

Before the Banquet

The minotaur had his head thrown back, the short, smooth coat of brown fur glistening with sweat, filling the air with a potent, musky aroma that oddly contrasted with the sterile white of the room. I could taste his arousal as I saw him quiver, slamming down into the moaning boy beneath him, whose hard cock bobbed ruddy and swollen beneath the beast, dripping milky pearls of fluid as the hands of the youth traveled over the firm back, softly urging the beast down as his pink tongue darted out to caress the heaving, firmly muscled chest.

I couldn't help but wince slightly as I felt my own cock stirring at the sight, seeing the hunky form jerking as he pressed down into a tight embrace, pinning his lover beneath him, the boy's legs almost acrobatically slung around the man-bull, grunting, moaning his pleasure his heavy ball sack reflecting in one of the mirrored surface on the wall as he wantonly thrust all he way in, his lust making him oblivious to anything around him, his breath quick, heavy, the lithe boy having his arms almost tenderly slung around his broad, massive shoulders.

It went quick, just a flash of blueish shimmering steel retracting from its strange scabbard, a last lusty grunt, a hoarse moan as the beast climaxed, just the very instant the youth slid the blade clean through the thick neck muscles, a snapping sound as it returned to its hiding place...

The minotaur's body was still trembling and spasming a dazed look on his face as his groaning cry of pleasure slowly died off, his head cleanly falling forward, cradled in the arms of the human who planted a last, slow and tender kiss on the bovine's lips, staying still for a short moment as I saw the minotaur's eyes cloud over, frozen in a slightly surprised expression of intense sexual bliss.

The cooks didn't take long to spread his body out on the work table, a cock ring secured around his still hard, meaty erection, the white cum trailing down his shaft, running over the dark skin of his balls...

"Oh, come on you two, you have been gawking long enough, cannot have you be late for the first course..." I winced slightly, feeling a firm hand on my naked skin, my tail swishing involuntarily as I felt the mammalian warmth brushing against me.

I sure didn't feel in a hurry to depart as I saw the minotaur's head being carefully draped on an already prepared presentation plate, the expression of surprise and ecstasy cemented there as the boy whom he had fucked impishly turned him around. It was as if he wanted to show him how the other cooks had already started to prepare his body for the oven, their own naked skin gleaming sweaty in the light as more than one took their time to play with the hunky minotaur, or tasting furtively of his musky, sweat soaked fur.

Like me and my fellow newt, they, too, were hard, very obviously hard.

"Seems at least we got you nice and randy..." The chuckling from behind me made me shiver, my body trembling, tingling with heat just from looking on. I took a quick breath of the warm, stifling air as I let myself be prodded along.

I knew if I had been free, I would have wanted to touch the minotaur myself, explore that body with fingers and tongue, even though the memory of his thick, tangy seed was still fresh on my lips from when we all had been in the larder and I was the one beneath him, muzzle buried in the sweat-glistening fur.

I glanced over to my companion. He, too, was visibly aroused and trying to watch as we were led on, his gold and brown skin still glistening wetly over the firm but slender muscles. We exchanged glances quickly before he looked away with a blush.

"Two newts and a minotaur, think that will be enough for everyone?" One of the humans asked with a raised eyebrow as he gave the now lifeless hunk of bull a scrutinizing glance.

"Oh, sure, just look at how meaty he is, and what a nice heavy ball-sack he has..." The answering voice belonged to a dark skinned youth who was pushing apart the thick, powerful legs, cupping up the bulls dangly bits playfully, making the hard cock bob and slap wetly against the firm eight-pack. "Say, can I have a go on him before we cook him, I sure want that rod up my ass too..." He grinned, moaning softly as he rubbed his groin against the minotaur's dead body.

"Oh, shut up, you horny slut, we never will have him ready in time if you all fool around like that." The voice was firm, but not really angry and with a disappointed groan, the cooks nodded and I got another prod in my back.

"Same goes for you two little cuties, gotta get you on the grill already."

I felt the hand slowly travel down, groping my firm ass, before giving it a slap, the wincing moan of both of us enough to get us a round of laughter as we were herded over to another corner of the kitchen.

