

Worldly Concerns

Galaxin

There were only two things in the world that Remy knew to be true. First, the universe was a big, *big* place. Second, Lennox would one day destroy him and everything he knew.

Determined eyes scanned over a complicated mass of wires and spinning parts. Every so often, sparks of electricity erupted from the duct tape and paperclips that held together circuit boards to mechanical levers. The arcing bolts zapped Remy's fingers, but he never flinched anymore. What he was doing was far too important to waste time wincing in pain and surprise.

The beam of light that shone upon his creation shifted ever so slightly. Remy grumbled under his breath and adjusted the grip his teeth held on his flashlight. In no time at all, he was right back to tinkering and rewiring. The eerie blackness of "night" was his only companion this far from the city. Well, that and the Glass to his back.

Remy refused to look. Instead, his heavy brown eyes rested purely upon his sparking, shoddy invention. He knew what lay beyond the wall; had seen it his entire life. An endless plain of insurmountable glass walls as tall as those which surrounded City AG-34. Each of them contained a settlement of its own. Some prehistoric, some with fantastical technology that Remy could only dream of. Most were too far away to perceive, but Remy had learned quite a bit throughout his life.

Past his fellow contained civilizations were mountains of papers and folders thousands of times larger than even the Glass. Mountainous mugs sometimes appeared. Other times, utensils or tools that could crush all life beneath them sat over the horizon. Every day, there was something new. But the one thing that remained constant was the immense wolf that studied their tiny lives.

Lennox. Creator and Destroyer. He was larger than *anything*. Ten people standing on each other's shoulders would be necessary to even compare to the *width* of his smallest strand of fur. His blue and black-speckled pawpads were a constant sight. Sometimes, his index and forefinger would press against the Glass and carry them into the sky. Some never returned.

Remy found it hard to believe that he and Lennox were both wolves. He may have been cold and antisocial, but he was nothing like that titanic monster that created and haunted their existence. Perhaps they weren't technically the same, considering Remy was too small to even register as a speck right in front of the titan's eyes.

Most people never saw beyond Lennox's waist, though sometimes he'd lean inward to view his speck-like creations. His hot breath would wash over the world in thick, humid gusts that changed the weather for days to come. His long eyelashes would drift precariously close to the city skyline, making all of the people below flinch in terror with every breath.

A shudder ran through Remy's back. He'd seen Lennox cause untold destruction just from *blinking*.

Years ago, he'd been walking through the park when the titan wolf's fingers squashed against the Glass at the North and South ends. Mist swelled at their sides, fogging up their view of the outside world. No one flinched, nor screamed, or cried, but the tension was as palpable as the heat which exuded from Lennox's palm miles above.

Lennox carried them into the sky. Uncountable miles rushed aside. Their world ascended past the familiar view of his light-blue scrubs, complete with a miles-wide bulge. Past the flowing length of his lab coat and the nametag which informed Remy's ancestors of their "God's" name. Up to his muzzle, where the titan's immense, purple eye soon came to rest above their petty lives.

Thick, deep rumbling thundered through the air. Lennox was speaking... though none could hope to understand such immense words. Remy looked out between the trees, wondering why Lennox chose not to use the Peering Scope that day. The world's greatest scientists surmised that their lives were nearly imperceptible to such an incredibly large being without that tool.

Then, Lennox's eyelids began to close, bringing his eyelashes with them. In the literal blink of an eye, the long coils of keratin slammed into the tips of the city's tallest skyscrapers. They were a sweeping rush of pure destruction, tearing through concrete and marble as if nothing was in the way. Chaos erupted in the form of screams and palpable terror.

Dozens of people rushed past Remy, but he simply watched the sky. Thick plumes of dust and smoke crashed to the ground, yet even more material stuck to the long, black lashes. He didn't even notice. Even when they were brought back down to the Great Plain of Worlds which housed nearly all of existence, Lennox did not so much as register the destruction he'd wrought.

Remy's fingers rolled into fists as tremors ran through his body. He was back in the present, in the dark, where his only company was the half-suit of armor on the ground before him. He hadn't realized it, but his fur stood on end at the mere memory.

He wouldn't stand being a microbe in Lennox's world any longer. Not contained within the Glass. He'd strike out on his own, make a living on the Great Plain. Anything would be better than the destruction which Lennox caused even when he *wasn't* trying.

Remy forced a deep breath into his lungs and ceased his trembling. Rage and terror would do him no good. So he worked and wiped all thoughts of Lennox from his mind. He'd focus on a plan once he was over the Glass.

Twenty minutes passed before the last sparks faded. All that remained was a steady buzz that caused the very air to vibrate. That, and Remy's pounding heartbeat. At last, it was complete. Before him lay a patchwork vest not unlike the upper armor of a football player. A plastic casing sat on its back, containing a spinning wheel of pure energy. Connected to it were two pairs of wires that lead straight to extra accessories. Two gloves, two bases for his shoes. All interlaced with vibrant nodes of power.

