

# **Kitty And The Beanstalk (Crushing, Snuff, Watersports, Scat,**

## **Kitty and the Beanstalk**

Once upon a time, in a land far, far away, there was a man named Jack. Jack, by all standards, was a completely ordinary man who lived a completely ordinary life. He and the rest of his family lived within a small village called Burbank, which was, for the most part, a cattle farming community. Jack was one such farmer.

The day was just as ordinary as Jack was, a crystal clear evening, the sky the colour of tangerines. Down the road Jack went, one of his very ordinary brown cows upon a very ordinary leash, leading her down a road that could only be described as completely ordinary. It came as quite a surprise, then, when Jack spotted something very extraordinary in the distance.

Over some hills - a half a mile a way, perhaps - was a beanstalk. But not just any ordinary beanstalk, no. This was a beanstalk that was as thick and burly as a great oak, and ... many times as tall. It grew so tall, in fact, that Jack couldn't see the top of it. It penetrated the orange, smoky clouds above, and presumably, travelled much higher than that.

Jack had never been the adventurous sort. But how could he resist? Besides, there was just a ... strange pull to the giant stalk. He felt like he *had* to climb it. It was non negotiable. So, he turned around toward a very ordinary fence, to which he tied his very ordinary cow to by it's very ordinary leash, and then, with his heart set upon adventure, he began to stride toward the very unordinary sprout in the distance, fully intent upon climbing it.

The beanstalk was a considerable amount of distance away, but Jack made haste. His pace was quick, his stride, long. Before the sun had shifted too far across the sky, Jack had made it.

Being stood at the root of it was even more awe-inspiring than seeing it from a distance. There was no fitting word to describe it. Big, colossal, gigantic, humongous, they all fail to properly describe the girth and length of the beanstalk in front of him. Now, Jack could practically taste adventure. He could taste the unordinary, the bizarre. Life had been so normal so far ... surely he could indulge in something as whimsical as this without consequence?

Grinning, he set his hands upon the surface of it. The beanstalk was firm, but also ... pliant. Jack's large, burly farmer's hands easily dug into it, finding a handhold upon it's surface. With aplomb, he began to climb, desperate to find out what was atop the huge plant.

Of course, climbing such an gigantic beanstalk took quite some time! Hours and hours passed. The sun fell, and the moon rose. But Jack was tired, no. Even though he had been climbing for hours, even if the air were starting to grow thin, and even though his family were likely worried about where he was, the only thing that mattered was climbing to the top of this fantastical crop. Sweat trickled across his biceps, down his back, over his brow, wetting his dusty, brown hair. Some of his sweat even managed to get into his eyes. It burnt, but the need to climb burnt much, much brighter within Jack.

As Jack neared the top, penetrating the fluffy clouds that surrounded the beanstalk's peak, the sun had once more rose into the sky. The great orb of fire was closer than ever now, beating down a harsh heat upon his form. But as Jack shoved his head through the clouds, he was far more occupied on what he saw in front of him, than on the unbearable heat.

Before Jack's eyes was an enormous palace, entirely constructed from cloudy stone. He had thought the beanstalk was massive, but ... it was incredibly clear that it was merely

the red carpet that led toward the truly enormous structure in front of him. It was not just a palace fit for a king, no, it was a palace that was fit for an enormous king! Whoever lived there must have been at least a hundred feet tall, if not more so.

Jack also noticed that the clouds themselves were ... somewhat solid. Like they were a spongy, and slightly bouncy stone, he could rest his feet upon their fluffy surface without issue. Tired from climbing the beanstalk for several hours, and very much wanting to stand upon solid ground, Jack hopped from his beanstalk perch and onto the cloudy ground below. A mist of water vapour kicked up as his feet made contact with it, causing a wet ripple across the surface.

Now, Jack was ordinary, but he wasn't an idiot. Even he knew that he was playing with fire here. Potentially being this close to a creature that was many, many times the size of him ... well, you didn't have to be a genius to figure out that it might not end well. But Jack's curiosity was piqued. He couldn't help himself, now. So, despite knowing the danger that lurked ahead, Jack walked forward without a care, confident that he could handle whatever was to come in his direction.

Unfortunately for Jack, however, he could not.

The moment that he got just a step too close, he saw the enormous form of a great, black feline rise from behind the gigantic walls in front of him. It was like an ordinary black housecat that had been enlarged many, many thousands of times, except that this particular cat stood upon two feet, rather than four. The towering, furry creature rose from her haunches, a blistering, purple power around her enormous form, crackling across her paws and her belly. The gigantic cat's slitted eyes lowered to the tiny intruder who had dared come so close to her home.

"Fee, fi, fo, fum ..." Kitty murmured to herself. Her voice was sleepy, but her form was so vast that it rang out loudly regardless, a great, earth-splitting boom of a rumble.

