

# Meta Farishta Flashfics

RetroInferno

[Premise: What if Farishta was 1000 feet tall?]

Kazem couldn't believe his eyes. A monumental structure surrounded him on all sides, high in the mountains. He found himself huffing and puffing as he climbed countless stairs meant for far smaller human pilgrims...

Eventually, he reached the top. He put his hands on his knees, catching his breath. "Good gods... what did I just get myself into?"

He then looked up, finding himself on the edge of a platform. Only a wooden rail prevented him from moving forward. Nonetheless, it provided a peek into the enormous monastery itself, providing a broad view of an enormous room with the actual floor hundreds of feet beneath him.

It was like standing on the edge of a cliffside.

Kazem then raised an eyebrow at an odd sight. A fingerpainted sign the size of a building remained on a visible wall, which included a crude doodle of a wry cat face and some accompanying text.

'Ring the bell if you're a little visitor! ^w^'

He blinked several times. A quick scan of his surroundings revealed a bell the size of his head, which remained hanging around the platform's corner with a small string attached. With no obvious way to move forward, he sighed and hesitantly rang the bell, rattling it a little as he strained and shook the string during the process.

For a time, nothing happened. Some rigging echoed throughout the room for a moment at best.

Everything remained oddly silent afterward.

However, a sudden thud in the distance made Kazem jump a little...

Another loud thump slightly shook the platform.

Kazem's fight or flight instincts kicked in as all the hair on his neck stood up. The loud thuds only formed a pattern over time with another reverberating in the distance every other second, sounding just like titanic footsteps.

A theory quickly proven true as an absurdly massive feline woman walked into the room...

A mythical mergich monk. She stood around a thousand feet tall, purple eyes staring into his soul with a mystical physique resembling a giant anthropomorphic snow leopard.

Although she smiled at the sight of the tiny human standing on the small platform, Kazem found himself petrified. He was almost like an ant in comparison to her sheer size.

"Greetings, fellow traveler!" she said, her otherwise soft and angelic voice overpowering him. Her tail made audible swishing sounds before she leaned towards him, whiskers almost brushing against him as she brought herself to the same eye level. "What brings you to my monastery today?"

Even her breathing resulted in air wafting against his skin. He barely saw her nostrils flare, yet the sensation sent goosebumps down his spine nonetheless.

He struggled to speak or say at all, still in overall shock.

She giggled. "What's wrong? Cat got your tongue?"

He grunted. "Can you... can you even hear me?"

Her ears wiggled a little. "Of course I can, little guy! What would possibly make you ask that?"

The blood drained from his face a little. "You're... uh... big."

She snickered and shook her head. "No, no, you little humans are just very small! Hehe!"

He scratched the back of his head. "I've... never seen a mergich before, so... uh... yeah. Bigger than I thought to say the least..."

She frowned a little. "Oh! I'm not scaring or intimidating you, am I? Sometimes I forget how this might feel from a human perspective, even if it's not a big deal for me personally!"

He sighed, taking in her huge feline form. "Yeah, maybe a little. Like... holy shit."

She blinked a few times. "Why do humans keep saying that when they see me? The scriptures never mentioned holy poop!"

Those words alone seemed to dissipate some fear as he scoffed. "Heh. It's just a common saying."

She tilted her head to the side. "Really? Huh. Well... maybe a glass of tea together might clear everything up. Especially if you're here for a tour of my monastery!"

He raised an eyebrow. "A tour? How would you possibly..."

The sight of her furry fingers gradually coming towards him made him pause. He could see black pads on the tips and even some of the wrinkles, but even those eclipsed him altogether.

"May I pick you up?" she asked, making a wry smile. "Don't worry, I've handled humans before!"

Kazem stayed silent for a time. His entire goal was to find something inside the monastery, yet this seemed like suicide. However, returning empty-handed was essentially the same thing...

He sighed once more. "Hmph. Sure, sure... if you know what you're doing. I guess..."

She smirked. "I know this must be tough, so thank you for trusting me already!"

Before he could reply, she pinched his tiny body between her padded fingertips like a grain of rice, knocking the air out of his lungs. Although she was slow and careful, it completely overpowered and disoriented the tiny man. Eventually, she placed him on her other open palm, looking down at the dazed man with eyes full of concern and purring accompanying her words.

"Ooo! Sorry about that! Are you okay, little guy?"

Kazem spent a moment rubbing his eyes and regaining his bearings. Black paw padding and white fur on the edges surrounded him in every direction. He was so small that he could see the crevices in her palm with her face and purple eyes practically replacing the skyline...

