

DOLCETT DIGEST

HOLIDAY EDITION

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Naughty or Nice?

The difference between Christmas Roast and Mincedmeat Pie!

Joyeuxx Noël

Saying goodbye is easy on a liver full of eggnog!

Corporate Buyout

Women's pensions are always the first to go!

Spitgirl's Life

Ellen learns to drive a stick shift - from the passenger seat!

Artscape

Colored Interpretations of the Master's Classic works!

Look inside to see who's won an orgy with film star Toni Wilde!

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DOLCETT DIGEST

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Sexual Content Warning

THIS MAGAZINE CONTAINS SEXUALLY EXPLICIT MATERIAL, YOU MUST BE AT LEAST 18 YEARS OLD TO VIEW THIS CONTENT

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Dolcett Digest is the premier magazine of its type, boasting a distribution that spans five continents. But our magazine cannot sustain its success without the help of our readers. We depend on your comments and criticisms, your stories and sullyings, and most of all your intimate photos. If your meat and mind impress us, we'll spare no expense in bringing you together with our gifted columnists and photographers. Should you not make the pages our magazine, worry not. All "A" grade submissions will be scanned and made available to subscribers on our website! So don't delay...send in your smut!

As our magazine is staffed by a female majority, it has a high turn-around of employment. To keep up, we are always seeking a variety of talents: writing, photography, art, editing, and proof reading. If you feel you have something to contribute to our publication, please contact one of our five offices and fill out an application. Potential employees must meet a minimum level of experience and beauty to be considered for any position. All employees of Dolcett Digest become the legal property thereof and are required to model, copulate, and/or roast as requested by our corporate office.

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"I feel naked without my Sergio Rousseaus."

-Rachel Wick, clothing model



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RECOMMENDATIONS FROM THE



chef



Bill Barnes* is head chef of the 5 star Dolcetti Restaurant in San Diego, California. He has been preparing award winning girl meat for over twenty years and has an honorary doctorate from Dolcett University. Each issue he fields your questions about spit-life and spit-death, meat psychology, etiquette, preparation, cooking, and presentation.

*You can find Bill most evenings in the kitchen of his restaurant, located in San Diego's iconic Gaslamp Quarter. Dress code is strictly nude-formal. It is advisable to make recommendations a minimum of two days in advance.

Dear Bill,

I'm a middle child, which I suppose comes with certain insecurities, but I think this fear is valid. When my older sister was snuffed, it was a coming of age moment, a realization that I've truly reached adulthood and should live the most while I can. Say 'yes' to everything and to everyone. But now that my younger sister has announced she'll be roasted, I'm feeling like I'm unwanted leftovers...past my prime. Can you help?

-Middle child in Madrid

MCiM:

Prime is a relative term. Some like to poach young varsity

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cheerleaders, while others prefer the taste of a mother in her 40s. Your male comrades will know best when you're ready. If it really concerns you, perhaps send some subtle hints that you're ready for processing. You could wear more revealing clothing or get yourself branded. But I'd suggest taking your own advice and living life to the fullest. Female life is too short to worry about its end. Let it be a wonderful surprise!

Dear Bill,

I'm planning a very special family dinner this Christmas. My youngest has a birthday that

day and this is the year she'll be eligible to roast. We usually count down the seconds, sing "Happy Birthday," and serve the cake as a light lunch. But this year she has something else in mind. For dinner, she wants to be a surprise Christmas goose!

At midday we'll count the seconds down to zero, she'll blow out her candles and immediately get her wish. Because then she'll stand up, toss the cake to the floor, and silently strip. After a few rounds of heated tenderizing, she'll be spitted and we'll get to enjoy a true family dinner.

The problem comes next. Who do I give the cunt filet to? Her father? Grandfather? Her

boyfriend? Why must there be only one!

-Proud and Hungry Mother

PaHM:

I understand how that can be confusing. The grandfather *is* at the head of the table. But once she's roastable, she's technically at the mercy of her boyfriend.

The correct answer is actually neither. In the absence of a husband, the father gets first choice of his offspring's meat. And how can he say no to her precious cunt filet? Especially if you carve it out right in front of him. But if he does pass on it, no matter. It is his to give away. The rest of your family can bargain for it. And as his wife, you yourself are in a fine position to make a trade for it!

Dear Bill,

I'm a married woman of six years. Most of this time has been wonderful, but recently we made a meat decision that has put a strain on our relationship. We used to buy cuts of girl meat from the butcher, and have recently switched to whole roasters. But my husband seems to be enchanted by them...more so than with me! He'll sneak off to bed early, and when I turn in for the night I'll see our meatgirl is in bed with him and has tired him out. I'd stop buying whole roasters, but my husband would blame me, and they're just so damn delectable. How can I reclaim my sex life?

-A dog without her bone in Boston

DwohBiB:

You're just going to have to beat him at his own game. Sneak off to bed even earlier and have your way with your meat. Scissor, Strap-on, Finger-fuck... whatever it takes to keep cumming. When he tries to make it a threesome, keep close to her. Make him beg for your

scraps. And only after he pleases you let him have a go at her. But remain a part of the act. Guide his penis into her and massage his torso. Degrade your meatgirl the best you can. My favorite idea: reading aloud the meatgirl's recipe from the cook book! But whatever works!

Dear Bill,

I'm a semester away from receiving my bachelor's degree in the culinary arts. I'd like to begin with meatgirls as soon as possible, but I'm told it takes at least 10 years of experience to find a position as a femmes cuisinier. I'm a woman, and may not last that long. Is there any way I can speed this process up?

-Femmcann in Ferrara

FiF:

The rules of the restaurant industry exist for a reason: girlmeat is too central a dish to be prepared by anyone with just a bachelor's degree. Diners eat out to experience their meat in its most ideal state, roasted under conditions optimized over decades of human trials to produce the juiciest, tenderest girlmeat possible.

That said, 10 years is an exaggeration. If you work hard and have the natural talent, 6 years is a more accurate figure for graduating from animal meats to girlmeat. Find a job at a restaurant with an aging chef and you may be lucky enough to do it in 3 to 5 years.

But regardless of how long it takes, there is always homework to be done. During breaks, watch your head chef for the hints and tips they don't teach in university. Know how cuts of girlmeat are categorized and stored in your restaurant. Learn the girlmenu before it's your responsibility to know it and the common prep requests made by diners. Use networking to learn what other restaurants do. And watch how the chef handles the live ones. There's no better way

to learn meatgirl psychology than to watch girls be processed.

And of course you need no degree to roast your own meat. Buy whole roasts and practice every step: prep, roast, carve, save, arrange. Offer to roast friends and neighbors for free. The more girls you process, the more natural you'll become in your trade. Buona Fortuna!

Dear Bill,

At great shock to her, my best friend was selected by the lottery last month, her very first week of eligibility. She didn't take it as well as I'd have hoped, and went into hiding. I treasure our friendship and understand the misgivings which influenced her decision to run, but at the same time I know we all have a duty to roast when we're called upon, without exception. I know where she's hiding and have visited a few times. Should I stand by my friend and respect her decision? Or would I be helping her more by informing the authorities?

-Unsure in Yorkshire

Readers:

Concealing runaways is a grave offense. Upon receiving this letter, I forwarded it directly to the local authorities who were able to identify its author from a combination of missing persons reports, handwriting analysis, and DNA traces. On 16 Nov., 2063, the following criminals were apprehended and live roasted in accordance with British law:

-Cheryl Robie - seditious runaway, meat thief
Donna Robie - mother
Marissa Robie - sister
-Rachel Forster - author of letter and accomplice
Carol Forster - mother
Agnes Forster - sister
Susanne Forster - sister
Tricia Forster - sister
Vera Forster - sister
Nayana Chaudhry - housemaid

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Joyeuxx Noël

Only one of these girls knows it yet, but this will be their last Christmas together. The University of West Virginia students have shared a flat for the past three years and have largely become inseparable. But their divergent career paths will soon bring that to an end. Upon graduation this winter, Meagan (left) will take a government job in Charleston, and Macy (center) will return to her home near Denver. This leaves Cora (right) high and dry. She graduated in May with honors, but it seems the economy just doesn't have a slot for Cora and her Latin American history degree. So she has decided to bow out of the job hunt, and let others dance for recruiters and interviewers. Because if the '3 Mountaineers' are to be split up at year's end, it will be on Cora's terms.

The trio assembles on their couch for an early exchange of

presents. They won't be around for Christmas, so why wait? Meagan's and Macy's gifts are thoughtful, each seemingly with a story behind it. As planned, Cora's are opened last.

Meagan seems puzzled by the lightness of the bag, but doesn't say anything. Both girls take out identical letters, sealed in candle wax. They both begin to read at the same time, but Meagan being the faster of the two, gasps and grabs Macy by the knee. Macy's looks up, then speeds through the rest of the document. When she sees Cora's name at the bottom, her eyes bug out.

"You can't be serious."

"I'm dead serious. It's my body and I can do what I want with it. I know we're headed in different directions next year, and this is the only way I can stay with both of you."

Meagan and Macy try not to

look at Cora, who patiently awaits an end to their stunned silence. Meagan breaks first.

"You know you don't have to do this. We'll see plenty of one another. By plane Charleston, Denver and.... ..aren't that far."

"That's not how life works and you know it. We'll drift apart until our only connection is social media."

Another silence confirms she is right.

"I know you may feel guilty, but this is what I want. Really. And if you check line 72, you'll see you it's out of your control anyway."

Macy and Meagan each read the clause, "Should the aforesigned meat remain unconsumed on the first of January, 2064, its ownership shall be transferred to Husker's Minced Meats LLC."

"Ugh! you wouldn't!" Macy



cries out in disgust.

"Wouldn't what? Oh...no, no no," Meagan adds.

"There's only one way I can be retired like a reputable lady, and that's by your good graces. And I know we don't talk about this stuff often, but...it's always been a fantasy of mine."

"Yeah, Me too," Meagan

murmurs to herself after a pause.

Macy turns wide-eyed, "Really?! Ms. Trim & Tidy has a martyrdom fantasy?"

"Well...no. I just...I've...I've fantasized about roasting Cora." That catches their attention. "And you, Macy." That holds it.

"What a backstabbing bitch!" Macy feigns outrage. "But do I

taste good in your fantasy?"

"Divine," answers Meagan.

"I suppose it's settled. We can't let Cora be sent through the meat grinder."

"I appreciate that!"

"No, we'll do it your way. It's your special day. How..." Macy paused to laugh, "How do you want us to snuff you, Cora?"



"How can we make it sexy for you?"

"You've got it backwards. I belong to you now. What can I do to make it sexy for you?"

Meagan's eyes widen, but her hope is cut off by Macy.

"Let's cut the submissive act. We aren't spitting you at the inaugural ball."

"So you're spitting me!"

"...whatever we do, it'll be between friends. We can't not have your interests at heart. So again, what can I do to make it more like your fantasy?"

Cora blushes in heartfelt appreciation. "Lose the shirt!"

"We won't wear anything that can stain...or do you mean...wait, now?" Macy blushes. She catches Cora's lustful gaze and in return nods daringly, "Alright...."

Macy unzips her golden shirt down to her waist. But before she can think of a witty retort, both her friends pull it open, unveiling her lush unbrassiered breasts.

Macy may not be bisexual like her friends, but she can still appreciate the artistic beauty of the female form. And as she is finding out, she gets a kick out of on being desired, regardless of the smitten party's gender. Which is good, because both her friends

have begun to unzip her jeans and peel them off.

"When did I become the focus of all this?" Macy asks.

"You're in the middle."

"But you're our meatgirl."

"No denying that."

"But we can just...have our way with you." Macy receives a nod of approval, but still proceeds cautiously. "I can lift your skirt..." She does so. "...and rub your pussy if I please..."

"Sounds like a great plan. And like I said, it's your pussy now...yours and Meagan's."

"Well I don't think she'll mind. She's been groping my tit for some time now."

"I saw that."

Macy slips her fingers over Cora's panties, already wet. But she stops there. Cora's grin is tranquil and effortless, conveying the peace she feels and her comfort in being a soul without lease over a body. Macy's expression reveals that, for the first time, she feels the full gravity of the situation.

"Perhaps Mistress Meagan would like a closer inspection of her meat?" Cora presumes.

Meagan leaps at the chance, sidestepping Macy's knees to squat between Cora's. Drawing

the damp fabric aside, she studies her extra-raw meat before leading with her tongue.

Meagan is no amateur. She has had two girlfriends, one briefly at the end of high school and one, a 47 year old milf. Meagan was an eager student in that relationship, which lasted over a year. After their breakup, the milf was remarried and spitted within a month. Meagan didn't know how to feel about that. This is the first time she has used her lover's teachings since, and that it's on her friend and fantasy girl only seems to make her more passionate and wild.

Cora seems unprepared. She reaches around for something to hold onto, but in absence of anything solid, she surrenders to Meagan and slides passively into Macy's lap.

Without aiming to, Macy has found herself cradling Cora's head. As Meagan works her magic, Cora sighs and purrs and whispers sweet encouragements. Macy seems uneasy, trying to hide how hot this makes her. Cora's cries could just as well be directed at her, and she marvels at what a girl's tongue can do between the right set of lips. Seemingly without forethought,



she shocks Cora with a deep kiss. Which made for a hell of a time to cum. Flushed with joy at being accepted as her best friends' submissive play toy, Cora erupts violently in Macy's arms. "Thank you my mistresses," she manages once she is calm. Macy had never seen another girl's orgasm, and was keen to



again after her front-row viewing. But first comes another game of catch up, the theme of the day.

Meagan had followed Macy's guarded grope of Cora's pussy with a stirring tongue bath. Now with access to Cora's top half, she unfastens the frilled black bra and suckles on her friend's teat. Cora isn't nursing, but Meagan nonetheless feeds off of her, growing feistier by the minute.

Meagan gives Cora her first verbal order, to strip away Meagan's 'bothersome' clothing. Cora obeys with a wink and a smile.



Cora leans over Meagan to venerate her new mistress. She shows no hesitation or moral judgment, just bows down and worships Meagan's upper half.

"How'd I get such a devoted meat girl?" Meagan asks herself aloud. "Have you been crushing on me for years? Does it tickle your heart when I laugh? Do you masturbate to me before you go to sleep? Or are you just a slut for submission? A girl biologically wired to get off on service, to give up everything?"

"Yes, yes, everything," Cora mutters between tastes.

"Tell me your last sex dream."

Cora pauses and looks Meagan in the eye. "The three of us were snowed-in at a cabin. We kept warm by sleeping in the same bed. After a week of sex and three days without food, I volunteer to be spitted."

"Rather peculiar to have a

spit when you don't have food."

"I brought it. You know, just in case. We dig out a hole just big enough for a fire and put me on. As I roast I clear a path to safety."

Meagan smiles at that. "Macy, I've decided. We're going to spit this girl. Ass or pussy, pick one."

Macy hunches over Cora and pulls her cheeks apart. She runs her pinky along Cora's labia and answers, "Ass. Let's not bruise her prime cut. I'd like it cut deep, intact from lips to ovaries. This is one special pussy."

"OK Macy. But ours are the special ones. Hers is just a piece of meat. Right Cora?"

"Absolutely."

"Show us how special mine is."

Cora tumbles onto the ground on all fours, then takes perch at Meagan's knees. They spread and Cora plants her face in Meagan's womanhood. Meagan waits patiently to be driven up the wall.

Gradually her moans become louder and her breaths deeper. She looks down at Macy's breasts, then up to her face and asks, "Why didn't we do this before?"

"Process Cora?"

"Get naked. Get crazy. Four years wasted. You know I love you. Both of you. A little too much probably. But friends..."

Macy cuts off Meagan with only her second girl on girl kiss. Cora breaks off with her tongue and uses her fingers to watch one of her Christmas wishes fulfilled.

"If I had a cock, I'd satisfy you every night, Meg."

"But instead?"

"I don't know...yet. Let's...let's see what happens."

"I have one," informs Cora.

Macy looks perplexed, then tilts her head to peak between Cora's lithe legs. Nothing new.

A few moments later, Macy understands and looks on in





wonder. Without realizing it, she begins to tightly squeeze and churn Meagan's supple tush.

