

# **Cowgirl Blues**

t'Sade



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# Cowgirl Blues: The Rodeo

# 1

Insects buzzed violently in the still summer day. Heat poured down from the clear-blue skies, splashing into the muted shadows and dripping into sun-baked rocks. Shimmers of heat rippled up from the dirt, leaving behind shimmers of false lakes and rivers in the distance.

Not a single drop of water clung in the air, not even over the dry riverbeds and brittle glass. Instead, the heat continued to pound down relentlessly, stripping away the coolness and leaving only a parched hunger

Standing between the towering trees, movement stilled the buzzing of summer. A young man, about twenty forgotten winters in age, stepped lightly over a dozing snake and strolled down a beaten trail. His boots, worn and almost broken, rapped against the packed soil as he continued to move through the sun-drenched forest. Behind him, the snake flicked a tongue and returned to sunning itself in the oppressive heat.

The man, human to all appearances, paused for a moment, staring through the woods. On his head, a cowboy hat bobbed slightly as he peered around him. Reaching down, he plucked a burr from his shirt. Winching at the barbs, he threw it down and took a deep breath. His chest expanded, pressing the thick cables of muscles against the cotton for a moment before he exhaled. His fingers trailed down to a dagger strapped to his right leg. The scabbard left most of the blade free, to glow in the summer light. Worn almost to the iron, the handle showed more than a few years of heavy use; a few streaks of brown stains in the leather left no question that the blade was used.

His eyes, a sullen blue, peered out of the woods. A few meters ahead of him, the line of trees stopped suddenly, leaving only cut stumps and signs of heavy use. A field of yellow-green stretched far ahead, leading across rolling hills toward a ranch that stood in the middle of the cleared area.

His brow furrowed slightly as he saw a small line of carriages, inappropriate this far from a city, make their way to the entrances. A dozen guards, with glinting weapons, searched each one before letting it inside. He watched for a moment, fingering his dagger as the frown grew across his face.

“And you must be Daril.”

A voice cut through his thoughts and he jumped. Before his feet touched the ground, he managed to have his dagger around. Spinning around, he crouched down into a fighting position, blade ready to strike.

The old man, bare feet ignoring the hot rock, grinned for a moment and held up his hands. A basket slid to the crook of his elbow as his stretched out leathery fingers.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to surprise you.”

Daril shook his head, his eyes snapping left and right as he peered into the woods. Seeing no other, he slowly stood up, but kept the point of his dagger aimed at the old man.

“Who are you?”

Compared to the cheerful rasp of the old man, Daril’s voice was smooth and deep, rumbling in his chest with every word. The old man chuckled and lowered his hands. Setting the basket down on the rock, he hopped down lithely and padded forward. One browned hand reached out, showing wrinkled skin and nothing else.

“Lord Dolcetin, the owner of the fine establishment you were contemplating.”

The point of the dagger dropped. “Lord... Dolcetin?”

Grinning, the old man nodded vigorously but didn’t withdraw his hand.

“Yes, of the invitation you got. The one I think I see peeking out of your pocket.”

Daril’s free hand shook for a moment before he reached up and pulled out a well-worn scrap of paper from his pocket. The edges were frayed and stained, the lettering faded. Eyes dipped down and

Daril stared at the paper for a moment. He sheathed his dagger and finally took the offered hand, shaking it firmly.

“I’m... sorry, I didn’t know if this was still valid.”

His voice trailed off sheepishly, but the old man pumped his hand twice and hopped back to his rock to gather his basket.

“Oh, that was always valid. But, I will admit I would have expected you to show up some time ago.”

Ancient eyes glanced back at him, “I seem to recall I had that sent to you five years ago.”

Feeling a blush cross his cheeks, Daril shook his head slightly.

“I-I’m sorry. I got distracted with... things...”

“Like Abbinkey for three years for cutting up that young girl?”

Shock slammed into the younger man and he stood back. His face was already growing pale as he fumbled for the dagger. Undisturbed, the old man calmly gathered up his basket and turned to face him.

“Or that you are wanted for murder in just a few towns overs, for ‘helping’ a woman gain a divorce from her husband.”

“Uh...”

“I believe by cooking the poor man over an open flame.”

“Wait, I didn’t-”

The old man padded past Daril, then paused for a second. Amusement flickered in the old, greenish-brown eyes for a moment, then a smile crossed his face.

“Why, boy, that is why I sent the invitation.”

Daril stared at the lord of the ranch as he padded down toward the carriages. After a few seconds, his fingers fell from the dagger and he followed.

It took them almost a quarter bell, the method of keeping track of time in the world, to reach the ranch. The guards, armed with long swords and axes, nodded to the old man and gave Daril suspicious looks. The folk in the carriages, lords and ladies by the looks, stared at him with jealous annoyance as he passed the guards without hesitating.

Lord Dolcetin continued to lead him past a series of short buildings. Daril barely made a few steps in before he froze, shocked at the view hidden behind the buildings.

It was the makings of a festival, with people milling around as they drifted from stand to stand. But, instead of fruits and vegetables, there were naked men and woman in the stands. Some of them were bent over benches, being used by what appeared to be anyone who wanted to. The sounds of slapping skin and moans drifted through the hum of voices. Others, dressed in fine outfits, were watching with mild amusement. One older man, a baron by the looks, was stroking the nipples of a whimpering cat girl. Her chains, buried into the ground, rattled as her tail snapped back and forth.