Very ordinary Jack stood still, and watched with his very ordinary eyes as one very immense and extraordinary footpaw lifted into the air, lifting high above his form. Then, it crashed down into him. Underneath grimy, pink pawpads, he was turned into a shapeless pancake by a giantess who really didn't give a damn about his boring, ordinary life.

Jack should've known better. Nothing extraordinary came without consequences.

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Jack wasn't the first to go missing. Nor the last. The beanstalk was soon found to be the source of the trouble. Local authorities cordoned the area off, but people still drifted there and climbed regardless, refusing to heed the tickertape and blockades.

It was becoming a problem. And something needed to be done about it.

The closest town to the beanstalk was Burbank, but the closest city was the Kingdom of Helmfirth, a truly magnificent city that lay within the heart of the Commonlands. The royal court had decided that enough was enough. Leaders and magnificent minds - twelve in total - had been called to the massive, impenetrable castle that lay in the very center of Helmfirth itself. Together, they would hold a counsel on what could be done about the beanstalk.

Exactly a month after Jack's disappearance, all had arrived at the castle. With no time to wait, they were all spirited into a

grand counsel chamber, in which the meeting would take place. At the very head of the table sat Lord Helmfrith himself, a stocky, brown haired male in his forties. Others, famous within the lands - such as Merlin - took a seat around him at the table.

Despite the fact that, for the most part, none of them had met, they began to talk quickly. Not of themselves, of course. But of the beanstalk, and how it could be dealt with.

The first suggestion was to simply remove it, though ... that particular thought was quickly shut down. The Kingdom had already tried to destroy the damn thing. Lord Helmfrith put forward what the Kingdom had tried already. Axes. Flame. Nothing had worked. The thick beanstalk was made of a tougher material than the castle's walls. Nothing they had could even dent it. Not even the strongest and sharpest metal that they were capable of forging.

The second suggestion was to place a barricade around it. This, again, was shut down. The Kingdom had already tried that. Short of keeping a Mage there permanently to erect a impenetrable barrier - which would be impossible - people ignored the warnings. People snuck past the guards. People, for whatever reason, wanted to climb up a beanstalk that they knew would kill them. Increasing the patrols around it would be costly, and ... impractical, especially as a long term solution.

With the two obvious choices thrown out of the window, the group fell into a long, deep, and silent thought. Finally, someone thought to ask if they even knew what was up the beanstalk. And at that, Lord Helmfrith gave a grim smile.

"Our scouts have observed a castle," Helmfrith explained. "And a deadly, feline giantess within."

The table kicked up into a panicked uproar at those words. Only

two months ago, the town of Witchybank had been completely obliterated by a giant feline. There had been no survivors. The city had been left as a ruined crater. If that very same threat was now looming above their heads, then they were suddenly in quite the predicament. A beanstalk was one thing, but a feline that was capable of levelling a city and leaving none to tell the tale? That was true, terrifying power.

Lord Helmforth raised a hand. "Silence," the middle-aged man instructed firmly. The room reluctantly obeyed. Heads turned toward him, wondering what he could possibly say to make this situation better. "It is true that this is the feline that destroyed Witchybank, yes. But now, we know where she is. And I am in possession of one of the most magnificent armies known to man."

Everyone at the table looked toward Helmforth. They could see where he was going with this. But not a single person thought that it was a particularly rational idea. No matter how large your army was ... did it really matter, when your opponent was hundreds of feet tall? A spear was a spear, and a giant was a giant. In disbelief that this was really his chain of thought, the group raised their eyebrows and shook their heads slightly.

Lord Helmforth scoffed. "And what suggestions have you lot offered, hm? You look to me with disbelief, but what other option do we have? We either charge the beanstalk and slay her, or we wait for her to flatten our homes. Are we really going to hide from this creature? Or are we going to show her that we're worth more than just a bunch of puny cowards?"

The counsel fell quiet, listening to Helmforth's words. And, in the end, they couldn't dispute them. At this point, it was a case of sitting in your home and waiting for death, or picking up arms and defending yourself.

The meeting went on for a considerable amount of time. But in the end, the greatest minds in the entire Kingdom came to an extraordinarily stupid decision, the very same one that had been made by an extraordinarily stupid man fifteen minutes into the meeting itself. To force their way into the home of a zealous giantess, and ... attempt to slay her.

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Outside the castle, Helmfrith's enormous army had assembled, and, before they'd even charged, everyone knew that this wasn't going to end well.

It wasn't just the fact that there was a giantess behind the towering, cloudy walls of the fortress in front of them, no. It was the fact that every single soldier, even down to the most resilient, was absolutely exhausted after the climb. It was one thing to heave yourself up the mighty vine, it was another thing to heave an entire suit of armour plus weaponry. By the time they reached the top, every capable man and woman was absolutely smothered in their own sweat.

