

What a Waste

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(Inktober Prompt, Day 19: Scorched)

Content warning: Cooking, same-size vore, digestion, disposal mention, hypnosis, garbage-play, impalement, breathplay, snuff, humiliation, degradation, objectification, casual, and fatality. (Non-fatal ending after the three line-breaks.)

For a few months after moving in with Jules, Skyla had been thoroughly won over by the feline's charm. He made no effort to pretend that their relationship was romantic, though; they were simply roommates who engaged in unrestrained, unthinkable acts of sexual and awful pleasure. Even after he slowly undid the brainwashing she'd received, Skyla found herself still occasionally referring to Jules on occasion as "master" or "owner" even in public. It drew a few raised eyebrows, but her sex trembled in the best way whenever the titles slipped out. With her family coming over to visit this afternoon, though, Skyla was planning to make an effort not to embarrass herself by doing that.

Jules, to his credit, *had* undone most of the brainwashing his computer had inflicted upon the poor human girl. However, he'd hardly be a fun-loving kitty if he didn't leave residual whispers inside her brain, his tail always swishing at the thought of how easy it would be to claim her forever. The feline even knew it would be easy to do. Not even a few days later, he'd purposefully left the door ajar while gulping down a squirming, moaning bunny. Skyla eyes had met his, and Jules had simply curled a finger invitingly towards the girl. Soon, she was there for any time he brought a lover over to meet their doom, petting over his gut as he converted them person to meat and meat to mush, taking out the lumpy trash-bag containing a snuffed slut to the apartment complex's dumpster, or simply shivering any time she heard more than one flush sound out from the bathroom.

The only reason Jules hadn't acted upon that potential was because he genuinely liked Skyla. The green-eyed, black-haired girl with the large chest was an excellent sport and highly considerate roommate. No one else would be so kind and private and respectful of his boundaries even while he had proven perfectly willing to barge into her room, attach her to a leash, and muse about taking her out for walkies. But now...the temptation was too great to resist. Her mother and two younger sisters coming over? Delicious~

So Jules had taken the last week off, spending countless hours teasing Skyla, toying with her, introducing her to every kitchen appliance in the most perverse ways. For the past few days, he'd only addressed her with some variation of "meat".

"Meat doesn't wear clothes. You're naked for the week."

"Meat livestock don't get their own bedroom. You're sleeping with me."

"Listening to my belly, huh? What a good meatslut."

"Sure you don't want to come in and watch? You might want to see where you might end up someday, my meaty long pig."

Eventually, in a heated moment, he'd invited her to sit at his computer again. He'd asked her if she wanted him to toy with her mind, to irreparably be warped and mushed in all the right ways. He'd asked if she wanted to surrender her fate to him. Skyla couldn't help but say yes. She'd sat in front of the monitor, holes stuffed and taped over with buzzing dildos, nipples taped over with vibrating buttons, and Jules there to fondle and weigh her heavy tits. A special program just for her played, and she repeated the fantasy over and over, eyes spinning, mind slipping, body trembling all night long...

Skyla hadn't noticed a difference, and that pleased Jules greatly. It meant she'd be caught unawares. Two mornings later, she stood in front of her closet, freshly showered, cleaned, and shaved, pondering what to wear for her family's visit. Jules watched from the doorway in his favorite blue collared shirt and khakis, grinning and licking his lips. Today was going to be...perfect.

"I thought I told you, meat doesn't wear clothes," he purred.

Skyla spun, still surprised every time he slipped quietly into her room. "Oh! Jules," she sighed, face settling into a comfortable smile. "Today's the day my mother and two of my sisters are coming over. I'll need to wear something-"

"No, you don't," Jules interrupted, walking forward and casually slapping both hands to grope over her tit. He loved how the human blushed and shook at such casual molestation. He was going to miss that. "They can come over. It's your time, though. Isn't it, meat?"

Skyla's eyes closed, images flashing through her brain. Potent words that made her body feel limp, a dream returning to her conscious mind. Cooked, eaten, digested, flushed away. Cooked, eaten, digested, flushed away. For two nights, she'd had nothing but that dream. Yesterday, she'd woken up to a soaked spot on the bed-sheets. She looked over her shoulder. The stain of her arousal today was larger than last time, a massive splotch of dark color on the crumpled light blue sheets and mattress cover.

"Today? But master, my family..."

"What family?" he chuckled, stepping in close and licking over the exposed flesh of her neck. "You're meat. *My* meat. And I'm going to use up and dispose of your slutty ass anytime I want, can't I?"

