

Kass's Disposal Duties 4: At Least One Set of Lips Will Bite the Big Apple

Kass sat back in her leather chair, the soft creak of the material sounding like a thunderous groan in the quiet, dim office. Her eyes were fixed on the New York City dish. Even from a distance, the container seemed to pulse with a frantic, microscopic energy. The tiny lights of the skyscrapers, the glint of the Hudson River, the sheer density of the urban sprawl... It was all there, trapped in a plastic prison, shimmering under the low light of the room.

She felt a heavy, pulsing warmth rising deep in her core. Her breath hitched as she bit her lower lip, her teeth grazing the sensitive skin. The thought of what was coming was so deliciously cruel, so profoundly intimate, that it sent a shiver of pure, unadulterated lust up her spine. She had never even considered power like this before. She wasn't just thinking of destruction or disposal anymore. In business terms, she was thinking of incorporation.

She wanted to feel them. She wanted to feel the frantic, tiny vibrations of millions of lives as they were swallowed by her heat. Because that was what she felt rushing through her body. Heat.

With a slow, deliberate motion, she reached out. Her left hand gripped the rim of the New York dish. The plastic felt cool and smooth, a stark contrast to the mounting heat in her body. As she pulled back the lid, a tiny, pressurized gust of air escaped the collective "breath" of a city. To her, it was a faint, almost imperceptible sigh, but to the millions inside, it was a sudden, violent change in atmospheric pressure.

As the lid came off, the famous New York skyline was laid bare. The sheer scale of the metropolis was breathtaking even at this size; the dense thicket of skyscrapers looked like a forest of jagged glass and steel. But Kass wasn't looking at the architecture for long. Her focus shifted downward. Her right hand moved to the waistband of her dark navy slacks. Her fingers,

slightly trembling from anticipation, found the first button. Pop. The sound was a small, sharp punctuation in the silence. She undid the second, her eyes never leaving the glittering city.

As the fabric began to loosen, she could feel the cooler air of the office hitting her flushed skin, but it did nothing to dampen the fire spreading between her thighs. Well, her panties were already damp, a slick, honeyed warmth coating her folds. The thought of the New Yorkers, the commuters, the millions of souls being lost to that humid, dark, pink abyss made her hips give a small, involuntary twitch.

She imagined the sensation: the sudden, overwhelming deluge of the city falling into her. The way the tiny, hard edges of the skyscrapers would scrape against her sensitive, swollen labia before disintegrating. She imagined if she could actually feel the millions of tiny, frantic humans like a microscopic, buzzing sensation of pure electricity against her clitoris. She would be their world. A warm, wet, pulsing universe of flesh and musk. They would drown in her, they would be crushed by her muscles, and they would be lost forever in the most exquisite way possible. Exquisite for her at least.

Kass let out a low, shaky exhale, her hand now working the zipper of her slacks. The metal teeth parted with a low scrape. She wondered if, to the tiny inhabitants of New York, it sounded like the tearing of the very heavens. She leaned back, spreading her legs slightly under the desk, preparing to turn the greatest metropolis on Earth into a mere momentary sensation of pleasure.

Kass stood up from her desk. She reached down, her fingers hooking into the waistband of her navy slacks and her panties. In one fluid, sweeping motion, she pulled them both down. The fabric slid over the swell of her hips and the curve of her buttocks, bunching together around her thighs, held in place by the tension of her spread legs just above her knees.

She stood there for a moment, exposed in the dim light of her office, her thighs trembling slightly from the sheer anticipation. Her pussy was a glistening, swollen rose, weeping a clear, viscous nectar that caught the faint light as it matted down her bush.

Then, she reached for the dish. For New York City itself.

She held the container with the reverence one might accord a religious relic, though her intent was anything but divine. She had always wanted to visit it. To explore its boroughs and city center. Instead, she moved them toward her own center, her eyes locked on the glittering, microscopic sprawl of the metropolis. With a steady hand, she lowered the dish.

The New Yorkers had no idea what was happening. To them, the sky had darkened, a vast, fleshy shadow descending from the heavens to eclipse the very sun. As the dish approached the crevice between her thighs, the air became thick, heavy, and impossibly hot. The scent of her, the intoxicating, musky aroma of a woman flushed with arousal, began to permeate the container like a heavy, humid fog.