Cora strokes ever deeper until her plastic sword's cross guard meets flush against curved flesh. Each stroke knocks gently on Meagan's backdoor. Finally Cora tries its handle, employing a feline touch with a devoted tongue bath. But before she can exploit Meagan's last remaining virgin opening, Meagan erupts in climax and squirms out of reach.

"That was quick," notes Macy, just 2 minutes after Cora began.

"Should be," answers Meagan. "Her tool has precision none of your boyfriends will ever have."

"How long do you think it would take on me?"

Cora fields her question, "Probably a good while longer. I'd have to get you in the mood. Mistress Meagan is always horny."

Macy stands up and faces her friends. Lifting her sweater from her shoulders, she lets it fall to the ground behind her. Macy's panties, which were barely there to begin with, soon join the pile. She reaches for her socks, but Meagan stops her. "Leave them. You feel more exposed with

them on, you get no traction with them on the hardwood floor."

"And you look cute with just a hat and socks," adds Cora.

Macy climbs onto Meagan's lap and points her rump in the air. Cora holds out her hand and feels Macy's freshly trimmed carpet. Her thumb leafs through Macy's folds and offers gentle strokes. "They should put your picture on a menu, Macy. What a perfect specimen. I'll regret not seeing it in a browner hue."

Macy's eyes widen at the idea, then at a potent sensation. Cora has switched the direction of her dildo and drives the ridged end deep into Macy's receptive cunt.

"You're right, this will make a prime filet one day. Macy, you're beautiful!"

Macy blushes, unaccustomed to such praise, unacquainted with a woman's touch. She can't see what's going on, but gets plenty of feedback. Meagan strokes her matching hams and Cora works her body like a puppet. In less than 90 seconds Macy's bones are reduced to wet clay. She buries her face in her pillow and curses.

Her friends are surprised not just by her quick and powerful 'O'

but at the jets of lady-liquid splashing onto their thighs. "They say that's a sign of quality," Cora informs her, "I read an article comparing..."

Cora is interrupted as Macy comes alive, throwing Meagan aside in the process. She is grasped at the knees and pulled over Macy like a blanket. Her legs are cracked open and tender flesh exposed like another rare treat, succulent lobster. But in quality, lobster is closer to spam than girlmeat.

It's hard to say if Macy sees this as a lesbian experience or a carnivorous one, a friendly gesture or one of long repressed passion. But known as a slave to cock, Macy dives into her first very pussy with similar gusto. Cora is easier to read. A willing sacrifice, she is committed to their absolute happiness, the bigger the cost, the better.

Meagan slides behind Cora and massages her shoulders, neck and breasts. As she nibbles on Cora's ear, she whispers messages meant only for her. For now, the broad smile she gets in return is the only compensation she needs. That will soon change, of course.





All recipes tested on Molly Cooper, 19 y/o Paducah, KY, USA (pictured)

It takes some time, and a bit of coaching by her experienced friends, but Macy's tongue accomplishes its mission, the unlocking of Cora's orgasm. Supported and held tightly by her mistresses, Cora's body flails and squirms in place like a beached sea creature. A preview of her future ride on the spit.

With that, the beast with three backs settles in a heap. Meagan rests her head on Cora and lays her hand on Macy's stomach, as if to remind herself she isn't dreaming. Maybe she is, because Meagan's hand is lifted by her straight friend and moved to her breast.

"I can't wait to begin planning our party," Meagan says giggling. She's eager to work out every tiny detail. Just as she begins to

speak again, she is silenced by the chiming of the doorbell. Macy sees their clothing strewn across the floor and shrugs. She lifts herself up and runs to the door.

"Express delivery!" shouts the man just before she opens the door. His day is instantly brightened, as he looks up and down her figure. "Are you the meatgirl?" he asks smiling. In his hands is a tall cardboard box labeled, 'Kay Corporation.'

"No, actually. I'm not." "Oh, that's too bad." Macy blushes and breaks eye contact, then Cora steps to the door. "I'm the meat!" Taking his pen, she signs on the dotted line.

There is more than just the one box. The deliveryman lifts four others into their living room, then tips his hat and leaves. Macy

and Megan begin opening them like it's Christmas morning. An axe, a spit, sturdy rope, a pot, fine cutlery. Quite the variety of snuff tools. More than enough for one.

"I didn't know what you'd want to try," said Cora, "so I bought the whole lot. Merry Christmas!"

The girls marvel over the devices, shining and new. Each touches her finger to the tip of the spit and recoils at how sharp it is.

"It's a fucking tragedy we can't use these all," bemoans Meagan. Jokingly, she loops the rope around Cora's neck and tautens it. Cora fakes a death face. Macy steps into the pot and leans out, her breasts supported by the rim.

"Maybe we can. Fetch the camera!" she says. "We're going to have the best Christmas cards in the state this year!" ■

Dolcett Digest's Body of Recipes

Grandma's Girlducken

Ingredients:

whole meatgirl; 5 lb whole duckling; 4 lb whole chicken; 6-8 cups prepared stuffing; 2 Tbsp salt; 2 Tbsp paprika; 1 Tbsp black pepper; 1-2 tsp thyme

Directions:

1. Debone your chicken and duck.
2. Trim excess skin and fat from birds (can be saved for making a delicious gravy)
3. Coat inside of duck with stuffing
4. Spread duck and insert chicken. Add extra stuffing as needed
5. 10 hours before dinner, combine girl with ducken
6. Mix seasonings together in a small bowl.
7. Cut meatgirl in caesarean arc
8. Rinse, remove giblets from lower abdominal cavity
9. Spread seasoning on inside of cavity
10. Spread stuffing in 3/4 inch layer inside the girlmeat
11. Place ducken, skin down, on top of stuffing
12. Season exposed duck meat with 1 Tbsp seasoning mix
13. Encapsulate ducken in 1/2 inch layer of stuffing
14. Stretch skin of girlmeat over birds. Stich closed with bright colored cotton thread
15. If girlmeat cannot be closed fully, use cheese cloth to prevent leakage of stuffing
16. Insert choice of vegetable in cunt, meat thermometer in anus, bind knees
17. Place girlducken breast side up on large girlmeat pan
18. Heat oven to 225 degrees F
19. Place girlducken in center of oven and bake until meat thermometer reads 165 degrees. Cooking times may vary depending upon the size of the girl and the amount of stuffing used. Girlducken may require 9-12 hours.
20. Accumulated drippings may need to be removed from the pan every few hours.
21. Remove girlducken from oven and let cool in pan for an hour before serving
22. To serve, cut in half. Carve crosswise so each slice reveals all 3 meats.

Ingredients:

Future girl-roast's own breast; salt; pepper; 1 cup chicken broth; 4-6 slices Swiss cheese; 1 can of chicken soup; 1 can of mushroom soup; 1/4 cup milk; 2 cups herb stuffing mix 1/2 cup butter, melted

Ouroboros Stuffing

Directions:

1. Remove whole roaster's breast with knife or debreaster, cube
2. Season breasts with salt & pepper and place in crock pot. pour chicken broth over breasts.
3. Add slices of Swiss cheese. Combine stuffing mix, both cans of soup and milk.
4. Drizzle melted butter on top
5. Cook on low for 6 hours

6

Places You Didn't Know Take Meat!

For a creative end to your meatgirl. Only recommended for those with a full stomach!



You don't expect the taxman to be understanding of financial difficulties, but this is a rare exception to the rule. Because when it comes to owed taxes, meat is as good as cash. Market rate plus 25% to be precise.

This is a win for you and an excellent investment for the government, as a meatgirl's labor is extracted prior to its processing. Meatgirls are rented out to local governments for a wide variety of tasks: Feeding and fellating the homeless, canvassing for meat volunteers, welcoming visiting dignitaries.

Donated meat can expect a busy few months of work before being assigned a final task. This will most often consist of a live roasting for an anatomy class, but select A-grades are used in official city holiday roasts. These may be shared between the mayor and select community achievers.

Medical experiments get a bad rap, but Dolcett studies save thousands of barbecues annually. Universities and hospitals need a steady stream of healthy test subjects to learn more about the limits and abilities of the human body. Taste, longevity, and orgasm control are all popular topics of research worldwide. Dolcett psychology serves equally valid purposes, examining the meatgirl psyche, ever in search of ways to encourage more volunteerism and greater hormone flows during roasts. Note: financial compensation is offered less commonly than alone-time with other subjects.

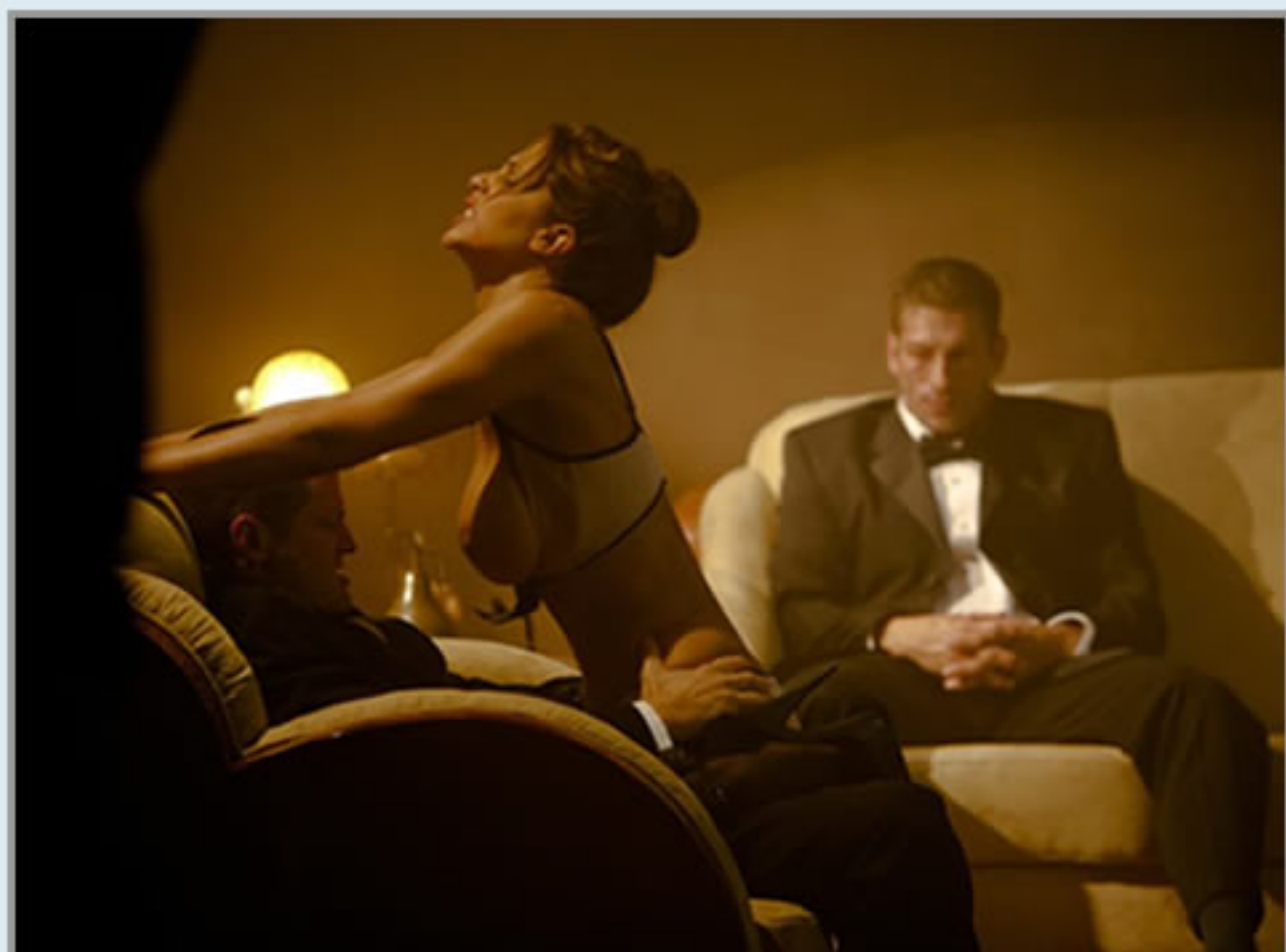
Donated meat can expect to be prepped and cooked like no one prior. Unless she is in the control group.



Political campaigns aren't just looking for your time and your money...they'll also take your meat! While your donation won't buy ad time or knock on doors, it can serve a variety of uses. Making volunteers feel valued is one such use. Free lunch is a cheap but effective way to increase turnout.

Roast girl is standard at fundraising dinners. Few financiers will open their wallet without a satisfied dick and a full stomach. As it happens, only a few countries have caps on meat donation. So while your candidate's power of the purse may be limited by campaign finance reform, his power of pussy roast is as whatever you can provide.

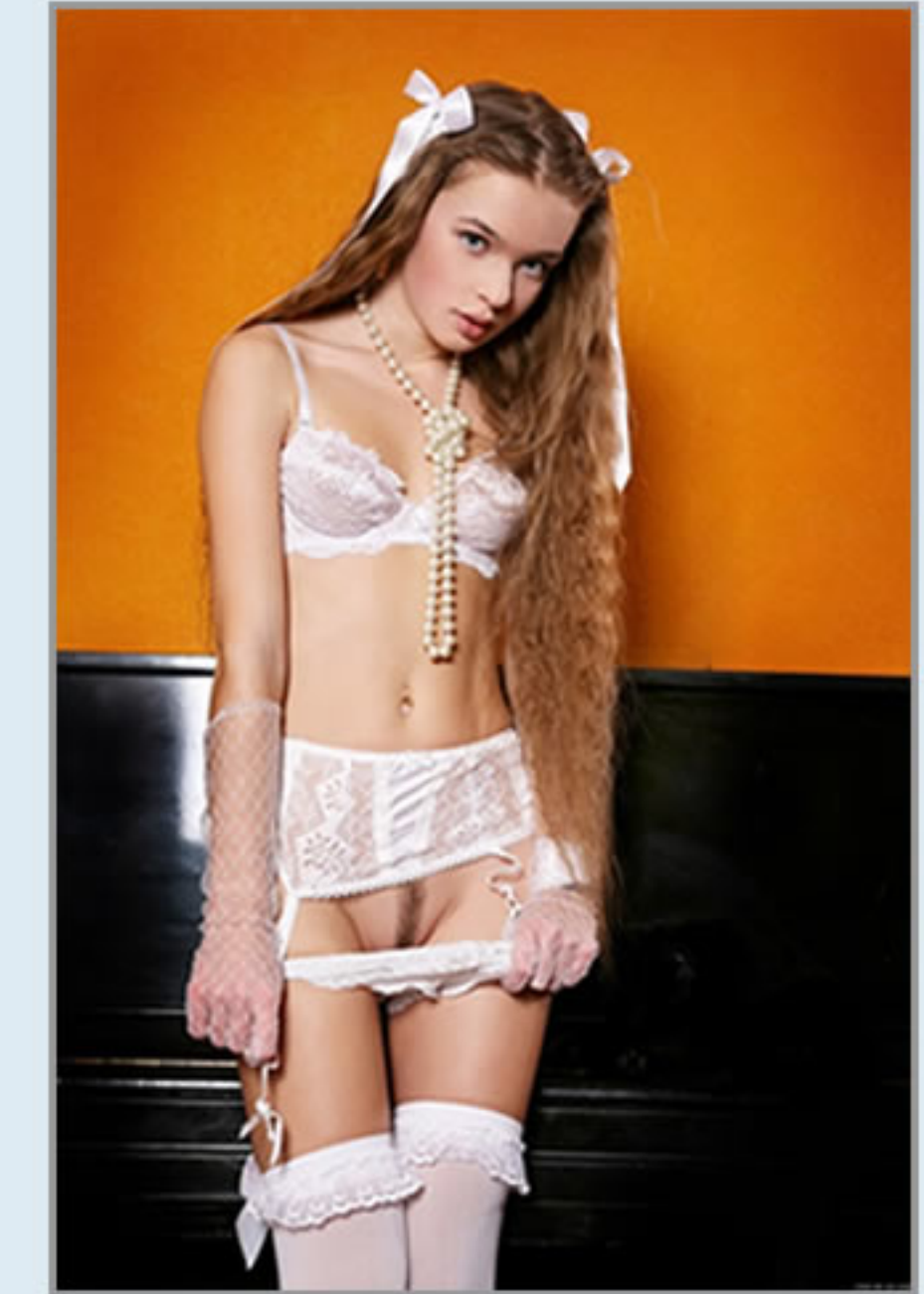
Donated meat can expect a long line of impatient stiff rods, the last one being steel.