"I...oh goodness, I..."

"Tell me," Jules cooed, his voice soft despite the dirty words he used, hands kneading her breasts like a feral cat on a soft bed. "Tell me it's your time to churn. Tell me you'll be mine...*completely*. Tell me you can't wait to get flushed away. Tell me any of those things and I'll make your dream come true."

Even if Skyla's closed eyes weren't running through that dream over and over, the momentous words—cooked, eaten, digested, flushed away—crashing through her every rational thought, her lust and adoration for the orange-furred feline were too big to ignore. She'd been won. It was her time. "I...I'm yours completely. It's...it's my time to churn."

Jules beamed with pride, tail swishing madly with excitement. "Good meatslut. Time for you to churn, and time for me to get that recipe out for an oven slow-roasted long pig."

Within minutes of being told to lie on her back in the pan and being injected with something that made her body tingle, Skyla knew there was no going back. Jules' hands moved methodically and without care, stretching her holes so wide that the gape would surely be permanent. Even her cervix felt broken, the sanctity of her womb completely exposed. The feline hummed as he worked, shoving fistful after fistful of bread and cheese stuffing up her cunt, packing it in forcefully until her abdomen was bloated as if with child and Skyla was moaning. A particular forceful squirt splashed onto the cat's upper arm.

"Woah, sorry," Jules said to the thoroughly red-faced girl, chuckling as he withdrew his fist and wiped his arm clean with a hand-towel. "Hard to remember that you're still technically people when you're looking like this. Won't matter once you're draining through my intestines, but I'll try to be a little more careful."

"No!" Skyla found herself gasping. "...please don't be careful, owner. I...I like being treated like this."

Jules smiled knowingly. "Of course you do, you dirty meatslut," he sighed, voice smooth and kind while he patted her on the head. "Alrighty. No more feelings for the meat. If I forget to talk to you again, know that it's only because you're not going to matter once you're sealed in my stomach and I've forgotten you exist.."

Skyla couldn't help herself from squirming atop the squishy mattress of edibles at those words, her chest rising and falling in eager breaths. Freed from worry, the feline seemed to work quickly. A razor buzzed, shaving off her beautiful long locks of black hair until every strand dropped into the large kitchen garbage bin and her head shone smooth. Her arms and legs were injected with something, slowly causing them to grow limp and beyond the girl's ability to control anymore. Now useless, they were folded to squeeze tightly into the pan, leaving only her breasts and knees up in the air.

A brush coated in sticky glaze coolly scrubbed over her flesh, its thoroughness leading it to tickle even the backs of her knees in that soft, ticklish zone. If it weren't immediately followed by the harsh manhandling of her breasts, Jules grabbing their flesh and yanking it out of the way to ensure they and the space below them were both coated in slimy orange-tinted glaze, Skyla

might've found the time to giggle. As it was, the humiliating fantasy was too much for her to handle, her cunt trembling as soaked breadding began to tumble out.

"Damn, need to stop that," Jules muttered. "Guess I can use *that* and just remember to remove them later."

It was the moment when Jules used "that" which made Skyla realize exactly what the first injections had done to her body. Jules grabbed a large hand-held device, placed it to her stuffed sex, pinched it closed, and pulled a trigger.

caCLACK-caCLACK-caCLACK!

The loud metallic sound of staples sealing her mound shut made Skyla shriek. However, the cry was one of ecstasy, sharp spikes of pleasure searing through her sensitive sex as metal punched through the flesh. There was no pain anymore for meat; her mind both chemically and hypnotically reveling in the ecstasy of such degrading treatment. The gasps and moans only continued as metal rods jabbed through her tits, holding them as separated and upright as possible. There wasn't even blood, only a trickle of murky juice from where the spikes ran through.

Jules nodded in satisfaction, only adding two things to complete the picture. One cheap red apple to stuff inside the noisy hole his meat had, and one solid plastic plug to pop into her ass. The oven had already been pre-heating, and so a wave of hot air rolled over Skyla's vulnerable form as she gargled on apple juice and squirmed in eager delight. It was finally her turn. Jules lifted up the deep pan and slid it in, turning on the interior light and closing the oven door with a declarative *thunk*.

In those last moments of coherence and peace before the heat began roasting her muscles and breaking down all that tasty meat her body had so selfishly hoarded until now, Skyla heard the ringing of a doorbell.

