

Kass's Disposal Duties Part 1

The fluorescent lights of the office and admin wing hummed with a sterile, rhythmic drone, a sound that usually signaled the onset of a productive afternoon but today felt like a countdown to freedom. While the Company was known for its scientific breakthroughs, none of them were on this floor, or at least they shouldn't be. But, well, you know... sticky fingers and all that. This was where you'd find those who worked in the mid-level management of the company. A thousand nebulous jobs done by a staff of less than a hundred. Kass leaned back in her ergonomic chair, the leather creaking under her weight, as she stared at the six translucent plastic circles resting on her mahogany desk. To any casual observer, they were merely biological samples in Petri dishes, the standard tools of a high-tech laboratory. But Kass knew better. She knew that inside those Petri dishes lay the entire lives, histories, and homes of entire civilizations.

The air in Kass's corner office was thick with the sterile, ozone-scented hum of the facility's massive air purifiers. It was that sluggish, mid-afternoon lull where the fluorescent lights seemed to buzz a little louder, emphasizing the emptiness of the sprawling corporate headquarters. Outside the reinforced glass, the sky was a pale, uninspiring grey-blue, promising a long, quiet Labor Day weekend, a promise that Kass was currently failing to enjoy. She had paperwork.

"It's a waste, Penny," Kass sighed into the quiet room. She rubbed her temples, pushing back her long brown hair, feeling the onset of a tension headache. "Purging them? We spent billions of dollars stabilizing the rift to pull these entire urban sectors through. Now, because the lab technicians wanted to hit the road early for the holiday, does the 'high-level authority' falls on me?"

Penny, a young woman with a perpetually bright expression that felt almost offensive in the late afternoon heat, nodded sympathetically as she straightened a stack of folders on the desk. "The Director and the VPs all left at noon, Kass. The lab heads are already halfway to the Hamptons. You're the highest-ranking person left in this sector. They are pulling a dozen more samples through on Monday, and these need to go, they said."

Kass groaned, the sound vibrating in her chest. She looked at the dishes again. They were beautiful, in an odd sort of way. She could see the glint of microscopic skyscrapers, the tiny, shimmering grids of streets, and the infinitesimal flickers of light that represented millions of lives, entire civilizations captured in a moment of temporal stasis, all contained within a few inches of agar and plastic.

"Fine," Kass muttered, a small, wicked thought crossing her mind as she watched Penny turn to leave. "But if you're going to be my errand girl today, you might as well get a bonus. Take one. Consider it a holiday gift. Just... make sure it's destroyed by the end of the day. No lingering 'specimens' in your desk drawer."

Penny paused, her eyes widening. A mischievous glint danced in her emerald gaze, a sudden hunger replacing her professional veneer. She looked at the dishes, then back at Kass, a slow, knowing smirk spreading across her face. "One of them? Are you sure? They are... quite expensive."

"Go on. We have to destroy them anyway." Kass waved a hand dismissively, already turning back to her computer to finish a report. "Just don't let it get too messy. This is allegedly an office after all."

Penny didn't need to be told twice. She reached out, her fingers hovering over the stack before she snatched one up with practiced precision. Kass didn't even look up to see which one she took, only hearing the soft clink of the plastic as Penny hurried toward the door, her steps

lighter, almost rhythmic, as if she were already imagining the sensation of a world beneath her fingertips. Kass glanced from the dishes up towards the door, where the redhead was already halfway out, a mischievous glint in her eyes that hadn't been there moments ago. The secretary had clutched the tiny, microscopic Chicago to her chest like a precious jewel, her mind likely already wandering to ways to play with it.

Silence reclaimed the office, leaving Kass alone with the remaining five. She leaned forward, her eyes narrowing as she inspected the remaining specimens. The scale of the technology was staggering, yet the sheer fragility of the objects was overwhelming.

The first dish held a microscopic New York City. Even at this magnification, Kass could discern the jagged, crystalline outlines of the Manhattan skyline. The tiny, silver threads of the Hudson and East Rivers snaked around the base of the miniature islands, and the density of the "buildings" was so great it looked like a solid mass of glittering diamonds. She had always wanted to go there, but New York was a long way from Nevada, unlike the contents of the second dish.

