Gods and Monsters

Tags: Noncon, Vore, Blood/Gore, Fatal and implied fatal, Despair, Betrayal

“It’s quite impressive, what you’ve been able to accomplish. Just like the ants of the old world, your persistence is admirable.”

She was looking out of one of the windows, the one without the one-way mirror. The city below was in chaos; millions of my people were tearing the infrastructure apart. An explosion cracked through the power plant, briefly illuminating her silhouette against the night.

“It’s only going to get worse,” I replied.

“For them, perhaps. I hope you will choose peace.”

She turned, revealing a strange smile. It was the same fake smile they all used for the propaganda broadcasts. Cool and polite, like a scam artist who’s fooled their mark. She walked closer, coming into the harsh light of the lamp hanging over me. Her figure easily eclipsed half of my perspective, and the table I was trapped on shuddered at her step. I looked up to meet her gaze, even as it chilled me.

“Peace? There can be no peace under monsters like you.” I spat.

“Monsters? You wound me. Surely it is your little rioters ripping through our streets now, giving our enforcers quite a difficult time.”
“I’m sure it’s very hard on them,” I mocked.

“Oh, we don’t relish eradicating your kind. It’s dreadful work.” She laughed.

I shuddered as she returned to the window. I hadn’t realized I was holding my breath in between words. I thought this interrogation would be much more violent, from what my followers had reported. The ones who survived, anyway.

“I’m not going to give you anything.” I managed to say.

“I think you misunderstand. You represent nothing of value for us.” She said cooly, watching the tinies outside the window hoist a makeshift banner of our ensignia up the flagpole using an electric winch. It had taken a few months of stealing textiles to make it, our freedom flag.

“Then why am I here? Killing me won’t stop the rebellion. There will always be another to take my place.”

“On that, we agree. In fact, your little riots are something we count on.”

“Stop playing these fucking games! I’d rather you pick my limbs off than hear more of your poison!” I snapped.

She turned back to face me again. Her smile made my skin crawl. She walked slowly back to the table, her boots thudding along the cold metal floor. The polite facade had fallen away, as it always did with them. Before I could react, her hand was above me. Her sleeve shot out of the dark and under the spotlight, faster than my nerves could tell me to drop. I had told myself I would give them nothing, but I found myself wincing in the shadow of her fingers.

“I could, and it would be easy.” Her voice was caustic.

I opened my eyes, and her hand was still hovering. She had stopped short of touching me, making a gentle motion right in front of my face. The pads of her fingers, each larger than my head, curled into a fist. I could hear her muscles flex and squeeze, her knuckles turned white and shook as she flaunted her raw power.

“Do it, then. Be done with it.” I wanted to sound brave, but my voice was quivering.

“Have you ever wondered what it feels like? To truly hold a life in your hands?” She relaxed her fist and traced a circle around me, a single well-manicured nail sliding along the metal.

My hair stood on end. I wondered how many people met their end in her grasp.

“You’re sick.”

“On the contrary, I have the cure.” She reached into her pocket and pulled out some

kind of gun. It was a medical device with a long, thin needle at the end. Sized for someone like me. She gently placed it on the table.

“What are you doing?” My resolve was wavering. I was expecting brutish torture, not whatever this was.

“I’m giving you a choice. Join us, and become a god.”

“You people are delusional,” I found some anger to latch onto, “we’re the ones who have the leverage here. You should be negotiating with me! We have the nuclear codes, I’d rather see this place a wasteland than stand over it under you!”

“Who do you think fed you those codes?” She was still smiling, leaning down to have a better look at me. I recoiled as her face approached.

“You… We stole them. Your agents have been compromised.”

“You really think that? Truly? Credit to the bureau of intelligence.” She scoffed.

My breathing became erratic as I searched her eyes for signs of deceit. She seemed to have smugness burned into her facial muscles, and I couldn’t be sure either way.

“You’re lying. Like you always do.” I took a shot in the dark.

Her penetrating gaze shifted upwards, to the one-way mirror. She nodded, and I turned around to look where she was looking. The mirror shifted with a click and broke into shuttered slats. There were four people siting behind the shutter, watching us.

“Do you recognize anyone?”

I scanned their faces and felt my heart drop. The seating area was packed with the men and women of the propaganda department. Among the usual brass I recognized from our reports, I saw our informant. She was a sympathizer, or had made a show of it. She gave us the tools to steal the codes. She just stared at me, dispassionately.

“No… This… You’re lying! We used her!”

“And your operation was such a success. Only three casualties, among twelve. Admirable and brazen. It’s what we like to see.”

She flicked a few photographs onto the table. Polaroids of bloodstains. They were my comrades, their images in the photos about the size they'd been in life. Their faces were frozen in fear and pain, their lifeblood still steaming on the concrete where they were found. I was beside myself. We had assumed them lost for the greater good. I had to tell their families. I told them they died as heroes for my vision of the future.

