

# DOLCETT DIGEST

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**First Mardi Gras**  
New Orleans is a happenin'  
town come February!

**The Ides of February**  
Let us not forget the true  
meaning of V-Day

**Celtic Warrior**  
A Britannic Beauty  
forges a spit fit for a  
Warrior-Queen!

**Spitgirl's Life**  
Ellen Grows a Pair!

**Last Dance**  
The Japanese Devotion  
to Family is Unparalleled





*35 Luxury Restaurants  
21 km of Sand  
0 Men*



*It's a Girl-Eat-Girl World in*  
**Femme-Cannes**

*France's Sapphic  
Cannibal Paradise*

*Speak to your local travel agent about our vacation packages. Plans available for romantics, risk-takers, 'retirement,' and more! Some plans may require advance payment and/or signatures of consent. Book early, Availability is limited.*



# 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

In Compliance with U.A.R. 18 Sec. 2257

All models, actors, actresses and other persons that appear in any visual portrayal of actual sexually explicit conduct appearing or otherwise contained in this document were over the age of eighteen at the time the visual image was created.



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.

**Dolcett Digest Inc.**  
**HAMBURG LONDON NEW YORK OSAKA SYDNEY**



# CANNIBAL TALKS

# Little Red

WHAT TENDER FLESH SHE HAS!



IN THEATRES  
 MARCH 7

ARKAYO PRESENTS A HUNGRY APE PRODUCTION ELLEN ISLES JASON HARRIS "LITTLE RED"  
 EDITED BY JARVIS KIP COSTUME DESIGNER AMELIA THOMKINS MUSIC BY LUCAS MOORE MAKE UP ARTIST CASPER WELSH  
 DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY SOYOUNG KO PRODUCED BY ELIOT KLEIN SCREENPLAY BY LOIS MILLER DIRECTED BY TED BARBOUR



# 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 Dolcetti 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 advised that parties make reservations a minimum of two days in advance.

Dear Bill,

*When my husband married me, he agreed to one important precondition. That he roast me before I turn 40. As that date has neared, he's grown distant. When I asked him about it, he confessed a desire that even I didn't know he had. He wants me to roast him! Tenderizing, prepping, spitting, basting and dining! I don't know how I feel about a submissive husband. I don't even know if it's legal! Can you help me make sense of this?*

-Dame aus Dortmund

DaD:

No one wants to grow old. It's not something women generally have to think about, menopause being somewhat of a rare achievement. But there are men who don't want to die alone or with a 20 year old mistress who speaks in modern slangs and hasn't seen a movie that came out before this century. To a person with these options, your graduation from life as a fit and

experienced adult may seem inviting. Take it as a compliment that he wishes you to escort him to his inevitable end.

Obviously it may upset the balance of your marriage, but as you admit, it only has weeks left anyway. You can try to disobey and end up roasted in anger, but that won't be good for either party. I believe the true womanly thing to do is to help him live out his final fantasy as you've done for all his others. Just be sure to see a specialist before roasting him. You'll need special equipment to carry it out.

After you've 'swallowed his cock' one last time, you'll have a world of opportunity to snuff yourself. You will no longer be held back by his permission. Seek out old lovers and platonic friends to find what you've been missing. If one of them tickles your fancy, offer your meat to him, if not there are countless charities, festivals, and factories for you to turn yourself in at. Or perhaps go to the casino and let your meat ride. Maybe you'll find a reason to live to 41!

Dear Bill,

*My best (and platonic) friend and I spent a drunken weekend in Atlantic City celebrating my new job, and it seems we may have gotten...married. In a sober state of mind neither of us would have said, "I do," but what's done is done, even if we can't remember it. But the problem is that he has a fiancée, one who is even less pleased with our marriage than either of us. And she's not going away.*

*My point is, my granny was divorced twice. And both my grandfathers once. Why is divorce no longer a legal course of action? What cause did they have to ban it?*

-Blackout Brittany

Brittany:

Divorce was useful in an age when short term relationships were a problem. But now that growing old together is looked down upon, the flaw in our legal system has been corrected. I say flaw because divorce was never

an intended outcome of marriage in the first place. It's "till death do us part," not "till boredom." So says the majority opinion of the U.S. Supreme Court's 2042 ruling, "Gomez vs. Florida," which established the lack of a right to divorce. Shortly after, the rest of the cannibal world followed.