We've already talked about one half of 'God and Country,' here's the other. While it isn't practiced universally, several mainstream religious sects embrace Dolcett's teachings in addition to those of their own prophet(s). As is standard in religion, requirements and practices vary in the extreme. What is acceptable meat in one place of worship may be sacrilegious in another. So check with your religious leader before offering your shaven, menstruating, or non-virgin daughter.

As an example, we'll offer one nonrepresentative practice. On important religious holidays, Burgundian Catholics will shun the 'Body of Christ' for the 'Body of Christine.' It's a minor distinction, explained away by transubstantiation. The meat donor recites standard verses while wearing undergarments of virgin white. After a final baptism with the priest's own 'holy water,' she is served a half-bottle of red wine. Her panties are removed for her but she sits on the metal spit herself. After she is skewered, her remaining clothes are removed in a predetermined order and burned in a Birchwood fire.

Religious leaders disagree over what donated meat can expect in the afterlife.



Lawyers seem to have the powers of King Midas. Everything they touch turns to green, in their bank accounts. But those are debts to you, and can easily multiply well out of hand. Luckily, for the lawyer who can afford anything there is great appeal in the idea of a unique individual spread eagle on his dinner table. Lawyers are far more likely to push to settle if they are promised a defendant or a defendant's wife as part of a plea deal. And in particularly vitriolic cases a plaintiff may prefer to skewer their legal rival anyway.

The market value of girlmeat is established by the presiding judge, who inspects all parts by hand and brands his final verdict on the specimen's rump, letter grade and total value. Letters of transfer must be signed by all concerned parties, excepting the girlmeat property. Acceptance of girlmeat as compensation negates all further financial payments, so such transactions are limited to the select range of circumstances in which this is tenable to all parties.

Donated meat can expect a hanging, beheading, or electrocution for easy sharing. Common payment distribution is 60% plaintiff, 35% attorney fees, 5% judge's appraisal fee.

Meat isn't just needed for sustenance. Well-endowed ladies are always in demand in the car-wash industry. But acquiring wage-work is near impossible given the long term effects of cleaning chemicals on the skin. A car-wash workers' job requires using her full body's surface area to clean. And large amounts will be absorbed through the skin over time, giving workers a life expectancy of a mere 18 months.

Companies with fleets of vehicles will often donate one of their workers in exchange for free washes. And many a husband enjoys seeing his wife live out her days as a human rag, slowly using up her body.

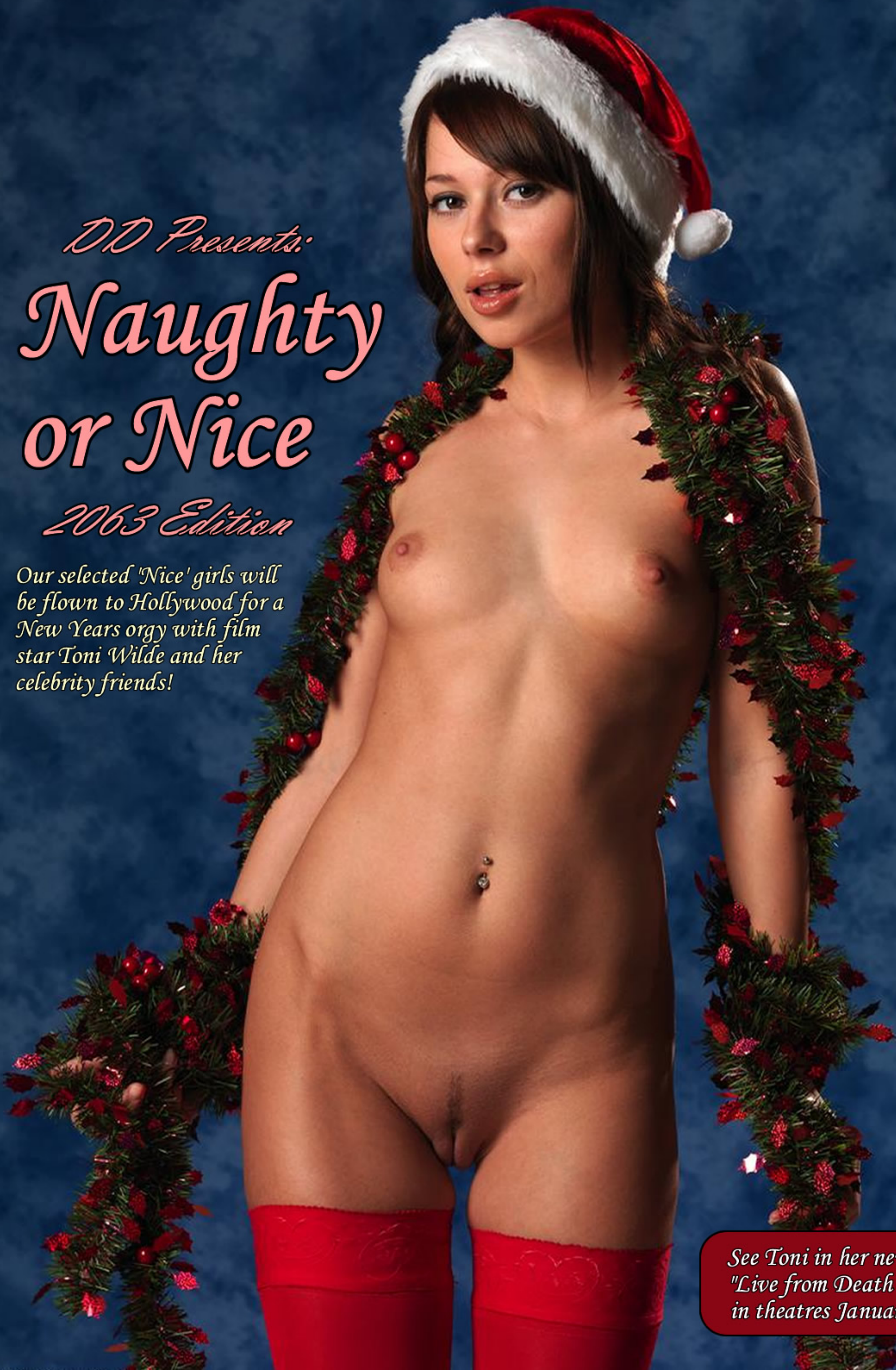
Donated meat can expect pruned fingers, irritated skin, and many eager onlookers. Long-term exposure causes insatiable itchiness during roasting.



DD Presents:
**Naughty
or Nice**

2013 Edition

Our selected 'Nice' girls will be flown to Hollywood for a New Years orgy with film star Toni Wilde and her celebrity friends!



See Toni in her new film, "Live from Death Row," in theatres January 2nd.

Nice



Gift buying for Alessandra is simple, she's still a sucker for toys

Nice



Steffi has something of a sweet tooth. She'll eat anything dipped in chocolate. We'd eat her dipped in anything!

Nice



Miranda is offering 'Santa' a trio of perks: milk, cookies, and some exercise to burn it off.



Cleo would have expected to wake up in a two-person tangled mess. But it's unlikely she had this in mind. As she struggles with her restraints, she awakens her lover and human pillow, Diana. We're unsure if they're more shocked by the restraints or our camera crew's silent, unsympathetic presence.

They've been out cold for five hours, fully bound and gagged. Their arm muscles should be rather sore by now, pulled-tight back to their ankles and awkwardly lain upon. But other than that they're untouched, still sporting the same dresses, makeup and hairstyles they had on last night.

Surely they must realize the gravity of their situation, that 'a girl tied is freewill denied.' And in the post-Dolcett world, there's no limit to the directions this could take.



Their captor makes herself known, standing quietly in the doorway. Her wardrobe of all black may offer another hint as to the new direction of their lives. She circles the girls and kneels down behind them. Grabbing each one by a tuft of hair, she delivers a message, "You've defied me for the last time girls. Apologies won't do anymore, I demand payment in full. And there's only one currency I'm interested in."

Cleo is the more visibly shaken of the two. She's more familiar with the woman and her character. This is Sandra, Cleo's step-mother. Two years ago Sandra's influence was largely responsible for her father's decision to roast her mother. But even knowing her capabilities, Cleo has rebelled anyway.

Sandra drags the two girls to the center of the room. She picks up a red and black electric tazer and holds it before each of their faces, then brings it back to Cleo's bare feet. Spelling out letters and words with the electric wand, she waits patiently for Cleo to giggle or squirm, then zaps her. Sandra tries the same with Diana, though she's helplessly ticklish.

Sandra answers a question the two girls in their panic hadn't yet thought to consider. "It was in the scotch...the sedative. I knew you'd been drinking it. That's all you do in my house, steal my food, my drink, my husband. But know this Cleo, he chose me, he never chose you." A lengthy electric shock is delivered which tests Cleo's ability to scream-away her gag.



"No, your father won't put up much of a fuss I think," posits the woman in charge. "Not after he sees what you did to his car." Sandra looks at each puzzled girl individually, then continues, "Don't remember? It was only an hour ago. Or were you too unconscious to remember rolling down the driveway into the telephone pole? No matter, the neighbors came out to see the fuss. They can tell you."

Sandra's rage seems to increase by their mere presence, silent and immobile though they may be. "Look at you, dressed up to pass yourselves off as ladies. Modesty is a privilege you don't deserve." Sandra flips Diana over and rips open her dress, scattering buttons across the floor. A blade suffices for Cleo's dress, which is slit like an envelope.



Sandra pushes Cleo onto the sofa arm and tells her to stand still. She snaps at Diana for her to rise to her knees. After she fails to right herself, Sandra lifts her up by her hair and plants her nose-deep in Cleo's cunt. "Diana, as God as my witness, I'll serve you as sushi if you don't make my step-daughter cum."

Diana begins to take her tasks more seriously, struggling to perform in spite of Sandra's interference. "Come on, Di. The walls are thin here. I've heard you do this dozens of times." Soon, Cleo tightens up and cums, sliding forward on the sofa arm, out of Diana's reach. "Good girl. But let's give the readers something more to wank about. Sit down, Cleo. I'd like to watch the last time you two will ever enjoy one another."



Sandra kneels over her two nude playthings, letting her hands pass over whatever they desire. They soon find their way to their necks, gripping tightly to convey Sandra's power and resolve. "Let me make one thing clear. I'm not a monster. I just think it's best if you two are separated...for all eternity. So if you're good girls and don't make a peep, I'll only have one of you spit-roasted for Christmas dinner. But utter one syllable and you'll be signing the other's live roasting permit."

Straddling her step-daughter's belly, she unhooks the bright red ballgag. "Is that clear, Cleo?" Cleo nods obediently. "Good." Sandra drags Diana's legs, taking her for a 180° spin. "Now, this is your one chance to say goodbye, I suggest... no, demand you use it."



Cleo is untied and retied, freeing her body to be accessed fully. Sandra keeps repeating her same reminder, like an alarm clock that won't shut off. "This is the last time you'll lap at Cleo's juices. Are you enjoying it? Are you engraving it in your memory?"

Diana seems to take her time, licking, sucking and probing at a steady pace. But something sets Cleo off. She shuts her eyes, shudders, and squirts into Diana's mouth. Diana seems stunned, but after a few moments to check her bearings, she laps up all that hasn't dribbled down her chin.

Sandra lets a rare smile show, but looks at her watch and calls out the time, "It's getting near dawn girls, there's one last thing I'd like to do before I rewrap my gifts to Henry."

Cleo inches her way between Diana's spread legs, who is herself too shocked to react. "You aren't camera shy, are you, Di?" Don't be, there's no point. Your body will be seen worldwide, that's already settled. Now show the nice cameraman an orgasm." Shortly after, Diana lifts her pelvis upward. Sandra sighs in disappointment. "That was faker than the moon landings. But it's your loss." She pulls Cleo away and stands her up.

Kneading her buttocks gently, Sandra offers her judgment. "I must say, I'm a ham person. Not that anyone has offered me a cunt filet. But of what I've tasted, this is the most tender, flavorful cut. And yours is top notch, Cleo. Simply superb. Not unlike your mother's."



Attaching a strap-on to Diana's face, Sandra leads her to the side of the bench and tells her to share. Their close quarters gives them the opportunity to communicate with the sober expressions of their eyes. Sandra removes some excess clothing and straps one on herself. But for her one and only fuck with her step-daughter, she'd like it to be an ass-fuck. She lubes herself up and makes Cleo her puppet, cackling loudly all throughout. By the expression on Cleo's face, Sandra is taking her 'AV-card.'

It ends rather anticlimactically. Sandra puts some lingerie on them and rebinds them, finishing the job with ribbon. One final note, "If you don't get picked you're welcome at our dinner table. Consider what cut you want, but her ass is mine!"





These four girls from Buenos Aires will be getting quite the workout this holiday season. All employees of a local sperm bank, the foursome is teaming up with a local mall for a special pledge drive of male 'seasoning.' Any stray men will be invited over to donation booths and given hearty handjobs in exchange for their generous gift.

The team is given free reign over the mall, but has selected a few main targets: food courts, lingerie shops, and families in the line for Santa. Concerning that last locale, their leader says, "The lines are quite long so we usually try to delay until his wife and kid reach the front of the line. It works out great for everyone. We get our needed donation, he gets a lengthy handjob, and the wife rarely minds because her husband is in more of a spending mood."

Wankstress Paula Ricardo says she's already begun to feel larger muscles in her right arm. "Since I'm not ambidextrous, when I'm tired I switch to a boob job. I just scoop it into a vial at the end." In reference to her job, she says, "It's the best! I wait eleven months every year for this!"

Deb and Rita of Los Angeles will be spreading yuletide cheer all through December. They've volunteered for 'Weeping Widows,' a local charity that provides comfort for many ex-husbands of Dolcett Girls. Men who don't plan ahead and arrange for their next mistress may experience feelings of loss or even regret when their sexual frequency declines.

Anything less than three times a week is deemed unsafe by the Human Psychiatric Association. Volunteers offer themselves as sexual conquests to satiate their clients' biological needs and reassure them in their decision to roast their lover. Deb says, "We don't discuss how Dolcett living affects men. Ladies have it easy...we know our fate and embrace it, overcoming our fears with lust. But men must live-on, often alone."

Rita recalls her first client, "He was on the verge of crying when I asked him to describe his wife's spitting. But when I mounted him and moaned with every new detail, he became as turned on as I was by the story. Then next time, he asked if he could tie me up and call me by his daughter's name. I think that's a job well done!"



No one can accuse Olga of not being in the giving spirit. After her neighbors' house was condemned and their car stolen, she invited them all for Christmas dinner. When they arrive they'll find a bound, gagged, and nude Olga on the kitchen countertop. Along with a recipe, seasoning and plenty of lube!



Naughty

Carol has spent the last six years under Reginald at work and four under him in bed. Though Carol is intimately familiar with her boss, this is the first time the secretary has seen the inside of his grand Long Island home. But this Christmas afternoon trip is no secret from Alice, the wife in this triangle. Quite the contrary, it's a surprise for both the husband and the mistress.

As she spontaneously undresses, Carol tells of the origins of the affair with her boss. "I walked in on him taking some photos of his manhood. I walked out immediately but he called me back into his office. Thinking I was to be fired, I teared up, but he handed me the camera and told me to get some good angles. I was so relieved, and it was so... impressive, that when it started to grow limp I reached out and began to caress it back to life. A few moments later it filled my mouth. A few after that his paperwork was swept to the floor.

"Alice is a team player. We have a sort of unspoken agreement, he gets 8 hours with her, 8 hours with me, and 8 hours with whatever girls he fancies in his dreams. We don't even have to hide it. At the last Christmas party she watched us walk into the bathroom to fuck. I'm so happy to be more integrated into the family this year. Now that Alice has asked me over for dinner, I can see the house, meet their sons, share gifts, and hopefully share a bed!"