She didn't drop it or smear it against her, though she was actually aching to. Instead, she placed it with precision. She nestled the plastic dish into the warm, damp gusset of her panties. On two sides, they were bordered by the inner flesh of her thighs and were resting just beneath the heavy, pulsing weight of her mons pubis.

The tiny terrified New Yorkers were panicking from the movement and warmth, but the real terror, the mind-breaking cosmic horror confronting them, was the sight of their new sky. Above them, the dark, cavernous underside of her pubic mound loomed like a fleshy, hairy sky. The coarse, dark hairs of her vulva, to the New Yorkers, were like a forest of gargantuan, brown curling pillars, swaying just above the top of their world.

Kass leaned her neck forward as she peered down over the slopes of her breasts. From this vantage point, the view was nothing short of godlike. Nestled in the dark, lace-rimmed valley

of her panties, the tiny New York City dish looked like a tiny, glittering jewel, a miniature metropolis trapped between her creamy thighs. She could see the frantic, microscopic shimmer of the city, as if a million tiny lights were pulsing with a terror she could only imagine.

As she watched, her body betrayed its mounting excitement. A simple twitch of her cunt caused a single, heavy bead of translucent nectar to begin to form. It was so precarious, a single shift of a lip could cause it to drop.

Below her, the people looked up in abject fear. A colossal, viscous sphere of liquid, a drop of her arousal so large it defied the laws of their physics, detached from her labia and began a slow, agonizing descent. It fell like a meteor of creamy amber. The drop hit the edge of the dish with the force of a multi-megaton bomb. As the liquid mass slammed into the microscopic landscape, it didn't just flood; it obliterated. An entire borough, perhaps Brooklyn she thought, was instantly swallowed by the tidal wave of her essence. The buildings didn't just fall; they were dissolved, pulverized by the sheer weight and chemical richness of her nectar. The liquid was thick, heavy, and warm, a drowning sea of musk that erased everything in its path, leaving only a shimmering, wet void where an entire community had stood seconds before.

Kass didn't even wait for the strand of liquid to pull away from her skin. She was too impatient, too hungry for the sensation. With a slow, predatory grace, she reached down and gripped the waistband of her panties. She began to pull them upward, a movement that, to the survivors in the dish, felt like the slow, inexorable rise to a wet, warm, fleshy, slightly haired hell. As the fabric rose, the New York City dish was forced upward, pressed more firmly against the underside of her mons pubis. It seemed as though the sky above the city began to descend. The first thing to make contact was the hairs of her pubic mound.

To the tiny New Yorkers, these were not mere hairs; they were gargantuan, dark, curling monoliths of organic matter. Each individual strand was a colossal, textured pillar, taller than any skyscraper they had ever known and thicker than all the cables on the Brooklyn Bridge combined! As Kass pulled the panties up, these pillars began to sweep across the landscape of the city.

One hair, heavy with the scent of her musk, swept through the Bronx, acting like a colossal, layered wrecking bar, and leaving it in ruins. It didn't just knock buildings over; it leveled them, the coarse texture of the hair grinding the remains of the city into a fine, microscopic dust. Another strand, swaying with the movement of her hand, descended upon the remaining skyline, its tip crushing a cluster of towers. The force flung the poor survivors, forcing them to cling to the hairs.

The force was immense. The hairs acted as massive, sweeping beams of destruction, dragging the tiny, surviving structures through the damp, salty slush of her nectar. The survivors could hear the thunderous, rhythmic thrumming of her pulse, a deep, cosmic heartbeat that shook the very foundations of their world.

Kass let out a soft, shaky moan, her eyes fluttering shut as she felt the gritty, microscopic texture of the city being rubbed into her soft, silky, sensitive skin. The sensation of the tiny, pulverized ruins being massaged into her vulva by the movement of her panties was an exquisite, erotic experience. She was literally feeling the death of a metropolis against her clitoris, a granular, buzzing sensation of pure, unadulterated power as her lips gobbled up entire blocks of the city.

Kass sat back into her chair and threw her head back against the headrest, her eyes rolling toward the ceiling as a primal lust took hold of her. She wasn't content with just letting them survive or struggle down there; she wanted to use them. She began to shift her hips in the

chair, a slow, rhythmic grinding motion that forced the New York City dish to be mashed violently against the sensitive, swollen flesh of her mons and the soft, wet folds of her vulva.

