

Kass's Disposal Duties 2: A Taste of Sin

Kass sat back in her chair, a soft, triumphant, and amused hmmm vibrating in her throat. She watched the settling ripples of the saliva in the L.A. dish, fascinated by how the thick, viscous liquid slowly coated the ruins of the skyscrapers, turning the once glittering city into a drowned, glistening graveyard. The sheer scale of the devastation she had caused with a single, casual act was admittedly a little intoxicating. It was a bizarre sense of power that was much more satisfying than she would like to admit.

She felt a sudden, restless heat in her body, a small, building arousal from the act of destruction. Her feet also felt warm and cramped in her flats, so she slid them off with a satisfied sigh. Her bare toes curled against the plush, if worn, carpet of her office, seeking the cool texture of the fibers to at least dry her toes. She knew she was trying to distract herself from the rush of power she was feeling. She liked it but did not want to like it. Unlike Penny, who is likely gushing over her tiny city, Kass was supposed to be composed. In charge. Though she supposed she had never been more in charge of something than she was of these little lives.

Her eyes drifted back to the remaining specimens. The Berlin dish sat there, a stoic, orderly arrangement of grey and silver, looking dense and heavy with history. It looked... substantial. She opened its lid, looming over the tiny city with a smirk. But then her gaze slid to the Las Vegas dish.

It was a stark contrast to the others. While Berlin looked like a monument, Las Vegas looked like a fever dream. Even through the plastic, the microscopic neon lights seemed to pulse with a frantic, hedonistic energy. It was a concentrated burst of chaos, a tiny, glittering desert of excess. The thought of that much concentrated "sin," the tiny, frantic lives of gamblers, the neon-soaked desert streets, the sheer, unadulterated noise of the city began to dance in her mind.

A slow smile tugged at the corners of her lips. She leaned forward, her eyes darkening with a new, more tactile curiosity. The saliva had been a flood, a distant catastrophe. But her tongue... her tongue was a muscle. It had texture, heat, and a weight that the liquid could never replicate. More importantly, it was tactile and controllable. She wanted to feel the resistance of the tiny structures, to feel the microscopic crunch of a civilization beneath her taste buds.

"I wonder how sin tastes..." she said aloud to the empty office. Her only response was the soft glow and buzz of the lights and her computer fan kicking on briefly.

She reached out, her hand hovering over the desk like a descending cloud. Her long, manicured fingers closed around the Las Vegas dish. She felt the slight warmth of the miniature desert through the plastic.

Slowly, she undid the lid.

For the inhabitants of Las Vegas, the sky didn't just vanish; it was replaced by a looming, fleshy ceiling that seemed to descend with a terrifying, rhythmic heaviness. The air pressure changed instantly, a sudden, heavy gust of warm, floral-scented wind that sent the neon signs swaying and the tiny, frantic crowds into a panic.

The sky turned a deep, fleshy pink as the giantess leaned in.

The people of the Strip looked up and saw the harbinger of their doom. A massive, pink, muscular continent began to descend from the heavens. It was a landscape of ridges and valleys, glistening with moisture, moving with a slow, deliberate grace that felt like the movement of a large god coming to judge them for their sins. Unlike the fate of Los Angeles, this wasn't a wave of saliva; it was a mountain of flesh.

Kass didn't just hover this time. She wanted to taste it.

She opened her mouth wide, the heat of her breath billowing out in a hot, moist gale that sent a sandstorm of microscopic dust through the streets of Vegas. She lowered her head until her lips were almost touching the rim of the dish. She extended her tongue, a massive, wet, pink doom, and began to descend. She didn't drop a bead of saliva this time. Instead, she pressed the tip of her tongue directly into the center of the Strip.

The impact was catastrophic. To the people below, it was as if a warm, fleshy moon had crashed into the earth. Though unlike the moon from a certain game, this face was twisted with glee. The tongue didn't just flood the city; it crushed it. The heavy, muscular weight of her tongue flattened the grand hotels; the Caesars Palace of this tiny world was pulverized instantly under the sheer mass of her taste buds. The ridges on her tongue acted like massive, fleshy plows, sweeping through the streets, scooping up tiny cars, buildings, and screaming people, pulling them into the warm, dark, cavernous depths of her mouth.