"Thank you, Jayce," Remy whispered to the night. He never knew what happened to his friend from

another city. Jayce's was an incredible world of technology and possibility. It was a miracle that he'd been able to reach out to another world's network and connect to its people. No one else believed the alien's story... but Remy was all too eager to hear of his fellow captive's plan to escape.

Jayce relayed detailed instructions on an invention that would allow him to scale any surface and had even guided Remy on how to build it. He was an invaluable friend. Remy had always dreamed of escaping to see the man in person. But then, one day, the transmissions stopped. That same day, Lennox upended a world and dumped its inhabitants into his lunch.

Remy didn't like to think about that day.

Minutes later, he donned the suit and finally turned to face the Glass. Even in the darkness of night, it formed an unnatural, translucent barrier that warped all that lay beyond. Remy craned his neck back as far as it would go, but its top was even further out of reach. He was in for a long climb.

"Nothing to do but get going," Remy said to himself. Maybe he was just trying to psyche himself up, or maybe he was saying goodbye to the only world he ever knew... but part of him wished it was Jayce's voice telling him to go. So, Remy raised his palm and planted it against the Glass.

Then, he began to climb.

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A loud, boisterous yawn burrowed up from Lennox's maw and floated into the wide, empty darkness of his lab. The loose material of his labcoat slipped down his left arm as he stretched, his keycards and other paraphernalia 'round his neck jingling quietly. When, at last, his yawn ended, the feminine wolf took a sip of warm coffee from his favorite mug and flipped on the lights.

"Another day, another round of tests," he mumbled to himself with a silly grin. Lennox began to walk, carrying him past the somewhat messy surroundings of his laboratory. The desk closest to the door held a pile of messy, yet-to-be-organized folders, a fact which Lennox noted with a grumble of disappointment. "I thought I told Tip to sort those on Friday..." Then, his cock throbbed within his pants, and he remembered the rubbery, creamy prison the little mouse had gone home in that weekend. "Oh yeah." A snicker escaped his lips.

Lennox's walkthrough brought him past the Accelerator first. He always loved seeing how far he could advance a miniature civilization within a short time. So cute watching them go from cavemen to fully-developed capitalists! His tail began to wag just thinking about it!

Then came the study table, fresh and clean of any Petri dishes. They were still waiting on a new microscope after *someone* (i.e Lennox, in a horny fit) knocked it off the table with a freshly-overgrown horse cock, but there were still plenty of tweezers, eyedroppers, and other toys to study nanos with. Science doesn't stop just because you break a few tools every three days!

Finally, Lennox's journey brought him to the highlight of his morning. The Petri dish stash, where dozens of tiny cities, towns, and pizza-themed amusement parks (seriously, you wouldn't believe how common it was for a civilization to evolve into one of those) waited for him. The science-minded wolf took another sip of his coffee before reaching down to place it on the table.

... Only to realize at the last moment that he'd chosen a Medieval-age dish to put it on top of. Lennox winced and drew his hand back, but the damage was already done. A tiny droplet of morning juice had been waiting at the mug's edge for a chance just like this. Now, the... castle(?) at the kingdom's edge was mired in a sea of piping-hot coffee.

An awkward hiss slipped between Lennox's fangs as he watched the bubble disperse and soak into the purple fields below. "That's going to make one hell of a lab report..." he mumbled. Though, his lips pursed with curiosity once he considered the *benefits* of a large caffeine deposit for KM-83. Maybe they'd become more efficient now that all their crops would be infused with that morning-saving chemical!

Or perhaps they'd just lose all of their resources altogether. It was hard to tell. Either way, Lennox simply shrugged and *watched* where he put his mug this time. It clinked to the table far from any other test subjects, freeing the wolf's hands for the first experiment of the day.

Lennox's cock throbbed against his leg. A dumb grin stretched across his lips, and he started to pull at the strings which oh-so-dutifully held his pants up. *Technically* this sort of thing wasn't an experiment, per se. They just called it that so they could keep getting grant funding. But it was still Lennox's favorite activity.

"Which one of you today?" he purred. His eyes scanned over the mass of microscopic worlds, all of them his for the taking. Except for BK-83. Corbin called dibs. His decision-making process didn't come close to making him lose focus on the most important thing, however. In no time at all, Lennox's fat, heavy dick flopped forth. Its immense girth crashed onto the table with a gooey splash of precum slipping from his wrinkled foreskin, rapidly retreating around his glans.

The impact rattled about 7 Petri dishes, a fact which made Lennox's cock throb all the harder. He licked his lips and ran the tip of his claw down its length, from base to sensitive tip. A shiver ran up his spine and buzzed his fur on end. Gosh, he needed this. It had been over 48 minutes since he'd last cum!

Finally, Lennox's eyes landed upon the perfect Petri dish. Call it fate, destiny, or even a simple desire to just be over with it anyway because they're all the same in the end, but somehow, Lennox knew he was fated to drown this group of bugs that morning.

Lennox lifted his erection from the table, leaving behind a small puddle of precum in its wake. He finally began to stroke the blue and black-spotted monster he was packing with a satisfied huff of delight. But before he could get *too* far, Lennox pinched Test Subject G-92 between his delicate fingers and carried it into firing range. The moment that it slides beneath the shadow of his cock, he squirts out another dribble of precum that splatters a straight line of gooey destruction across the dish.