The owner of the ranch chuckled from his hand. A leathery hand reached up and closed Daril's mouth. The young man could only stare. Along one side, three naked men were lined up against the wall, chains holding them tightly stretched. Their backs shimmered with oil as they moaned from their imprisonment. What caught his attention was the young girl, about thirteen, holding a metal spike almost a meter longer than her. The expression on her face was a strange mixture of anger, rage, and anticipation.

Following his gaze, the old man grunted, his head shaking sadly.

"They raped that girl about a month ago. But, they failed to leave in time. So, they are going to be part of the meal tonight."

Daril said nothing for a moment, then the older man's words sunk in.

"Meal?"

"Yeah, she is going to cook them over searing coals in a few hours."

Daril stared down at the lord of the ranch, his face pale even in the shimmering heat. Smells of cooking meat drifted past his nose and he glanced up to follow it. His eyes caught the image of a woman, with large breasts and wiggling hips, slowly rotated over a spit. The metal was smoking slightly with grease from where chains wrapped around her throat, hips, and knees. As he watched, her movements slowed, then stilled as the light faded from her eyes.

"You... cook people here?"

Amusement tinged the old man's voice, "Yes, just like you. The only difference," Daril looked down as he spoke, "we won't arrest you here. In fact, if you do well, we'll hire you."

Still surprised, Daril's whisper almost squeaked out, "Hire me?"



“Just imagine it. No more sleeping in gutters. No more finding people who want you, they’ll come to you. And you’ll have a bed, a salary, and all the meat you want.”

Something whimpered in Daril and he realized that a tear was threatening to form in his eye. Memories of running, of fighting, and even of starving were drowned out with a growing hope. Daril could feel himself ignoring the rest of the world when a shout exploded to his left.

Snapping his head to look, he saw a naked woman, lithe and elegant, lash out with a dagger, cutting into the arm of a screaming lady before lunging forward. Her eyes, wild and frantic, were almost a brilliant blue as she raced toward Daril and the old man, heading toward the space between the buildings.

Without thinking, Daril waited until the last moment, then stepped sideways. His left fist streaked from a low punch and caught her right underneath the rib cage. He briefly felt the dagger cut his cheek, but the force of his blow lifted her completely off the ground. He watched the flare of her blond hair explode around her as she bonelessly shot up into the air.

Just as her body started to fall, he stepped forward to follow it. Grumbling a charm to himself, he felt the prickling of power race along his limbs and snapped both hands up. One caught her breast, burying into the soft flesh as the other snapped around her inner thigh. Twisting her around, he added to her fall to pound her into the ground. The force of the blow and her fall vibrated the ground. A wave of dust and wind spread out from the point of impact, sending tiny tornadoes across the clearing.

As his eyes cleared, he found himself staring into her gasping face. She was beautiful, elegant and dangerous. Her body, slicked with sweat from the heat, felt hot under his hands and he squeezed tighter, feeling his fingers trying to pierce the delicate skin of her breast. Muscles jerked under his other hand, as she tried to pull her leg into position, but he just leaned his weight into it until she whimpered.

Rage flared in her dark brown eyes, as she tried to kick him. A wordless scream ripped through the din of the crowds, but no words came out.

Through his hand on her breast, he felt the muscles of her body bunch, to slash the knife against him. He growled, his body trembling with growing power. A flare of energy sparked along his limbs as he twisted hard on her breast. The rage turned to pain as she screamed, a long drawn out wail of terror as he picked her up by the one breast, his body flexing from the efforts.

The old man padded up, sorrow and excitement in his face, "Ah, as you can tell, sometimes they run."

Daril watched as she writhed in his grip, her body spasming from the agony of being held up by one breast. He felt her trying to move her hand and he twisted the soft mound even more, trying to rip it off. The pain in her eyes flashed and the dagger sparkled to the ground, hitting it with a light thud. Feeling no other threat, he relaxed his hand, untwisting her breast and holding her more with his other hand.

Their eyes caught, hot rage versus a cold hunger. For a moment, both of them burned against each other, then the rage faded as she began to whimper. Slowly, Daril let his body relax and lowered her. Her tortured breast was already showing a growing bruise, from where his fingers dug into the smooth skin.

Next to him, Lord Dolcetin sighed, "I hate it when they lash out. She cut two of the handler's throats."

Two men, each one wearing blood-stained aprons, raced up and grabbed her. Daril let his hands go, the sparkling of energy and power faded as he flexed his hands a few times. The faded rage vibrated in her expression until they pulled away, then it flared back to life. Screaming, she lashed out with her feet at them and anyone in range.

"What is going to happen..."

"To her? Attacking a hand is one thing, but not a guest. She'll probably be gutted and left to die. The handlers are good at keeping her alive for hours."

Daril looked down, a serious expression on his face, "When?"

"Soon. In shows like this, they like to bake them in the sun. Why?"

Shaking his head, Daril watched her disappear into the crowds, "I... don't know."

A dry chuckle. "You fancy her?"

“Maybe, I don’t know.”

The lord chuckled again, “Then, why don’t I give you first shot at her. After all, this is a job interview for you.”

Being reminded of the previous words, Daril brightened and tore his thoughts away from the captured woman

“What do I have to do?”

A few moments later, Daril was shown what he had to do. Standing on the edge of an opening, he stared down at a fenced in area, filled with mud. Thick wooden walls surrounded the entire area, the tops lined with seats already filling up with spectators. In the middle of one of the edges, a rather large man was thrusting hard into a naked woman, while holding her head down into a dressed woman’s crotch. The second woman gasped in pleasure, holding her skirt up around her large breasts as she rocked back and forth in time with the man’s thrusting.