The fact that it was an incredibly sunny day didn't help one iota with the overexertion, either. Of course, when they were beneath the clouds, they could rely on their cover. Now that they were stood atop the clouds themselves, the full might of the sun blared down upon them. Within their suits of armour, they felt as they were literally cooking. The collected troops grunted, fingers sweaty and slippery underneath their gauntlets as they attempted to adjust their heavy chainmail to allow for some airflow. Unfortunately, it didn't really work.

It was a wonder that the lot of them hadn't passed out, really. But there was something special about the beanstalk. Something arcane. Something that drove them all forward, despite the fact that the journey was mentally and physically



exhausting. Even the weaker troops managed to make it up to the top. In the end, the sweaty, panting army was assembled there atop the clouds in their hundreds. It had not been a proud march ... but they had made it.

It was doubtful that they would make it much further unless they did something about their predicament. The general of the army, his voice haggard and tired, called out an instruction for his men to remove their armor. It was a sound logic, really. Eagerly, the soldiers began to do just that, stripping down to their undergarments without shame, considering that the alternative was to, well, boil within their armor. The heat was truly so bad that near nudity was more of a relief than an issue.

Inside, completely unaware of the stripping army outside of her front gate, Kitty Longpaws was laid upon a grand, royal purple bed, her enormous feline body coiled tightly in relaxation. Her bedroom was truly opulent. Not only was nearly every piece of furniture gilded with gold, but there were great piles of it in the corner, stacks upon stacks of coins that she'd plundered from razing the land. Of course, it wasn't enough for her. Even though the piles of treasure that she'd accumulated would be enough to take care of a family for several generations, she still hungered for more. After all, the massive amount that she had was only as large as her big toe. She wouldn't be satisfied until she had enough riches that she could create a golden statue of herself ... to scale, of course.

But, for now, Kitty did not think of treasure. Her giant eyes were slid closed. A snore that sounded like a hundred men sawing wood all at the same time roared from her massive throat, loud enough that the army outside could hear it rumbling away in the distance like an approaching storm. The giantess was taking a blissful, deep sleep. There was no need to be on alert, after all. The black cat knew that there was nothing in the world that could harm her. The entire reason that she'd come to live above

the clouds was because she was a Goddess! From here, she could watch her peons slave away for her ... when she eventually got around to convincing them to kneel for her, anyway.

The army outside most certainly heard the rumble, but they did not identify it as a snore. They weren't sure what it was. They'd never heard such a loud sound come out of any living creature. So, with their armour discarded upon the clouds and their sweaty bodies near fully exposed, they simply assumed that it was some kind of machinery within the castle. Whatever it was, it mattered little. The mass of troops had gathered in front of the castle's mighty gates. The walls were at least five hundred feet tall, twice, if not three times the size of the entire castle back in Helmfrith.

Fortunately, the gates were slightly parted, and, considering how massive they were ... slightly parted was 'wide open' to the army that was practically a dust cloud compared to it. They would have no problem breaching the castle itself. The general, stood in front of his sweaty, fearful troops, raised his sword into the air, calling everyone to arms. With a triumphant cry, he turned to lead the charge upon the castle itself, with his men not far behind him. Like a group of ants swarming upon an orange, the mass of humans began to make their way through the gates in a stampede, eager to get the jump upon an enemy they knew was superior to them.

As the army made their charge into her home, Kitty continued to sleep ... at least, until her alarm clock began to ring. Of course, because of her size, she didn't have an ordinary alarm, no. Kitty's alarm was actually the castle's belltowers. With her magic, she could set them to sing at whatever hour she wanted. So, now, at precisely noon, which was precisely the time that she needed to awake from her little catnap, four bells began to ring, filling her castle with quite the awful din.

Kitty's eyes slid open, and her lips smacked together sleepily. Legs stretched and pink, fluffy toes curled. Triangular ears, the size of a mighty mountain's peak, flattened against her skull, attempting to drown out the noise of her 'alarm'.

The army had no idea that the bells were supposed to be an alarm clock, of course. They thought that the ringing bells meant that the giantess knew that they had breached the castle. Now, completely unaware that *she* was completely unaware of *them*, the army began to scatter amongst the halls of her castle, knowing that if they were to group, they could easily be crushed underfoot in one single stomp.

Funnily enough, by coincidence or by fate, the bulk of the army were currently panicking right outside of Kitty's bedroom door. A great scream ran through them as it swang open fiercely. The door itself carved through an enormous chunk of the army, either crushing it's ranks against the floor or sending them flying through the air. The rest of the army scattered as best they could, running like ants beneath her feet, calling to one another in panic as they attempted to regroup. Without even knowing that they were there, the giantess had truly devastated them ... but there were still plenty left.