“Holy shit, this never gets old,” Lennox huffs. Pressure is already building within his nuts, thick cum swirling about the furry orbs. He knows he won’t last long at this rate. His mind’s eye is filled with the image of himself lording over all of existence for these little microbes, his precum alone demolishing buildings and flooding the streets. “Fucking hell...”

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Remy knew from the *moment* daylight came that he was out of time. Night fled with the flick of a switch, leaving way for light to flood in. He knew he should have closed his eyes the *second* he heard Lennox open the door, but confidence steered him wrong once again. The incoming attack blasted his poor eyeballs, forcing the minuscule wolf to reel back and cry out in pain.

His right hand detached from the Glass. The momentum added to his recoiling torso yanked his other palm from it as well. For one, terrifying moment, Remy was held sideways, held aloft only by the soles which forged a magnetic connection between themselves and the sheer glass. His eyes beheld the lip of the Glass, only a hundred feet up. He had to make it! He just had to!

With a sense of determination that Remy never thought possible, he flung himself forward. His abdominal muscles cried out in terror, but that one flex was enough to force Remy’s palms against the Glass once more. His cheek smushed against it with an echoing thump, and a fiery pain roared in his belly... but he was alive.

Unfortunately, Remy didn’t have a moment to catch his breath. It was morning... and that meant one or more worlds were set for destruction. Indeed, only a few seconds passed before Lennox’s white cape of doom swished into view. His groin came to rest against the table’s edge. Already, a dark spot of precum had formed along his leg.

His time was up.

With renewed vigor, Remy climbed. Although his muscles screamed, and terror clung to his heart, he put one hand over another and pushed onward. He didn’t stop when Lennox dropped his pants and forced a massive quake. He didn’t stop when Lennox picked a world of victims and splattered them with his pre-ejaculate. And he certainly didn’t stop to watch when his fellow wolf’s wet slaps of pleasure filled the air.

That dedication saw him quite far. Remy blocked out all that he could, outright squeezing his eyes shut in the process. However, even he couldn’t hope to ignore it when Lennox reached climax. A piercing, ear-bursting howl erupted into the air. Remy’s eyes snapped open, and his heart threatened to pop from his chest. Far, far away, Lennox’s cock erupted.

The world held between Lennox’s fingers vanished beneath a flood of pearly cum in an instant. A thick volley of cream erupted from the indigo slit and flooded every inch of space between his fingers. Remy gasped in horror, barely able to comprehend the sight. He could practically feel the rush of heated fluid rushing over his body, carrying him away in a nightmare of heat and musk. Everything that followed was practically overkill.

Goopy volley after volley spurted from Lennox's cock. It filled that unfortunate world to the brim and spilled over the sides of the Glass, no doubt carrying thousands of people with every drop. A magnificent fountain spilled over Lennox's fingers to the Plain below in a thick, heavy bubble of cream. And still, the titan panted and came.

For nearly a minute, Lennox continued to spill his seed, just like always. Remy could hardly bring himself to look away, even as close to the edge of the Glass as he was. It was only when Lennox's orgasm began to wane that he finally managed to catch hold of his senses.

Lennox's thunderous voice boomed over the Plain, but Remy refused to listen. He screwed his eyes shut and climbed those last, desperate dozen feet as if his life depended on it. His goal was so close, so impossibly close! He'd be free. Free from the Glass, free from Lennox's wrath! And best of all, he could find Jayce. His friend had to be out there somewhere; he just had to find him out there in the great wide world.

For the first time in a long time, a smile stretched on Remy's lips. This was it, his life was finally about to begin.

A shadow appeared above Remy the moment his head crested the lip of the Glass. At that very instant, his heart froze. What luck that a sea of boiling warmth came to envelop him in the next moment.

An ocean of pearly fluid crashed into Remy's poor, microscopic body. He stuck to it like a fly in a trap, carried off at the incredible speed at which it traveled. A scream bubbled at the back of his throat, but his cry was snatched away in an instant. Once more, a thunderous rumble pierced the air, but Remy did not care to listen.

All that work... just to be splattered on a spare drop of Lennox's cum. Perhaps this really was his lot in life: a speck at the waist of his creator.

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"Oh shoot, sorry little guys," Lennox chuckled sheepishly. He just barely felt a hint of contact against his glans and looked down to see his cock brush against a Petri dish's lip. "Guess I missed a drop!" Feeling rather embarrassed, Lennox tucked his cock back into his scrubs and allowed the tiny droplet that still leaked from his slit to smear against the fabric. He barely noticed it after all!

At last, Lennox knelt to examine the Petri dish he had... well, smeared. Only the slightest bit of cum had been swept against its lip, and none of it was able to slip down the wall. The moment he rose, he breathed a sigh of relief. "Phew, I'd get chewed out if I messed up three test subjects in one morning!"

Lennox stretched, grabbed his coffee cup, and walked over to the desk nearest to the door to begin sorting papers. He had his fun at work... but he still had work to do after all. All's well that ends well! What a great Monday morning!