“Do they do that all the time?”

The lord chuckled, “Pretty much. For a lot of our guests, this is the only time of year they get this chance.”

“And the... naked people?”

“Meat? We call them meatgirls and meatboys here.”

Daril gulped and nodded, his eyes still riveted on the threesome in the benches.

“The meat? What happens to them?”

“Oh, some of them get cooked and eaten. There are auctions where some of them are bought. Surprisingly enough, not all of them will die. The unbought ones we typically keep until next year or sell to our other customers. The good ones we breed with each other, to keep up their numbers.”

Daril said nothing as he watched the man finally orgasm and toss the woman aside. His wife, Daril guessed, grumbled at him but slowly put her skirt back down. The naked... meatgirl sat up on her feet and waited. After a few seconds, the man gestured for her to sit back down. She did so, slowly.

“Who else buys them?”

The lord chuckled, “You would be surprised. There is a chocolate place a few days drive way, they do a lot of business. There are also a few other ranches around here we trade with. Basically, we have enough to keep this place running and keep me comfortable.”

Daril looked down to see the older man smiling. Returning a smile, he looked back at the enclosure.

“What do I need to do?”

Taking a deep breath, the old man pointed, “That is one of the arenas. As a handler, we like to watch strapping young men and women try to catch the meatgirls. They get two minutes. Every one they catch gives them a raise.”

“If they don’t?”

A faint pause, “No raise. But if you miss two years running, you’ll probably find yourself sitting in some coals soon after. I don’t pay for incompetence.”

The old man paused for a moment, looking at Daril, “Aren’t you going to ask?”

“Hrm? Ask what?”

“What happens if you don’t catch one?”

Daril grunted, “Not going to happen.”

The lord Dolcetin laughed, a powerful sound of a man half his age, “That’s the spirit! Now, let’s get you down there so you can prove your worth.”

With a firm hand, the old man almost dragged Daril to the base of the enclosure. To his surprise, the cowboy saw a few pens, packed full of naked woman giggling and rolling around. All of their bodies were slick with oil and dark flecks as they tickled each other.

“Are those?”

“Meatgirls? Yes. They may look human, but they are slightly smarter than cows. Some of them can talk, but we discourage it.”

“Are they... aware?”

“Not really.”

Daril stepped forward, hearing his boots smack against the hard packed ground. As he got closer, the giggling slowed as some of the woman slid through the oil toward him. The scent of herbs drifted across his senses as they moved closer, bright eyes almost shining with an innocence only seen in children.

Hands reached out for him, dripping with spices. A soft babbling of voices washed over him as he felt himself drawing closer, called by their innocence and the raw sexuality that slid through their constant movements.

“Oh... a new one...”

“A cowboy...”

“Handler, do you want to handle me?”

“Oh, me! Touch me!”

“Rope me!”

Begging voices, each one half-leaning out of the pen as they whimpered. Oil-drenched hair hung down in long streamers, soaking into the ground as they made no effort to escape the pen.

“Eat me! Cook me!”

More of them rose up, as the giggling slowed and the meatgirls swam through the oil and writhing bodies. Hands slipped into slicked crevices, following by moans and even more whimpers.

“Cowboy, you need me, you hunger! Do you hunger?”

Breasts, large and small, were offered to him, but Daril could do nothing. His body felt far away as he stared at the mass of female flesh, each begging for him to take her.

His thoughts broke as the old man gently tugged on his hand.

“Every fantasy? Pulled into one begging sight?”

Gulping hard, Daril nodded, “Uh... yes.”

“Don’t worry, you’ll have a chance at them in a few moments.”

Daril blinked and looked around. The world sounded differently to him. Above him, he could see the stands almost completely filled with people. Rapping of feet shook the dust from the boards above and the smells of humanity swarmed around him.

“How long... what happened?”

Chuckling, the old man gestured to the whimpering meatgirls, “You got lost. Fantasies, my boy. Don’t worry, happens to all of us. But, you need to strip and get ready.”

“Okay... wait, strip?”

Giving him a playful look, the old man gestured to the stands above, “Did you really think we wanted to see you fully clothed chasing a bunch of women?”

“Uh-”

“Of course not. We want to see you bounce around naked after them. After all, why did you think we oiled them.”

Daril could only look at the meatgirls as he was dragged along by the older lord. Only a few of the girls, with wide eyes, watched him while the others had resumed their tickling and making out.

He felt nervous stripping in front of the old man, but the lord made no effort to leave. Blushing faintly, he pulled off his shirt, exposing his powerful muscles. His jeans, dusty and tattered, quickly followed, leaving him wearing nothing by a simple pair of underwear. Even those fell to the ground, exposing his entire body to the appraising eye of the lord of the ranch.

“Wow... you are hung.”

Blushing even harder, Daril looked down at his cock. Half-hard, it was still a good two hands in length. His mind thought about the oiled bodies nearby and it twitched. His blush burned his cheeks as he tried to cover it with one hand. Nervously, he looked at the old man who gave him a toothy grin and gestured into the enclosure. A metal grill led the way into the center of the mud-filled arena. Even from his position, he could see the people milling around, calling for the action.

“Go on, they’ll love you.”

“Uh, what do I do?”

“Go in there, parade around a little. You’ll see some ropes and stuff along the edges. Grab what you like and get ready to catch them.”

Taking a few seconds to gather his courage and get used to the idea, he pushed the door open to the roar of the crowd. Unable to hide himself, he shoved the door all the way open and strode in. His bare feet squished in the muddy ground, and he felt the oil already in the dirt. Suddenly, he was worried about footing as he padded into the center of the arena.