I understand you may think it unfair, but neither is the sad lack of men for your fellow women. Bearing children is now an issue of national security, and in order to keep the nuclear family intact, strict measures must be taken. Those lucky enough to marry must take their roles seriously, breeding and keeping their husbands happy. Because as we both know, the only alternative is the oven.

For your situation I would recommend becoming a devoted wife. If you haven't already, consummate the marriage (no, that isn't a loop hole) and hope for a boy. That just may turn things in your favor. If he is hesitant in taking your marriage to the next level, you can forgo the tactic of motherhood in favor of that of sexual compatibility. As his platonic best friend, you're forbidden fruit, off limits. But that doesn't mean he hasn't thought about you. That'll be your weapon as you bait him with a playful tease and reel him in slowly with 1-2 weeks of temptation...as you begin to show more & more bare skin, and gradually act less like a friend than a woman in heat. And then when the time is right, make his cock your world. Every way, every day.

I wish you the best, but know that it's just as likely he'll choose love over friendship. He certainly wouldn't be the first. Don't hold a grudge if he chooses to roast you, and be gracious if his fiancée is present. There's no shame in giving it your best, nor in giving them your breasts. Remember, most meatgirls are eaten by strangers, but you would be eaten by your best friend. I call that lucky!

Dear Bill,

*Pussy or ass spitting? Is there a correct answer?*

-Amateur Chef in Sheffield

Dear ACiS:

Well...there's no wrong answer. But there is a rule of thumb. Generally it's wiser to reserve pussy spittings for meatgirls who are more sexually experienced. The tighter she is, the more likely you should stick it in her rear. That's because more stretching the pussy has to do, the more likely the meat may break apart late in the roasting process. You'll be in a real pickle if your cunt fillet comes out in pieces.

If you're concerned about this, have a doctor or butcher check her tightness coefficient. Anything above a .73 we recommend to be anally spitted or oven roasted. Anything below and you can do whatever excites you more!

Dear Bill,

*A petition was going around the bar I was at entitled, "Feed the Hungry." In my drunken state I neglected to read it and only later found out it was a volunteer sheet. I had signed away my own meat to that very bar for use in their St. Patrick's Day festivities! How can they be permitted to take advantage of the inebriated like that? What are my legal recourses?*

-Boston Baked Christine

Dear BBC:

I understand your frustration at being tricked. But a signature is a signature, and it will be difficult to convince anyone you that you were unaware of the consequences of alcohol. By drinking you consented to take responsibility for your drunken actions. Surely if you drunkenly robbed or assaulted someone you would not expect leniency.

Still, there are options you may explore. Massachusetts' state health department controls restaurant licenses and meatgirl permits. Should they find health violations at the bar, you may find it is closed on St. Pat's Day. Given that Massachusetts does not issue multiple day roasting permits, it would be a reprieve.

You may also take it up with the courts, though no judge will issue a stay on roasting merely for a trial. Most plaintiffs are roasted before a verdict can be reached. If nothing works, it's best not to fret. Just think of all the amazing orgasms you'll have!





**Make it a Movie Night!**  
**Dolcett Digest's own Compilation Snuff Films!**



**DDC-501**

**Girl on Girlmeat**

Lezzie ladies like to munch on more than just carpet. Get ready for some sapphic skewering!



**DDC-502**

**School Lunch**

Memorization is no substitute for practice. These teens seek to turn 'Grade A's' into 'A' grades!



**DDC-503**

**Death Row Dames**

Gallows? Guillotine? The chair? We'll make these jailbirds sing before they fly the coop...



**DDC-504**

**Battle of the Breath**

Best Friends? Enemies? Our girls duel it out underwater, on the noose, and neck deep in cock.



**DDC-505**

**Electric Ecstasy**

How much current does it take to cook a meatgirl? About 15 orgasms worth!



**DDC-506**

**Strange Snuff**

Odd fetishes, high art, the secrets of New Guinea...we search high & low for bizarre new methods!