And, despite the fact that she'd just murdered a good number of them, Kitty still wasn't aware that there was an army in her home. No, all Kitty felt was a great big pressure in her giant bladder, one that needed to be relieved before she pissed all over her little booties. With her thighs squeezed tightly together, she hobbled across the hallway to the bathroom. Underneath her feet, the tiny soldiers ran, diving out of the way of her incoming toes and heels.

The fact that she was completely unaware of them meant that they could easily make a tactical retreat. If anything, it would be

the wise move. The giantess had just obliterated a dozen troops by opening a door. They were clearly outmatched. But, the general, in his ... infinite wisdom ... decided upon a different strategy. If the cat was unaware of them, then it was the perfect time for a sneak attack. Not wanting to alert her to their presence, the order was distributed in a murmur, passed around the dishevelled, naked ranks of the army.

The plan, of course, was flawed from the off. Certainly, a sneak attack could be performed ... but they were dealing with an enemy that was hundreds of feet tall. But the general was a foolish, zealous man, who simply wanted the head of an enormous beast mounted upon his wall, or, at Kitty's size, perhaps, made into a house by itself. So, as Kitty wandered into the bathroom to relieve herself, Helmfirth's legion followed close behind. If Kitty would've bothered to look down, she would've seen a mass of tiny black dots swarming around behind her.

But Kitty didn't lower her gaze. Instead, she lowered her rear, plonking it down upon the enormous, porcelain throne in her bathroom. With a sigh, she leant back into her seat and closed her eyes.

An ear flickered as it caught a sound, making her hesitate from relieving herself. What was that noise that she heard? It sounded like tiny footsteps scurrying. Had she somehow gotten a rat problem? She figured that living above the clouds would've solved that annoying little problem, but ... regardless. Kitty made a mental note to investigate it later. For now, it really *was* time to relieve herself.

The soldier's advanced further as Kitty hesitated upon her toilet. The army, determined upon slaying her so that they could all go home, recklessly charged her while she was relaxed. The tiny humans climbed up her foot, charging across it, the fur on her paw thick, like dense grass that came up to their waists, tickling

at them on their advance. Soon, they arrived at her ankles, and they began to ascend those, climbing, making their way up the feline's lap. It was clear that they needed to find a weakpoint ... and the sturdy towers that were her legs

Kitty couldn't feel their presence, of course. Like gnats, their movements were too small for her body to pick up on, and she was too sleepy to have too much interest, anyway. So, regardless of the trials that the humans were enduring, she laid her hands against her stomach and finally began to relieve herself, squirting a thick, golden stream of piss into the water-filled bowl beneath her. A low groan of blissful relief came out of her mouth.

The brunt of the army managed to reach her thighs as the feline began to urinate. With wide eyes, they couldn't help but lock their eyes upon her great, pink slit, a literal pink chasm that was capable of not only devouring the army, but the entire city of Holmfirth. As they watched her massive urethra unclench, a terrifying and an awe-inspiring sight occurred. A literal waterfall of foaming, golden piss erupted from her hole, gushing downward with an incredible amount of force. The first squirt would've been enough to fill a river all by itself. Her full bladder was likely capable of drowning several cities. It was a horrid fate to imagine, really ... having your home flooded by urine, being swept away upon a tide of piss, forced to swallow and smell the acrid filth ...

It was a reminder to every reluctant soldier that they needed to fight. And, they had found a vulnerable spot. Surely the feline's crotch would be vulnerable to their weapons? And perhaps, by striking her in one of her squishy, fuzzy inner thighs, they'd at least be able to loose some blood.

It was either that, or die trying. But even if they ran here, they knew that they would ultimately perish to her in the end ... if she

wasn't stopped today.

With a mighty - and very unheard roar - the army began to advance upon her plush, furred thigh, making their charge across the length of it, their destination known by every single one of them, even if none of them directly declared it. They were heading straight for the giant pussy's pussy, and they were going to do as much damage to it as they possibly could.

As the army charged, it was inevitable that those on the flank may lose their footing. A toilet seat was not the most optimal ground to move upon, after all, and there were many, many soldiers charging across it. As a result, some slipped off the edge, falling into the toilet bowl that was rapidly filling with Kitty's acrid, feline urine. As they fell beneath the crashing tides of piss, they were only pushed further underneath by the huge, crashing waterfall of urine that coursed from the massive feline's urethra. Pushed beneath the yellow waters, they drowned within it. Without even knowing about it, the enormous Goddess that was Kitty Longpaws had vanquished yet another score of men.