Jules looked over the two young women and plump, older woman with delight. "Come in! Please, I'm always happy to have guests. Especially ones as beautiful as you three." The tour of the apartment wouldn't take long. First, she showed them the main room, inviting them to leave their bags on the coffee table. Then, a quick glance into his bedroom. "More...intimate tours can be arranged later." Then a brief display of the kitchen. "It's sizeable enough to prepare larger meals, so I can't complain. Most apartments aren't so generous with sp...what are you all staring at?"

Her mother and two sisters watched as arousal burbled and sputtered out of Skyla's stapled sex. Skyla's eyes caught a glimpse of them viewing her degrading fate, encouraging the girl to give a moan of humiliated pleasure that barely was audible behind the hiss of the working oven. Her flesh was already starting to turn, the glaze sinking into the skin and glistening as it cooked through.

"That's dinner in the oven. Just sealed it in not a few minutes ago," Jules commented, smiling and purring with delight. "I do so love meals that dance and self-marinate like that. Mmph, just the sight of all that potential and loveliness cooking away, eagerly awaiting a live date with my gut..."

glurrrrrrgl~

"...well, it makes all sorts of hungers I have get really eager. Say, you all have wonderful bodies. Could a kitty tempt you all to let me see them? I think I knew one family member of yours who could vouch for my...appeals."

Walking off, the family exited Skyla's view. Locked in an oven, squirming and drinking scalding apple juice that leaked from where her teeth solidly sunk in with only the opposite side of the kitchen and its cabinets to look at, she'd finally gone and done it. Meat. Need. Slut. Master. Heat. ...the brainwashed circuits in her brain finally found fulfillment and began to go quiet. There wasn't much she could do to avoid her end now.

There was no way to keep track of time. With the constant assault of pleasure on her timid, well-fed form, Skyla couldn't even count the loud ticks of the analog clock she could barely hear above the oven's hiss. The glowing coils let her watch her helpless body roast, her hairless form leaving not a single spot to roast unpleasantly. The metal rods through her tits and the staples in her cunt were super-heated, both sensitive areas receiving the brunt of stimulation. Surely, it must have been hours already? Wasn't it dinner time?

"Aw shoot!"

The voice was faint, but soon the patterning of paws sounded out the voice's sudden approach. Sliding into view were two orange furred legs, a dangling, well-used, cum-splattered barbed cock with two balls covered in lipstick kisses, and the edge of a moving, lumpy form. When Jules squatted, a nervous expression across his face, she got a full view: the distinct form of her sister's moaning face stretched out against the flesh of his gut, one the cat gave a "Shh!" to and used a paw to shove back down into the churning mess.

"Sorry, meat," he said in hushed tones.

GLLRK! Gurgle, shlorsh- "Mmph!"

"Not you," he sighed to his belly as Skyla writhed with jealousy and second-hand shame. "Look, will you be quiet if I give you a nice smooshing to speed up your transformation?" It wasn't as though he could hear the response. Still, the bulge seemed to tremble and grow quiet, gurgling as it began to lose form under the kneading hands of Jules.

sqrsh, sqrsh, sqluuurk, smoosh~

"Now, where was I?" Jules sighed, finally meeting Skyla's gaze even as that gasping face showed up one more time, a paw's knead sounding out a particularly nasty, wet noise as it and the gut churned the last identifiable bulge of the meal away. "...right! So, uh, I accidentally got carried away. One of your meat-siblings was begging, I was hungry, and she wanted to end up spiraling into the sewers. One thing led to another, and, well, I kind of ended up full."

Skyla looked on without comprehension. Jules' ears perked up at something Skyla couldn't hear. "A-anyway, don't worry!" he said with a grimace. "I'm just going to put the oven timer on for a little longer to keep you warm and try and get you as a late snack. You'll have to share some room with a little sister mush, that okay? Look tasty if that's okay. ...okay!"

"Please, Master Jules!"

The desperate, passionate sound was definitely something Skyla was familiar with, the words belonging to her at one point but the voice one she'd heard all her life. Jules looked up. "Oh, uh, sounds like your mother is ready. Forget "MILF"—if she makes meat as tasty as y'all, she's going to be one of my MILBs...mothers I'd like to breed."

As Skyla drunkenly processed the increasingly twisted situation, Jules hurriedly rushed off, cock already hardening and twitching with anticipation before slipping out of view of the oven-cooking meat. The delighted moan of her mother once again reached her ears, but Jules' former roommate, former dinner, and future midnight snack once again felt the pleasure building. Her sex had long since been the flood of juices it once was; most of her fluids now soaked into the bed of potatoes and carrots she laid upon. Her tits, already a golden-brown, began to hiss and sizzle as the oven continued its work. The orange glow of the oven walls didn't decrease in its intensity, leaving Skyla to wonder as her body reveled in its steady destruction by heat...