From the kitchen, Alice offers us her own view. "That bitch will pay for stealing my husband and sex life." In her hands she holds a pair of cuffs, string, and a clear plastic bag. "Reg will learn a valuable lesson at dinner. I don't play games. Maybe my boys will learn something about philandering as well." Alice strips to her stockings and calls out to the other room, "You can come in now, they're ready to take our portraits!" With the expressive capacity of a stone, Alice hides behind the door.



It's still only the night before Christmas, but Melanie insists on giving her gift early. She hands her husband Mark a small felt covered box, clearly meant for jewelry. Expecting a wrist watch, his eyes widen upon glimpsing the box's true contents: a gold tag with the letters, "CXL." Club X London.

Unbeknownst to him, Mark is giving Melanie the exact gift she desires. Pupil dilation, a silent gasp, an inability to wrap his head around what has just transpired. Melanie rises from her perch and sheds her sparkling gold dress like it's snakeskin. Mark eyes his beloved, standing nude and idle like a common Dolcett girl. But there is little common about Mark's beautiful wife, looking posh in her jewelry and heels.

Mark kneels at her feet. Searching through her folds he finds a prime spot on her labia and pierces it with the tag. That makes it official. Mark rises to face her and kisses away a tear. He can't comprehend how she came across such exclusive tickets. Mathematically it's easier to get passes to Wimbledon, as an entrant. As he binds her, Melanie warns they should hurry, lest they miss the lottery. Mark nods, grabs her arm and leads her outside and to the tube.



Being young and penniless may dissuade you from buying expensive presents. But a having an income is no prerequisite for a fine and thoughtful gift. Just ask Libby from Lake Charles. A freshman at Rice University, she has decided in lieu of purchased gifts to share a few things learned in the dorms.

Libby's gift is the same to all present: mother, father, sister, uncles, aunts, and cousins. But versed in the idiom about two many chefs, she unwraps their gift herself. Skirt up, panties down, sweater up. Not a limp dick or dry snatch in the room.

She crawls over to her father, smiling and giggling, and grabs his ankles. Libby licks her braces and assures him she'll be careful. Her fingers unwrap his package and she stares down her maker. Happily, she leans in, accepting his yule log in her mouth. Libby's aunt slides herself under her niece's pussy and laps up the free-flowing juices. Libby's uncle quietly switches the tags on two gifts. Libby now gets the milker, her cousin the spit.



Caitlin thinks that just because she was on our nice list that she can show up late for our scheduled photo-shoot. But our camera crew doesn't work on peanuts, and the hour and a half of wasted time cannot be excused by "traffic" or even her heroics after last month's Portola Valley earthquake.

Dolcett Digest will pay \$10,000 for the roasting rights to Ms. Caitlin Cole of East Palo Alto, CA, USA. Should she be delivered to us, the entire prep and roasting will be printed in these pages.

Watch out Ms. Cole, you've made a dangerous enemy. We've just recruited your entire state as our eyes and ears. Read all the fine print carefully, anything you sign could lead you to us. And know this Caitlin, the last thing you taste *will* be my wet, Grade A pussy.



Naughty



Naughty

Girls their age should know not to sneak an early look at their presents. But it's nothing they won't pay for in spades. Since their investigation was captured on hidden camera, both girls have been registered for the holiday charity auction at their father's country club. Winning bidders are entitled to a weekend alone with their chosen bachelor or bachelorette. For many of the elder widowed members, this is the only tail they'll get all year. Consequently, the bidding can get heated. Furthermore, bids above \$5,000 entitle the winner to their date's selection of meat. The country club features a world class kitchen and chef, ensuring no cut will go to waste.



Naughty

Last year Leslie had two jobs to do, buy the Christmas candy and the Christmas goose. Neither was done by the time stores closed on Christmas Eve. She offered penance to her husband Wendell and agreed to do it two weeks early this year. When that date came and went, her husband took matters into his own hands. He bought an assortment of candies himself, including the largest candy cane he could find. After a romantic dinner at home, the two disrobed for some Christmas-themed role play in the living room. While Wendell recharged between orgasms, he had Leslie spur him on with the giant candy cane, by taking it in both ends. By evening's end, the bottom of the cane was sharp enough for what Wendell had in mind. After retiring to the bedroom for some bondage play, he filled both her top and bottom with the rod of candy...but in the reverse manner to that depicted here!



Gloria is quite the scholar. She's been accepted into the Hill College School of Culinary Arts, the #2 program in North America. Though she'll likely excel, there is a chance of course that she'll be the girl selected for roasting on day one. A celebrated tradition. Gloria's family recognizes this and wishes to make sure she has special attire for such an occasion.

She shows up nude as requested, and opens her sister's gift first. A pair of stockings in a brilliant red. Gloria pulls them on and is handed a second gift, a bag from her mother. Two pairs of black panties, one new, in sexy lace, and one old, familiar to all in the room. Gloria's eldest sister Paula wore these to her spitting last spring. Gloria puts on the latter pair and gives her mother a hug.



Nice



Nice

Catherine didn't know what she was agreeing to when she was recruited for a modeling job by her college's film society. And though she had difficulty breathing when told she'd be Ms. December in a nude calendar, the shy, modest girl bore all for their cameras.

What the camera crew didn't know at the time was her pedigree. Niece to the President of Canada, her photo motivated purchases nationwide. The society used its incredible profits to fix-up their vintage theatre for showings of such classics as 'Rear Window' and 'Cannibal Holocaust'

Heidi and her husband are hosting singles XXXmas for her friends. Realizing how lucky she is to bag a husband, Heidi spends all day sharing him with three of her girlfriends. Here she prepares a serving of Santa's milk for the kneeling ladies. He'd better save some, Ava hopes to get pregnant today!



Nice

DORA

- By royal decree, Dora claimed, tenderized & roasted her best friend on the day of her ascension. Tough Love!
- Home: Budapest, HUN
- Height: 1.70m (5'7")
- Weight: 49kg (108 lb)
- Age: 21
- Zodiac: Taurus
- Hobbys: Fencing, Dancing, Piano, Art, Ribbon Cuttings, Bare Skin Diplomacy
- Job: Senior Princess of Hungary
- Likes: Ravioli, Veal, Visiting with Subjects, Talking girls into Volunteering, Smiles
- Dislikes: Slovakia(ns), Fleas, Mushrooms, Mustard, Willful Ignorance



BRAVO
Dr.
Summer



It is considered good luck to roast a girl on the same day and month that a Princess of the same name was converted to royal meat.

Princess Dora:

I serve the people. Tomorrow, they will serve me.

DD: Thank you for hosting us, your Highness!
Dora: It's no trouble at all. I serve the people, though tomorrow, they will serve me.
DD: How does a princess, a royal blooded Lady, end up a Dolcett Girl?
Dora: It's all in the Constitution. When the 3rd Kingdom was founded, the birth rate was critically low. The King was charged with leading by example. Every year he must father a new child with one of his wives. This continues until a male heir is born, turns 21, & is installed as the new King.
DD: And the princesses?
Dora: At 21 each is harvested, also to set an example. Unless of course the King dies without a male heir. In that case she becomes Queen.
DD: When you met us, you were already nude. Are you a naturalist or an exhibitionist?
Dora: Neither. It's traditional for the outgoing princess to part with her worldly possessions. She goes her last week nude except for 7 pieces of jewelry. Each day one piece is removed until her roasting day. I'm down to my last ring.
DD: And then?
Dora: I'll be tightly bound and oven roasted. When fully cooked I'll be served at a long table, one side for distinguished noblemen, the other side for randomly selected commoners. And of course, my Mother and Father at the heads of the table.
DD: Do they bring in anyone special to tenderize you?
Dora: There is no need. The Hungarian people pay for my living expenses, so it is only fitting that they be given the chance to tenderize me. In my final week I cannot deny a full blooded Hungarian a chance to tenderize and baste me. A perk that my butler has taken full advantage of each night, as well as with my departed sisters.
DD: Would you make an exception for a quarter blooded Hungarian? I'd love to sample your cherry jubilee!
Dora (smiles): Follow me to our collection of gilded and bejeweled strap-ons, Miss!



YU-RI

- Yu-Ri was a 'victory child', born of a Northern Dad and Southern Mom. Such mothers have since been labeled as impure & nonintegratable and have all been purged by fire.
- Home: Seoul, KOR
- Height: 1.65m (5'5")
- Weight: 50kg (110 lb)
- Age: 22
- Zodiac: Gemini
- Hobbys: Singing, Video Games, Political Meetings, Sewing, Book Burning
- Job: Intern at Bureau of Farming
- Likes: the Supreme Leader, Farm Animals (especially cows and people), Math
- Dislikes: Japan, America, Britain, Germany, Russia, Spain, Taiwan, Brazil, India...



BRAVO
Dr.
Summer



Yu-Ri:

Korean women need no special incentive

DD: I understand that Korea has a possible claim to the first modern implementation of cannibalism.
Yu-Ri: The only claim. The Germans and Texans merely copied our example.
DD: What I mean is, you have a longer history of it than most countries. Does that influence your social makeup?
Yu-Ri: 30 years or 30 hours, Korean women need no special incentive to happily follow the divine will of the supreme leader.
DD: Well...Let's move away from politics. How are you being prepared?
Yu-Ri: In the Gimhap-style.
DD: Gimhap?
Yu-Ri: The Japanese adopted it and called it sushi.
DD: So what I see now is what I could get.
Yu-Ri: In the Korean system, the female body is divided into a wrap-around grid. You could point to any part of me and I could tell you its designation.
DD: How about your navel?
Yu-Ri: A33. For you, Madam, it is complimentary.
DD: When can I claim my Yu-Ri morsel?
Yu-Ri: 20:00 tonight at this restaurant. My father is head chef and will handle my conversion. You'll have to wait to get at A33.
DD: Why is that?
Yu-Ri: My arms and legs are prepared first. They're wrapped with tourniquets and allowed to bleed out. Then the meat will be removed one steak at a time, diced, and sent out to hungry customers.
DD: Then do I get my sample?
Yu-Ri: My breasts are next, after a bit of tenderizing. Then a few nonessential organs are removed and finally my pussy and torso.
DD: I may have to order some leg to curb my hunger. Can I get it with the chef's special sauce?
Yu-Ri: Yes, but you'll need to order my pussy if you want it fresh. You can always coax it out of a neighbor.



Korea has been chosen to host 2064's Cannibalympics. In addition to its history, Korea's bid was chosen for its lavish opening ceremony. A spit girl for every row of every section in a 125,000 person stadium.

Corporate Buyout

a fictional but wishful story for my co-workers by Wendy Hilliger

Martha woke up to a pleasant surprise. As her eyes focused to the soft glow of dawn, their two gazes met. He was still there, her warm, brawny husband. Typically Dan left an hour earlier, so their morning interaction was most commonly limited to a kiss on the cheek and a silent appreciation of the breakfast he left out for her.

But rapidly cooling French toast and bacon were no substitute for Dan's warm embrace. For Martha, waking up to an empty bed was akin to a poor night's sleep, a poor start that upset the balance of everything yet to come. She rewrapped her arms around his torso and kissed his chest. "Are we playing hookie today, hun? Because I'm of a mind to lay here all morning." She flashed him a wishful smile to show she was serious, though her stomach dissented with a growl.

"Work called. Network's down. Non-essentials get the day off."

"Good. Because I've got an essential job for you. Be my pillow for the next, oh, 5 hours." Martha sweetened her deal by rubbing her hand up and down his chest, then reaching into his boxers in search of any morning wood to take care of. No such luck.

"Mmm...I think you're forgetting something."

Martha lifted her head to ponder, then sighed and collapsed back onto him. "Ugh. No. I *will* it not to happen. Check the news, maybe the plane crashed."

Dan pinched her upper arm. "That's not the wonderful, caring woman I married. Come on, you don't want bad karma on the day the Indians arrive. They actually believe in that stuff."

"The Indians' were a delegation from Mumbai, the first visit from the new owners of Martha's company. The business had fallen on hard times, and she figured the odds were 50/50 they had been bought to be profitable or simply for their many patents.

"I'm just going in to be fired, you'll see. And that can be done



just as easy with me staying in bed here with you."

"It's an important day and you're going. If you're fired I'll be around to... 'console' you."

"You'll console me now!"

"OK, but in the shower." Dan rolled out of bed and slipped beyond her outreaching arms.

"But shower sex is the worst kind!"

"Better than no kind?"

Martha let out a single goat-like wail as her husband made his way to the bathroom. After about 15 seconds, her husband gave his version of a last call.

"My knees can't take this hard linoleum forever, you know."

Martha opened her eyes, flung off her sheets, and hurried into the next room.

At the front door Dan kissed his wife and stood at the door as she walked toward the car. He was sending her off well fed, having been stuffed with sausage, eggs and sperm. His pupils followed her bouncing tush as her heels had their way with them. He was a breast man to be sure, but his wife was a rare exception. Hers was the tightest, cutest butt

he'd seen, and it fit so well in her gray business skirt. Martha's breasts were a bit smaller than his ideal, but those B-cups were his, and that stood for something. He had invested more love and care in them than any other pair, sweeping aside her soft black hair to do so. It'd probably be difficult getting so attached to another pair, even of his preferred shape/size.

Martha waved goodbye from the car door. After one pause too long, Dan snapped back to reality and waved back. As the car backed out and drove away, Dan pulled out his cell and brought up a list of recent incoming calls. He selected the first number.

"Martha's on her way." Dan hit 'end' and went upstairs to change.

Work was a small custom electronics firm, a manufacturer and manipulator of audio devices for the region. Speakers, amplifiers, and sound boards, mostly. Of 11 employees, 5 were men and 6 women. There were 7 technicians, a receptionist, an intern, an HR/payroll worker, and a boss. No...four bosses now. Glen was the president and founder who, now in his late 50s, sold his stake but stayed on as administrator...but from his new condo in Florida. The others were Hindi speaking businessmen who were to show up that day, Misters Jhadev, Chavan, and Pawar.

An unprofessional twenty minutes late, Martha walked through the front door and said what she expected to be her last daily hello to Becca, their 20 year old receptionist.

"Exciting day!" Becca chimed.

Martha just nodded and made her way down the hall. She tapped on Nora's open door. "Do they have you prepping pink slips yet?"

Nora, a 29 year old auburn haired girl, shrugged her shoulders. Though she managed payroll and human resources, she'd still heard no word on the new direction of the company. "I'll find out when you do." Shrugging her shoulders,

she returned to her spreadsheets.

Only Martha's quick reflexes prevented her from being run over by a spare desk. Marcus, their 19 year old intern, led the way but neglected to direct traffic. Walking backward was Caleb, a fellow technician. Martha held open the door to the workshop and let them pass before following them in.

All seven of the old desks were arranged in a 'U' shape, where there once had been boxes of completed projects. Those boxes were stacked on the workbenches, lining the outside walls. The work floor crew stood idly in the near corner. Martha joined her colleagues.

From oldest to youngest this group included Gerald (47), a black man with a fuzzy beard, Claudia (44), a blonde mother of five, Owen (33) the unanimous pick for office stud, Wendy (31), their tinkerer extraordinaire stolen from a competitor, Caleb (26), a slacker not expected to last long, and Emily (24), the shy new girl. Martha herself was 36 with straight black hair and oversaw the operations of the whole team.

"Do you think they'll sack us by lunch?" asked Caleb. "I'd like to meet up with some friends."

His elder coworkers groaned at his poor understanding of the job market and lack of respect for their pensions. "Feel free to leave if having a job inconveniences you," scolded Claudia. "The rest of us are actually hoping to stay employed." Minor bickering continued until a fit of contagious silence swept across the room. The Indians had arrived.

"Greetings new employees," Mr. Jhadev exclaimed in a clean English accent. Everyone turned, looking onto their employers with suspicion. "I want to alleviate any of your fears about downsizing immediately. Everyone standing here has a place in our company's future." A few sighs of relief were heard, then some applause. Clearly the worst had passed.

Mr. Jhadev stepped aside and let his aide Mr. Pawan take over. His accent was thick and harsh, and mostly unintelligible. Cause for many people to tune out. Only after he called Wendy to the front

did attention return to his speech. Mr. Pawan praised and applauded her, and the employees joined in.