Above him, perched on stands around the wooden arena, were hundreds of people. All of them were cheering and flashes of money cut through the beating sun. Some of the woman were screaming for him, showing him their breasts while other men were openly compared themselves to his own length. The heat of the summer and the pressure of their attention tweaked his cock, bringing it to stand up. To his embarrassment, the cheers grew louder.

Blushing, he ducked his head. His eyes caught a wide variety of ropes, cuffs, and even sticks, that lined the walls of the arena. Next to him, he could see the meatgirls pressing against their own gate, whimpering and giggling as they prepared to run.

As he watched, two handlers, half dressed themselves, stepped out of the gate he came in. They moved slowly toward the gate, their feet slipping on the oily ground. Daril realized he didn't have anything and almost jumped to the edge of the arena. Grabbing a few ropes, already tied in loops, he held them in his left hand.

Turning around, he saw the handlers kick open the gate and swing it open. A rush of oil and spices flooded out, soaking into the ground as a wave of naked meatgirls burst out. Giggling, they ran in all directions, some of them running into each other as they happily bounced off the walls and slid on the mud.

He paused, in shock of the sight of a dozen naked woman... no meatgirls running around, but his eyes caught on a clock ticking down. Grumbling, he lunged forward, his hands reaching for the nearest girl. His fingers caught on her hip, but the oiled skin slipped away with a giggle.

Daril tried again on the next girl, his heart already pounding in his chest, but his fingers failed to wrap around her breasts. They slid off and she bounced away. The giggling was almost mocking as she disappeared into a wall of shimmering skin.

Unwilling to give up, Daril stood up and closed his eyes. The crowd almost exploded with excitement, screaming for him to move. He felt a faint breeze behind him and spun around. His hands snapped out as he growled. The faint image of black hair, shoulder-length, burned in his vision as he wrapped his fingers into the ebony strands. They started to slide through, but he twisted hard, yanking down at the same time.

The meatgirl shrieked as she slipped, pulled down by her neck. Daril was already moving, straddling her wiggling body and pinning her face-first into the mud. With a quick twist of his rope, he tied her arms to one back foot. The meatgirl's shrieks grew even louder. He didn't give her any attention as he spied another one running by.

With a powerful surge of his legs, he snapped one out and swung it around. The second girl screamed as she fell to the ground with a thud. He snapped his hand forward, wrapping around her oil-slicked ankle and pulling her closer. It slipped, but he caught her other leg and continued to pull her closer. A rope dropped into his hand and he wrapped it quickly around her neck, arms, and legs.

Daril started to stand up, but he got an evil thought. With a twist, he shoved the second meatgirl's body into the first. The leg, caught in the rope slid around the writhing girl's head and he gave the second a final shove, which buried the juncture of her legs into the first's mouth.

The crowd exploded with excitement.

Standing up, he looked around as he saw only a few seconds left on the clock.

Then he spotted her.

It was the girl from before, the one who escaped. Her left breast was black from the bruise of his fingers, but the same anger and rage still burned in her eyes. He caught her eyes for a moment and she snarled at him before sprinting away.

He was moving before he realized it. His hand yanked a long rope from the edge of the arena as he bounced off it. His body slammed into two giggling girls, but he ignored them as he shoved himself forward. Mud splattered against his body as he swung the rope above him. With a snap of his wrists, he threw the loop forward. It caught the girl's arm, but she yanked it free. The rope dropped wetly to the ground, but Daril sprinted past it.

The time was running out and he hadn't caught her. With a growl, he reached over and grabbed the long hair of a meatgirl giggling past him. Bunching the hair in his hand, he spun around. She shrieked when her feet were ripped from the ground. With a scream of anger and rage of his own, he threw the meatgirl into his prey. Oil-slicked bodies collided and they both went down.

His prey snarled again, stumbling to her feet, but Daril was already there. Looming over her, he almost dropped down on her, his hands grabbing for her shoulders, wrists, or anything else. She fought against him, kicking him hard between the legs, but he shoved past the sparking pain and threw everything he had into pinning her.

Twisting around, she almost escaped by pulling herself through the mud when he reached with both hands, grabbed her hair and yanked her back. Her hot ass slammed against his stomach as he groaned from the impact. Her feet slapped against his legs, trying to escape, but he twisted his hips and forced himself between her legs,



spreading them with his muscular thighs to prevent her any traction.

Then the bell rang.

Underneath him, the meatgirl suddenly slumped against him. Blinking, Daril looked around as the other girls stopped and sat down heavily. Some of them were giggling, holding each other as they gasped for breath, but most of them were staring up at the crowds. Daril lifted his head to see everyone standing up, cheering and clapping as loud as they could. Blinking, he twisted his head to stare at everyone. To his surprise, they began to throw down money, roses, and even clothes toward him.

Underneath his hand, his prey twisted, but he yanked her back, feeling the slick ass press tightly up against his stomach. His cock, already hot from his sprinting, surged with heat and hunger, pressing up against her stomach as he pulled her hair even harder down.

An announcer's voice burst out over the arena.

"And, with a stunning introduction, Daril caught four girls in two minutes!"

Stunned, Daril looked around, "Four?"

His prey wiggled again and he yanked back. A second yelp caught his attention and he looked back at her. Underneath her lithe form was another meatgirl, pinned to the ground by his prey's body. The fourth was just barely a woman, with firm breasts and wide, innocent blue eyes.