**DDC-507**

**Daddy's Girl-Meat**

These girls would go to the ends of the Earth to satisfy their Dads. But first...the ends of their dicks!



**DDC-508**

**Farm Raised**

Farm-bred. Open range. Horse tenderized. Hand slaughtered: A tradition of top-notch taste.



**DDC-509**

**Man Meat**

Miss Marie gives masochistic men the full meatgirl experience. Watch her down a 10" sausage... right before its owner's eyes!



**DDC-510**

**Home Style Recipes**

Rump Roast just like Mom used to make. Amateur chefs invite us into their kitchens and share their finest recipes!



**DDC-511**

**Feeding Time**

Meeow! Zookeepers and volunteers become live meals for lions, tigers, snakes, gators, and even a giant bullfrog!



**DDC-512**

**Longpig Special**

No tricks, no gimmicks, no surprises. Just girl after girl taking all 8 feet of unstoppable steel

**First  
Mardi  
Gras**





We meet in a downtown New Orleans hotel, two hours before the festivities. A tall man dressed in gray slacks and overcoat enters our photo studio, beaming with pride. We soon see why. Two teenage lovelies follow in his footsteps, the youngest of his clan. Each girl sports a fresh coat of glitter paint, in the tricolor palette of the season. With feathered masks and inconspicuous knickers, these girls look ready for a night of wild and uninhibited revelry. But back in their home of Brazil, their friends and relations prepare for festivities of their own. What could be so pressing to draw these barefoot beauties so far North during Carnival season? Well, let's make one thing clear...this isn't your Papa's Mardi Gras.

The father introduces himself as Ribeiro, and his

daughters as Gabriela and Amanda. They wear gold and green masks respectively. Ribeiro takes a seat as his girls are instructed to stand under our bright camera lights. They remain mute as their father enthusiastically reports to us what their weekly activities.

After a weekend of live music, parades, sights, and fine restaurants, the trio settled on a quiet trip to the zoo on Mardi Gras morning. There Gabi and Amanda could study the habits of wild animals before joining such ranks that evening in the Vieux Carré. After a lunch of muffulettas and beniets, two local specialties, the trio returned to their hotel to prepare for the culmination of the week's events, a dusk to dawn surrender to primal instincts. But first they must dress the part...

Gabriela and Amanda had stripped and knelt, knees interlocking, on a small tarp in the bathroom. Each sister became the canvas for the other's artistic whims. The girls likely could have used a trial run applying their make-up, but their sparkling glitter would serve its purpose all the same, announcing their participation in the festivities and attracting the eye on such a dark night.

After his rather long story, the father finally switches from third person to second person with respect to his daughters. "Show them your costumes, girls," he orders. Such a command seems redundant, given their already alluring appearance. But it seems their minimal attire is still too concealing. Without breaking off their stares, the girls work their swimsuits off their hips and down their legs.







The girls reach from behind to cover their narrow slits. Once on Bourbon St., this will be their only consent.  
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There, an uncovered pussy indicates absolute submission. Their tight stance lifts their breasts up and toward the

eye, no subtle advertisement of their wares. True to their nationality, each sports a cleanly waxed pussy.



A spin of Ribeiro's finger and the girl's turn around, switch hands, and bend over. The girls smartly remain

covered, withholding their permission to the camera crew and myself to take what we are shown. But their father

still holds absolute power. He offers us all a feel of their beautiful bare buttocks. Several pinches, spanks, and  
**Dolcett Digest 15**