...Skyla couldn't bear to lift her head anymore. The oven coils slowly began to cool and the oven's interior light turned off. The kitchen corner and living room light had also been flicked off, leaving her to lie exhausted on the soggy mush her bed had turned into. The fading glow of the cooking coils illuminated how crispy her flesh had turned, parts of it having carbonized into black patches. The girl marveled at how, despite her entire body having lost control and function, her life continued to drag on. But, without the heat, there was no stimulation left.

Complete darkness washed over her, leaving only the smell of her own meat and the muffled sounds of activity many thick layers of appliance and wall away. Soon, the stimulation stopped, her pleasure fading. The choking, stuffy air around her grew chilly. Even her scent began to fade. With nothing left to keep her conscious, Skyla's hoarsely drew in air over her cracked lips, breathing shallowly as exhaustion began to take her, the girl drifting off to sleep with only the hope of use and a powerful serum keeping her broken body alive.

Jules yawned, stretching as the morning sun snuck through his room's blinds and began to shine on discarded garments and clothing. "Good morning, my meat factory," he said with a smile, tail wishing behind him as he passed the suspended leather-strapped woman, her face angled to the floor to ensure the large pool of spunk that filled her sex remained firmly in despite her occasional squirm and sleepy groan. With all sorts of fun waiting for him in the apartment and his return to work not expected until Tuesday, the orange-furred cat decided to enjoy being dirty and forego a shower. No sense in getting dressed, either!

It was only as he slipped into the kitchen for a quick bowl of cereal that he noticed something. In the dark oven, Jules could see the edge of a pan. When he opened it, he couldn't help but smack his palm over his face and groan. "Damn it."

Groggily awakened by the kitchen light and squeak of the oven door, the cold meat looked like a mess. The potatoes and carrots formed a gross, formless mush of off-white and orange, darker colors running along the edge of the pan where it had been heated the most. The glaze, even cooked in as it was, had been uneven and failed to fully take; small trickles of cold slime ran down the sides of the long pig's body. Her breasts had grown lopsided, the cooked fat having burst out from where the spikes punched through in uneven amounts. Even her sex, stapled as it was, sagged. Skyla could only announce her presence with a groan around the shriveled dry husk of an apple.

"Ugh, sorry, slut," he apologized, sliding the spoiled meal out of the oven and placing its pan atop the counter. "Got carried away and forgot you were even here. Look at that...perfectly good meal and I let you ruin overnight." Sliding over the garbage can, he shrugged. "Well, you still squirmed at dealing with those lovely things I snuffed out, right? Or was that some other roomie I had? Guess that's a consolation prize for you, then."

Jules slid the spikes out from her breasts, the lengthy tools still salvageable with a good washing and potentially hazardous for the garbage bag's health. Then, taking a large box of cling wrap, he lifted Skyla and began to wrap. "What a waste, what a waste..." He paused a moment, his morning brain not quite forming the thought quick enough to keep working while he thought. Eventually, he chuckled and resumed wrapping the helpless spoiled meal. "...well, I suppose you'd be waste either way," he joked, watching how the breasts squished flat from how tightly he wrapped, enjoying the desperate, lust-clouded look Skyla gave him as he prepared her for a fate she'd not expected, "but we both know your sisters got the better end of the deal."

As he ripped the last of the wrap free from the roll and tucked it behind her hairless head, he set her down to squish on the mushy mess she'd cooked in one more time. Her nose and lips began to find little air left, the suction mostly pulling the plastic to dent in over her oxygen-desperate holes. Jules, however, patted his belly. "They loved it. The college freshman one? Practically bathed in the mush her sister became. Orgasmed herself silly while I gurgled

her up. Drained through my pipes, let me use all the good stuff for myself. Now they're waiting to come out. But I came to clean up the trash here first."

Jules didn't feel too guilty about it all. The ruined girl, slowly suffocating and only sustained by the prey's serum he so loved to use, was such a sight. How horny she'd gotten dreaming of becoming something like this, and only some of that was the fault of his brainwashing! "...actually, since I liked you, I'll let you decide. Don't lick if you want to go straight to the dumpster. One lick at your little plastic package if you want me to go deal with your sisters first. Two if you want to watch."

