green light that filtered down through the strange, bulbous leaves of the trees in this forest. He'd been lost in these sprawling woods for three days now, and had managed to stave off hunger and thirst thanks to those same strange trees whose edible leaves were also filled with water. The trunks were as well, in fact every single damn thing in this place seemed to be water-based or filled in one way or another.

The land was dotted several rivers and streams crisscrossing the woods and every breath of air was laden with the heavy humidity of this place. Even the green patches on the slick, grey, rocky ground seemed to well up with water every time he stepped on one.

Okay, so maybe calling that flower shop owner out on those dead sunflowers was a bad idea... And maybe calling her fat and stupid in the ensuing argument was an even worse one. But honestly, how was he supposed to know she was some kind of demon sorceress thing? Okay, maybe the horns should have tipped him off, but he thought she was some sort of cosplayer or something! Still, he realized his foolish mistake all too late, and the last thing he'd heard was her cackling before he woke up in this stupid place!

Pryce sighed and took a seat as he came to yet another river, dipping his hands into the water to clean his face and take a drink. The one nice thing about this place was the one thing that also made it kind of hate it: the water. It was by far the purest and freshest tasting he'd ever had, something that invigorated him... even if that's all their ever seemed to be in this place.

"Just green and water. And tomorrow's forecast, Jensen?" He muttered to himself, changing his voice to reply. "Oh well Rob, we're looking at a green and water front moving in, so expect more of that for the foreseeable future."

"Would it be too much to ask for another colour!?" He shouted up into the trees, then winced a bit as it echoed off into the distance before being swallowed up by the forest.

The human sat in the ever-present silence for a while longer, when suddenly something strange happened. The trees began to groan and shake, and a rumbling like thunder could be heard off in the distance.

He got onto his feet and glanced around nervously as the rumble grew louder and louder with every passing moment! The trees began to fall over, and the river seemed to jump up from its bed as an earthquake unlike any he'd ever experienced took place.

First he heard it, the sound of those massive trees being toppled over. Their trunks breaking and spilling out countless gallons of water, creating a torrent that began to rush past his legs, rising higher with every second. Then he saw it, a wall of

pure black stone more massive and encompassing than he could even comprehend. It was like an entire continent was sliding towards him, ripping up the seemingly indestructible forest in its wake!

And it was *fast*. Faster than he figured anything that big had a right to be, and before he could even turn himself all the way around, Pryce found himself being slammed against that wall. He groaned and gasped for air as the sheer force of the thing moving pressed his chest down. His vision began to darken as he felt the cool flatness of the rock press against his back, and he slipped into unconsciousness.

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When he awoke, he found himself on an unending plain of black, with bits and pieces of what was once the biggest and most massive forest he'd ever seen in his life strewn about across the landscape.

With a groan he got to his feet and looked around for some hint as to which direction he should go in, but got none. All around him was simply the same endless blackness that bled into a grey sky, arid and rocky it rose up into the shadows of great mountains in the distance, as well as several craters and canyons that were large enough to have held the forest!

Heh, looks kinda like Mordoor. Bet Peter Jackson would've saved a ton by filming in this place, it only needs some lava and some orcs... He thought to himself, then sighed once more and decided to head for the mountains that he'd spotted. At least that would be a fairly hard place to lose track of, and it would give him a better chance to figure out a way back home. He started out on his long walk, and began to sing to himself.

"And I would walk five hundred miles, and I would walk five hundred more..." Pryce didn't know why a song by the Proclaimers would pop into his head at now of all times, but it felt right.

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"Agh, come on ya wee bastard, where are ye?" Petra growled as she scratched in between her toes, trying to grab the little tingle she'd been feeling for the last couple of days. It was a bit harder than one might think, as her original sculptor had made her somewhat... curvaceous. And while the sheer size of her rear made for quite a bit of fun when it came to hip-checking buildings and screwing with people by threatening to sit on their cars, it also made bending over and moving her arms past her thighs somewhat difficult.

However, her struggle was rewarded when her claw tip poked against something spongy.

“Aha! Got ye, ya little...” The stony gargoyle chuckled triumphantly as she slid her claw along her toe and gathered up the rest of the moss onto the tip of her ebony claw.

Her lips curled up into a bit of a smirk as she gazed at the teensy, offending object. “Boy ye were nearly as tough to find as th’ one on th’ bottom of me bum a week ago. Ah mean really, due credit there laddie, thas’ honestly an accomplishment! But still, ah cannae have ye growing on me and makin’ me look like some old stone! ‘Twould be unbecomin’ of a lady such meself! So with that, ah’ll be biddin’ ye a good mornin’!”

And with that, she flicked the speck of moss away and tried to rub off whatever little remnants of it that might have gotten left behind. Once she was satisfied in her being moss-free she pondered what to do with herself for the rest of the day. Maybe she’d give Narcissa a visit at her flower shop; after all, the demonic corgi was one who also appreciated the fine art of fucking with people.

With that settled she spread her great, stony wings and took off into the air; while on the edge of her claw, a tiny human would suddenly have to deal with windstorms the likes of which he would never experience again. Though really, it would pale in comparison to what was to come.