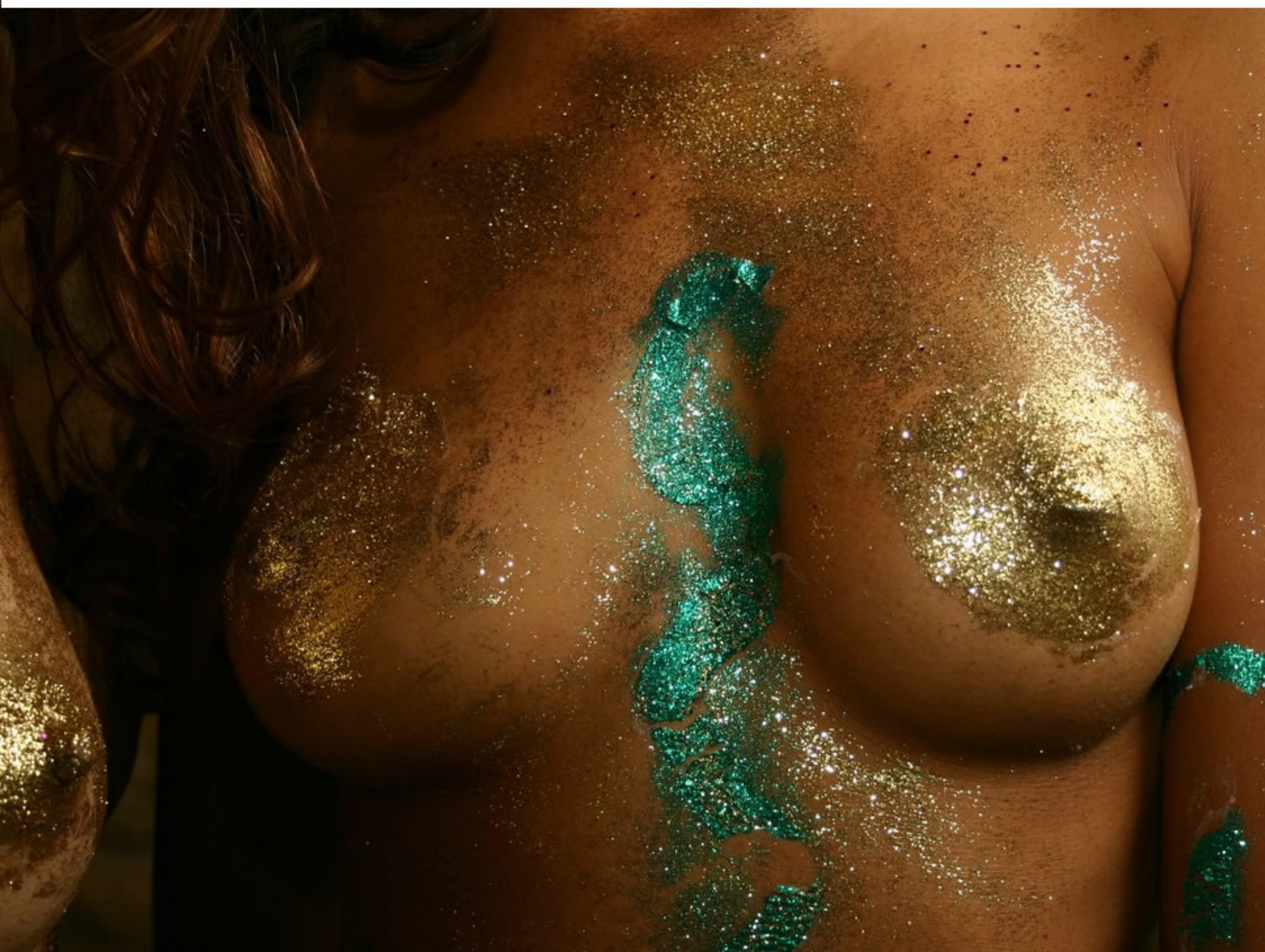
gropes follow, which nearly permanently drive us off track.

The girls obey the directions of our photographer, who convinces them to drop their hand guards in favor of less distracting forms of concealment. Despite our assurances, the girls become visibly anxious without their protection. It isn't embarrassment over the negligible added nudity. Nor is it trepidation of the pleasures we would inflict on them. Gabi and Amanda know what awaits them in a few hours. They've been anticipating it for months. The sisters begged their father to bring them, and now that they're here and in full costume, they feel for the first time what is imminent. They fear only where their own desires will surely take them, and feel some anticipatory jitters for an event that has always been remote in the distant future.

We ask the girls to remove their masks and reveal to us their disbelieving faces. It's remarkable how young they look. Their eyes expose a wealth of inexperience but great ambition. One can tell they aren't prepared for what they'll soon experience, but they're driven to embrace it nonetheless.







