

TIME FOR THE SPECTACLE

By GeodesicDragon

Inspired (again) by TeamSpeak

The stage was set.

The lights were dimmed.

The audience was ready.

All that was needed now were the performers.

A booming voice came out over the speakers. “Ladies and gentlemen, put your hands together... for THE SPICE GIRLS!”

Applause and screams of glee arose from the assembled fangirls - not to mention the occasional fanboy - as the five women took to the stage, already beginning to belt out one of their group’s top (s)hits.

But suddenly, before the end of the first verse, the roof of the stadium was torn off by a tremendous force. A bellowing roar soon followed, as Godzilla suddenly decided to take a break from harassing Tokyo and visit London instead.

The Spice Girls stood frozen to the spot as the monster stood above them, the audience already making a break for the nearby exits. It was not the monster itself that frightened them, but rather the large green ballsack swinging underneath.

A ballsack which was getting closer...

And closer...

And closer...

“STOP RIGHT THERE, GODZILLA!” came a loud, authoritative voice. It sounded almost metallic, but it was enough to make Godzilla stop lowering his balls to face whomever dared to stop him.

It was Optimus Prime!

The Spice Girls let out a sigh of relief, but their hopes for rescue were quickly dashed when Optimus spoke again.

“I want in on this!”

Godzilla grinned and allowed Optimus to approach — at which point the two high fived with the force of a thousand suns.

And then they teabagged the Spice Girls into oblivion.

THE END

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