Despite the casualties that they had suffered simply by being in Kitty's presence - yet again - the bulk of the force pressed onward. Their tiny, eager, and very bare legs carried them to their destination, their swords, axes, and spears raised in the air. Some hopped from her thigh and onto the seat of the toilet below, intending to stab at her squishy, inner leg, whilst the others made their way toward her mons, intending to strike directly at her giant, pink, fleshy lips. The fur up here was so dense that they were completely submerged within it. Charging through it was akin to running through a soft, furry jungle. Kitty couldn't be blamed for not noticing them, really ... at this point, even if she looked down, there would be no trace of the army that were currently trying to invade her privates.

Upon arriving at their destination, the tiny army began to swing

their swords, hurl their spears, and chop with their axes as hard as they possibly could ... but no matter how hard they tried, and no matter where they struck from, her squishy flesh easily resisted their puny efforts, not so much as suffering a scratch. They screamed, they roared, they struck her as hard as they could, and yet ... it was all for naught. Their blows, even at their strongest, were so pathetic that Kitty couldn't even feel them. The army, the finest warriors that Helmfirth had to offer, looked up at the Goddess ... and saw only a face of pure, happy bliss as they attacked her. She was far too focused on the relief of her urination to pay attention to a group of pesky gnats.

All good things had to come to an end. The flow of urine began to taper off, and with it, came the loss of that wonderful sensation of relief. Letting out a brief, sleepy grumble, Kitty reached over toward her toilet paper, and unfurled a wad from the roll, bunching it up in her hand. Like any woman with a reasonable sense of hygiene, she lowered the wad down to her crotch, intending to wipe herself off so that she could carry on with her 'morning' routine.

Unlike most women, however, Kitty had an army of soldiers on her crotch. They watched in horror as the giant sphere of paper descended toward them. Some scattered, ran, and managed to escape ... but most were crushed underneath that enormous, bunched up wad of TP. Their naked bodies were instantly smushed beneath it, splattering and smearing bloody goop across crotch and paper alike. At the very least, their deaths were quick. The last thing that they smelled was fresh, feline piss as their skulls made forced contact with her moist crotch, before, well ... their skulls ceased to exist.

Kitty did not observe the wad of bloody paper which had ended the lives of dozens. Like all of her waste, it was tossed down into the bowl beneath her without a thought. As unseen soldiers

scattered around her, she abruptly stood from the toilet, placing her paws firmly onto the floor.

What remained of the army atop of her legs quickly toppled off. Some attempted to clutch for her fur, but even those that managed to hang on did not do so for long. Their bodies fell from her plump thighs, plummeting toward the ground from a height equivalent to a ten story building. What happened to them when they collided with the feline's hard tiled floor should be obvious. It was messy, and it didn't end well.

Neither did it end well for the soldiers that were directly beneath her feet. Though they raised their spears and swords in the hopes of piercing her squishy, pink pawpads, the tiny weapons ultimately stood no chance. Like the soldiers themselves, they were crushed underneath her mighty heel, smashed into nothing but sticky, red gore that clung to both foot and floor. Their presence was so insignificant that the enormous Kitty didn't even feel them getting squished underneath her mighty paw, in the same way that a regular human wouldn't notice that they'd stepped on a bunch of ants.

The carnage should've ended there. The army, devastated by it's losses, should've retreated ... and the main bulk of the forces were, mostly because of their own cowardice, or, perhaps, because of their intelligence. Those that fled would, of course, be branded as cowards, but really, they had simply come to the realisation that nothing could be done about the monster in front of them. The best thing to do was to find somewhere to hide, somewhere that, hopefully, this gigantic beast could never find you.

But some did not have their mind on flight. A group of tiny soldiers had climbed up on to Kitty's toothbrush, carrying bows and arrows with them. It was an excellent vantage point to loose an arrow toward the giant tabby ... after all, Kitty was



approaching the sink. What they didn't realise while they were being far too brave was that she was on her way to brush her teeth. Regardless, they raised their bows and nocked their arrows, aiming for the feline's bare upper chest.

Like all of the soldier's pathetic efforts, the arrows, too, simply became lodged within Kitty's dense, black fur, providing utterly no feeling or sensation to the giantess at all. Their arrows were even too small to observe as they flew through the air. Later on, no doubt, she would simply brush her paw across her throat and dislodge them, in the same way that she'd do to dust and other dander. No, Kitty's eyes were upon her toothbrush, and not on the soldiers upon it. Like the rest of their fallen battalion, then went completely unnoticed.

With a great paw wrapping around the handle of her toothbrush, the soldiers were suddenly lifted into the air. Screaming, they all collapsed, falling prone upon the bristles and covering their heads, terrified about taking a tumble and joining the dead on the ground beneath them. They clung on desperately ... though they would soon wish that they had fallen.

