

The Deipnokletor

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for Commissioner

Description

COOKING is really kinky, so when it came time for me to write a story for my dear pet Sky, I decided for him that that would be the theme of his story. This is just a couple of pages of a dragon being spit-roasted.

Not for the squeamish, I'm writing this one brutally.

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SKY looked down at the floor, shuffling his feet slightly. He had come to his Goddess without hesitation, but when he found her in the kitchen, he knew she was hungry. She wanted him for dinner.

Sky had always known that this day might come, that he might be required to give his life—in agony—for his Goddess's entertainment and pleasure. However, he had not realized it would come so soon.

The room smelled of roast chocobo, clearly there was plenty of bird-meat already. There must be a party tonight, and a party called for plenty of bird, mammal, and... lizard meat.

"H-hello my Goddess."

The Goddess smiled at her loyal worshiper. "Undress, and come over to the spitting station. I am in a hurry."

He gulped, nodded, and took off his clothes, then stood in front of the long bench he would give up his life upon.

His Goddess wasted no time, sliding him onto the bench, petting him softly while binding his arms, legs, neck, and tail, and then aligning a spit with his small, virgin, asterisk-shaped tailhole.

"Scream, pet."

Sky screamed. It was very, very loud; the cold, un-lubricated metal was working its way rapidly up his ass and He had no hope of escaping his fate now, and his Goddess was making him feel his sacrifice to her. The unyielding spit worked its way through his intestines, perforating them and then proceeding on into the rest of the dragon's body.

Sky's body tried to jerk out of the way of the deadly metal rod, but there was no escape, the leather and metal that held him to the bench had no give or play. He was doomed and the sooner the screaming

dragon accepted it, the sooner he'd be dead.

His Goddess did not help him through it. As always, her 'care' for her pets ended the moment they became food to her. Instead, she simply pressed the long, sharp pole further and further into the dragon's body. Soon, he could feel as his stomach and diaphragm were pierced, leaving him unable to breath; his screaming stopped.

The dragon suffered in silence as the pole worked it's way up more of his body. He was slowly asphyxiating, but the pain of his lungs needing air was nothing compared to the pain of the metal rod slowly working it's way into the back of his throat, then up the passage and towards his mouth.

Sky's eyes teared up slightly as the rod, smeared with blood, slowly worked it's way out of his mouth. His eyes drifted up to his goddess, a silent prayer in his mind.

She was murdering him for fun, but he still loved her. She finished spitting him and inserted the stabilizer rod, cruelly inserting it right between the poor dragon's exposed testicles. The pressure of the sharp shaft sliding inside of him, through his prostate, caused his cock to harden.

As the poor dragon suffocated, finally dying, his eyes fluttered closed. The last thing he felt was the cool sensation on his face as his salty tears evaporated.