The second contained Las Vegas. It was a garish, neon-soaked sprawl, a tiny desert oasis of concentrated light and artificiality. The scale felt different here; the "buildings" were shorter, more spread out, creating a glowing, chaotic landscape that seemed to vibrate with a frantic, miniature energy.

The third was Berlin, a structured, orderly arrangement of tiny, grey-toned monoliths and wide, microscopic boulevards that felt heavy with a sense of ancient, artificial history. The fourth was London. It was a dense, foggy cluster of tiny spires and winding, dark veins of water, looking almost like a delicate piece of jewelry made of soot and silver. Then, there was the fifth: Los Angeles.

Kass leaned in closer, her nose nearly touching the cool plastic. The L.A. dish was significantly smaller than the others, the entire sprawling megalopolis and its surrounding suburbs compressed into a much tighter radius. It looked like a delicate, sun-bleached web of light and shadow. The palm trees were nothing more than microscopic green flecks, and the sprawling highways were like the fine, golden silk of a spider's web. It was beautiful, but it felt precarious, as if a single, heavy breath from Kass could scatter the entire civilization into dust.

She stared at the tiny, shimmering sprawl of Los Angeles, a strange, godlike vertigo washing over her. Yeah, vertigo is the word she thought best described it. She had never thought of playing with these cities, but now that she had them, she felt a lightheaded sense of power. Somewhere in that tiny, microscopic basin, millions of little lives existed, unaware that they were currently sitting on a desk in a mid-level manager's office, waiting for a finger to descend or a chemical purge to erase them from existence. The notification of an email chimed, distracting her and sparing them. For now.

The next hour was a blur of spreadsheets and soul-crushing corporate jargon. Kass worked with a frantic, misplaced energy, trying to bury the looming long weekend under a mountain of digital data. In her singular focus, she reached unquestioningly for her mug of Earl Grey, her fingers brushing against the cool, smooth plastic of the London dish. Without looking, she set the heavy ceramic cup down directly atop the Petri dish.

Inside the miniature London, the world changed in an instant. They were aware they were in some sort of barrier or container and could vaguely make out shapes above. Then this massive white monolith landed atop the barrier. The intense, radiating heat from the fresh mug of tea seeped through the plastic ceiling of the dish, turning the temperate English afternoon into a sweltering, dark nightmare. As the moisture from the river began to evaporate under the sudden thermal spike, a thick, white fog rolled through the tiny streets of Westminster and the Thames. To the inhabitants, it was as if a muggy, suffocating cloud had descended from the

heavens, turning the air into a heavy, humid soup that made every breath a struggle. The sky didn't just darken; it turned a milky, opaque white, obscuring the light and trapping the heat in a claustrophobic greenhouse effect.

Kass finally blinked and looked down, the silence of the office, save for the buzzing fluorescents, snapping her back to reality. She looked down at her mug and realized her mistake. "Oops," she murmured, lifting the tea. She peered at the London dish, seeing the swirling mists of the artificial weather system she had inadvertently created, a miniature climate catastrophe.

Her gaze drifted downward, settling on the Los Angeles dish. The sight of that tiny, normally sun-drenched sprawl, so much smaller and more delicate than the others, stirred something primal in her. The sheer power she held, the ability to be a natural disaster, a goddess, a force of pure, unadulterated whim, made her mouth water. A slow, predatory heat rose in her chest. She reached for the L.A. dish, her fingers dwarfing the plastic rim. With a soft pop, she pulled off the lid.

For the people of Los Angeles, the opening of the barrier came as a shock. This dish simulated elements of their world, though they knew they were trapped in something. One moment, they were living their mundane Friday afternoon under a familiar blue sky; the next, the very heavens were peeled away by a colossal, fleshy force. The sky didn't just open; it vanished, replaced by a terrifying, yawning void of infinite space. Then came the wind.

It wasn't a breeze. It was a warm, moist, massive storm of breath that smelled faintly of bergamot and caffeine. The gust hit the city with the force of a thousand typhoons, snapping the microscopic palm trees like toothpicks and sending cars tumbling through the streets like grains of sand. People screamed, though their voices were not even audible to the giantess above, as they clutched at the crumbling foundations of their skyscrapers.