A large iron plate was mounted here, large enough for a whole lot of newts to lay on it stretched out and already slightly warm as if it had lain in the sun for a bit...

"Now, you two, you know what we need you for tonight, so, be good boys and let us oil you up..."

Strong firm hands wrapped around me as I was drawn into a tight hold, my bare skin pressing against that of the cook, my rear brushing against a quite proud erection, thick and warm and throbbing, making me shiver as I felt the warm breath on my neck.

At the same time, I felt another cook, a large black man, darker than the one who held me come up with a large jar in his hands, plunging his fingers in until they were soaked before he started to rub them over my chest with a wide grin and a proudly bobbing hard-on.

"Hmh, this one looks cute, want to fuck him a last time when he is nice and lubed up?" I shivered a bit, giving a whimpering moan at those words, knowing my own cock was hard, plain in sight, throbbing with every touch as I felt the slick, warm oil worked over me.

"Oh, you bet, look, they are already doing the other one..." I could feel the chuckle reverberating through the broad chest behind me as I turned my gaze to look over where my friend was pushed down on a worktable, his legs spread and glistening, oil already running down his legs as a young Caucasian was fingering his ass, pushing into him, making the poor guy whimper and thrash, his arousal rubbing hard against the polished stone.

I was breathing heavily, already slick with oil, my body tingling with arousal as they pushed me over a grill of metal bars, taking their time to tease my cock until I could not hold it in any longer, shooting a spurt of my cream, making them laugh heartily.

"Oh, just look, he is already coming and no struggle at all, guess those guys at the labs know what they're doing when the breed those guys." I was panting as I looked up, seeing no hint of compassion, but the kind of regard you give a toy, a thing, one you know will not last...

Knowing I was prepared for the cooking was, well, a bit scary, a bit humiliating, but, more so, I couldn't help being aroused, my cock still rock-hard, my erection not diminished as I gazed up at them feeling weird with the oil all over me, mixing with my seed.

"Hehe, good little food..." The darker cook grinned as he got closer, slapping his cock against my face, leaving wet splotches of precum on my cheeks.

"Suck it, you know you want to, you little slut..." He was leaning down, his hands casually stroking my fluttering chest, pushing me until I was moaning again, my mouth hanging open, unresisting as he placed his cock against my lips, then slowly pushing it in.

I did suck him, god, I was doing all my exhausted body could manage to get more of it, the rich tangy taste, the heat, the scent of arousal, it was entrancing.

I only stopped when he gave me a slap to turn over, taking my head in his oil-slicked hands as he began to shove himself down my throat, no gag reflex stopping me to take it all as I felt my erection rub over the metal bars that held me, painful and arousing at the same time.

Slick fingers lifted my tail, starting to rub it all over, slowly, down to the base until they were circling around my asshole. A sharp prod made me buck and almost clamp my jaws on the cock in my mouth, earning me a slap and a round of laughter as my muffled whimpers joined those of my fellow who, judging from his distressed, needy cries was close to spilling...

But I was no better, I was relishing in the exquisite sensation of slick, oiled flesh against flesh, heat and the rising scent of musk as I was pushed face first now into thick pubes the scent of sex and male in my nostrils as I felt a hard, throbbing shaft against my ass.

“Hmh, ooh, I just love this, look, he is breathing so hard. Ever asked yourself what's going through their little heads, I mean, just look how ecstatic they are do you think they even mind that in a few minutes, we will have them frying on the plate?”

I whimpered, my hard arousal rubbing painfully against the metal bars as I tried to shift, moving my rear to drive the cock deeper inside, feeling the pressure of it against my prostate tantalizing, coupled with the strange sensation that those words roused in me. Yes, of course, I knew, damn, I was, not stupid, just, just...

I moaned, my voice muffled as the cock in my mouth slammed down, the slicked hands adding more oil to my back as they playfully teased my shivering, needy body...

I had been raised with the awareness that I would end up dead and cooked, just a meal, but, the terror of my demise had always been coupled with instinctual arousal at the thought, my pulse even now quickening and my whole body since this morning flooded with an unebbing torrent of slick and sticky lust. Every single touch had been arousing, watching the minotaur climax the moment his head was severed had been arousing, fucking was..., just too much!

