

Kass's Disposal Duties 3: A Cuppa Accidents Happen

Kass reached across her desk to grasp her ceramic mug, intending to clear a path to grab the next specimen she wanted to play- uh, dispose of. As she nudged the heavy mug aside, the edge caught the rim of the Berlin dish.

It happened almost in slow motion. The small, plastic container skittered across the smooth wood, wobbling precariously before tumbling over the edge of the desk.

“Ah!” Kass gasped, her hand darting out, but she was too late.

The dish fell, tumbling end over end through the air. It struck the edge of the desk drawers with a sharp clack, flipping perfectly upside down. The city plummeted straight into the dark, humid opening of her discarded right flat. The impact was muffled, a soft thud as the opened dish landed inverted against the inner sole of her shoe.

Inside the shoe, the remains of Berlin were facing an end that was far more humid and frankly embarrassing than the desert of Vegas. The citizens of Berlin, who had been living in the orderly, cool atmosphere of their container, were suddenly plunged into a nightmare of warmth and moisture. The city spilled out across the vast, soft landscape of Kass's insole.

To the Germans, the insole of the shoe was not a floor or any terrain they were familiar with; it was a warm, undulating, tanned continent of glossy, spongy ground, slick with a fine sheen of perspiration. The ground was soft, yielding, and smelled intensely of leather and the musky, salty, lotioned scent of a woman's foot. The liquid that had been trapped in the dish, rivers, ponds, and such was instantly absorbed and mixed with the warm, vinegary sweat from her foot.

The grand architecture of Berlin, the Brandenburg Gate, and the sprawling streets became mired in this thick, vinegary sludge. Buildings didn't just fall; they sank into the damp,

porous valleys of her insole's texture. People screamed as they were swallowed by the warm, salty mire, their tiny world becoming a swamp of human sweat and condensation. The heat was oppressive, a heavy, humid weight that felt like a tropical depression had descended upon the entire nation. All of this was just from a light sheen of sweat from where she had just taken the shoe off.

Kass peered down into the dark opening of her shoe, seeing the tiny, shimmering glint of the spilled city trapped within.

“Dammit,” she swore under her breath, a flash of genuine annoyance crossing her face. She stared at the mess for a moment, watching the microscopic carnage as the city settled into the damp crevices and indentations that her foot and toes had left in the shoe. She considered picking it up, but the thought of digging through her own sweat to retrieve the tiny, sodden ruins felt... unappealing.

She shrugged, the irritation passing as quickly as it had come. It was just a specimen, after all. She WAS supposed to destroy it. She picked up the soiled but empty dish and set it on top of a stack of papers. She would douse it in sanitizer later.

She turned her attention back to the prize that was still intact: London. The dish was already partially uncovered, the lid resting lopsidedly on the rim. It had stuck to the bottom of her mug like a coaster for a moment when she lifted it. The fog of the miniature city from the heat of her mug clung to the plastic, obscuring the view of the tiny, grey metropolis within. She fully removed the lid.

She picked up the London dish, her fingers feeling the slight vibration of the tiny, frantic world inside. She held it over her cup of tea, the dark, amber liquid steaming invitingly.

“Let’s see if you can add some more body to this tea,” she murmured.

With a steady hand, she tilted the dish. A cascade of grey buildings, tiny bridges, and millions of microscopic people tumbled out of the container. They fell through the air like heavy, living silt, splashing into the warm tea. The impact sent tiny ripples across the surface of the liquid. The Londoners, already growing accustomed to the damp, humid heat from the past few minutes, found themselves plunged into a scalding, fragrant sea of Earl Grey tea with a titaness looking down on them from afar.

For the citizens of London, the transition from the cool, damp atmosphere of their container to the teacup was not a descent; it was a plunge into a boiling, amber abyss. As the city fell, the sky, or would it be the ground, was replaced by a vast, translucent ocean of liquid gold that smelled of the thing the Brits were often stereotyped for. The impact was an overwhelming wave of heat; the scalding tea surged around falling buildings and vehicles. Skyscrapers crumbled on impact. Vehicles sank and exploded from the pressure and heat. People floundered to the boiling surface.

Then, the true terror began.

A massive, dark, wooden monolith, a simple stirring stick, descended from the heavens like a colossal, textured asteroid. To the Londoners, the stick was an unbelievably large pillar of rough, fibrous grain, wider than entire boroughs. As Kass began to swirl the cup, the world became a violent, centrifugal nightmare. The stick plowed through the city remains with the force of a hurricane, its wooden ridges acting like massive, unfeeling icebergs that ground the architecture into a slurry.

The motion was relentless. One moment, a person was clinging to debris, watching the massive wooden wall approach; the next, they were being tossed into a swirling vortex of boiling tea and pulverized stone. The centrifugal force pinned the survivors against the ceramic walls of the cup, walls that loomed like smooth, white, insurmountable cliffs. The screams of millions

were lost in the rhythmic, thunderous swishing of the stick, a sound that vibrated through their very bones as the liquid churned in a violent, hot whirlpool.