She caught his eyes and giggled. He felt himself shaking from the sensations that tore through his mind, but his prey tried to escape again and he yanked her back. Her slick body stroked along his cock, teasing it until it ached with a sudden need for release.

"Looks like you have a double, boy."

Daril was only half surprised when the lord of the ranch stepped up next to him. Giving the two girls an appreciative grin, he patted Daril on the shoulder.

"You did good, boy."

"Uh..."

"What is it?"

"I'm... kind of..."

"Oh, you can let them go, they are already caught."

Daril felt the blush growing, “No, I’m kind of...”

Surprising him, the old man just shrugged, “Oh, that. You have a beautiful girl crammed up against it, why don’t you fix that?”

The shock on his face must have been obvious because the old man chuckled and gestured to his prey. “Go for it.”

“Right here?”

He looked up at the crowds. The cheering had died down, but they were still watching him. His cock surged with heat at the thought and he shuddered with the sensations. Keeping a strong grip on the oiled hair, he pulled back, spreading her legs with his own. Her sex, dusty pink, was dripping with oil. His own shaft, huge compared to the tiny opening of her sex, slowly drew back even further, until the flared head slid up. Heat almost poured off her sex as he forced his fingers to hold the hair tightly.

With a twist of his hips, he managed to position the throbbing member against her opening. Oil and spices slid along his length as he leaned forward. Nothing resisted him as he felt the incredible heat squeeze around his length. It was a tight fit, and his prey writhed as he forced himself forward. Squeezing almost violently, he felt her inner muscles trying to force his aching shaft out.

He ignored it.

Slowly and powerfully, he flexed his muscles and sunk his cock into her body, forcing it open until he buried every centimeter into her whimpering body. Keeping one hand wrapped in her hair, he dropped his other hand to her ass, squeezing it for balance as he drew out. His eyes almost watered as seeing her inner lips cling to his member. Just as the opening bulged out from the head of his shaft, he thrust hard back into her; she whimpered from the sensations, then gasped from the sensations.

Daril lost himself into her, thrusting hard. His movements grew faster, stronger. His cock slid in and out of the hot, heated opening with long slurps of oil and juices. As he slammed up against her inner walls, she moaned and whimpered for more. Unable to resist, he dropped her hair and grabbed her ass with both hands. Levering himself, he threw everything he could into pounding his raging cock into her opening, drawing out more and more moans of pleasure until she screamed out from the intensity.

The sensations of her orgasm squeezing around his shaft shoved him over the edge and he let out a bellow as he rammed as hard as he could and exploded inside her. Jet after jet of heated cum pumped into her, but he could do nothing but ride the final wave of pleasure.

Gasping, he slowly withdrew his dripping shaft and looked around. To his surprise, the lord was watching him from only a few steps away. With a friendly pat on the back, he chuckled.

“Good job. You have a few moments before your next interview.”

“Next one?”

“Yeah, for one of my cooks. Might as well see if you are as good at that as you are at handling them.”

He looked down at the meatgirl, his prey. A slow smile crossed his lips. His cock twitched back to hardness as thoughts filled his head.

“Yes, I think that would be a delicious.”

Reaching up, he grabbed his prey’s hair and stood up. She struggled for a moment, but he just gripped tighter. The lord gave him an approving smile and padded out of the arena. Daril hesitated for a moment, looking at his naked body. Seeing that some of the other handlers were already naked, and having their way with the oiled meatgirls, he ignored his nakedness and followed after.

The old man took him down a line of stalls, where meatgirls and boys were being poked and prodded. Two of them already had ribbons; one of the judges apparently stuck the needle of the ribbon through her left nipple. She had a pained expression on her face, but there was no hiding the pride she felt as she stood up straight, ribbon thrusting right into his view.

Daril found himself enjoying the sights, his manhood already perking up again. Holding his prey’s hair, he dragged her along. The sounds of her feet kicking the ground as she stumbled brought a smile to his lips.

The path finally took him to a large opening, where half a dozen open flames were already being prepared. Some of them had meatgirls and boys on spits, slowly rotating over incredible waves of heat. Next to one of the pits, a girl was being... prepared by three large handlers. Their cocks pounded into her with violent anger, barely suppressed by the manic gleam in their eyes. Her muted screams could easily be heard over the din.

Lord Dolcetin explained quietly, "She stole from one of our guests. A servant girl. So, in exchange for the rather sizable entrance fee, they traded her."

"So, not all of these... this meat was bred this way?"

The lord shook his head and chuckled, "No, we also inflict punishment on those who need it."

Daril yanked on his prey, "And her?"

"Oh, she's meat. But, she went bad."

"Oh."

They walked along for a few more meters, enjoying the sounds of screams and moans. Then, the lord stopped by a dead pit, seared black from years of use. The lord padded with bare feet through the blackness and stopped on the other side.

"And this is your pit."

Daril glanced around, at the other cooks and their meat.

"How does this work?"

"Well, make your best dish. Judges go around and have a taste."

"Oh..."

Chuckling, the old man padded over and patted his shoulder, "Don't worry. You already have a handler job. Cook pays more and has higher respect, but I think you'll get there soon enough, so enjoy yourself."

Daril gulped and looked down at his prey. She looked up with a serious expression. A faint smile ghosted across her face, then faded into an impassive calmness. He frowned and stared at her, but the smile never came back.

The lord chuckled and said nothing for a moment. But, his voice rose up again, "So, what are you planning on doing? Most of the cooks here do spit-roasts. Garith and Zion always do soups and stews. Uline, she is one of the head cooks here, is planning on a full course."