It took only another slap another thrust of hips, a little tickle against my raw and sensitive inside to make me spill again, right into a ready hand that had cupped my cock slowly rubbing it in, mixing the seed with the oil.

I felt raw and helpless as they both kept thrusting, the air filled with the scent of sweat, heady, musky as they groaned, cocks throbbing as first my mouth, then my rear where flooded, as my own cock shot again, still hard, still throbbing with need.

I didn't know how I could do that, I hadn't believed it possible, but it was like my body was in overdrive, only made for pleasure, only made to writhe in helpless ecstasy as they slowly withdrew taking me up, a last time of being pressed against their musky smelling, mammalian skin, laying me out on the hot iron plate next to my equally dazed looking friend, rubbing fresh oil all over me as they turned my unprotesting body, manhandling me, teasing my still proudly erect cock as they put me on my back, my tail down between my legs, stretched out as they took some other jars rubbing spicy smelling powder and something sweet and sticky to the mix until I felt it prickle on my skin, agonizing sensual overload as the heat started to rise, making both of us feel the first pangs of our upcoming fate. The iron was heating...

“Hmh, damn, I so wanna taste...” The black cook sniffed the air above us, his hand moving down to his cock before he was slapped playfully on the shoulder.

“You pig, hands off, you had enough tasting, look, the plate is already getting hot, so you better be careful that pole of yours doesn't get burned.” Indeed, I could feel it, a sizzling, a faint burning, dulled by a thick wave of pleasure as my body began to shower me with ecstatic bliss, cock throbbing hard as I writhed on the hot metal. Next to me, my friend was already bucking wildly, having to be held down by the cooks as he splattered cum all over his golden skin.

The smell of roasting flesh was filling the air slowly, mixed with the thick aroma of spice and a hint of honey.

I started feeling hazy as firm hands kneaded my toned chest and abdomen, stroking over my cock until I was crying out, shooting my cum all over the place again, making it sizzle on the oiled iron. I lost track of the time, of how long we lay there, I just knew my back felt numb, weird, as if all muscles had relaxed, all nerves died off.

When they took my arms, I could see the crisp skin and supple flesh I had turned to, but, but it was all as if I saw it through a thick fog, hardly feeling anything anymore but the intense, mind-numbing ecstasy of my hard cock, the throbbing in my testes as I was turned around...

Heat suddenly seared through me again, this time cutting even through the haze of lust as I saw next to me the already motionless figure of a stretched out newt, golden brown, crisply fried with his cock hard and dark beneath him as I was firmly held down, unable though to really move, just spasming, twitching as my erection hit the searing heat of the iron plate, my cock pulsing, feeling

my arms stretched out, my chest rubbing over burning hot metal.

I opened my mouth but nothing came out but a hoarse rattling gasp as the last spurts of thick white semen splattered beneath me in a torrent of final ecstasy, my mind already far gone as the last throbbing spasms left my body...

It was not much long after when the huge trays of food were carted in, the room full of roman style recliners with mostly young and wealthy looking people sprawled over them. Many were tipsy from the thick red wine served in large decanters, but all looked up with anticipation as the thong-clad waiters, an ebony black man with a chocolate brown Indian boy next to him, both dressed like slaves with their collars, proceeded to lay the huge serving plate out on the table in the middle. Swiftly aided by other, similarly clad personal, they lifted the domes to reveal two sprawled out newts, laying with glazed eyes on the plates to stare with a vacant look of lusty abandon at the gathered diners, filling the room with a pervading aroma of fried meat and honeyed spice, draped on a bed of salad, garnished with colorful flowers and artistic swirls of vinaigrette.

"The entree is served..." The black man smiled at the guests, the perfect white teeth showing as the host was called forward. A large knife was readied for him to make the first cut into the perfect figures of slender male beauty, now transformed into delicious smelling meat. With a deft stroke, he sliced through crispy skin and tender muscle as the choice cuts for the most favored guests were laid out on a plate already garnished with salad by the waiters. Taking a deep breath of the delicious scent of choice meat cooked to perfection, he raised the plate as he addressed his audience:

"Ladies and gentlemen, let the banquet begin!"