Take a good look at their tender breasts. These will be the focus of much of the night, these and beads. But not cheaply manufactured plastic or metal necklaces. This isn't the Mardi Gras of century's past, where a flash of flesh earns cheap Chinese beads. Gabi and Amanda's brightly shining mammaries will soon be paired with beads of pearly white.

Escorted by their protective father, the girls will milk, suck, and sample from a vast human marketplace. Like all women in attendance, any inhibitions will be well lubricated by free alcohol and hallucinogens. Such perks are largely unnecessary in encouraging excitable girls to entertain a menagerie of wild cocks, but go a long way towards loosening their tired fingers from their damp cunts. And once a cock weasles its way inside an unguarded cunt, that girl's body is surrendered to the communal breeding ground. Several plain clothed butchers are on hand to patrol







the grounds with handcuffs to be used in binding such girls wrists-to-elbows, ensuring she can no longer cover up. Thus, the submission of these handcuffed girls is considered absolute and binding. And while the majority of Mardi Gras action is wild drunken fellatio, the most anticipated and exciting displays

are those of these submissives. Each street corner features its own unique array of snuff and preparatory devices. Combined with a plethora of fine dining establishments, it makes for an outdoor snuff club to put any Club X to shame.

Our featured girls share a common conservative upbringing,

neither one a year from their first time. You can credit Ribeiro with manipulating their libido to peak just as they are reaching legal roasting age. But it's not just cock that these girls long for, Gabi and Amanda are avid readers of our magazine and long-time snuffophiles. As Amanda explains it, "It started

when our favorite secondary school teacher mysteriously quit and vanished. All our questions met dead ends, which naturally inspired more questions, and eventually unspeakable rumors. Rumors which were put to rest after we were properly introduced to gynophagia and discovered a video of her final hours. People may say it all the time, but I literally could not believe my eyes.

It was in the school kitchen. Teachers I loved and loathed assembled together for her final lesson. Without protest she stripped for them all...and for me, watching much later on. She was younger than I remembered but so brave. She adapted to every demand as she fucked her captors, never fewer than two at a time. You know, it was the first porn I ever saw. That stuff sticks with you.

She spread her legs for the spit willingly and let it slide through her like nothing. When she came on the spit, I lost it. I couldn't function for days. That's how long it took me to realize how I loved what I'd seen and wished to experience it, to share myself with my captors and... those who will watch later."

Gabi continues the story. "Even though it's expensive, my sister and I begged our Dad to take us to a proper Dolcett restaurant. He let us pick our own meal. After feeling each one, Amanda and I decided on a girl who looked much like me but older, 27 in age. I walked her to the kitchen and gave her leash to a chef's hand. Within two minutes time she was decked with sauce and slid into the oven. When she felt the heat, her eyes seemed to tell me she was awake like she'd never been before. After a while my sister came to find me and we watched her slip away together."

Neither girl regrets her eventual fate as a Dolcett girl, they are each secretly divided between their natural desire to live and their unspoken desire to roast. Unspoken but easily interpreted by their observant father. When their subtle hints about Mardi Gras became less

so, he offered to take them as a late Christmas gift. On one very demanding condition: that one of them be sold to help offset the costs of the expensive trip. That was the exact kink they needed, real risk, coinflip odds.

Each girl seems to think the other will slip up before she will, though each has snuff plans that she shares freely. Gabi longs for a trip to the hot seat, the electric chair. "I'd be fully on display, not like in an oven. With a big audience, witnesses to my final act. When they watch me...legs spread, machine fucked & loving it...there's just nothing so intimate as sharing your final orgasms."

Amanda has other plans in mind. "If I go like my teacher did, I know it'll be the perfect end. I won't be overwhelmed by the onslaught of cock, I'm up to the challenge. Especially the last

one. I've fantasized about being filled by many hard rods, but that one above all."

Neither girl sees what Ribeiro shows us when their backs are turned, a pair of handcuffs hidden away in his waistband. Regardless of his girls' performance, they are his guests at Mardi Gras, and under his authority. He needs no undercover butcher to take them to a processing station.

But Ribeiro isn't unfair. He tells us they'll both get the full prepping experience, but only one will roast...which daughter he hasn't decided yet. When badgered about it, he winks and squeezes his package, indicating it'll be a fair contest.