"I'm... I'm fine!" he eventually said, both disoriented and in complete disbelief. "Just fine..."

The woman made a wide smile. "Good, good! I thought I messed up again! My last visitor threw up when I moved too quickly..." She broke eye contact for a moment, just to stare back down at him. "Oh, and my apologies! I never asked for your name, now that I think about it!"

It took a moment for Kazem to comprehend that he was looking at her fingers in the distance rather than a mountain ridge. "My friends call me Kazem..."

She nodded. "And I'm Farishta, your host for this evening! Now do stay inside my palm and the designated human zones at all times... we wouldn't want an accident now, would we?"

He shuddered at the thought. "Of course."

She sighed. "But I'm not trying to scare you! I just want to serve you tea today, not drown you in it if I lost track of you or something! You wouldn't believe what happened last time when a human guest got lost on the floor, and I was terrified about taking a single step forward to look for them..."

With that, she slowly walked away with the tiny human in tow, her footsteps creating more loud thuds during the process that shook Kazem to his core.

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**[Premise: What if Farishta was 10,000 feet tall?]**

Kazem saw a black paw with four toe beans descending from the heavens.

The absolutely massive foot shook the earth itself once it made landfall, outright flattening half a forest in the far distance. Sounds reminiscent of fireworks cracking and popping echoed from miles away. Snow and debris descended from her foot afterward as she took another slow yet graceful step forward, practically creating snowfall or avalanches wherever she went.

Kazem shook his head and moved in the polar opposite direction. "Yeah, fuck this."

Meanwhile, Farishta continued to smile and hum, oblivious to his presence as she left footprints the size of human villages in the snow.

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**[Premise: What if Farishta and Kishi swapped places in their respective stories?]**

Kazem darted behind a gargantuan stone shelf as a similarly gigantic fist slammed near his previous position.

Kishi let out a low hiss. “How dare you violate this sacred temple, you absolutely scoundrel!” Her spade-tipped tail swayed behind her as she huffed and puffed. “I have no use for thieves like you. Not any real uses beyond slaughter and sacrifice to the gods themselves!”

Rather than saying a single word, Kazem clenched his black powder pistol with both hands. A single drop of sweat dripped down his forehead as he tried to find a way out, away from the fearsome hellcat.

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Farishta towered over everyone else in a cramped hanger, covered head to toe in black armor. Everything about her scrunched up face and her tail slumping to the ground revealed her overall anxiety levels.

“Just remember your primary objective...” said officer Astra, who went through a checklist on her electronic tablet. She looked up to find Farishta closing one eye and staring down a shotgun barrel with the other. “Um... Fari...”

Farishta beamed up at her words. “Oh! Yeah, I remember, Astra! Don’t worry about me!”

Astra narrowed her eyes. “Did they train you on how to use that new weapon, dear?”

Farishta blinked. "I just hit the bad people with it, right?"

Astra gave her a blank stare for a while, then shook her head. "You know what? I don't feel comfortable sending you down there by yourself. I guess the militia is on its own for now..."

On the ground far below, Brenner found himself overwhelmed with corpses surrounding him. He bled out as other ratlike alien invaders swarmed the hallway. Some desecrated his comrade's cold and dead body...

"T-tommy..." he muttered, coughing up some blood afterward. "TOM!"

Meanwhile, another interloper picked up Tommy's rifle. Blood still dripped from the bayonet. The rat man then stabbed Brenner in the stomach with it, cackling as Brenner let out a last gasp.

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**[Premise: Shameless fanservice where Kazem buys lotion for Farishta's paws.]**

Kazem sniffed the lotion on his fingertip. "Hmm. You're right. Smells like lavender or something..."

Farishta resumed sitting on the forest floor with her fluffy feet flanking him from both sides. A wry, catlike smile spread across her face. "Thanks for buying me some lotion, Kazem! I really appreciate it!"

He raised an eyebrow. "I thought you just liked the smell at the market. I don't see how you're gonna apply that to your fur."

"No, silly!" she said, shaking her head. "I've been needing some for my paw pads! Walking around on all these rocks and roads and whatnot has been killing my feet!" For emphasis, she splayed out the toe beans on each of her massive paws, wiggling them afterward. "Why don't you give me a hand and rub some into my pads?"

Kazem blushed a bit as he scratched the back of his head, prompting Farishta to slightly stick out her tongue at him.

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**[Premise: Kazem attempts to explain basic economics to Farishta.]**

"So you'd just get all your gold through a stalk market?" Farishta asked, tilting her head to the side. "That doesn't make any sense! Why would you buy and sell stalks?"