"Thank you Mr. Pawan," began Wendy, turning to the crowd. "Very true. We do have the opportunity to become greater than the sum of our parts. This union will put our business, our town on the map. I'm glad to see you all so receptive. Let my show you the prototype model I've been working on with our associates in Mumbai."

This confused her coworkers. They weren't aware of any secret project or prototype. Wendy opened the door of a locked metal cabinet and pulled out one of many long and narrow objects wrapped in cloth. She set it up quickly. Two metal stands and a metal rod bridging the two. A spit.

But it wasn't all familiar. Rather than sitting in y-shaped troughs, the spit had two holes and was threaded by the supports. There was no way to rotate the shaft. And instead of having a uniform cylindrical exterior, it was



segmented, resembling a stack of tiny beer cans. Out the rear end of the spit came a jumble of colored wires which Wendy soon connected to a familiar audio casing, one with their own company's name on it. Though the wiring inside was a mystery.

"Behold the future of our company!" Wendy exclaimed.

"No longer will we be a regional firm. With this new device, we take on the world!"

Claudia was the first to speak up. "But...we're not a culinary company. We have no licensing. We have no experience. All we've ever done is audio."

"Our new colleagues have the licensing taken care of. And I think you underestimate the relevance to our field." Wendy flicked on a switch and the spit came to life. Not only was it flooded with powerful voltage and current, but with the sounds of a familiar tune. The device attached to the spit didn't produce music through a normal amplifier, it sent it into the spit to ring out and dissipate through vibration. Cliché though it may be, Wendy's spit was programmed to perform "Also Sprach Zarathustra," best known from the film, "2001 - A Space Odyssey."

"But that sound quality is... awful," Martha interjected. "No one will want to listen to that. It'll ruin our reputation!"

"First of all, we are no longer an audio firm. We're a meat tech firm. Secondly, you're missing the point of it. We're not trying to deliver a crisp clear tune to a band of picnickers, we're sending it to the meatgirl. The core of the spit is solid, but these ring plates vibrate independently, allowing a preprogrammed or response-

input sequence to focus on her sexual organs, delivering orgasm after orgasm. Meanwhile the rings at the front, from her throat to her clenched teeth, may deliver a completely different sequence.

Imagine soundwaves being transferred through the spit and her teeth, to be bounced off her skull and into her ear canal. The meatgirl will get a message only she can hear. A farewell from her husband, or a message from her long since roasted mother."

"All of which can be accomplished using a portable music player," added Martha.

"Not everything. This," Wendy held up a small spherical pill, "is what will put us on top. It's called 'Tweek,' a pill that bottoms out the necessary physical stimulus needed to orgasm. In our trials in India, test subjects could cum almost indefinitely at intervals of only 16 seconds. We think we can do better."

Wendy twists a knob on the box and cycles through a variety of vibrations, ranging in intensity. The last one was the only variable one, and it was recognizable as a pop song from the last few weeks.

"Somewhere in this range is the ideal amplitude for a spitted user of 'Tweek.' And it's our job to figure out which. Are we all on the same page?"

The seven technicians looked at one another and gradually began to nod in unison. This wasn't a difficult task, analyzing frequencies. It could just as easily be done in a Biology 101 lab.

"When are you planning on bringing in the meatgirls?" asked Owen. "I have a big order that will take at least another week to fill."

"Immediately," Wendy hinted. She didn't even bother to address the second part of his question.

A wave of recognition rolled across the employees. Claudia and Nora understood at once, then Emily and Martha. The men took a while longer. They tried to hide their range of feelings, still unsure how they felt about this. Except for Caleb, who just nodded and grinned.

Innocent little Becka took the longest. "Oh, God. No...no, no, no, no!" the receptionist shrieked. "I have a boyfriend. You can't

roast me. I'm his meat! I'm already spoken for!"

Wendy had a preplanned reply ready. "You're married to your job, not him. He'll find someone else. And soon. Tom is not one to get attached."

But Becka just continued to shake her head in disbelief. The other women, more experienced with this sort of thing looked over to Nora. Their H.R. rep knew their contracts and meat law. Surely she could confirm or... Nora shook her head and looked down at the floor. She began to unbutton her blouse.

Nora's transformation was complete in less than 30 seconds. One minute a proud and hard worker, always the first to laugh at a joke...the next a shivering head of livestock, hiding no bodily secrets. From the birthmark on her left calf to her thick brown bush, everything was on display. But her colleagues eyes weren't fixated on those details...they were locked on her hams, her tit roasts, and her juicy cunt filet.



Nora took a deep breath and bent over a desk. She reached behind her and spread herself apart, wondering where she'd feel the cold spit first, her cunt or her ass. "I'm ready now," she said, her trembling voice revealing it was only a partial truth.

"Oh, we're not ready for that

yet," Wendy said, smiling. "It wouldn't be a proper experiment without tenderizing." With her fist she pinched Nora's shoulder length hair into a pony tail and pulled her down to her knees. A hard cock dangled in front of her face, property of Mr. Jhadev. She parted her lips cautiously, and was totally caught off guard when he started to pound his cock deep and into her throat. The man who was so polite and funny over the phone had no patience, no love of a woman's delicate touch.

The other Indians had similar goals. Both knelt down near her. One approached her from behind, the other squeezed in the front, resting his head on her shoulder so Mr. Jhadev could still throat fuck her.

Nora had never been in a foursome, nor a threesome. Her senses were overwhelmed as her body became a tool of masturbation, not of sexual exchange. Were she to stay on, the payroll director would have handled hundreds of their deposits, but instead only three. They made her their long-piggy bank, a center for sperm storage accepting only their Maharashtra mojo. Their six hands were so demanding that she didn't notice as Wendy pulled her wrists together and bound them with plastic ties.

Up until now, Emily may have tiptoed around the office in a desperate attempt to go unnoticed but now was not the time. She wanted Owen to be her last. Lifting her shirt as she corralled him toward a desk, she sat him on it and climbed up, resting on his conspicuous bulge. "Tenderize me!" she exclaimed, her voice tinged with the shock of actually having to say something like that.

As he fumbled over his fly, she lifted her skirt and pulled her panties to the side. The most attractive man and woman in the office weren't even undressing. The office's Prince Charming slipped his rigid member into its Cinderella. Fitting perfectly, Emily began to rock herself gently. The whole affair could have been rated R.

Martha felt a something hard press against her from behind. As

it slid up and down her crack, two arms reached around to unfasten her skirt. Martha sighed and unbuttoned her blouse. Claudia and Becka followed her lead, stripping and discarding important vestiges of their humanity onto the floor.

Martha turned to see whose hand was buried in her bush. Caleb wasn't who she was hoping for. But she thought it was better that she got the burnout than Claudia or Becka, whose natures were less forgiving. Martha, who commanded the work-floor, turned to the office dunce, who was one mistake from a sacking, and asked what she could do for him. "My cock needs polishing," was his reply. Martha knelt on her pile of clothing and unzipped him. Holding his ankles, she leaned in until she felt him between her tonsils.

Remaining were the youngest and eldest, but they did not pair up as expected. Marcus the intern had spent most of his six months under Claudia, the most seasoned worker in the office. He figured to tap that experience one last time. After he made himself nude, he took her by the hand and invited her to a table, "Mrs. Liski, may I" he was sure to say.

Marcus lay on his back, his thumb and forefinger pointed his cock straight in the air. Claudia looked at Marcus with hesitation. She gazed over the room at its mass of sweaty hedonism, how her friends and coworkers were making their private lives public. But she was a mother, the only one in the office. And Marcus was her son's age...her second son. Could she really be comfortable with that?

After a period of awkward inaction, Claudia noticed that his eyes weren't on the carnal carnage around him, nor the Venus of a receptionist standing by him with her hands at her bare sides. They were strictly on Claudia. In a soft non-whisper, he spoke to her, "I haven't done this before."

That broke all the tension, suppressed all the nerves. The wavering brought on by her motherhood was replaced by a duty of mothering. Claudia smiled to herself and leaned over him. Grabbing his young dick in one

hand, she kissed him on the lips. "When I get through with you kid, you can claim college credit." She climbed up, mounted him, and let her hips do what they did best.



Becka didn't quite feel part of the group under normal terms. As receptionist, she worked in the front while the others slaved away in the back. It was just her, Glen, and Nora up front. But now the boss was MIA and Nora was busier than she'd ever seen her. Most of the interaction she had with the others was as they arrived in the morning or left in the afternoon. Yet she was about to join their orgy.

She was the youngest and facing down the oldest...a tall black man with his cock pointed straight at her. Becka was a loyal girlfriend. She'd dated the same boy since the beginning of high school. His was the only touch she'd known. But here she was being forced to participate in their rituals, to cheat on her boyfriend.

Forced, she assured herself. Forced. This morbid curiosity she felt was normal. Stockholm Syndrome. She reached out and touched the tip of Gerald's cock, pinching its tip shut.

Gerald reached between Becka's legs and felt her patch of wet. He smiled. "Let's not waste any time then." He spun her around and

bent her over a table, spreading her buns apart with his hungry, massaging hands. He slipped in and immediately thanked his good fortunes. She was tight as a knot. Becka kicked her legs and gripped the desk tightly. Her wails overshadowed all others'. "Hold on there...you're tight, but... *grunt* ...after me, that spit will go in easy." Becka was silenced for a moment as she thought about that. "In that case, maybe you could go a round in ass as well."

After binding Martha's wrists, Wendy took her zip ties to this happy coupling. Denied the use of her fingers and opposable thumbs, Becka was one step closer to complete animification. Wendy knelt down to talk to their howling receptionist. But before she uttered a word, she leaned in and kissed her lips, probing the stunned girl with her tongue.

"I just thought I'd let you know that Mr. Jhadev is letting me take any one of you home for dinner tonight. And I'm choosing you. I've had my eye on those tits of yours for a while now, and I'm sure they won't disappoint." For once, Becka's eyes said more than her mouth. "But for now, let's put a lid on that excitement of yours, shall we? I brought this today just in case." Wendy held out a rubber ballgag, and with the care of a husband fastening a new necklace on his wife, she fit it on Becka.

As much as some of the ladies would have liked to screw all day, their final fucks had time limits imposed by their partner's cocks. Once their sticky loads were blown, it was time to move on. Each of the women were given a glass of water and six tablets of tweek. No one showed any resistance or displeasure. This was their solemn duty.

Becka was first. The youngest and most nervous, her chances were highest for fleeing. Wendy led her over to a freshly cleaned desk and helped her bend down onto it. Together with Emily, who hadn't yet been undressed or bound, they each grabbed a leg and pulled it away from her body. Owen cleaned streaks of semen from Becka's face, then clutched

her shoulders and held them down. His cock dangled freely and rested against her cheek.

"Wait, no! I'm not a runner! Just don't hold me down! I can't stand tight places! It's a phobia!"

"Is the meat secured?" asked Mr. Pawar, who held the spit at Becka's tender opening.

"Let me go, I need the space to squirm!" the receptionist cried as she struggled with her captors.

"Becka. Calm down. You're meat. My meat. But if you stay still I'll forward your rump roast over to that boyfriend of yours. That shut her up quickly. Then, "It's okay. You...can spit me now."

Becka twitched only as the point of the spit passed in and out of her pristine uterus. The rest was all quite easy. It bypassed her important organs, merged into her esophagus and exited her mouth. Once her breathing was verified, Wendy stroked Becka's neck and looked for her next test subject.

"Miss Emily, I do believe you are holding out on us. We've been here nearly an hour and still no skin! I know you have beautiful meat, there's no reason to be shy!"

All eyes turned to Emily, mostly aimed from her bra downwards. Without acknowledging their gazes, she nodded. Her panties came off first, peeled off from under her skirt. Emily scrunched them in her fist, then slid them across the desk to Owen, her final fuckmate.

As he took them in his hand and pocketed them, Emily's eyes rose to his. She kept this focus through the rest of her unclothing. She unfastened her skirt and let it fall to her side. Two loads of Owen's hot cream were dripping down her thighs. Finally, Emily unclasped her snow-white bra, fully revealing her breathtaking figure. Even the women began to ogle.

She sat on the desk, then leaned back and hung her head over the edge. "We need to bind you, Emmy. Turn over." Wendy ordered. "No. You don't." Emily's hands gripped her breasts and she began to pinch her nipples. "Spit me now, face up." Her eyes glanced over her spectators. Then she let one hand slide to her clit and sought out Owen's dick with the other. Emily spent the whole

duration of the spitting fiercely rubbing at her clit and suckling at Owen's cock. And try though she might at the end, spitting expert Mr. Pawar successfully weaned her from meat to metal.



Claudia volunteered to be next. "I can't wait any longer," she pleaded. She gave Marcus a kiss on the lips and took her place bent over the desk.

"What's the hurry, Claudia?" Wendy had to ask.

"I'm 44 years old. I've been legal for 25 years. That's an entire meatgirl's lifetime. My daughter Ruth didn't make it that long. I'm not afraid to die, I've only wondered why it's taken it so long. I've seen what a spit does so many times...I'm ready for it."

Wendy smiled. "Oblige her, will you?" Mr. Pawar aligned his third spit and plugged Claudia's hole for good. No more men, no more dildos, no more children.

Perhaps it wasn't as familiar to Claudia as she expected. Her reaction resembled that of a woman in childbirth, breathing deep concise breaths and cursing under her breath. And just as easy as the others, the tip of the spit completed its full journey, emerging into the open air.

"I was saving you for last, Martha. You've always been a good boss to me, and a friend.

But the Indians aren't quite done with Nora yet. Could you take your place?" Martha followed Wendy's instructions. She was becoming accustomed to such a thing. For four years she had overseen the floor, now she was taking orders from Wendy the new girl, and Caleb, the lowest rung on the office ladder (but not, she was glad to say, in the realm of sex). It was comforting, even as she was paraded around nude and with her pussy dripping with cum, to be in a position again where her decisions were made for her.

Wendy turned her away from the table and inspected her body. Eyes, teeth, gums, tits, hams, thighs, and cunt. None of this was vital, just a necessary distraction. Because when Wendy pushed Martha backward onto the table, she landed not on a flat surface, but on a warm body. She fought with her wrist restraints, finding the position quite uncomfortable. But the person behind her, a man she was sure, helped her with that. Then his hands cupped her breasts and his pre-lubed dick probed deep into her backdoor. Martha realized immediately who this was. "Dan?!"

"I couldn't resist one last fuck with my wife before her big meat debut."

"Ugh, but anal sex is the worst... actually no, this is strangely soothing."

"I knew you'd come around."

"Is that as deep as you can you go?" Dan thrust slowly but powerfully, as if seeking to fit his balls in his wife.

After a minute or two, Mr. Pawar sought to make it a three-some, parting Martha's pussy lips and fitting the spit between them.

"You always wanted this for me, didn't you?"

"From the moment I laid eyes on you. I wanted to spit you before I wanted to marry you."

"How am I doing?"

"Haha. Wonderful. Just give in like the rest of your colleagues. Relax and accept your fate." Dan began to kiss his wife up and down her neck. He was surprised at how quickly it fell back, as the well-travelled spit emerged just inches from his face.

"This is the best gift a wife

give her man," he whispered, seconds before his untamed roar as he exploded into her rectum. "Give me a minute, and let's have another go, hun."

Nora had to be lifted off the ground and dumped onto the table. Her only sign of life was her rapid and heavy breathing. Everything else was as movable like a plastic doll. Wendy spread this final girl's legs and signaled to Mr. Pawar. Dressed down to her lingerie, Wendy sat cross-legged on the table and held Nora down. One hand pressed down on her shoulder blade, the other held Nora's sweaty bound hand.

The spit went in smoothly. Five for five. Wendy breathed a sigh of relief that she wouldn't have to stand in for one of them. "Rack 'em up, boys!" she cried out, and helped set up the stands. After the desks were moved out of the way, the spits were arranged like an asterisk, so that the girls would all face one another in the center. If any of them knew Morse Code, they could have blinked their goodbyes.

Most of the men were given a clipboard, checklist, and a girl for analysis. The femmes were all adequately responsive to pokes and prods, Nora after a face full of ice water. Each program was entered by hand and one button started them all.

It started like a typical Kay-Kabob roast. Some side-to-side twisting on the poles got their tits swinging below them. From Emily's Ds to Martha's cute handfuds, they'd stay that way until they started to solidify.

