

Twitter Story #6 - Meat Grading

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Content Warning: Objectification, degradation, manhandling, groping, packaging, masturbation, breathplay, implied cooking, implied vore, implied digestion, implied fatal, implied disposal

Prompt from @lapinelunch:

"How about a scenario of a prey who has recently signed off on removing their rights and becoming meat, and is currently at a facility in the process of having her meat quality graded before she's put out for sale in a grocery store"

Lenai grit her teeth, trying to maintain some dignity despite what she'd signed on to do. It was hard to do when a horse had a full hand up her cunt, finger prodding her cervix, with all the casualness of somebody preparing backstage for a puppet show.

"Tight filet," he said plainly as she gave a desperate moan. "Plenty of stuffing room, though, if they ruin its cervix." The sudden shlrk and squelch of his arm withdrawing from the imp's sex made her jerk and shudder in embarrassment and bodily desire.

"Can't you be a little more gentl-*aah!*" Lenai asked with irritation before her plump mound was squeezed by the horse's arousal-drenched hand, fingers pinching the fatty camel-toe of flesh. The observing gryphon just chuckled at the question while idly rubbing his erection.

"You're meat, my sweet Lenai," Tantianar noted. "You're getting handled like it."

"Yeah, this is prime filet," the equine grocer observed with another pinch of his fingers around the smooth and pliant mons. "Between this and its hips and thighs, we can sell it as a whole roast."

The imp shivered, biting her lip at the thought of an oven. "Hhf. F-fine. At least I'm getting a good grade," she huffed. "They better appreciate how special I'll be."

"Special?" the gryphon asked, tugging his member down with a finger and releasing it to slap against his chest.

Lenai was entranced by his playing with himself, so she didn't notice the horse's approach. "Well, yeah, imp do-*EEEE!*"

He gave a throb watching those clamps pinch the girl's tiny nipples. "Doesn't come around often? True. But you're going to end up the same as any other meat."

“Breast meat’s pretty lacking,” the horse mumbled before turning her over and spanking her ass. “Good rump, though. Arms and legs below the knee are useless though. Could remove or disable them pretty easy.”

“Keep ‘em plain, though. It’ll want them to squirm with.”

The imp writhed on the table in both incredible shame and obvious arousal, fluid leaking out onto the cold metal table below. “But-“

“Ssh,” he interrupted gently. “You might get a photo of your prepped self on Instagram, but nobody will *remember* you. You’re just another meal.”

The imp looked almost offended, looking at the smiling gryphon as the horse hog-tied her and set her on a meat tray, pinched tits perking at the icy layer beneath. The cold caused her entire body to shake, Lenai gasping just in time for plastic to start winding around her face.

“Oh, fine, I’ll remember you,” he relented as the horse packaged her up. “But mainly to blow my load thinking of how you signed away everything to be meat. Not even my meat. Just random meat. Your name, your freedom, your life, your dreams...so you can cum your tasty life away.”

Lenai’s mouth still pressed against the plastic, gasping as the plastic quickly shrank and sealed her in with cool efficiency from the grocer.

“You’re going to end up in a stranger’s gut and digest, possibly alive, until you’re mush like any other meat...and you love it, Lenai.”

The horse began printing the label while the gryphon stepped up, now fully masturbating in plain view. “Well, not Lenai. Meat. You stopped being a person the moment you signed. Your life is over, a stranger’s to end as just a day’s dinner. Give that plastic a lick to thank me.”

Lenai slurped the plastic that sealed her in. Tantianar nodded, grabbed some nearby papers, and blew his load into them...and as his last spurts left, he spanked her new label onto her wrapped ass. The shame got the package another open-mouth kiss with tongue from the meat inside

“There you go. You’re special now.” He didn’t bother stopping his self-pleasure as he spoke. “You may have no rights and have a future in plumbing, but normal meat doesn’t get someone to empty their balls all for them. Goodbye, meat! I’ll always treasure reducing you to an ‘it’.”

The horse lifted the package and left to put it behind the deli counter. Tantianar looked to the cum-stained contract with the last trace of the Grade A whole imp-roast’s name. “Mmm. I love it when they throw their lives away. You’ll join the other cumrags in my collection~”