Kazem rubbed his eyes. "No, no... maybe I should rephrase that. If I ever set down my roots and stopped being a peddler, that could be an option if I set up a shop in a big city."

Farishta blinked a few times. "So... you'd open a shop instead of being a traveling merchant? What does that have to do with buying or selling stalks?"

"They're called stocks..." Kazem explained, sighing. "Not like turnip stalks or whatever. And I don't mean setting up shop literally, it's just an idiom! I'm saying I could use all my money to live off investments like that if I bought a bunch of shares in a big company."

"That... still doesn't make any sense." Farishta said, frowning. "I thought you said they were called stocks, not shares!"

Kazem grumbled. "They're kind of the same thing... I think? But yeah, here's how stocks work. Basically, I'd own a very small portion of a company on paper, then I'd get a very small percentage of the profits. With enough shares, I could live off the profits or even sell the shares to someone else for way more money if the company gets bigger over time!"

Farishta gave him a blank stare. "How does that contribute anything to society compared to something like a farmer? What value are you creating? Where does this value even come from if you could actually live off it while doing absolutely no work?"

Kazem shook his head. "You know what? Let's just... forget it. Maybe I can be a cheesemonger instead one day..."

Farishta beamed up at his words. "Ooo, cheese!"

[Author's Sidenote: I might tweak and integrate this into the actual series at some point.]

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[Premise: Friends In Low Places but Farishta is normal-sized!]

Reaching the mountain monastery was easy enough for Kazem, the infamous thief of the southern cities.

He pushed open the large double doors at the front entrance. A blizzard roared behind him as he slammed the heavy doors shut with a resounding thud, sealing himself away from the cold. He let out a deep sigh with snow still coating his leather jacket. At first glance, the decrepit and aging structure's interior showed signs of negligence or even outright abandonment. Only some dim candlelight showed signs of life inside the expansive monastery.

A white blur at the corner of his vision prompted him to draw his black powder pistol.

Meanwhile, Farishta's tail shot up at the sight. She remained around a head shorter than the human man, wearing traditional black and gray warrior robes perfectly suited for her feline physique.

"Oh, hello there, stranger!" she said, smiling and closing her eyes. "What brings you to my humble abode today?"

The snake amulet on her neck immediately made Kazem's eyes go wide. He promptly pointed his pistol right at her, cocking his head up. "That amulet on your neck. Hand it over."

Farishta's tail shot up as she stared down the barrel. "What?!" she blurted, ears slumping against her head. "There... there's no need for that, stranger! A stray soul such as yourself must have been guided to me by the gods for a reason if you visited me today!"

"I'm not here for salvation." he said, sneering. "Not here at least. I'm specifically here for that amulet, so it must be my lucky day. Surely it's not worth your life."



Farishta clutched the ouroboros amulet with one hand. "I... I can't just give it away! My father left it under my care, and he told me to protect it..."

Kazem scanned his surroundings, looking for signs of other monks. "Are you here by yourself?"

She blinked a few times. "Y-yeah... I'm the sole guardian and custodian of this sacred place!"

"That better be true," he said, taking several steps towards her. "But really. Hand it over. I don't like to hurt folks unless I have to, but I won't hesitate if it comes down to it."

Farishta unsheathed the claws on her hands, then hissed a little. "NO! I'm... I'm supposed to protect it! Why do you even want it?" Her ears wiggled to emphasize the piercings on her ears. "I have gold and stuff if you want that instead! Just take anything but my father's amulet!"

Kazem sighed. "Ugh. Sorry about this, darling."

Farishta took a few steps back with her eyes going wide as Kazem approached her. "Please just leave me be! This... this is unholy behavior!"

Rather than pulling the trigger, he outright pistol whipped her forehead, making Farishta gasp. A short struggle ensued as she screamed and yanked on the amulet. In the end, Kazem practically ripped it off her neck with the chain shattering before holding it in a clenched fist.

Tears streamed down Farishta's fluffy face as she got on her knees afterward. "Wha... why? Why are you doing this?!" She sniffled with some snot dripping from her nostrils. "What would my father think? He... he could be dead for all I know! That amulet is all I have left from him!"

Farishta then burst into tears, sobbing as she curled up on the ground and covered her face with her large and fluffy tail.

Kazem didn't even look her in the eye as he backed away. He aimed a pistol at her during the process, briefly looking over his shoulder before kicking the front door open. The thief then left the snow leopard woman in tears as he walked back outside and into the blizzard raging around the monastery. Although he found what he was looking for, a pang of guilt plagued his conscience since he wasn't expecting this job to be just like stealing candy from a baby...