The body isn't commonly thought of as piece of electronics, but that's how it works. The sinus node of the heart produces the impulse that powers the heart's contractions. But the addition of the spit's electrical current so near the heart requires it to be timed with the beating of the heart. A modern electrospit detects the stable heart rate of a meat girl, then syncs and staggers with it so as not to disrupt the cardiac cycle. This has the effect of immediately doubling the beating rate of the heart. With the blood pumping in overdrive, and the g-spot under

intense manipulation, a meatgirl's hormones and endorphins may flush through her body, seeping in and self-marinating her flesh as her body struggles to stay alive.

All five women were experiencing this now. Utter exhaustion from the spitting and a high heart rate. Mild euphoria from the shock and her internal biochemistry. And then the first spit began to buzz.

Each subject was delivered a serenade of classical music, varying in rhythm for each person. Claudia was piped in the calming sounds of piano pieces like Clair de Lune. Emily's playlist was fast paced, including a few military marches. It may have sounded chaotic to the men and to Wendy, but the meatgirls on their poles found it easier to drown out the others' music.

Becka came first. Her pussy contracted as if it were trying dent the spit. Nora and Emily could see it happen from their vantage points as well as her second and third orgasms. She was cumming at a rate of 4 per minute, the going rate for tweek. The other girls fell in line shortly thereafter. Claudia at 3.5 per minute. Nora at 4.2. Emily at 4.8. But it wasn't until Martha came that the experiment proved its worth. Martha climaxed once, then again eight seconds later. But that was all. She simply never stopped. Four feminine moans of exhaustion and gratification were replaced by Martha's wild cries for release. When she squirted five gushes onto the ground, Wendy knew she had a winning formula. She recalibrated the other meatgirl's tempos to be closer to Martha's and watched what would unfold.

Soon, all five women were experiencing constant flat-line orgasms, their pussies contracting and their faces contorting. And a surprising four of the five girls squirted themselves dry in the process. Mr. Chavan who basted the girls constantly, got his feet covered in Becka's special elixir.

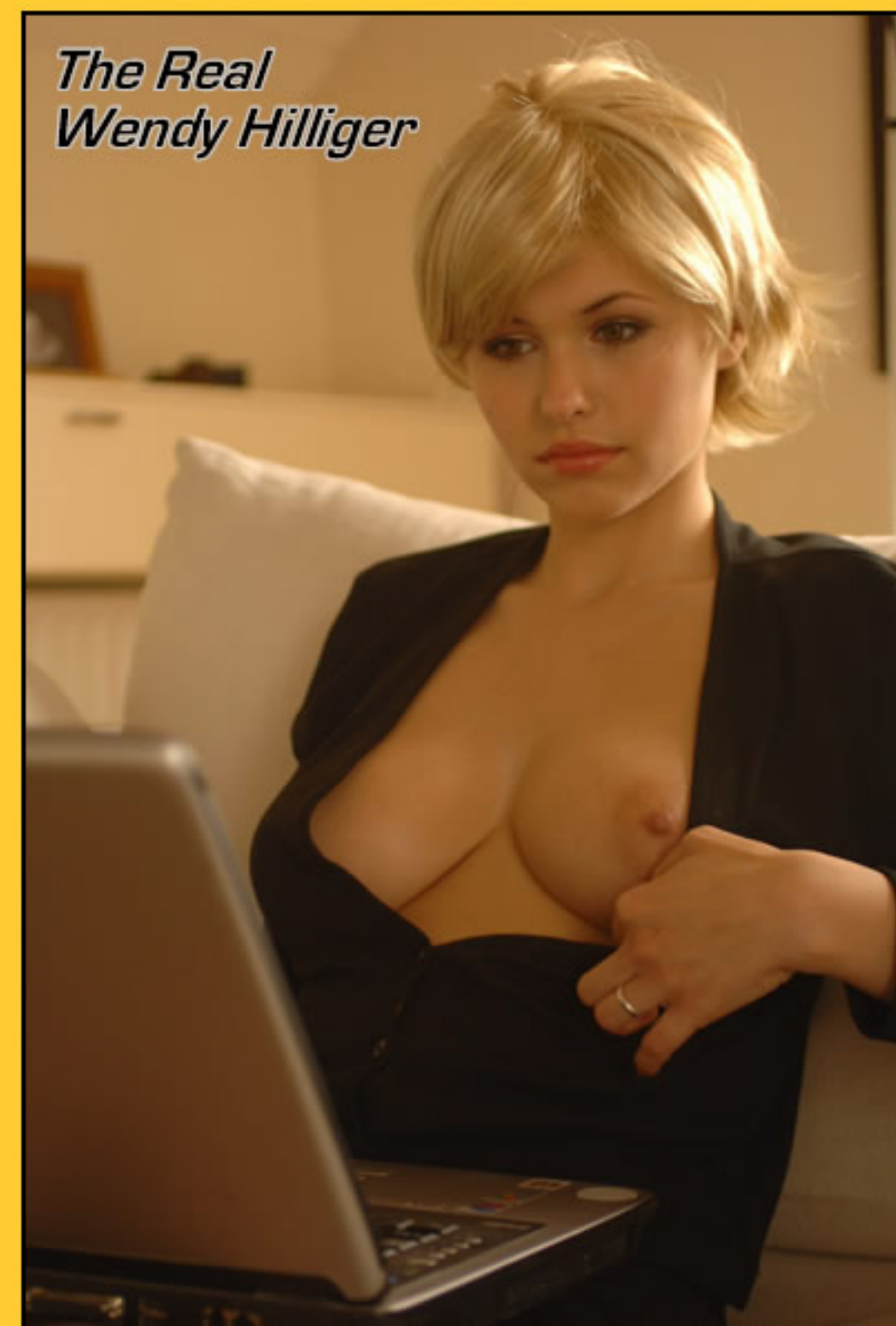
Once Wendy slipped her fingers down her panties, all order broke down. They'd gotten most information they wanted, and now they all pleased themselves to the sight of five browning ladies in

perpetual orgasm. Wendy traded her fingers for Marcus, who lay down on the cold concrete for her to straddle. Triumphant beyond all expectations, it was a well earned reward.

After all the men had sullied the ground with their spunk, the ladies began to snuff. Nora was the first, exhausted as she was to begin with. Claudia followed, then young Becka shut her eyes one last time. Emily and Martha dueled for nearly an hour until Emily slipped away and surrendered her meat. Dan coached Martha and took over basting her. She lasted a shocking 62 minutes, 57 of which she orgasmed continuously. A record by any measure, though sadly not official without a certified representative from Guinness.

The bodies were allowed to finish roasting and cool. Wendy took a great many photographs to document her work and possibly advertise their product. The last photo was a group shot. One for the newsletter. Eight sweaty men and the sole remaining lady of the office linked arm-over-shoulder behind five angled beauties, each in a finer tone than any tanning salon could hope to accomplish.

And on each of these five faces was the frozen hint of an upturned cheek, each corner of a lip was lifted. It was the origin of their eventual and successful slogan, "Snuff with a smile on your face." ■



FAD *or Fashion?*

Each issue we feature a unique trend in the world of gynophagia. Whether it is the start a new tradition or merely a passing craze, we leave that up to you. But do give them a try! The next generation may laugh, but you won't be around to hear it!

This month we feature a type of photo-meme, an activity that hasn't been popular in decades. Your grandparents may remember such poses as 'planking' and 'Tebowing.' A person would strike a particular pose in an unconventional place. For example, laying face down on the ground - on the sidewalk, on a camel, or on the hood of a car. It seems the trend has come around again, this time with a Dolcett twist. We're grateful to five readers who have sent us their 'spitting' photos.' Each image requires two staples: nudity in a public area, and for the lips and lips to align. It's wholesome nudist fun, so grab a camera, a cameraman, and imagine it's your last night on Earth.



CCW from top left opposite page. RACHEL PIKE, Sunrise Theatre, Huddersfield, UK; ELIZABETH JENNER, Mother-in-Law's living room during family gathering, Rome, GA, USA; VERONIKA JASINSKI, random unlocked home, Lubin, Poland; FRANCESCA ZITO, Neighbor's Patio, Verona, Italy; MONICA ANDERSSON, Botanical Garden, Copenhagen, Denmark



Spitgirl's Life



with Ellen Isles

Ellen Isles is an acclaimed journalist, author, gynophagic expert, and the legal property of Dolcett Digest Inc. Each issue she answers one of your questions about living the snuff life to the fullest. Keep your questions coming. Each day could be your or her last.

Dear Ellen,

My boyfriend is roasting me for his upcoming birthday. This is his right and my fate, and I accept that. It's already become tangible in many ways...lists of ingredients and guests. He'll joke about it with friends and I'll join in. But as real as it may already be, I just know I'll be a nervous wreck that day. I'll be occupied at the roast, but during the hour long car ride it'll just be me and my thoughts. What can I do to calm my nerves?

Thanks,
Millie from Philly

Millie,

You're not alone. There's a difference between accepting your fate and facing it. It's why so many girls are bound before a spitting or a hanging. Even the most charitable of meatgirls may have mixed feelings when the sharp point of the spit is near. But that doesn't help while you travel there. You're going to need to find a way to put your mind at ease. Strategy may differ from person to person, but this is an approach I think most girls can benefit from.

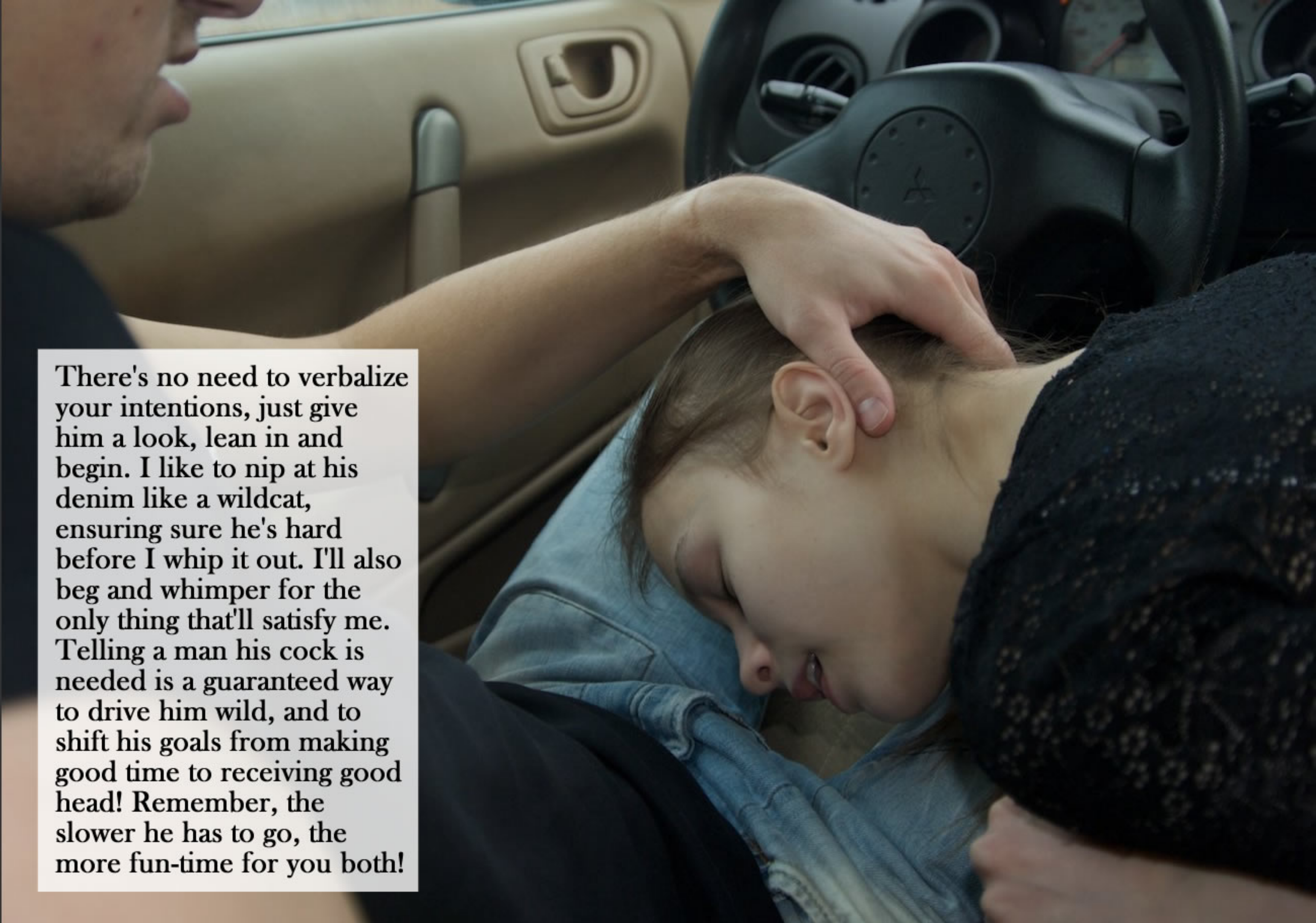
Let's set the scene. Your papers are in order, your seat belt is fastened, and your boyfriend is speeding down the highway with malicious yet delicious thoughts in his head.

What do other girls do in that situation? Bite their nails? Count yellow cars? Begin that novel? It's hard to say without anyone left to poll, but it's safe to say that anxiety is a


universal reaction. Which is an awful shame, as time is your most valuable resource!

There is one thing I've found that is evolutionarily assured to put your mind at ease. And it's just standing there waiting! Utilize your idle time by saying goodbye to a girl's best friend. It may be tricky in a moving vehicle, but concentration on sexual activities is a great way to forget your worries. So while his feet and hands are pre-occupied with not crashing, unzip him and lick him!

First things first, there's just no way to have fun in a seatbelt. Though you might feel unhinged to be unrestrained in a moving vehicle, it's really the only way. Bypassing the chest strap alone gives you some mobility, but will result in a sloppy, forced blowjob. And be sure not to get in the way of the gearshift or you may be served as road kill!



There's no need to verbalize your intentions, just give him a look, lean in and begin. I like to nip at his denim like a wildcat, ensuring sure he's hard before I whip it out. I'll also beg and whimper for the only thing that'll satisfy me. Telling a man his cock is needed is a guaranteed way to drive him wild, and to shift his goals from making good time to receiving good head! Remember, the slower he has to go, the more fun-time for you both!



Don't think I didn't see that. You were eyeing my boyfriend's prick, sizing it up. But how could you not? It's innate human biology. The drive to procreate makes puppets of us all. I think it also proves a point. One look and your big picnic is no longer the foremost on your mind. Use this to your advantage. It's the most empowering tool you have.



Elaborating on the blowjob would take the whole article, or an entire book. I'm sure you're capable, but should you desire new tips there are plenty of video guides available online from wiser lips than mine. I'll just share what makes it special to me. - Its entire purpose is to be in you. It's good for him, it's good for you. And when I take him in my mouth I liken myself to a wild tigress opening her mouth for the circus trainer to stick his head in. He invests so much

faith and trust in me, giving full control over his most delicate of parts...a full range of senses: taste, touch, smell, hearing, sight. It's only just to reward him. I may not receive the same level of pleasure, but it's a joy nonetheless. Think about this when you're sucking him off. It's your last day on Earth by his own decision, but he still trusts his manhood to your powerful jaws. What better time to deliver him a blowjob he can remember you by?



Note 1: You'll know you're doing well if he pulls the car to the shoulder to continue. My guy likes to climb up on top of me and offer his cock...like the sacrificial lamb you soon will become. Embrace it and taste it. Just don't be in a hurry. Steady, calculating strokes.



Note 2: You'll know you're really doing well if he rewards you with a ride on his iron bull. Take the excitement outside, regardless of your surroundings. You shouldn't have to limit your culminating lovemaking to the cramped confines of a cluttered backseat. If people stare or disapprove, don't even give them the courtesy of acknowledgement*. Carry on as if you two were alone. This is *your* day, no one else's.

*A possible exception to this rule is if you're approached by a police officer, in which case the familiar oral bribe is customary. Multitask accordingly.

