

"Gods are dumb" Soline thought lazily, sprawled on the imposing golden, glowing throne. "No, scratch that, Gods are just plain *stupid*. Powerful, sure, but what good is their power now?" She giggled, thinking back.

A few weeks ago, the enormous, nine foot pantheress had been spelunking, one of her favourite pastimes. She had stumbled across a cave entrance covered by what seemed to be repeated landslides, though the area wasn't known for them. Feline curiosity and simple adrenaline saw her return with a large supply of food and water, to shift enough rocks and clear an opening for the busty feline to wriggle through and into the cave system. Her innate flexibility, better than that of most world class gymnasts made short work of the numerous tight squeezes and low ceilings; where, by all rights, her enormous breasts and equally broad hips should have got her stuck fast. Yet despite the narrow squeezes and massive rock fall outside, the interior was remarkably clear and smooth, much like a well walked passageway. After several minutes scurrying and growing increasingly bored, she stumbled across a large cavern of a room, sunlight somehow filtering through the tonnes of rock above to cast a dim gloom on the chamber; but a dim glow was all Soline's powerful vision needed to pick out the huge furry mass at the far side.

Approaching confidently, those rocks at the entrance were *old*, she was startled to see the mass shift and move, slowly rising to match the panther's own height. As she came closer the 'thing' shook itself, something glittering between the fur, and sharply spun around, lunging towards the panther. It was an *enormous* wolf, easily as big as the panther herself. Mid lunge it stopped short with a strangled growl, and continued to snarl and growl at Soline, before parted its lips, and spoke

"Hvat! Hverr! Nalgask til deyja?" the masculine voice seemed to pause, before continuing "What manner of god are you, let me loose that I might show you 'thanks'" He snarled, spittle dripping from his lips, pulled back to show rows of bloodstained teeth.

Soline leaned to one side and smirked. The glitter she saw a moment ago was wrapped around his entire body was in fact rope, thin as ribbon but clearly strong, digging deep into his flesh as it wrapped around, restricting his movement to a hobble and holding his jaws shut, allowing them to part only just enough to take; and stretching out behind him to where it sharply seemed to merge with the rock, but the panther suspected otherwise; she wasn't a fool, and she had already guessed the name of this particular wolf, but better to hear it from his lips; taking a calculated step forwards she smiled into the raging beast's eyes "A god? Sweet of you to say but no, I'm just a lowly mortal, a panther actually, but I doubt you know what one is"

"I know they smell good!" He snarled, snapping his jaws at her, but she was clever, and his teeth couldn't get closer than a few inches to her face.

"Be that as it may" She smiled sweetly "My name is Soline, and who are you, trapped down here in this dark little cave?"

"FENRIR!" He roared immediately, proudly "Devourer of gods, bringer of Ragnarok, feared by *all*" Well...except the little cat stood casually in front of him, his fury dying as she waited patiently, he lowered his voice to a soft, deadly growl "Release me *cat*, untie me and let me have my vengeance upon your pathetic gods!"

Soline pulled a face “Not *my* gods, but that aside, why should I free you? What do I get out of it? You’re not exactly the nicest doggie I’ve met, so I’m not likely to do it out of the goodness of my heart”

“This rope, Gleipnir, is the strongest material in creation. Perhaps it will survive my stomach, perhaps not, but when I devour the world this, if anything, will be all that remains. Free me and it is yours!”

This seemed like a fair trade to Soline, but there was the problem of it being buried in the ground, turning, she padded away to a comfortable spot and lowered herself to the ground “Tell you what Fenrir dear, tug that other end out of the ground so I can take the rope with me, and you have a deal!”

The resulting earthquakes shook the country for a solid day, but as the dust slowly settled, Fenrir loomed in front of the curled up, faintly dozing feline “The rope is free. Untie me and take it for yourself. *Bikkja*” Smiling in agreement, Soline climbed to her feet and approached, wriggling loose centuries old knots and sliding the flawless ribbon-like rope across the raw patches where it had rubbed for millennia, finally she loosened his muzzle and pulled away several hundred yards of glittering ribbon that, besides smelling horrifically of dog, was good to use. Fenrir stretched and shook his flank, experimenting with his muscles “It is good to be free again! But I am hungry, and *you* are edible” the muscular, ancient wolf turned on Soline with a sadistic, voracious glint in his eye, and pounced.