What went on top of a toothbrush, of course, was toothpaste ... and the cowering men were abruptly covered in a thick layer of minty, white goo. If they weren't trapped on top of the toothbrush before, they were now. Panicking, they thrashed around within it. It didn't serve to help them escape. All it did was bury their bodies further within the minty clump, ensuring that their lives were to end within Kitty's mouth.

Now, with the toothbrush armed and ready to go, Kitty lifted it to her mouth, spreading her lips, and revealing her sharp, glistening teeth, spreading her maw. The soldiers within the toothpaste couldn't see it, of course, but they would soon become quite familiar with it. With aplomb, and an eagerness to get her morning routine finished, Kitty applied the toothbrush to

her teeth and began to scrub at her fangs, scrubbing away at them.

The soldiers were soon thrown into a whirlpool of cacophony. Some were killed outright, squished against her teeth, whilst others managed to flick off the bristles in a stroke of 'luck', their foamy bodies landing upon Kitty's tongue. The sound of her brushing her teeth was like sawing wood, sharp bristles scraping against enormous, boulder-like teeth, a sea of foamy minty saliva spreading around their bodies, encasing and entrapping them within. The incredible heat and the raspy tongue beneath them told them exactly where they were ... within the feline's mouth.

They had all of three seconds to ponder their fate before Kitty spat their bodies out into the sink. With a lift of the faucet, the foam, and the tiny soldiers within it, were flushed down the drain, toward the intricate sewer system that ran beneath her castle. There, they would be lost until they simply wasted away with the rest of the filth that was down there.

Kitty, lifting her face toward the mirror, finally noticed something unusual. Feeling a rush of air in her belly, she let out a loud, belly shaking belch ... and as she did, she observed her teeth in the mirror, noticing a few specks of red upon them. Was that blood? It certainly looked like blood ... leaning in, she placed her paw against her lips and pulled them back, baring her teeth and examining them closely.

Yes. That was blood. But why was there blood on her teeth now? She just brushed her teeth, she hadn't ate anything this morning anyway - at least to her knowledge - and her gums were in tip top shape! A beautiful Goddess like herself wouldn't dare succumb to something as ugly as gingivitis! So what was the source of these ugly little crimson stains, then?

The feline lowered her eyes, looking down toward her fluffy collar. There was ... something unusual caught within it. She couldn't quite see what it was, but they looked like little ... splinters? Regardless, Kitty swept her hand through her fur, dislodging them. Now, she was even more confused. There were no such thing as tiny little wooden splinters in her perfect palace in the clouds.

As Kitty began to become more self aware, she started to feel the most ... strange sensation in her feet, too. It was like something exceptionally tiny was prodding at them. Baffled, and growing frustrated, she looked down toward the source of the curious itch ... only to see what looked like a swarm of ants around her feet. Though Kitty couldn't see it, the remaining soldiers were valiantly striking at her footpaws with all they had, swinging swords, stabbing spears, and charging their shields into it, all of which had very little effect.

Now that explained it. A grin spread across Kitty's face. Who's army was this, then? Well, whoever had sent them was most certainly going to regret it. Kitty was about to ensure that barely a single soldier from their 'mighty' army returned.

A handy jar was perched upon her sink for situations like this. Grasping it, she unscrewed it ... and then, with a brief moment of concentration, she shot out a wave of paralyzing arcane into the bathroom ... one which would stop every soldier in their tracks immediately.

With jar in hand, she quickly set about collecting them all and shoving them within. Today was going to be a much funner day than she thought.

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Even though there were many, many soldiers within her bathroom, it really took Kitty very little time to entrap them all within their new glass prison. One might expect such an enormous creature to be clumsy, and Kitty was more than capable of being 'clumsy' from time to time, of course, but when she was focused, she was graceful. She was, after all, a feline! So, with a mission in mind, she had darted around the bathroom with vigor, scooping every frozen man and woman into the jar in her hand.

In the end, she had ended up collecting hundreds ... though the jar itself looked barely full. Really, it just looked as if there were a few grains of sand rolling around in the bottom of it. Like tiny little toys, they were completely immobile, their bodies frozen, but their minds very, very much awake. Honestly, the feline couldn't help but sneer at the little collection that she had. Really! This lot thought that they could invade her castle? That they could kill her? Well, by the end of the day, the lot of them would've learnt their place before dying within it ... and a foolish Lord would ultimately be without his army. Perhaps they'd learn that they needed to start paying tribute, rather than attempting to slay her.

With the tiny little jar in hand, Kitty took them out of the bathroom and back into her bedroom, throwing herself down upon her comfortable, poster bed on arrival. Lazily, she kicked her legs out and stretched herself out in typical feline fashion, spine arching as her limbs extended, joints and tendons popping loudly enough to fill the tiny ears that were now her audience. And, speaking of her audience ... after her little stretch, Kitty lifted her paw into the air, and snapped her claws together ... freeing the soldiers from their paralysis.