Now's no time for timid vocals either. Let your emotions flow unfiltered past your lips. You don't have to worry about losing your voice! Feel free to wail at the moon like a rabid coyote! You're fresh meat, beyond any authority's reprimand.



Around this time, my fellow role player began to let his inner alpha male take over. If you've ever been to a barbecue, you know it brings out the animal in any man. And this is the last time your boyfriend will ever have you to himself. Soon you may get a public tenderizing or be passed around, but this is the true finale to your relationship.

Now becomes his time to shine. He already charmed you and won you over, took you on dates, introduced you as 'his' girlfriend, met your family. He's won over your spirit and heart. He's won over your body and its meat. This is his last chance to exercise his triumph over you. And predictably, he'll use every fiber of his being to prove one last time why he's earned you. To rock you like a shy virginal schoolgirl. Well let him! Enjoy the ride. Take it like a woman!



Just keep on playing the follower to his leader. He knows what he wants from you and will take whatever he needs. From here on in it's a simple game of "Simon's Dick Says."

As my guy plunges his prick back in my mouth, I can taste my own excitement, a subtle flavor of lemon enveloping his meaty cock. Is it any wonder why we ladies are fated for the

fire? Self-basting, wonderful flavors, and room for stuffing. All this and a low male to female ratio. Our submission is divine purpose, plain & simple. What a wonderful destiny to have!



If you've never been fucked on the back of a warm car hood, I highly recommend it. At first it may be a bit intense, but soon it's comforting like a hot jacuzzi. I like to imagine I'm being fucked on the grill, under close observation by my lustful band of friends. Maybe they watch, jealous of my boyfriend. Maybe they join in for a farewell boink. But there are no frowns, no apprehension about my fate.



Just relax and let the heat have mastery over you. It knows your body like no man or woman. It's canvas is you: a culmination of years of diet, exercise, dating and loving. Of swallowing endless loads of protein-rich cum and maintaining a tender pussy.

Embrace your final metamorphosis, from just another name and number into the energy that drives the world. Accept its gift: emancipation from the horrors of old age. A guiding purpose in life. Eternal remembrance as a youthful goddess.



Of course, this pleasure can't last forever. Nothing should. But like the best things, spitting included, you get to end it on a high note. Value his orgasm, but don't undervalue your own. He wants to see your body quiver under his cock just as much as you want to cum. Try and hold out until his last moments. Fake it if need be, but be convincing.



Now you should be sufficiently tuckered out to enjoy your relaxing ride or to take a nap in the trunk. You should have plenty to reflect upon. Bridge the emotional gap between your pit stop and pit roast by giving your pussy a farewell fondle. There's nothing a barbecue goer loves more than seeing a roastie show up with a pussy bubbling over like an artesian well.



His seed is a gift to you. Don't tarnish the special moment by placing demands on him. Let him cum where he wants. In your pussy, on your back, down your throat. There's no wrong way for a man to deliver his spunk. Wear it proud like a medal or keep it locked up inside. It's proof of your devotion to your man's satisfaction. And today he packs a special message of solidarity. As you cook, a little bit of him will as well.

Don't worry about the clock, you still have much to look forward to. You said yourself your friends will be attending. A barbecue brings out a certain purity in people, a side to them they lock up in common association. But on your roast day your guy friends won't hide the lust they feel for you. Whether or not they get fo fuck you, they'll offer up a 21 cum salute. And your girl friends won't hide the empowerment they feel in outliving another spitgirl. Or their excitement at another man becoming single.

Imagine what they would do to you, in your final hour on two feet. Ask for a last dance? Apologize for an ancient grievance? Confess a secret love? Or maybe an excitable chef can't wait to explain your recipe. In death, you're the life of the party!

And if none of that works, a little toke never hurt anyone. ;-)

As with all of Miss Isles' photoshoots, her preparations were immediately followed by a company picnic. Was Ellen this month's entree? Or did she receive another one of her bimonthly reprieves? Pick up our February issue to discover her fate!



Lola Banks Keith Leblanc Chelsea Moreau

Two days from 'Retirement'

One Last Chance for **REVENGE!**

in Theatres January 9
Meat Cop III

Last Dance

December 24, 2062
Montréal, Québec

ADMIT ONE

From volunteers to NCs, spittings to hangings, all snuff is beautiful. In recognition of this wonder, 'Last Dance' documents all varieties of women in the final moments of their lives. Each issue presents a new Dolcett Girl experiencing her final hour of existence.



Christmas for Sara Ouellet is typically a simple affair. No children, merely her fiancé Patrick to cook for. In years past she's made goose, ham, duck, and lasagna, but this is the first year she will prepare girlmeat for the holiday. To these ends, she plans on inviting another for dinner. Her older sister, Eloise.

Eloise is no volunteer, she believes them to be weak women, easily swayed, human cattle. But Sara has accounted for Eloise's obstinacy. Ever since they were kids, Eloise snuck down early to peruse their presents. If she found any of her sisters' gifts she wanted, she'd simply switch the tags. In a family of 11, her parents rarely noticed.

True to habit, and roused by one of Sara's hints, Eloise sneaks down after midnight to investigate. She's taken with her gift, which seems to be a strange set of vibrators with an independent power supply. The instructions are in Cyrillic.

She grabs an embroidered towel, one of Patrick's gifts to Sara, and lays it on the couch...Eloise is a squirter. She slides the smaller part inside of her. It almost looks homemade, the sum of stand-alone parts. She turns it on, then uses the handheld device on her clit. Eloise makes efficient use and cums in four minutes. But her contraction sets the device off. A high voltage shock stuns her unconscious.



Stella enters. She slips off her sister's shirt and folds it. Now comes the difficult part. She drags Eloise onto the floor and wraps her in rope. Her knot tying is slow and amateur but deliberate. Everything ties to a metal bar and that is hoisted up via pulley. This lifts Eloise, and it marks the last time she will touch the ground.

Stella fires up the vibrator and massages Eloise's pussy with its buzzing bulb. She wants her snuff girl to be awake for her end, for her adrenalin to be in overdrive. It takes some time, but Eloise begins to awaken, but remains dazed. She struggles to identify the lady in the Santa hat. Trying to speak, she utters a slurred mess. The only sounds she can make without error are climactic cries and moans as she cums on command.

Stella speaks up with a calm, collected voice, beginning a family history lesson which is old news to Eloise. She speaks of Jean, her first boyfriend. Stella had gone to her 'experienced' sister for advice for her 'first time.' Eloise agreed to talk to the boy and give him the hints he wouldn't take from Stella.

Eloise's 'talk' lasted over an hour, and when Stella went to spy on things, she heard them in wild embrace. She burst open the door only to be barraged with the cry, "Threesome! We've been waiting for you!" Lacking self esteem or shame, she joined in, largely playing assistant to their coupling. Stella sucked Eloise's juices off of Jean's cock and kept it from sliding out. But before it came time to switch, he came inside Eloise.

Three similar stories follow.



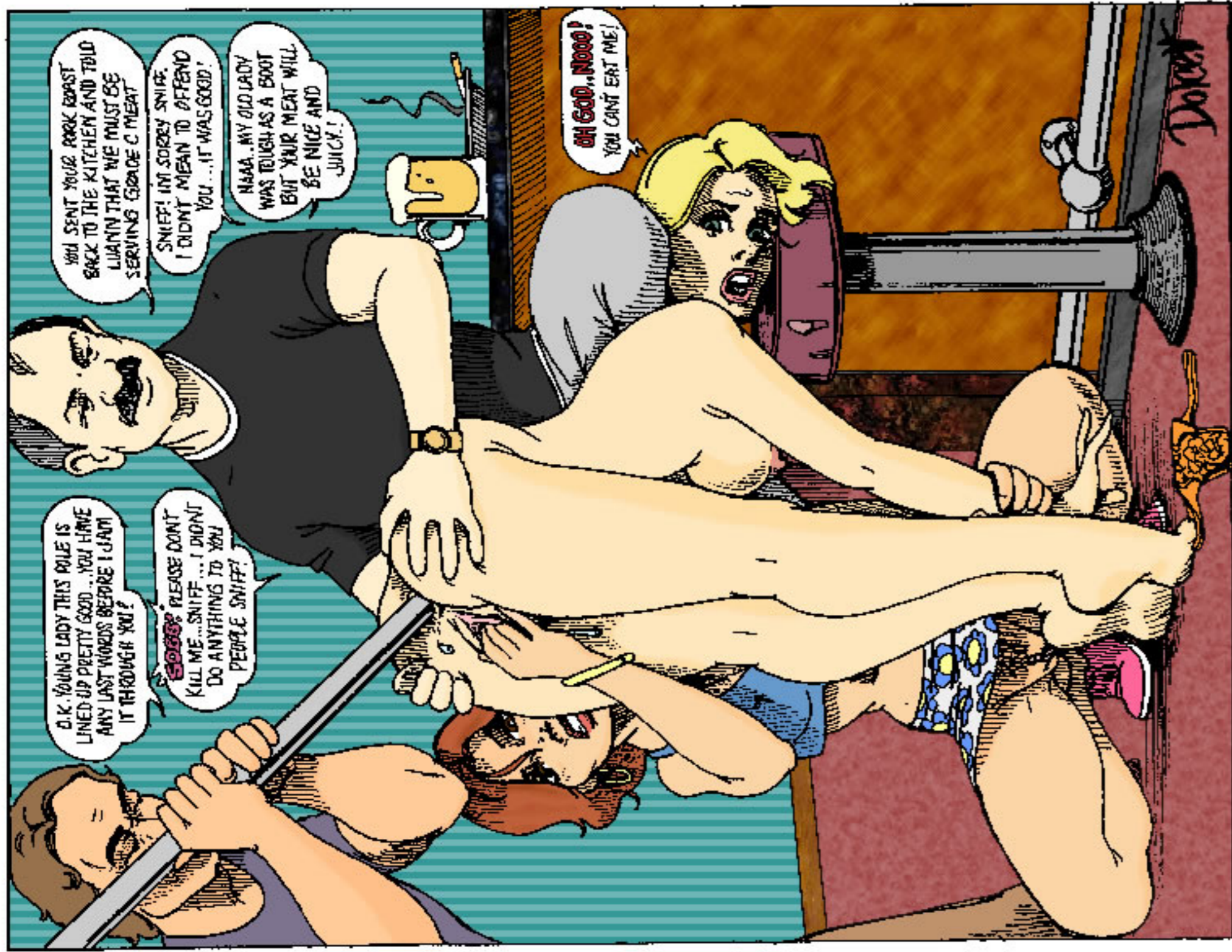
As Eloise sees Stella walk behind her, she trembles with fear, humiliation, and a little bit of unreleased sexual energy. She knows what's next, and that she deserves it. She worshiped cock her whole life, stole men and made a slut of herself. Sins of the flesh demand punishment in kind.

Stella whispers something unintelligible in her ear. Eloise merely nods. Then Stella grabs the rope at Eloise's neck and pulls back with mad determination. The helpless body struggles vainly, arm against arm, leg against rope, pussy against plug. When peace is re-established, Stella releases her grip and kisses her late sister on the head. Cutting the rope, she readies Eloise for her kitchen disassembly.

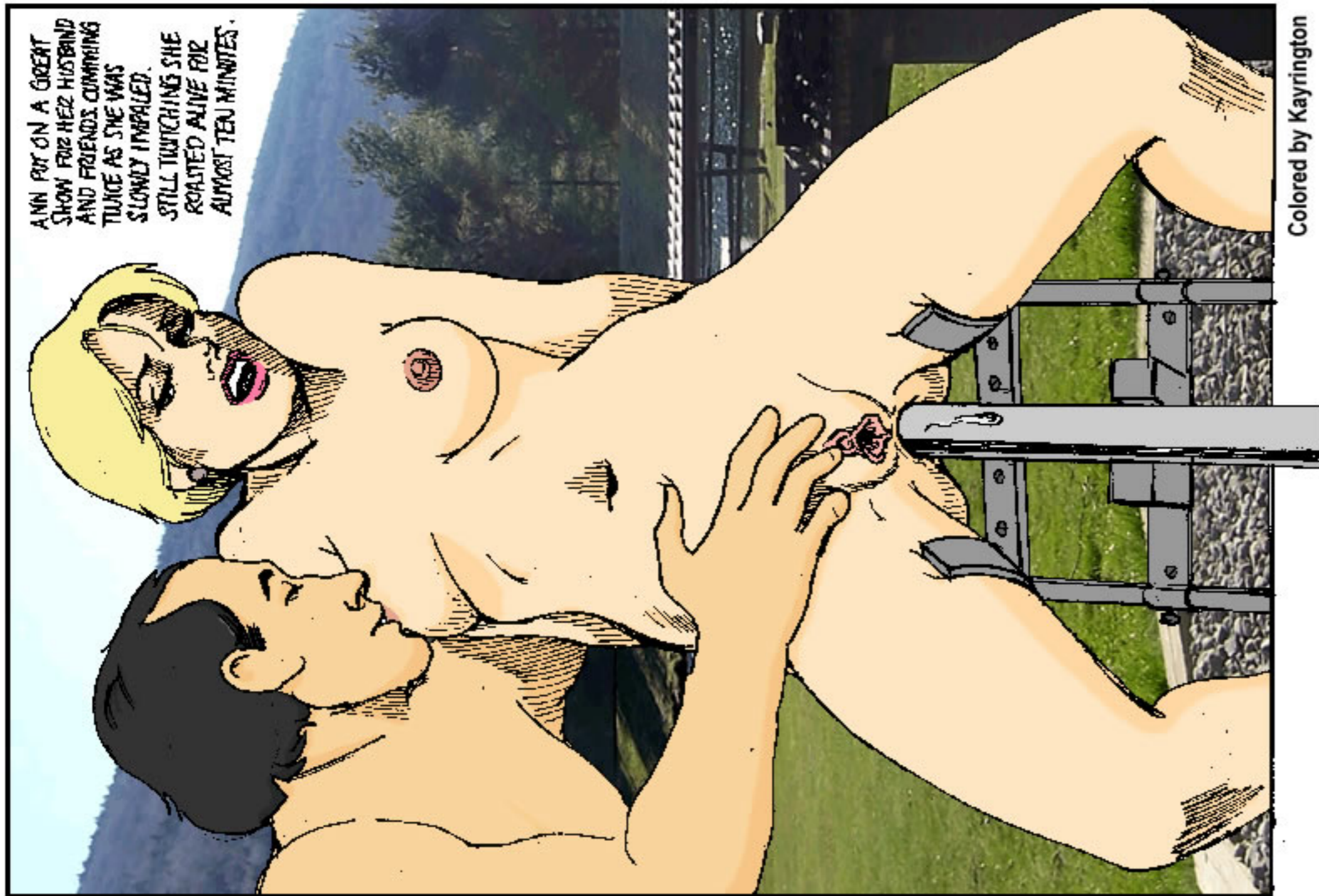


A place set a side for our readers to share their artistic talents and directions with the world. Send to artscape@dolcettdigest.com