“Urp...so, the gods are real?” Soline sprawled out on her enormous belly, terrified whimpers echoing from within as she stifled yet another belch and prodded a bulge. “I mean, *you* were nothing special, but I’ll forgive you, you *are* just a dog, and one left underground for ages...but a real *god*?” the Fenrir-bulge demanded to be free, and claimed he really was a god, “Well consider yourself a test, lets find out how well gods *digest*” She snickered and licked her lips in satisfaction, patting her gut and toying with her reward, the length of lightweight rope, Gleipnir the wolf had called it “Do you want out of my tummy Mr Wolf?” She smiled at his eager nodding “Then tell me, how to find these gods....”

Two days later the slim panther had wriggled back out of the cave, a long length of glittering ribbon looped around her shoulder, and the location of Asgard and, more importantly, how to reach it.

She had climbed up the mountain with relative ease, and bumped straight into Heimdall. Before the towering mountain of a man had been able to stop her or even open his mouth to shout a warning to the other gods, she had opened *hers* first, lunging forwards and wrapping her lips around his head, already drooling hungrily at the sight of him. In a matter of moments his tanned bulk slithered down her flexible, throat and curled up tightly in the stretched, yet still tight depths of her stomach. The panther gave his feet a wet lick, coating them in saliva as she left the Bifrost; finally giving a satisfied swallow as she headed towards the city of the gods, her engorged belly clearly not hindering her as she started to jog. Heimdall was infamous for his powerful, all seeing gaze... but now all he would be able to see was the inside of her belly, squishy, gooey walls of flesh flexing and squeezing around him, covering him thoroughly in digestive juices and muffling his shouts. Not that

they would have helped, after centuries of largely unchallenged dominance in the universe the gods were lazy and relaxed, never expecting anyone but a new god to appear in their home, let alone to attack them! After all, no one could escape Heimdall's gaze; and they were right, he had a *very* good view of her sloshing belly. All of the major gods were in the 'battle room'. At least, Soline assumed it was a war room of sorts; they were gathered around a circular table talking about the Jotunn, a mythical race of giants the gods battled frequently....apparently they were also real, the panther smiled, maybe she should pay *them* a visit later too.

Before anyone could react, the swift feline was in the room and running around with a speed and agility that caught them all by surprise, looping the glittering length of Gleipnir around Loki's arms and pulling it taut, 'cuffing' his hands together and darting away as he stumbled, all before he even opened his mouth. By the time the second god's hands were tied, they realised something was wrong and started to react, trying to hit and stop the lithe cat. Frigg, Balder, Bragi and Freyja among others quickly lost the mobility of their arms or legs and soon everyone, even Thor found themselves tied together, tied up feet linked a few feet down the rope to the next god's hands, and so on. Even Odin, the all-father, found his hands tied together with the last of the rope.

"WHAT DO YOU WANT?" Odin boomed, straining just like all the others at his bindings, realisation dawning before the others "THIS...IS GLEIPNIR, WHAT HAVE YOU *DONE* MORTAL? YOU HAVE RELEASED FENRIR!" he noticed Soline's bulging, squirming belly and the muffled voice from within "HOW...HOW DID YOU GET PAST HEIMDALL?"

Odin began to *really* struggle at the rope, cursing himself for having ever created it. "In answer to your first question....a meal" the panther grinned and reached up, grabbing Odin's shoulders and sharply pulling him down, catching him by surprise as she stuffed his head into her gaping, waiting mouth with a moist squish, stifling his booming voice as the other gods cried out in surprise and renewed their struggles to escape. The panther stuffed her snack deeper amid lewd, wet gulps and took a seat on the all-father's (now an all-belly bulge, she thought with amusement) throne.

"Yup, gods really are dumb...yummy though!" She mused. Her belly bulged out impossibly, several times larger than herself and squishing on the floor between her legs. Only Loki was left, and with a wet *Gluck* Frigg's toes vanished from sight between the predatory panther's lips and down as a prominent bulge in her throat, soon lost in the writhing, mass of her belly, the muffled voices indistinguishably mixed with ominous, gloopy gurgles. Opening her mouth wide she felt the rope sliding ever so slowly across her tongue and down her throat as Frigg slipped deeper, tugging the straining, terrified Loki closer inch by inch. Teasingly, Soline stretched her tongue out and curled the drooling length around the glittering rope, deliberately drawing Loki's gaze to the slick, glistening insides, drool running down her tongue and every inch of her maw, hinting at just how good she thought he would taste. "I wonder if Jotunn taste any different?" She slouched on the throne, with a broad grin and licked her chops just before Loki's fingers slipped inside, sealing his fate completely. She didn't mind if the rope digested with all the gods, but if it didn't, well that'd just make her next meal even easier!