

It was a beautiful day in an undisclosed city; the birds were singing, the sun was shining and citizens greeted each other with hearty hellos as they went about their daily commute. Everything was absolutely pleasant; it was the perfect day where nothing bad could happen.

That is if your city wasn't as big as a medium sized dinner plate built upon someone's patio chair.

For the much bigger Moonlight, it too was a lovely day; perfect to shut down the gym and spend some time relaxing outside for a spot of sunbathing.

He made his way onto the roof, completely naked with nothing more than a pair of shades over his crimson colored eyes and ear buds wedged into his ears. In one hand was his music player and in the other was a cooler full of ice and drinks to relax with. He strolled on over to the patio chair, intent on plopping down and laying back to relax; but took some time out to admire the view. Ah yes, the simple pleasures that come with life.

For the hundreds of thousands of below, however, things became a bit more urgent. The perfect day was interrupted by violent tremors shaking the city as its core. Concussive forces caused millions of windows to burst and unleash a torrent of glass. Cities streets cracked and crumbled; swallowing up vehicles and townspeople alike. Soon after, the sky became black as the massive Umbreon's handsome behind hovered over the city and the peace of the city was replaced by the echoes of millions screaming.

Indeed the moon was falling as the Umbreon's particularly profound posterior plummeted upon the miniature metropolis, completely unaware of the specks screaming for their lives. The tallest of buildings snapped and buckled upon contact of the impossible weight of the descending donk ; smaller buildings, stores and homes all soon following suit. The nigh microscopic beings were lifted from the ground via the mighty, magnet-like pull gravitational force emanating from Moon's ass; only to be forced back down with pulverizing intensity as Moonlight came to a comfortable sit.

"Argh," Moonlight groaned, wiggling his rump back and forth in his seat before lifting his hips, "What is this? Crumbs? People really need to clean up after themselves," He muttered, dusting off his rear with a free hand; completely oblivious to the crushed remains of a civilization being brushed out of his fur.