Kass closed her eyes, a moan of pure pleasure escaping her lips as she felt the "crunch" of the tiny, microscopic structures against her tongue. It was a sensation unlike any other. A delicate, granular texture that felt like fine, sparkling sand, yet possessed a strange, rhythmic vibration of a billion tiny, panicked lives being swept into her maw. She began to swirl her tongue, tasting the sin of the city, her taste buds dancing over the ruins of a civilization as she licked them into oblivion.

As the tip of the goddess's tongue first made contact with the desert floor, the sensation was one of overwhelming, suffocating heat. The sky was no longer clean desert air; it was a massive, undulating wall of pink, muscular flesh that smelled intensely of bergamot and the warm, metallic scent of saliva. The dry heat of Vegas was instantly replaced with overwhelming humidity. When the tongue pressed down, it didn't just flatten the buildings; it enveloped them.

To a person standing on the Strip, the sky suddenly became a soft, pulsating, and impossibly heavy ceiling of flesh that dominated the horizon and was crashing down to meet them. The texture was horrifyingly vast. Fleshy ridges, like mountain ranges made of warm, wet muscle, plowed through the city. These ridges of taste buds acted as gargantuan scoops, catching entire city blocks in their valleys. People felt themselves being hoisted into the air, not by wind, but by the sheer, sweeping motion of the muscle. They were swept up in a terrifying, viscous tide of saliva that acted as a lubricant and an adhesive all in one, miring and sliding them helplessly along the surface of the tongue.

As the tongue began to move, the world became a chaotic storm of destruction. One moment, people were clinging to a pillar at the entrance of a casino; the next, they were being crushed between a half-dissolved building and the gargantuan, pebbled surface of a taste bud. The screams of millions were muffled by the thick, warm liquid that completely engulfed them, turning the frantic chaos of the city into a silent, drowning scramble within the folds of a pink, fleshy landscape.

Kass leaned over the dish, her eyes half closed in a trance of sensory overload. She wasn't being delicate anymore. She wanted the whole thing. She plunged her tongue into the dish with three long, sweeping, and incredibly forceful licks. Each stroke was a world-ending event. Her tongue acted like a massive, wet bulldozer, raking through the desert landscape. With every pass, she gathered more and more of the city and suburbs. She felt the oddly wonderful, granular resistance of the tiny structures. She was disappointed that she couldn't really feel the details of the crunch of glass, the snap of steel, the frantic, microscopic vibrations of a million lives being swept into her mouth.

By the third lick, her tongue was heavy, laden with a massive, lumpy mound of everything that had once been Las Vegas. The entire city, every hotel, every casino, every

person, every grain of desert sand was now nothing more than a concentrated mass of debris resting on the wet, muscular surface of her tongue.

She pulled her tongue back, hovering it just inside her lips so she could savor the prize. She waited for the explosion of flavor she had imagined, the taste of adrenaline, of neon, of hedonism, of pure, concentrated human vice. She swirled the mass around her mouth, pressing it against the roof of her palate, trying to coax the flavor out of the tiny, crushed remnants. But as the seconds passed, her excitement began to wane into a mild let-down of disappointment.

“Really?” she whispered to herself, her brow furrowing.

Sadly, Sin City didn’t taste like anything special. There was no intoxicating rush of flavor. It was just... grit. It tasted of the metallic tang of crushed steel and concrete, and the salty, dry, earthy grit of desert sand. It was a textured, salty slurry, a mouthful of expensive dirt that lacked the divine spark she had expected. Or any real flavor at all.

She sighed, the sound a heavy gust of wind to the few survivors still clinging to the debris in her mouth. She didn’t want to waste the effort, though. With a casual, almost bored shrug of her shoulders, she tilted her head back.

She worked her throat and let the massive, lumpy mass slide backward. She felt the heavy weight of the entire civilization go down her esophagus in one singular, thick gulp. As the city of Las Vegas descended into the dark, acidic depths of her stomach, Kass simply wiped a stray bead of saliva from her lip and looked toward London beneath her mug, her curiosity already reigniting.