Thinking for a moment, Daril looked down at his prey. An errant thought tickled his mind and a slow smile crossed his face.

"A vat of oil, deep-fried."

In his hand, his prey shuddered for a moment, a tiny moan escaping her throat before being cutoff abruptly. He didn't look down, but he could almost feel a growing heat coming off her body. The lord laughed and clapped his hands.

“You do have guts. Very few people can deep-fry an entire meatgirl properly. Much less in the rather... primitive conditions you are going to be working in.”

Daril gave him a grin, “You said have fun.”

Lord Dolcetin chuckled, “Yeah... I did. So, what do you need?”

“A big vat, lots of wood for the flames, flour, hot peppers, cheese... uh, sharp and mild, some good wine...”

It took a few moments for Daril to finish up his list. The lord’s smile kept growing with every ingredient but he made no effort to write down the list. After Daril finished, he nodded.

“I’ll get everything for you. But, you only have a few more hours before the judging. Oil takes longer than that to heat up.”

Daril grinned, “Oh, don’t worry about the oil.”

“Okay.”

The lord gave him another grin and padded off. A few minutes later, a handler came up with a long, heavy table and some of the basic supplies. Daril stretched, still holding the hair of his meal. His movement, and powerful muscles, forced her into a standing position. A faint whimper of noise, but she made no effort to resist him.

As the handler set up the table, he pulled his meatgirl to it. She didn’t resist so he gently bent her over the edge, pushing her hips against the hot metal and spreading her legs slightly. He paused for a moment, enjoying the sight of her leaning into the table, her sex still dripping with oils and his own juices.

Slowly, he drew one finger up her trembling, inner thigh and slide along the slit of her sexuality. Underneath his hand, she shuddered from the sensations and he moved on, sliding the damp finger along the crack of her ass, then up her spine.

As he moved his finger, he began to chant softly. His voice, already deep, began to rumble in his chest as the words flowed out of his throat. His finger sparkled with energy, tracing faintly glowing lines across her skin. Delicately, his finger drew symbols across her skin. Each one shimmered in the summer heat for a moment before fading. As his finger reached to the base of her skull, he was sweating from the effort. He strained for the last word, but it finally came out. The shimmering letters on her back sparkled briefly, then faded.

Gasping for breath, he stood up and stretched.

“Very impressive.”

Daril jumped in shock as the lord of the ranch spoke up behind him. Slowly, he turned as a cold prickle of fear dripped down his spine. To his surprise, the old lord was smiling. After a brief second, the old man continued.

“I don’t think I’ve seen that spell before. And my reports didn’t indicate you were capable of anything other than minor enhancement charms.”

Daril nodded, still keeping his finger pressed lightly against the skull of his meat.

“That is probably one of my more powerful ones. It cleans up the body after she expires.”

An eyebrow rose, “Cleans up?”

“The blood and most of the fluids that congeal with heat. Since you said she was being punished,” the lord nodded in response so Daril continued, “this will let me fry her alive and still not taint the meat with her juices.”

Underneath his hand, the meat shuddered with a tiny moan, her body writhing slightly in time with her movements. The faint smells of her excitement, a delicate perfume that barely survived in the heat and cooking smells that flooded the area. Daril gave her a glance, watching her wiggling underneath his hand but make no attempt to flee.

“I think she liked that idea.”

“Being boiled alive?” In response, she shuddered again, her legs spreading even further as juices glittered on her bare sex. Both men watched her for a moment, then the lord chuckled.

“And your oil is here.”

It took four large handlers to carry the vat to the flames and set it on a short metal stand. Wood was carefully shoved underneath and the vat filled almost half-way with oil. A few moments later, the flames were licking up the edges of the vat. The handlers gathered up the rest of the ingredients and set them down next to the table.

Daril padded over to the flames, enjoying the smells of burning wood. His fingers caressed the edge of the vat, which was cool in the summer heat. With a faint smile on his face, he chanted a new spell as his hands flared red with power. Sparkles, like embers, rose up

from his fingertips. Pressing his palms against the edge, he finished the words to the spell.

The metal vat groaned as the spell took effect. The metal underneath his hand began to buckle slightly, then reddened. The red grew from his fingers, spreading out over half the vat as the oil began to steam in the air. Waves of heat rolled away from the vat, shimmering in all directions for meters.

Gasping, Daril stepped away as the red faded. Wiping the sweat from his brow, he looked over the top of the vat and smiled. He flicked the sweat off his hand into the vat, where it popped and hissed, dancing from the super-heated oil.

With a grin, he turned to the old man, "Not a problem."

"I can see. And where is all the cheese going?"

"I was thinking vagina and ass."

"Her throat?"

Daril shook his head and padded back to the table, caressing her as she continued to lean against the table. His words were for both her and the lord.

"I was thinking of leaving that bare."

The old man shook his head, "I would fill that. Oil will burn that too fast. Maybe stuffing, to offset the cheese and spices?"

He thought for a moment. His meat moaned softly, as if enjoying the idea and he agreed. His fingers stroked along her back, enjoying the feel of rippling liteness underneath softly oiled skin. The old man gestured for some nearby handlers.

"Since you wanted to keep her alive, do you want a tube or something to keep her breathing?"

Daril shook his head, "No, I have one more useful spell for this."

It took him a few seconds to trace out a new spell on her back, this one almost as long and complicated as the first. By the time he finished tracing out the letters, his hands were shaking from the effort and sweat poured down his face.

An amused chuckle, "Now, that spell I know. Gaan's Endless Breath. You could stuff her full and she'll still be around."

