

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

As soon as the pen lifted from the paper, a trained butcher's hand seized her by both of the arms and slid a blade up her back. Her sexy dress with the diagonal cut, one she'd saved up for a week to buy, was sliced through and ruined in less than a second, falling to the floor as nothing more than scraps. The curvy imp hadn't bothered wearing undergarments, thinking she'd be a tease to her gryphon fuckbuddy on their outing; she hadn't expected to end up nude in a busy grocery with cool store air tickling her every inch of smooth, pliant flesh.

Lenai gave a shocked squeak, but, with her arms yanked behind her, there was little she could do to cover herself. The shortstack's sudden blush intensified tenfold when her adrenaline-fueled senses counted just how many of the shoppers—including even a few friends she recognized from the various scenes she frequented—now were staring at the cute, sexy shape she was so proud of and could no longer hide.

None. Exactly none took notice of her humiliating situation, as if her nudity and display had instantly lost all the sexual appeal she had once loved and flaunted.

"Can't believe meat like this walks around for so long thinking it's people," the horse chuckled as it pressed Lenai down onto her belly and dragged her across the cold butcher's counter, not even seeming to notice how she grunted from the careless handling. He waved the figure that remained on the other side to come around and into the back.

Tantianar just nodded, the gryphon tucking his wings in a bit more to slide past the lifted gate and push through the employee-only doors.. "It's definitely a mystery, Brent" he agreed, watching his casual sex partner squirm as she was carried in and shoved down onto a cold, stainless steel table. "But you have to enjoy the special thrill of finally getting them ready for their plain, single use."

"I don't get hard from it, though," Brent observed as Tantianar casually unzipped and flopped out a fully unsheathed and stiffening cock without an ounce of shame or hesitation.

"Your loss," Tantianar said. He noticed Lenai's mouth opening and forming the beginnings of words, but he talked over her anyway. "Ever since meeting it, I couldn't wait to get this slut so leaky that it had to sign those lovely papers you keep up here."

The store employee just shook his head, speaking over another attempt of the imp to be heard as he put some papers on a clipboard behind a sheet labeled "New Shipment". "Most

people just do it for the finder's fee. You're lucky you're such a good supplier we let you have fun back here. Anyway, what kind of meat even is this?"

Lenai huffed. "I'm an im-"

"It's imp meat. All of its kind is shaped like that, can you believe it?" Tantianar laughed, winking at the increasingly small-feeling imp that glared at him.

"All of them?" Brent hummed in shock as he wrote 'imp, whole cut' as the shipment's title. "Like this? How has this kind not been reclassified entirely already?"

"See, Lenai?" the gryphon said with a smile, tapping the underside of his cock to coax it to a full erection before her very eyes. "I told you. Meat-shaped. And you thought I was just teasing since I found out how much you love getting degraded!"

The horse didn't waste any time as he finished with the form's basic entries and set it aside. "Hairless except the head? Makes this easy," Brent mumbled before spinning the imp around, pinning her neck and head still against the table and bringing an industrial razor down.

"W-wait, I-" the imp gasped as she heard the buzzing above, only for her suddenly alarmed expression to wilt from the huge clumps of her beautiful, long blonde hair that fell down in front of her very eyes.

"No waiting, sweetie," the gryphon chuckled, walking around to have his enjoyment fully in her vision again. He squatted down to her level. "You're not a person anymore. Only people have pretty hair they're proud of. We're just getting that lovely head of yours matching the rest of your oh-so-convenient body."

Lenai's body rewarded his words with a dirty, ashamed shudder. "It...I spent so much time on it, though," she pouted meekly, trying to protest as things got increasingly real. She wasn't doing a good job of convincing anyone, though, as the horse didn't miss a beat after getting her head shiny-smooth, releasing the razor, and lathering in a tingling liquid into her scalp.

"Mhm. And now you'll never have it again," Tantianar said as if he were intending to comfort her, watching the fast-acting depilatory agent taking permanent effect. If he hadn't been hard before, the despairing horny expression that crossed his friend's face definitely sealed the deal.

The stinging spray of water and the rough scrub of a towel got her head clean were almost sobering, the moments enough for Lenai to come to terms with what had just happened and attempt to quell her arousal in favor of her normal self-assuredness. It was a difficult process, as the gryphon who'd seduced her felt himself up in full enjoyment of her rapid descent in status.

In the brief opportunity, she tried to form some snarky comment, instinctually scrambling at some shred of ego despite what her body so clearly wanted. Instead, 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 suddenly 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 in and loosed a desperate moan. "Plenty of stuffing room, though, if they ruin its cervix." The sudden *shlrrk* and *squelch* of his arm withdrawing from the imp's sex made her jerk and shudder in both embarrassment and need. He wiped off his gloved hand as the gryphon got one more good peak at a gaping imp snatch and the flood of arousal that soaked those exposed folds.

"Can't you be a little more gentl-*aah!*" Lenai asked with irritation before her plump mound was squeezed by the horse's rubber-gloved hand, fingers pinching the fatty camel-toe of flesh. She jerked her head up in discomfort, but there wasn't a single sign the roughness was cooling her shameful desires. Instead, there was plenty of evidence she was asking for this in accordance to some deeper need than dignity.

The observing gryphon just chuckled at the question while idly rubbing his firm, hefty 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, unphased by the fluids that dribbled and leaked from the squirming meat. "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. Just a week ago, there was nothing sexual about a cooking appliance. Now, countless whispers and spoken dirty imagery later, she could so easily picture herself undergoing that second-to-last ruining. "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 spank against his furred chest. The proof of his stiffness earned the imp's full stare, so he did it again with a wry smirk so she could hear the obsession she'd initially won her with once more..