As soon as the grip over their bodies left them, the mass of near naked soldiers began to panic, thrashing around within the sweaty confines of the jar. They were stood shoulder to

shoulder within. Quickly, people began to run around inside, attempting to find some kind of escape. Unfortunately, the only thing that they found was an impenetrable glass wall. Even with the force of the entire army beating their puny fists upon it, it would not shatter underneath their blows. But that didn't stop them from trying. Screaming, shouting, and crying, the soldiers within begging for their lives, though their pleas would ultimately fall upon deaf ears. Even if Kitty could properly make out their tiny, frantic screams, she held absolutely zero interest in granting these tiny mortals any kind of mercy.

With her mind set upon punishing the lot of them, her paw raised to the lid and unscrewed it. Then, she curled her furred fingers around it, and lifted it into the air. Like she was about to take a drink from a cup of water, she pressed the rim of the jar against her lips, tipped her head back, and ... poured a healthy amount of Helmfirth's finest directly into her gaping maw.

The soldiers, who were all piled up against the side of the glass, now, against their control, were being tipped backward against their will. Some managed to cling onto the side of the jar, clutching on with sweaty palms. Others were not so lucky. They hit the glass jar hard, bounced off it, rolled, tumbled, and fell toward the wet, sticky chasm that was Kitty's gullet. They didn't even have time to linger upon her tongue. With her head tilted back as it was, they simply tumbled down her esophagus. Too small to be squeezed by the walls of her gullet, they simply fell in free fall toward her stomach. Their falls were broken by a vast sea of corrosive stomach acid ... but unfortunately, that would only extend their suffering.

Within her belly, the unlucky soldiers swirled around within her acid as if they were caught in the sea during a storm, waves of it lashing over their bodies, and, ultimately, it broke them down, quickly and efficiently. Within a matter of seconds, a score of soldiers were digested within her belly. Ultimately, they didn't

provide any calories or fuel to her gigantic form. They simply melted away into the stirring pot that was her enormous stomach. It released a growl, evidently ready for more.

While they did not provide any fuel, eating them did provide a certain satisfaction. As Kitty lowered the glass from her lips, she let out a loud, throat and rip lipping belch, entirely unladylike and entirely unapologetic. A Goddess didn't need to mind her actions, after all, no ... a Goddess should indulge in her impulses. So, loudly, she burped as if it were a proud, bestial roar, expelling the troublesome gas that the pesky humans had made in her belly during their decomposition.

Soon, however, the feline closed her mouth and licked her lips. There was still plenty of the army left in the jar, after all ... and she had a plan how she would ultimately snuff out all of their little souls. Unfortunately, those that had landed in her belly had ultimately suffered a mercy killing. It had been scary, of course, but quick, painless. What Kitty had in mind for the rest of these little pests was anything but quick or painless.

The jar was tipped over again, but not into her mouth, no. This time, she shook it out into her hand, dumping seven or eight very unlucky tinies into the squishy pink pad of her paw. Terrified, the quivering soldiers looked around them, taking in the great, pink landmass that surrounded them. It was as if they were trapped upon a great, squishy island, surrounded by a black furred sea. Panicking, the group of soldiers huddled against one another. Above, Kitty observed them. They simply looked like tiny little black specks. As they moved closer to each other, it was harder to distinguish them as individual units ... close, they just looked like a fleshy, shivering smear upon her pink pawpad. They looked so incredibly pathetic ... the fact that she could hold a handful of them and barely see them spoke of their worth to her, really.

Kitty wasted little time in observing them, however. Her paw, holding several scores of villagers, lowered between her legs. Her plump, massive thighs spread, expansive, landscape-like flesh jiggling from side to side as she proudly displayed her plump slit to the group that laid in her paw. They saw her wide, wet lips, an amount of arousal oozing from her splayed hole that would surely drown them. Even though they were some distance away, they could feel the intense, magma-like heat emanating from her. The group shivered, huddling together all the tighter. Collectively, they wondered what would kill them first ... the wet, or the heat?

They would soon find out. Kitty's paw, eager to play, shoved itself inside of her slick sex, immersing the group in the process. While they all tried their best to hold onto Kitty's paw, clutching onto either pad, bean, or claw, they all ultimately lost their grip. Some were dead on arrival, smeared messily and gorily into her dense, wet inner folds, whilst others suffered a much more unfortunate fate. Those that were not crushed immediately were instead plunged into her depths, whipped away into a channel of fluids. Though they kicked, thrashed, and squirmed, they could not control their movements. Their bodies were in the thrall of her body now, and there would be no escape for them ... unless, of course, you counted their eventual death.