Skyla's arousal had skyrocketed despite her unfortunate spoiling, Jules' dirty words and swishing tail driving her desires up to new heights. Her body couldn't bring itself to cum anymore, but her mind delighted in each false peak. And while she'd never been interested in seeing it before, she needed to see now. To watch that wasteful end. She stretched out her dried tongue slowly, licking some of the last drool she had to moisten the plastic that slowly was snuffing her life out.

However, as she prepared to slowly lick a second time, Jules grimaced and clutched his gut as it noisily voiced its impatience.

grrrrrk~

"Fuck, uh, one lick! Got it. I'll bag you and go send them off to their new home," he hastily muttered, not able to see the second lick as he lifted her up and shoved her head-first into the garbage bin. The orange-furred cat grimaced as he twisted and pushed at his former roommate, shoving her wrapped head down into food waste and discarded paper towels and cleaning rags. Once she was solidly embedded, only her bent legs and ass sticking out of the half-full bag, did he grab a spatula and scrape at the pan, cascading the potato and carrot mush atop her. The last glimpse Jules got of Skyla was soggy stuffing squeezing out around the staples and against the plastic from the tight pressure of the cling wrap mummifying her body, and then she was gone, entombed in discarded scraps and ruined slop.

Jules hastily removed the black garbage bag from the bin, tying it off and lugging it to next to the front door before sprinting to the bathroom.

Skyla's sluggish mind began to let go of panic in the darkness. She was garbage. Now, all she could do is feel her surroundings squish and shift and listen as the feline's grunts echoed from a room away. Her mind did well enough to picture it, causing her to croak in ashamed knowledge of what was happening. Eventually, a sigh sounded forth. Then, something else.

Fluuuushhh~ Fsssss.

One...

Flusssshhh~ Fsssss.

Two...already her pleasure spiked.

Flussshhh, glug-glug-glup! Fsssss~

Three...three times before the water flowed freely through the outflow pipes once more. Everything her sisters amounted to, gone in three flushes and leaving Jules with a pristine bathroom and not a memory of their names or hopes or dreams left. All he knew, as he hastily slipped on boxers and a pair of sweats, was that he'd given them both a new dream and made it come true.

Skyla's mind faded, the prey serum's effects long having been tested and pushed to their absolute limits. Airless, sightless, and only smelling the distant odor of rotting food from beyond the "New Fresh Scent!" of the cling wrap, the last thing she recognized was the thud of her bag among many others and the slam of a dumpster's roof.

And twisted pleasure. The last thought of countless hours of unthinkable pleasure.

Skyla woke up, curled into a ball in a nest of pillows. Jules sat smiling, grinning at her with that usual bright and sunny disposition; only his eyes held the gleam of mischief. "Good morning," he purred. "Did you have a good dream?"

"That," she said, her chest still rising and falling as if thankful for the exposure to fresh air, "...that was messed up."

"Was it good, Sky?"

The feline wasn't going to yield until he got his answer. Befuddled, grimacing despite herself, she shook her head. "Yes, it was good. You are really criminal with those hypnosis programs, you know that?"

"Yes, yes. Did you have fun?"

Groaning, she shoved the feline until he couldn't help but snicker and playfully tumble off the bedside and onto the floor. "Yes, I had fun! Though I'd have had a lot more fun if you didn't make that trick ending in the program! Now, I believe the deal was a meal for a meal?"

Jules laughed, stumbling as he lifted himself upright with the help of his nearby computer chair. "Alright, alright. One dinner at Messiano's. Wear something cute, why don't you?" His comment was rewarded with a thrown pillow connecting firmly with his face.

He couldn't help but see a little ire in Skyla's gaze, a slight glimmer of dignity that found fault in being so aroused by such a humiliating concept. Jules stood up and sat on the bed's edge once more. "You know," the feline said, voice even and firm, "I'd never do something like that to you without your full consent, right? No programs, no nothing. Even besides all the kinky fun you have with me, you're a friend. Aight?"

Skyla nodded and sighed. "Of course," she said, her shoulders gradually relaxing.
"...thanks."

Jules nodded in turn. "Of course, if you ever *are* curious about what happens to those gut-squirmers..."

grrrrgrll~

ff-TWUPF

A large pillow connected solidly across Jules's face, his final tease having earned a blow that laid him flat-out on the bed. Skyla tossed the pillow to land on his morning belly and clambered off the bed, walking back towards her own room.

"I'll know who to ask," she teased back before leaving Jules' bedroom. Sometimes, a girl had to get the last word in, especially when the cat she lived with cheated. *All that talent with hypnosis, and he uses it mostly to tease kinks into his roomies*, she thought. *What a waste.*