The meatgirl gasped from the words, her sex dripping with her own juices that filled the air around them. Reaching over with a finger, the lord stroked along her sex and chuckled.

“Sounds like you have two votes. So, cheese for her vagina and ass, stuffing in her throat. What about her breasts?”

“Her breasts? I like them they way they are.”

A chuckle, “Ah, but that is part of being a cook. This is for our guests and judges, not you. And, they like to see breasts, no matter how firm, properly treated.”

Thinking for a moment, the cowboy sighed, “I could probably do a nice pepper wine sauce. No.. that would boil too much. Probably cut it with some cheese.”

The old man agreed and padded off. Daril began to mix up large bowls of various cheeses, stuffings, and sauces. His hands worked quickly as he mixed. Occasionally, he would look over at the meatgirl who watched him with hungry eyes and a faint smile on her lips. But, when someone else would wander by, the smile faded quickly, to return as soon as they were alone.

It took almost a bell to complete all the ingredients except for one. He finally stood up, holding a large bowl of batter. Wrapping his fingers into her hair, he pulled her body away from the table and dumped half of the bowl on the flat surface. She gasped from the sudden sensation, but watched as her hips rocked back and forth gently.

Turning her around, he lifted her up and set her on the spiced flour, pushing her back until she was stretched out the entire length of the sun-heated table. Her legs spread, exposing the pink slit of her sex, but he shook his head. A faint flicker of disappointment flashed across her face and she slowly closed them tightly.

Padding around the table, he gathered up the hot pepper stuffing and moved to her mouth. Looking up at him, she kept her lips closed until he gently pressed his fingers and gently parted her teeth. Willingly, she let her mouth be open. His cock started to grow as he took a large handful of stuffing and pushed it into her mouth. The hot peppers brought tears to her eyes, but she let him to push it into her throat and swallowed hard. It disappeared and he brought another handful to her lips. Slowly, he forced her to swallow more and more of the stuffing. Tears, from too many spices, dripped down her face, but she continued to comply until she couldn't swallow any more. He looked down at the bulge in her stomach, but he continued to push more into her mouth and throat. Soon, her throat was



bulging from the stuffing but he continued to force the remaining of the bowl until the last of it was puffing out her cheeks.

Daril chuckled and used his fingers in her mouth to position the stuffing so her mouth would close and she looked almost normal. His fingers trailed down her stuffed throat and he smiled at her.

“Are you going to keep your mouth shut.”

She opened her mouth slightly, letting some of the stuffing push out. Then, she closed it so only a few sprinkles of the stuffing dribbled past her lips. He leaned over her, until his lips were hovering above hers.

“Do I have to close them for you.”

She nodded, her eyes sparkling. He gave her a faint grin and picked up a long curved needle and thread. At the sight of it, her lips parted in almost rapture and he watched her hips rock against the table. Her lips continued to part and close as he threaded the needle and then sewed her lips together. Every pierce of the needle send a shudder through her body and the smell of her excitement grew even stronger.

It only took a few moments, but soon her lips were sewn shut. Her eyes, shimmering with tears, somehow matched the faint ghost of a smile across her lips. Setting down the needle for later, he trailed his fingers down her throat again, to the mounds of her breasts.

His whisper surprised him, “I think these are perfect, but as the lord said, you are for his guests.”

Fingers circled around the pointy nipples, hard and throbbing underneath his fingertips. Gently, he tweaked them, pulling them out and twisting them around one finger. She jerked slightly, but reached up to cup his hand, pulling his fingers to her bruise, matching up the dark points with his fingertips. He smiled, squeezing it and twisting her entire tit until she smiled again.

“Now, how am I going to do this?”

To his surprise, she reached down and fumbled along the table. His eyes followed her movements, to the knife she was reaching for blindly. Frowning in confusion, he pressed the handle against her palm, but wrapped his fingers around it. The lord’s words that she attacked her handles pierced his thoughts and he kept a firm hand on the blade as she brought it up to her breast. The sharp point

hovered for a moment, then she brought it up to the base of her breast, right where the line of her torso and mound met.

Finally understanding, he used his free hand to grab her tit, squeezing it and pulling it up as he pressed the sharp point against the base. Taking a deep breath, he pushed it into her, cutting through the flesh and sliding up into the softness. Blood oozed out from the wound, but he sliced further, then withdrew the knife. He started to cut into it again, when she grabbed the handle and pulled it out.

She made no effort to sit up from the table, but her other hand reached down along his body, tracing the line of his chest until fingers brushed against his hard cock. He started to move the knife, but she shook her head and pulled at his cock.

Daril, stunned, could only gape for a moment, "You... want me to use this?"

He rocked his hips to make a point. She nodded slowly, a faint smile on her lips. Around him, the din and buzz of the cooks faded away as he felt himself crawling on the table and dropping the knife into a bowl on the ground. His cock felt hot and pounding as he straddled her chest, rolling on the stuffing belly.

His cock almost exploded as she guided him into the slit of her breast, pushing his incredible ache into the tight wetness of her breast. In his mind, Daril was no longer in control when she gripped his buttons, pulling him closer and forcing him into the tight opening. It tore around the wound, but his shaft slid into the buttering heat too easily. Following her straining, he watched as the top of her breast began to bulge up, almost outlining his shaft before she pushed him away. Just as he began to slide out, she pulled him back in.