Lenai, so entranced by the gryphon playing with himself, didn't notice the horse's return from the clipboard until he suddenly turned her onto her back. "Well, yeah, imp do-*EEEE!*"

Tantianar gave a throb watching those clamps pinch the girl's tiny nipples, Brent twisting them snug and testingly pulling them out and away from the suddenly squeaking impmeat. "Doesn't come around often?" the gryphon completed for her. "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 back over and spanking her ass; the gryphon and the imp both found enjoyment in that act that he did not. “Good rump, at least. But arms and legs below the knee are useless though. Could remove or disable them pretty easily.”

“Keep them plain, though,” Tantianar told his grocer buddy, the look on his face telling Lenai not to get her hopes up. “It’ll want the possibility it might get to squirm with them as it’s being properly disposed of in a gut.”

The imp writhed on the table in both incredible shame and obvious arousal, more of her juices leaking out onto the cold metal table below. “But—

“Ssh,” he interrupted gently, pressing a finger to his lips. “You might get a photo of your prepped self on Instagram, but nobody will *remember* you. You’re just another meal-in-the-making.”

Lenai’s pride took a fatal blow as she stared horrified at her friend, one she’d given far too many benefits now. For the first moment in her entire degradation, there was actually a true flicker of regret. The horse was unbothered by this as he 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 clear plastic wrap to start winding around her face.

The look successfully called the gryphon’s bluff as he untensed his shoulders and laughed. “Oh, fine, *I’ll* remember you,” he relented as the horse packaged her up. “But I’ll use your memory mostly 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.”

The regret evaporated from the imp’s expression as the last bit of wrap tore from the dispenser and stuck to itself beneath the meat tray. Lenai pressed her mouth against the plastic, gasping as the plastic quickly shrank and sealed her in with cool efficiency from the grocer and a heat gun. It squeezed her legs firmly down and together, her thighs pinching her teased snatch. It embraced the ample curve of her ass and put aching pressure on her shoulders. It turned her face into merely an odd feature of raw meat.

Tantianar licked his lips as he leaned down to her level again, eyes twinkling as Lenai was reduced to a convenient grocery package. “You’re going to end up in a stranger’s gut and digest—possibly alive, if you’re unlucky like you desperately hope to be—until you’re mush like any other meat...” he cooed to the helpless thing, “and you love it, Lenai.”

Brent put the heat gun aside once he was convinced of its oppressive tightness, not wanting that freezing layer to stop stinging and numbing the meat’s belly. Instead, he finished the paperwork, quickly typed the data into a computer, and began printing the label like he

would for any other freshly prepared package for the grocery store's meat display. It was all just work to him.

For Tantianar, it was obvious it wasn't work: it was pleasure. The gryphon stepped up, now fully masturbating in plain view. So addicted to the sight of the handsome gryphon taking pleasure at her expense was Lenai that she didn't even notice the burn building in her lungs from her passionate breaths in her air-tight prison. "Well, not Lenai," he added, clarifying his previous thought. "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.

"We both know you dream of it now." He didn't relent, grinding his hand tight around the girthy length, squeezing the building knot that bulged from out of his pants as he watched Lenai's form begin to tremble in peril. "You're adorable in your playing pretend, but we both know there's no other end you can accept. You're doomed. So...give that plastic a lick to thank me."

Despite her brain beginning to panic, despite the way the plastic buckled into her open mouth, Lenai slurped the plastic that sealed her in; she expended precious energy to thank the handsome gryphon for seducing her into her place.

Tantianar's expression spread with guiltless delight. He casually grabbed some papers nearby, wrapped them around his twitching dick, and happily groaned. Spurt after spurt, he emptied his balls into the sheets. The discolored splotches grew and darkened before the trapped meat's eyes, staining and ruining whatever they might've been.

As his last jets of spunk emptied from his balls, the gryphon poked tiny holes in the plastic against Lenai's nostrils. It was clear to him her sudden hiss of fresh air was almost as important to her as rapturously observing the afterglow of his bliss at reducing her to this.

So, as he shuddered his last, he decided to gift her one more touch from him. He grabbed a newly printed sheet from Brent, peeled the sticker off it, and then spanked her new label onto her wrapped ass. "Imp Meat, Whole Roast," he read aloud with full satisfaction, "Grade A. \$12.49 per pound." His voice broke slightly in sheer glee as he read the last line he loved to see. "No returns."

The utter shame got the package another open-mouth kiss with tongue from the meat inside as it thoroughly soaked its own thighs in the hardest orgasm of its newly shortened life.

"There you go. You're special now." He peeled away his makeshift cumrag and turned it to her rolled-back eyes until he was sure she saw her own signature half-illegible from how the ink bled amongst gryphon cum. It was the last record of her existence and fate, and now it permanently smelled of his pleasure. "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."

Lenai's vision got increasingly hazy, losing herself quicker and quicker to the unthinkable pleasure of utter and complete ruination. She tried to hang on to dignified thought, but, with how orgasmic she felt and how worshipingly she looked to her former friend, it wasn't long before his words banished those from her mind.

"Goodbye, meat!" he cheered, the playful wave of his hand making sure she knew he meant forever. "I'll always treasure reducing you to an 'it'."

The grocer, finally done humoring his friend's kinks, lifted the moaning, shifting package and left to put it behind the deli counter for all the world to consider for their everyday dinner. Tantianar looked to the cum-stained contract with the last trace of the Grade A imp meat whole roast's name. "Mmm. I love it when they throw their lives away," he purred to himself. "You'll join the other cumrags in my collection~"