Then, the sun was eclipsed. A shadow, vast and terrifying, descended from the heavens. A fleshy, pink moon, glistening and wet, began to descend toward the heart of downtown.

Kass had leaned down, her face hovering mere inches above the exposed city. To her, it was a beautiful, intricate toy; to them, her eyes were twin moons of brown and gold, peering down from the sky as her breath washed over them. She felt a thrill of arousal at the thought of what she was going to do to these tiny, scared creatures. She let her tongue slide out. For them, it was a long, muscular, pink-ridged slab of wet heat. She held it poised just above the central business district, the tip hovering like a fleshy continent. She waited, watching the way the tiny, microscopic lights of the city flickered in the wind of her breathing.

A large, viscous bead of saliva began to swell at the tip of her tongue. It grew heavy, a shimmering, translucent orb of liquid. Then, gravity claimed it.

The drop fell.

To Kass, it was a tiny, insignificant splash. To the people of Los Angeles, it was a falling ocean. The bead hit the center of the city with a sound like a bomb going off. It wasn't just water; it was a warm, thick, torrential flood of biological liquid. The impact pulverized the tallest skyscrapers in an instant, grinding glass and steel into a fine paste. The wave surged outward in a massive, viscous wall of saliva, sweeping through the canyons of the streets. It swallowed entire neighborhoods, drowning millions in a single, suffocating moment, leaving only the most fortunate or perhaps the most doomed to cling to the rising tide of her spit.

In a high-rise penthouse overlooking the downtown core, a man stood by a floor-to-ceiling window, watching the strange, warm wind whip the palm trees into a frenzy. He didn't even have time to look up and scream at the tongue consuming the sky before the spit struck. The liquid didn't fall like rain; it fell like a solid mass of gelatinous ocean. The impact of the saliva hit the top of the skyscraper with the force of a meteor. The glass didn't just shatter; it

basically disintegrated. The man was instantly swallowed by a warm, viscous tide that tasted faintly of tea and salt. The entire building groaned, its structural steel twisting like wet noodles under the sheer weight of the biological deluge, before the entire tower was sheared off its foundation and plunged into the rising, translucent sea.

Down in the canyons of the streets, the scene was one of pure, unadulterated carnage. The liquid was thick, much heavier than water, possessing a terrifying, syrupy consistency that made it impossible to swim through. It wasn't a clean flood; it was a suffocating, heavy mass that dragged everything in its path downward.

A group of commuters, caught in the middle of a frantic dash toward the subway entrance, looked up just in time to see the wall of viscous, shimmering fluid cresting over the rooftops. It moved with a slow, inevitable momentum, a tidal wave of spit that moved like molten glass. Countless people screamed, but the sound was swallowed by the roar of the impact. They tried to flee, but their feet slipped on the suddenly slick pavement. The liquid was so dense that it didn't just flow around them; it pushed them. One woman felt the warmth of the tide hit her waist, the sheer weight of it pinning her against a concrete pillar. She clawed at the air, her lungs burning, as the thick, warm fluid rose past her chest, then her chin. She tried to gasp for air, but all she caught was a mouthful of the heavy, aromatic-smelling liquid, which filled her throat and lungs, drowning her in a warm, suffocating embrace.

The streets became a churning graveyard of debris. Cars, buses, and tiny, microscopic people were all swept up into the same singular, swirling mass. The liquid acted as a lubricant for destruction, grinding buildings into rubble and turning the once-structured city into a chaotic slurry of debris and biological fluid. People clung to the tops of streetlamps or the edges of rooftops, their tiny hands slipping on the wet, fleshy surface of the "water," watching in horror as the world they knew was replaced by a vast, shimmering expanse of a giantess's moisture.

Everywhere there was the sound of the crush, the snapping of microscopic steel, the muffled cries of the drowning, and the heavy, rhythmic slosh of the tide as it continued to expand, claiming more and more of the sun-bleached sprawl, turning the glittering metropolis into a shallow, stagnant pool of saliva.

Kass watches as her saliva begins to engulf the suburbs and communities surrounding L.A. with a morbid interest.

“Neat.”