Moving slowly but strongly, he followed her guide to thrust in and out of her body, forcing a cavity open with his movements. A red stain spread out over his length and her chest, but neither of them seemed to notice. Every movement brought a new surge of heat through his manhood, but the slow movements prevented him from ever reaching a crest.

It took a long moment for him to finish, and her breasts was almost completely black when she pushed him completely out of

her. He felt a sting of tears in his own eyes, tears he didn't understand, as he picked up the knife to do the same to her other.

She gave him a ghost of a smile as he used his aching shaft to make an opening in her other breast. This time, he held it with both hands, squeezing the nipple and soft flesh as he felt his aching hardness slipping through the hot tightness of her body. His legs and ass strained as he pulled back and impaled her, over and over again. This time, the heat and liquid finally pushed him over the edge and he came hard inside her, groaning from the incredible sensations.

As he pulled out, he realized that people were applauding. Blinking, he looked around to see cooks, guests, and even handlers cheering for him as he drew his bloody shaft from her breast. Stunned, he crawled off his meat and gave a faint bow. Laughter followed and his audience slowly drifted away, returning to their own meals and preparations.

He turned to his meat, who was rocking her hips up and down. Below her hips, the batter was soaked with her juices. Surprised, he picked up a bowl of thick wine and cheese sauce and began to push it into the ragged openings. She writhed under his touch, even when he had to force the last of it into her. The cheese sauce forced her breasts into balloons, large swells that strain at her skin. He had some trouble sewing up the cuts, but soon her breasts were completely filled. The left one leaked a little cheese from the nipple, which he licked off.

A young boy, a herald, came around announcing that only a short time was ready before the judging. Daril quickly brought up the other bowls and started to push it into her ass. She parted her legs willingly, letting him shove cheese and fingers easily into the tight sphincter. After long moments of thrusting, he filled her up and stuffed it with a bell pepper. Stepping back, he watched her body straining with the thickness. She was dripping, a dribble of juices running down the line of her ass and soaking into the batter.

Daril started to push last bowl of cheese into her vagina when she wiggled her hips violently. He tried again, but she rocked to the right. Looking up, he saw the pleading eyes and he grinned.

“One more?”

A nod.

Instead of mounting her, he lowered his head and pressed his mouth against her sex. Her moan, even with her throat stuffed, vibrated down her body. Her legs pressed tightly against his head as he lapped against her sex, sucking on her lips and teasing her clitoris. It only took a few seconds before her body was arching from an orgasm, but he continued to lap and suck until she was driven twice more.

When he finally pulled his mouth away, she gave him one last, sewn smile and leaned back. He quickly stuffed the last of the cheese into her soaked sex, pushing and squeezing it until it oozed out from her gaping opening. As he set down the bowl, a hand set the needle and thread on the table. It was the lord of the ranch, with a smile on his face.

“You are doing good, boy. But you only have a quarter bell left.”

Daril blushed faintly and took the needle and thread. It took him a few moments to seal up the final opening tightly. Then, he used his hands to pour the last of the batter over her body. His fingers quickly stroked along her body, getting the batter into every crevice. It was stained red along her breasts, but soon she was almost white. Her eyes smiled at him as he finished.

Using a few lengths of chain, he brought her legs up to her chest, one knee on each side of her swollen breasts, and fixed her into position. She watched him as he wrapped her up tightly and called for a ladder. Only one chain hung loose from the rest.

Muttering words to a short charm, he felt his muscles grow stronger as he picked her up, one-handed. Her wrapped body dangled from the single chain, held up by his magically-enhanced strength. Holding the ladder, he lifted her body up off the table and carried it to the top of the vat. The heat from the oil was incredible, and he was forced to blink back the tears. Waves of shimmering heat tore at his skin, but he reached over with her, holding her body over the boiling oil.

As he dropped her in, letting the chain run through his fingers, he saw her give him one last smile as the oil swallowed her completely. Waves of heat slashed at his vision, but he watched as she spasmed in the oil, being cooked alive as the batter browned.

A new presence on the ladder barely caught his attention, it was the lord. Both of them watched as she cooked at the bottom of the

vat, with only a single chain reaching up and dangling from his hand.

“Impressive. How much-”

The old man’s words caught in this throat as the entire oil suddenly bubbled and a silent explosion of red burst out from the frying meatgirl. The ripples of the oil faded, but the red grew to an almost intolerable brightness before fading slowly.

Daril explained softly, “She just died.”

“That spell?”

He nodded in response, unable to form the words. His hands fingered the chain, ignoring the heat that rose up from the oil’s surface. Then, after an endless time of staring, she was done.

Bare muscles strained with sweat and effort as he lifted her body out of the vat. His meat, his prey, was completely cooked. Flakes of batter, crispy and rippling with heat, fell off to reveal smooth flesh underneath. Straining with his muscles, he lifted her over to the table and set her down. The batter was gone, cleaned up by some nameless helper, but a large pan was already ready. Daril set her down and dropped the chain.

It slithered against the pan with the sound of metal on metal and slid to the ground. Hopping down, he wiped the sweat from his body as he watched her body cool. Behind him, the flames underneath the vat began to fade away into coals, but he was caught staring at her. Her shape, her form, was caught in a single moment of time, a faint smile on her sewn lips and legs parted slightly.

He wiped at a tear, from the heat he told himself, and finally released the chains from around his meal. Pulling it away, he tossed the rest of the chain against the first and took a deep breath. Lord Dolcetin pressed a set of carving knives into his hand.

Taking a deep breath, Daril set himself to carving the meat for the judging.

*t'Sade*

# About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, [tsade.com](http://tsade.com). Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

*t'Sade*



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