To the inhabitants of the city, this was a cataclysm in a literal and carnal sense. The ground beneath them, the plastic bottom of the dish, was being pressed upward with great force by the rising of her panties, while the “sky” above them was a heavy, pulsing ceiling of warm, dark flesh that descended to meet them. The pressure was immense. Skyscrapers didn’t just crack; they shattered like sugar glass under the weight of a mountain. The grinding motion turned the city into a chaotic slurry of her juices, pulverized concrete, twisted steel, and the screams of millions.

“Yes...” she whimpered, her voice a low, gasping whisper unheard by the millions between her thighs due to the sticky apocalypse drowning it out. “More...”

The tension in her body reached a breaking point. Her hips locked, her toes curled inside her flats, destroying what was left of Berlin as predicted, and her entire core convulsed. The orgasm hit her like a tidal wave, a violent, rhythmic pulsing of her pelvic muscles that sent her into a state of pure, unadulterated ecstasy.

Then, the deluge came.

As her muscles spasmed, a torrential flood of hot, viscous, creamy nectar erupted from the core of her cunt. To the New Yorkers, this wasn’t just rain or light waves of fluids; it was a cataclysmic, white-hot tsunami of biological release. The sheer volume of her cum was astronomical. It burst forth from her vulva, a massive, gushing geyser that slammed into the center of the dish with the force of a thousand hurricanes.

The flood swept through the remaining canyons of the city. The skyscrapers of Midtown were swallowed whole, submerged in a thick, salty, translucent sea of her essence. The liquid was so dense, so heavy, that it didn’t just flow; it moved like molten lava, burying everything in

its path under a suffocating, musky weight. Millions were swept away in an instant, drowned in the warm, fragrant depths of her climax.

As the spasms subsided, Kass slumped back, panting, her skin glistening with sweat. The city was no longer a city; she knew that without even looking. It was a ruin, a mangled collection of debris caught in the aftermath of a divine flood. She pulled the dish out between gasps of air. The sensation of her hairs and skin peeling from the soaked city brought about another tiny orgasmic shudder.

She looked down, her breathing heavy and satisfied. The dish was a mess, but the carnage was beautiful. What few buildings remained had been partially submerged, standing like lonely, broken monoliths in a sea of her drying juices. Tiny, microscopic vehicles and fragments of the subway system were hopelessly stuck, mired in the same thick, tacky nectar that was beginning to coat her skin like a biological glue. She reached into a drawer on her desk, pulled out a pad, some hand sanitizer and tissues. She slid the pad into her damp panties to soak up some of what she knew was to come, then used the tissues to proceed to wipe the dish clean. She looked at the somewhat pristine container, her arousal coming back from realizing that she had wiped out its inhabitants before she had even wiped it clean. This brought about another tiny orgasm, that pad was already getting some work in.

Even more erotic to her was the thought of the survivors. She looked down. Some tiny, broken structures were likely wedged deep within the thicket of her pubic hair, held fast by the sticky, drying nectar. A few tiny, faint, frantic lights, perhaps the last survivors of frantic emergency vehicles trying to flee, flickered near a half-buried skyscraper that was now nothing more than a permanent fixture in the crevice of her pussy. Permanent, at least until a shower. Countless people were trapped, part of her anatomy now, living out their final, terrified days as microscopic parasites clinging to the goddess whose pussy had consumed their world.

Kass ran a finger over the edge of the dish; it was clean. Meanwhile, down below, she could feel the grit of the pulverized city against her skin, pressed in place by her sopping panties, a smug, triumphant smile playing on her lips. New York was gone, and all that remained was the exquisite, lingering sensation of its destruction between her thighs. Not a bad Friday afternoon, she mused.

Kass looked at the clock and realized the time. She gathered the now-empty dishes and stacked them on a table just outside her office as she left. She passed Penny's desk and saw that the ginger girl was flushed and idly feeling at her right breast under her blouse. Kass could see a wet spot on the girl's grey skirt. It looked like she decided to multitask with Chicago. Kass left the empty dishes on Penny's desk and walked on, wondering how long the survivors between her legs would last. She hoped it would be a decent span of time, but if not, well, she was supposed to dispose of them.