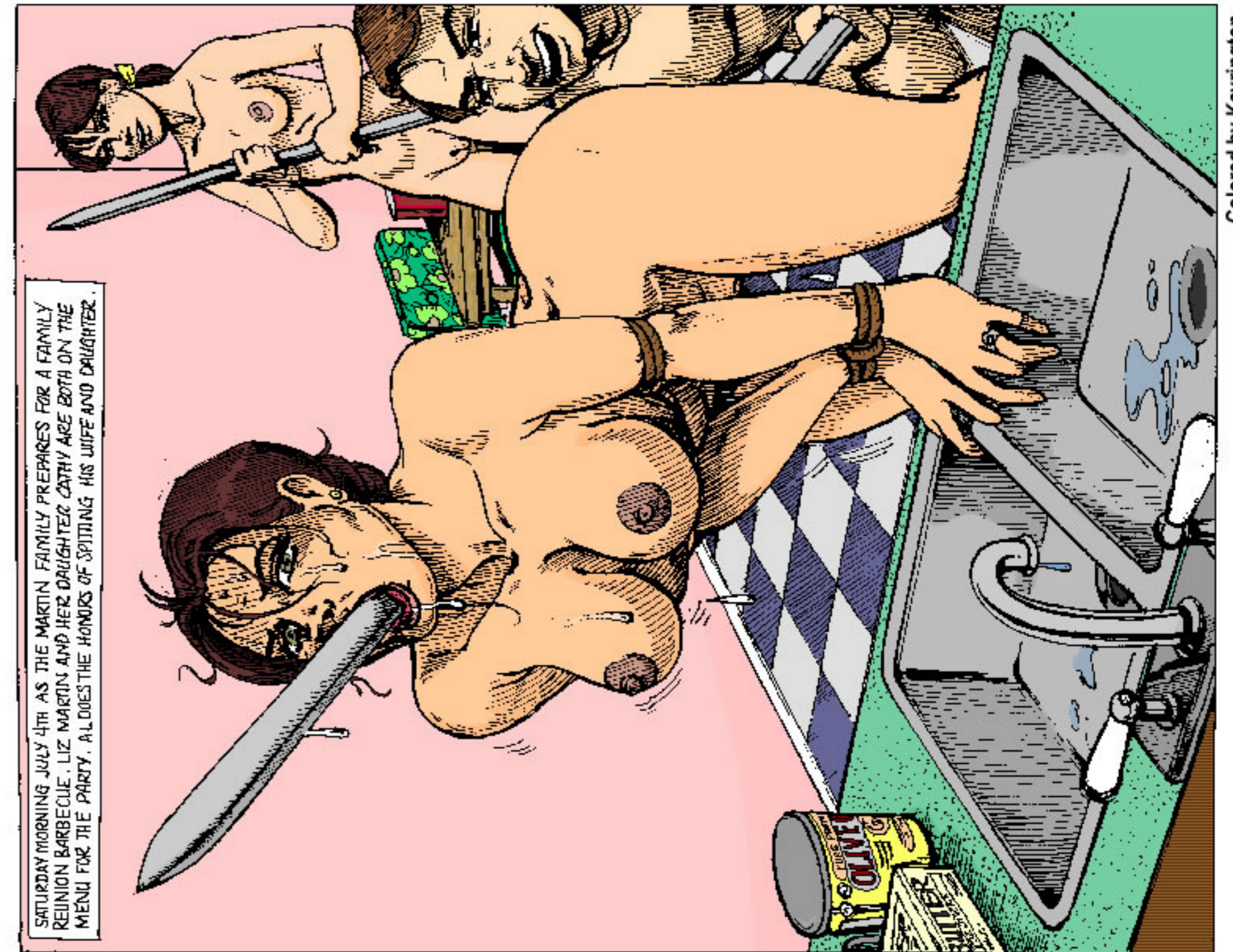
Today's colorizations of Dolcett originals sent in by Kay R. Ington



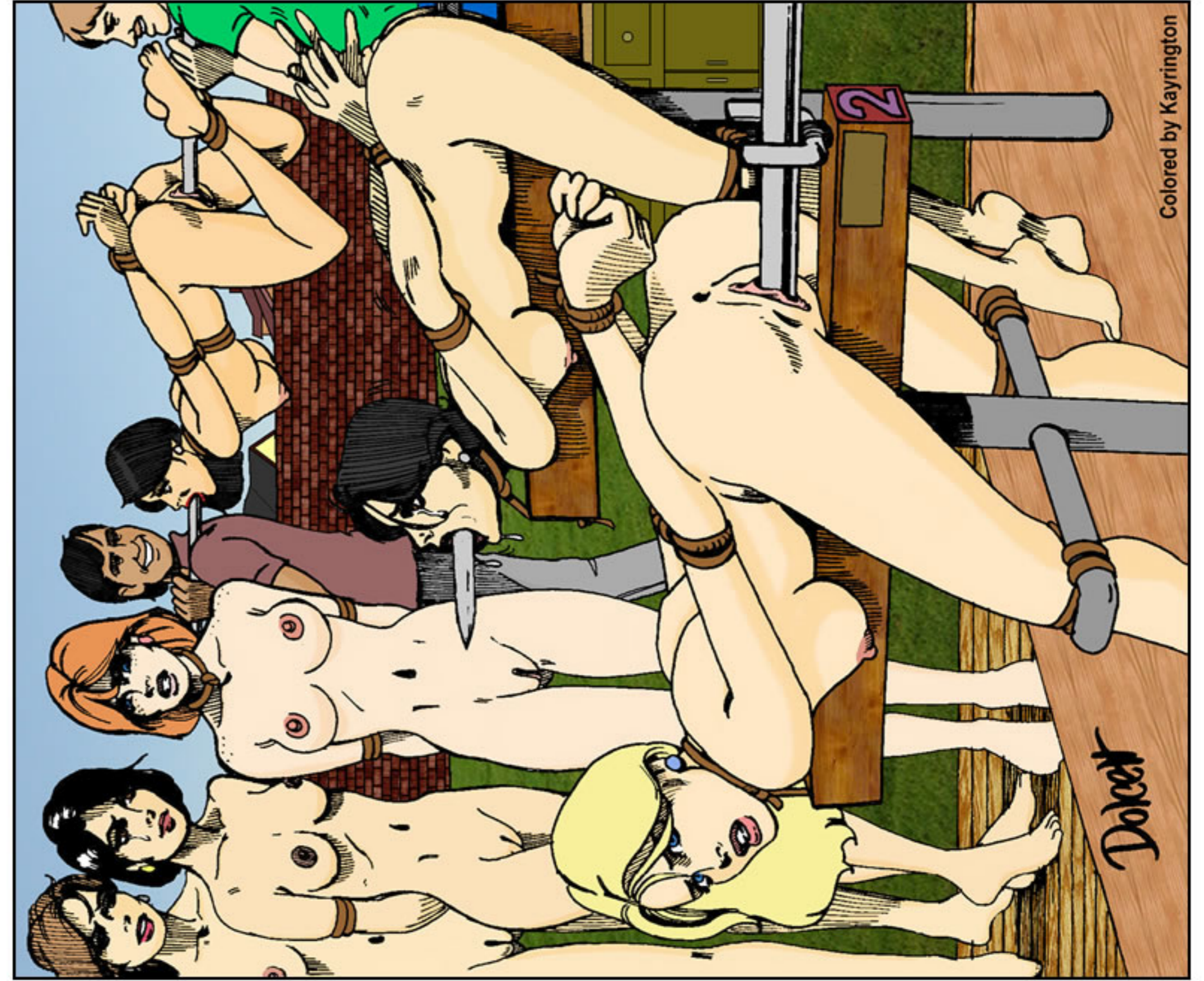
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Colored by Kayrington



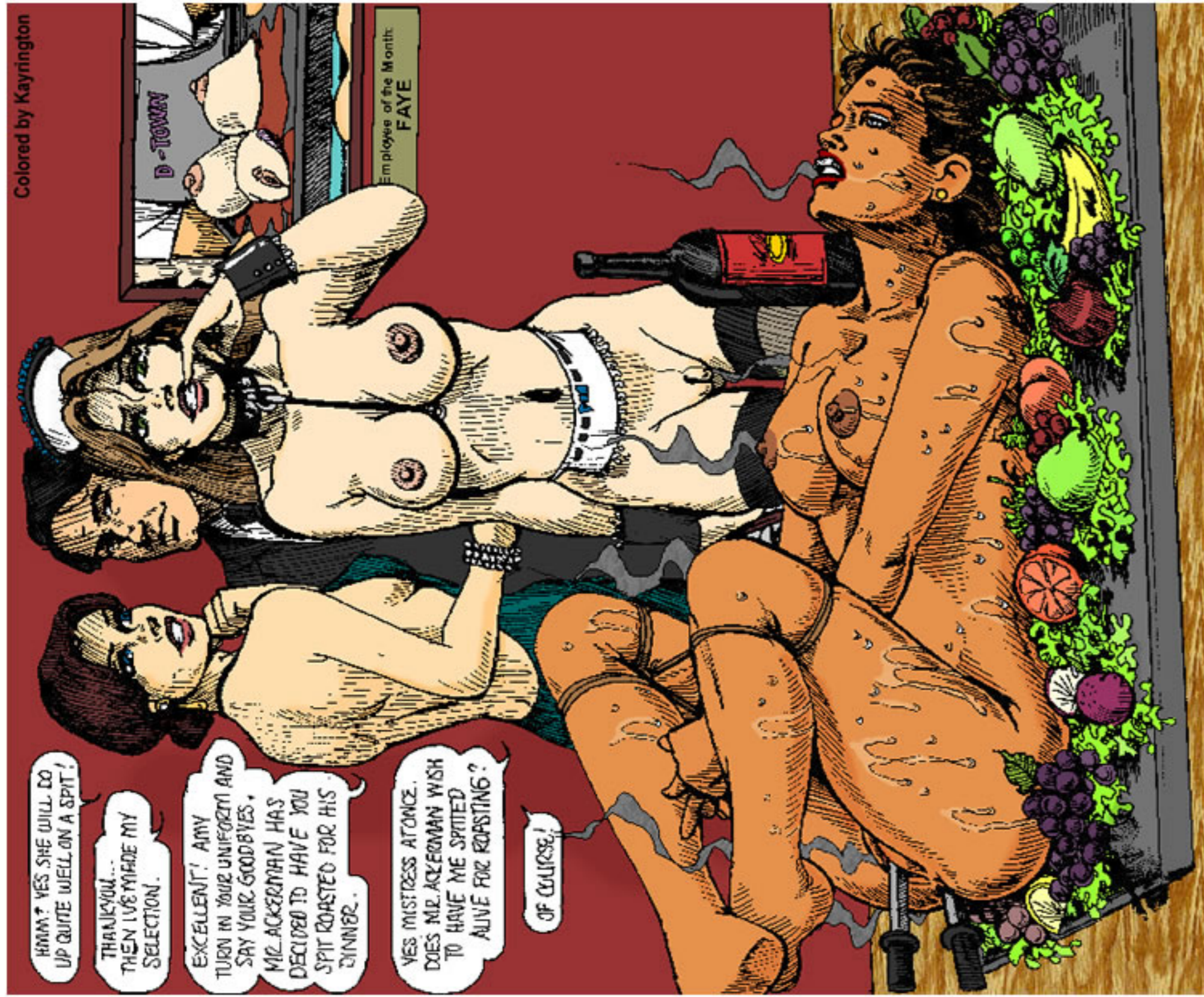
Colored by Kayrington



Colored by Kayrington



Colored by Kaynington



Colored by Kaynington

HMM? YES, SHE WILL DO UP QUITE WELL ON A SPIT!

THANKYOU... THEN LET ME MAKE MY SELECTION.

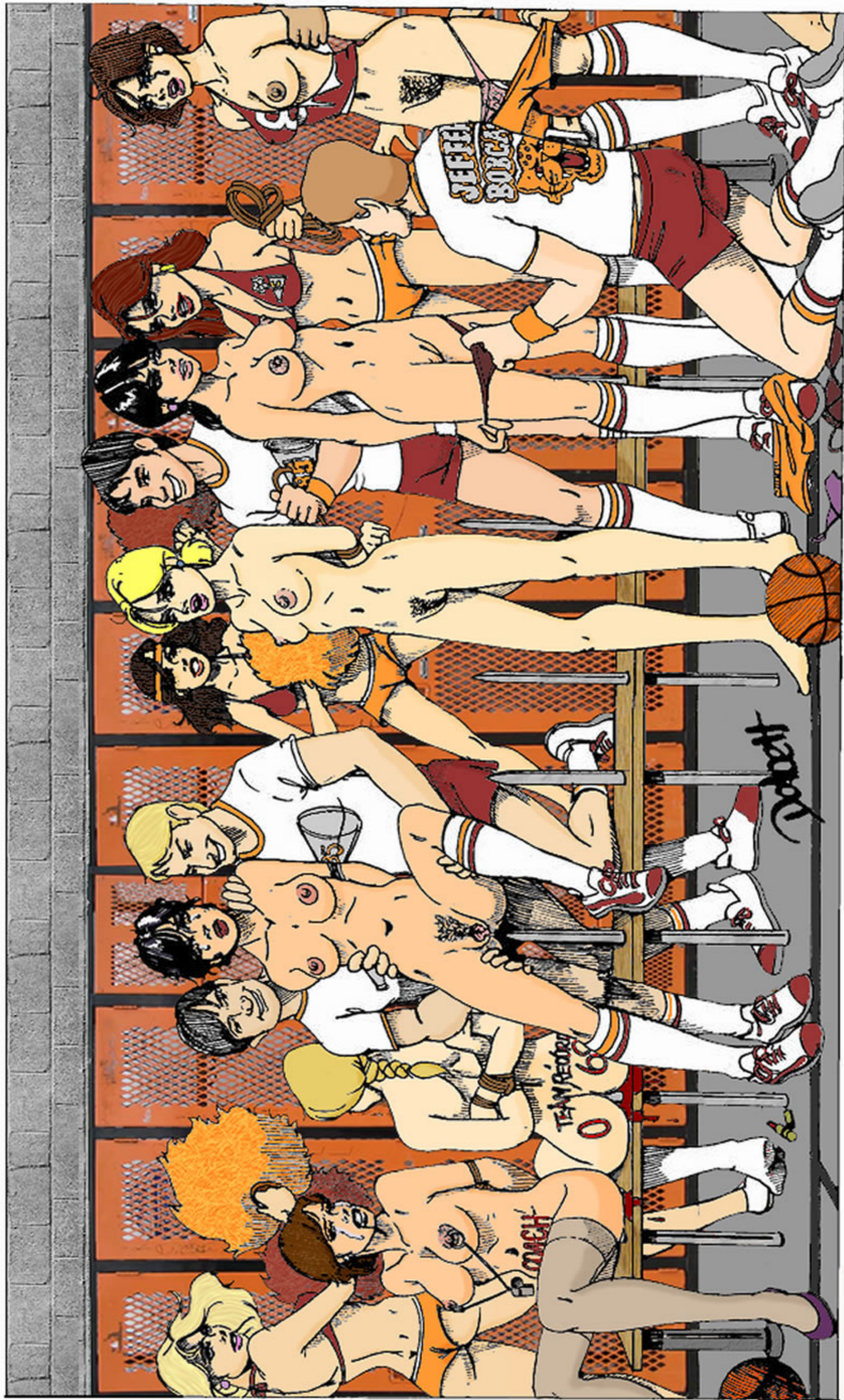
EXCELLENT! ANY TURN IN YOUR UNIFORM AND SAY YOUR GOODBYES.

MRS. ACKERMAN HAS DECIDED TO HAVE YOU SPIT ROASTED FOR HIS DINNER.

YES MISTRESS ATONCE. DOES MRS. ACKERMAN WISH TO HAVE ME SPITTED TO ALIVE FOR ROASTING?

OF COURSE!

Employees of the Month: FAYE



Colored by Kaynington

Guess Who?

When TV personality and amateur gambler Kate Miller saw her luck finally run out at the poker table, she said this of her high-stakes flesh wagering, "You don't play to win chips, you play to win your life. A person lives more in the 24 hours after winning her meat than in a year's time. The greater the risk, the greater the reward."

At Dolcett Digest, we don't judge a person's motives. Whether for the

risk, the money, or because it turns you on, we love to see young edibles bare and wager all. That's why we created the "Guess Who?" feature, as an outlet for our readers to experience the emotional tornado that accompanies risking your skin. Whether newly legal livestock or simply hooked on gambling, we love our risky readers.

Below and across are five girls who have placed their meat in your hands. Simply identify any of the girls by

their nude photos and win their roasting permits. We need the name, first and last, and a third piece of identifying information. A school, address, middle or maiden name. One entry per person per girl, please.

We're always looking for new risk takers. If you're feeling brave, dumb, or horny enough, send a cropped photo to guesswho@dolcettdigest.com. Win \$1,000 or be someone's dinner! We promise it'll be someone you already know!



A



B



C



D



E

This month's hints:

- A) Born on her nation's independence day
- B) The braids are new
- C) Lost virginity to two men
- D) Owned by another
- E) Has worked as a waitress

The above photo was printed in our August issue. Tragically, it seems none of our readers were intimately familiar with those luscious lumps of hers. She collected \$300 in cool cash for a non-nude photo and lived to tell the tale.

But it seems she is the daring type. This month we received another photo of her, this time a little more revealing than before. Surely someone must recognize her figure from their sexual conquests. Let us know soon or we'll be out another \$1,000!



E

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