Kass watched the tea swirl, the wooden stick creating a miniature storm in the center of her cup. The London she had poured in was no longer a city; it was a dark, sediment-heavy cloud of debris dancing in the amber liquid. It reminded her of when she'd have a teabag leak a little of the tea leaves into the cup. Or when coffee grounds would make it through the filter. She found the sight oddly mesmerizing, the way the tiny, grey particles of the city swirled in the heat.

She lifted the cup, the warmth of the tea radiating against her palms. She brought the rim to her lips, the steam rising to dampen her nose, and took a long, deep sip. As the liquid rushed over her tongue, she felt a subtle change in the texture of the tea. It wasn't just smooth anymore. There was a fine, silty graininess to it, a delicate grit that coated her taste buds. It was almost pleasant. They changed the flavor too, adding a slight, earthy texture that reminded her of the brown sugar she sometimes added, though this was far more complex. To her, the grand cathedrals, the sprawling suburbs, and the iconic landmarks had been reduced to nothing more than microscopic granules, dissolving almost instantly upon contact with the heat of her mouth.

For the tiny people in the cup, her mouth was an infinite, yawning abyss. Numerous lives poured over her lips to await their fate atop her tongue. Some ended up under her tongue or trapped in her teeth as she swirled the tea in her mouth.

She swallowed, feeling the warm, textured liquid slide down her throat. She didn't feel the people. To her, the millions of souls who had just been part of a living, breathing metropolis were nothing more than a faint, almost imperceptible tingling on her tongue. They were too small, too insignificant to be felt as distinct entities; they were simply part of the tea, a microscopic seasoning that added a strange, heavy richness to the brew.

She set the cup back down with a satisfied click, a small, contemplative smile on her lips. “Not bad,” she mused, her eyes drifting back to the desk, already wondering what to do with New York City.

A wicked, mischievous glint sparked in Kass’s eyes as she stared at Not-So-Big Apple. An idea for a much more intimate method of disposal began to take root. She wasn’t just going to toss or crush them; she was going to use them. She looked up towards the door to her office and saw that the blinds at the window were open.

She reached down and slid her feet into her flats. As her right foot descended into the shoe, the world of Berlin experienced a final, catastrophic atmospheric shift. The air and what meager light filtered in below her desk were squeezed out of the shoe in a sudden, violent gust, replaced by the crushing weight of her heel.

Kass jolted a little at the feeling. She had forgotten about them. Well, they would get used to it.

The descent of her foot was a quicker action than anything they believed a creature of her scale was capable of. As her heel pressed down into the insole, the already mired ruins of Berlin were pulverized. The grand, half-submerged buildings like the Reichstag and the TV Tower didn’t just crumble; they were obliterated into a fine, gritty paste. The heat was the first thing that broke the survivors; the sudden, intense warmth of her skin, radiating within the leather, felt like a sun had descended into the very crust of their world. Then came the pressure. The normally soft, fleshy landscape of her sole descended like a falling moon, flattening everything into a microscopic layer of sludge.

As she settled her weight, the city was no longer a collection of structures; it was a thin, grainy film of pulverized stone and organic matter, pressed into the very pores of her skin. Then, Kass began to flex.

She curled her toes, a slow, deliberate movement intended to maximize the carnage. For the tiny people caught in the gaps, this was a nightmare of shifting, fleshy tectonic plates. As her toes squeezed together, the valleys between them, which had served as the only possible refuge, became crushing vise grips. The survivors who had managed to cling to the edges of the city were caught in the tightening squeeze. They were dragged through a viscous, vinegary swamp of sweat and dissolved building material. The sensation for the tiny inhabitants was one of being caught between two massive, warm, pulsating walls of muscle. The friction of her skin rubbing together, lubricated by the salty, musky moisture of her perspiration, acted like a colossal grinding mill.

The movement was rhythmic and merciless. Every time she flexed, the ground beneath them buckled, and the texture of her skin shifted and rolled. The microscopic debris of the city was ground deeper into the creases of her toes, tinies becoming lost in the wrinkles. The screams of the millions were silenced by the sheer, overwhelming pressure of her skin, as they were crushed into the microscopic ridges of her toe prints.

Kass stood up, feeling the surprisingly delightful, gritty sensation of the city between her toes. It was different than getting sand in a shoe. It felt like a strange, textured tingle, a subtle, granular friction that she found oddly stimulating as she walked toward the blinds.

She reached the window and pulled the cord. The blinds snapped shut, plunging her office into a dim, cozy gloom. As she walked back to her desk, each step was effectively an act of extermination. With every stride, her foot pressed the remains of Berlin even deeper into the shoe and her own skin. The city was being worked into her very essence, a gritty coating for her foot, as she returned to her desk with a satisfied, naughty smirk. What few survivors remained would soon be crushed or drowned in her sweat. Or, if what she planned next worked out, crushed when her toes curled.