For now, however, they moved within her ... which brought a great amount of pleasure to Kitty. Feeling her tunnel undulate, flexing and gripping and making her very core throb, she released a moan of joy, squeezing her thighs together to make her prisoner's confines all the tighter. Within her, she could feel them thrash all the tighter as her walls closed around them, suffocating them of any air. She knew that as they attempted to breathe, to survive, they would only suck in her fluids, drinking them down and bloating themselves with them. Kitty knew that her thick, sticky goo and her impossibly hot snatch would be the

end of them ... and oh, did that bring her an immense feeling of bliss.

While their tiny bodies squirmed within her, Kitty wriggled across the bed, the uncorked jar still in hand. As she made her way across the giant mattress, the jar bounced in her hand, tossing the soldiers around within. They hit the hard glass as they thumped around because of her paw. The feline didn't care about this, of course. As a matter of fact, if anything, she tried to make their journey as turbulent as possible, practically smashing the jar down against the mattress as she writhed.

Soon, however, she made her way to where she wanted to go ... the right edge of her bed. There, just a few inches away from the side of it lay her litterbox. While Kitty did use the toilet, there was always something so satisfying about taking a shit in such a primal manner. While she did not need to go potty yet, she had a fun idea in mind. With the jar in hand, she turned it over and began to shake it into the litterbox, scattering many dozens of men down into the sandy depths of where she took her most foul shits.

As they landed inside of the litterbox, it was much like landing inside of a desert. It was a vast, sandy landscape, filled with dunes and scattered with thick, brown turds. The soldiers that had landed in it looked at one another. How would they escape? There was miles and miles of litter around them, and not a drop of water or food to eat. Their own nutrition out here would be Kitty's waste ... and all of them knew that wouldn't be enough to guide them toward the edge of it.

As Kitty turned the jar back over - keeping a few of the soldiers left within it - she couldn't even see the little specks lost amongst the sand. Honestly, she didn't know what their fate would be, and nor did she care. Would they manage to escape? Possibly. Would they be crushed underneath the next fat shit



that she decided to squeeze out into there? Oh, most definitely. By all accounts, the lot of them were well and truly fucked ... if they managed to escape, it would be a stroke of sheer luck, and, honestly ... considering how much of a trial it would be, they'd honestly deserve it. Though ... that wouldn't stop her from crushing them underheel if she were to ever find any survivors from her litterbox.

The jar was surveyed one last time, lifted up toward one of her great, slitted feline eyes. She peered within the depths, curious as to how many were left. A hundred, perhaps. Two hundred. There had maybe been a thousand to start with. Eight hundred soldiers killed or, at the very least, put into an extremely threatening situation, all within the last ten minutes. Feeling the results of that still kicking and squirming around in between her thighs, Kitty felt rather proud of herself.

The feline had the mind to save the rest of the troops for later. An after dinner treat, perhaps. But she would leave them with something to remember her by until she chose to kill them. Feeling more wind brewing in her gut from all the treats that she spoiled herself with, she released a slight groan of discomfort, flexing her cheeks. The jar was swung around. While one paw held onto it tightly, the other swung around to her backside, spreading her cheeks with her mitt. As the jar moved within the air, it suddenly settled before the massive feline's anus, her wrinkled pucker staring at the survivors within.

Before they could run, hide, or cover themselves, her asshole suddenly rippled in a loud, and extremely toxic fart, foul, methane and sulphur filled air noisily sputtering into the jar. The force of it was enough to knock everyone in the jar against the back of it, each of them covering their faces and noses the best they could, but, no matter how much they tried, the foul stink of her rear permeated their cover, sinking into their noses, stomachs, and lungs. Not only were they surrounded by the

stench of her shit, it felt as if they were tasting it, inhaling it, the foul, earthy odor making them wretch, gag, and splutter, which only caused the smell to gather more intensely within their little, terrified bodies.

When she'd finished expelling the source of her discomfort, Kitty quickly slapped the lid of the jar on top, ensuring that none of the stink would escape. The survivors inside would simply have to suffer with it ... as a matter of fact, some of them would surely expire ... but, perhaps, marinating in her gas would make them taste better later. Knowing that they were suffering, Kitty grinned as she set the jar down upon her bedside, turning her attention away from it for now.

Stretching out like a typical feline across her bed, she laid her head down upon her pillow, and let out a purr of contentment, feeling the last of the life within her pussy ebb out. Everything within her had either been digested or drowned, and she had a little treat to look forward to later. Helmfrith's army had been near entirely slaughtered, and it was only late afternoon. Who knew what kind of mischief she could get up to later on?

The day was hardly done, and Kitty was very, very happy atop her beanstalk.

**END**