"This doesn't matter. There will always be more. We will always find cracks in your grip." I was crying.

"Just like the ants of the old world, yes. Do you know how they eradicated them then?"

I said nothing, unable to take my eyes off the photographs on the table next to the medical device. She continued;

"Crushing them was never effective. Nor chemicals, not even fire. It was poison, left out for them to find themselves. They happily brought it back to their queen." She reached out her hand and poked me in the chest.

"Fuck you!" I screamed, tears streaming down my face.

"There is hope, though. As I said, we do not relish your destruction. If we wanted to exterminate you, we'd have done it." Her words curdled the air.

"You ***are*** doing it. Every. Day." I was quivering.

"Pressure makes diamonds, dear. That's why we're having this conversation. I would have hoped the leader of the rebellion, the riot queen herself, would have known by now."

The mocking title boiled my blood, but I searched my memories for some inconsistency in her narrative. I needed some sign that she was wrong, or some mission that proved our cause as an effective threat to their regime. Another explosion rocketed through the streets. I couldn't see them from this height, but I knew they were tearing the city apart the best they could.

I couldn't think of anything. Not one operation that relied on intel separate from our contacts in the administration. If they had our nuclear facility informant, they had so

many more. The informant was trusted; she even knew the location of our communications center. They were down there now, watching the chaos and trying to find me. They probably knew, as I did, that I was already gone.

“Why?” My voice was hollow.

“Now, that’s what we’ve been waiting for. Intellect. That’s why you’re here and they…” she tapped one of the photos, ”died…” she punctuated each word with a tap on another one of my comrades, “there.”

“What do you want?”

“This is about what you want, actually.”

“I want you all to die.” I seethed.

“Now that’s just not true. A nuclear wasteland? Who benefits from that?”

“Then what? What could you possibly offer me?” I spat.

“Power. I said we have the cure. I was being truthful. We can make you a god.” She caressed the strange device.

“What is that? Just spit it out, you monster!”

“Monsters… gods… the distinction is minor. This formula can make you into either.”

“What–what are you saying?”

“Your sickness is curable. It always was. You can join us, not just in spirit but in body as well.”

My guts squirmed, and my mind raced. There was a rumor passed around, basically a fairytale. We never detected any sign of such a compound. It was impossible. Tinies had been the way they were for centuries. It was just a quirk of human development. There was no way to reverse the process, not even in our myths and legends.

“Impossible.”

“When someone makes the impossible true, are they a god or a monster?”

“I’d rather be an insect than a fake god.” I shook my head. Even if it were possible, I could never live with myself.

“Are you sure? You can take a moment to think of it. How many of you have dreamed of having real power? The power to shape reality, for you and your comrades. Would you really throw it all away? Imagine what the riot queen could do with such resources.”

“I’d rather see everything burn!” I snarled, sure of it down to my bones.

“Pity. Thankfully, we always plan for every outcome.” She nodded again to the gallery of despots.

I heard a door slide open from another room, and a woman walked in. I expected to see another face from the propaganda department. Instead, it was my lieutenant. She was full-size, walking through the door with a grave look. Lieutenant Doherty. She bore the ensignia of the enemy, tailored clothes for her now-gigantic size. Her messy brown hair was even pulled back in their style. It was an abomination.

“It’s time to prove yourself.” My tormentor addressed Doherty, the woman I had previously trusted with my life.

“I’m sorry,” Was all Doherty said. Empty and emotionless.

“We don’t apologize,” the interrogator corrected, “now I worry your heart isn’t in it.”

“How could you!? How!? I trusted you!” I screamed. My voice was hoarse.

Doherty just nodded. She walked forward, coming into the light. Her proportions were grotesque. Impossible. Unnatural. I had hugged her just this morning, and now I couldn’t fit my arms around her finger.

Lieutenant Doherty lifted her hand, her wrist still marred by an industrial accident years ago. It was why she joined us in the first place. She poised her finger above me, quivering with murderous intent. I closed my eyes and cried.

“No,” the interrogator intoned, “that’s too easy. We need to know you can ***stomach*** it.

We are gods, and sometimes we also need to be monsters.”

I opened my eyes as Doherty’s shaking fingers grasped me. It screamed as I was lifted into the air. Her face, the face of the woman I knew for years, was titanic. She was emotionless, almost pensive, but shaking. I knew she was still in there somewhere.

“Please. You're one of us. Don’t forget that. Please!”

She opened her mouth as if to speak, but instead her lips hung open into a grotesque nightmare. Her tongue quivered, and her fingers relaxed. I fell into her, screaming into the abyss. I bounced along her tongue and felt her panicked heartbeat through the wall of slick muscle. The heat and moisture overtook me as her lips snapped shut.

“Please! No!” I begged.

The horrors of her insides ripped me downwards.