The New Orleans Mardi Gras festival runs every year from Thursday night through Ash Wednesday morning. ■





# 6

## Must-Read Webpages for Every Meat-Eater!

Tips and resources to improve the lifestyle of any Dolcett enthusiast



[www.dolcettgirls.com](http://www.dolcettgirls.com)

It may not be the biggest online community in the world, but we have many good things to say about this longest continually operational Dolcett site. Its forum and art galleries have been populated since the 1:1 times, 25 years before the gender virus necessitated drastic changes in human behavior.

In those days users were simple fetishists, early converts to the lifestyle, many of whom were attracted by Sir Dolcett's own work. But without the pressures of mother nature, actual gynophagia was unimaginable, a horror even. The community traded stories, photo manipulations and even entire magazines without realizing they would be laying the groundwork for a cannibalistic future. Never before or since has fapping proved so vital to the continued existence of the human race.

The modern site is nearly as basic as it has always been, grounded by the forums and an art gallery. Added features include visual chat, games, and a catalog of user meat. Subforums for exploring ones fantasies still exist, but the majority of the content revolves around applied gynophagia: questions, recipes, news, conquests. But click 'older posts' long enough, and you'll have yourself a timeline of cannibal history.

[www.tiesthatbind.com](http://www.tiesthatbind.com)

Restraining a meat girl properly is a critical part of the snuffing process. For a safe spitting, the meat needs to be secured from shifting, bending, or flailing. But proper ropesmanship is not a part of the common cannibal curriculum. Consequently, most amateur chefs make do with simple knots or make up their own.

Ties that bind is a repository of all varieties of knots, with a specific focus on human culinary bondage. The site offers step-by-step instructions, diagrams, and video demonstrations to convey binding techniques in an easy to learn manner. From simple wrist and ankle knots to artistic full body wraps, this site has it all!



[www.spitfit.co.uk](http://www.spitfit.co.uk)

A certain level of fitness is not only expected in candidate meatgirls, in most places it's legislated. Such measures are rarely enforced, a sign of law's bias toward women. But a proper body type isn't just about improving your sex life, but your spit life too.

Adrenaline masks much of the pain involved in meat donation, but there is only so much that it can do. The internal pressure applied to hung meat is directly proportional to its mass, and a live roast feels itself burn everywhere it is exposed. But more important than comfort is the ease in skewering a thin figure. The less fat present, the more room for organs to be avoided.

Spitfit.com offers detailed training and eating regimens for women with their meat on their mind. The site seeks input from leading doctors, chefs, and polls of attractiveness, and it is published ad-free by the British govt. So ladies, it's time to start lifting, start running, and start kegeling. Let's get spit fit!



[www.wikimeatia.com](http://www.wikimeatia.com)

Ever wonder what happened to your first crush, your first kiss, your first lay? Does the question of 'what could have been' weigh heavy on your mind? Look no further than wikimeatia, the world's premier database of meatgirls.

The simultaneous bane and beauty of eating girlmeat is that it can only be done once. While you may wish to roast your partner again, its nonrepeatability makes it special, and necessitates the pursuit of perfection in each roast. Another major perk of snuff's permanence is that most people record the event to watch over and over.

That's where wikimeatia comes in. Its crowd-source edited pages offer intimate profiles (kinks, measurements, sexual history) and exabytes of high density image and video data. Regardless of your social class or relation to the consumed, their final moments exist for you to relive. Their trembling bodies, final words, and concluding orgasms are all available for you to watch and enjoy. And it's no longer just pictures and movies. Early adopters of cutting edge hologram technology have already posted thousands of holovideos, which allow viewers to place themselves in the frame. Watch from the sidelines or enter the action yourself!



[www.meatswap.com](http://www.meatswap.com)

Founded by a trio of Cornell dropouts, meatswap is a site designed to facilitate the international barter exchange of local meatgirls. Stricken with 'yellow fever' but unable to charm any single Asian woman, Scott Owen and Hector Reyes found their answer in a mutual friend, Fumio Mori, a student from Japan.

In exchange for a gaming system and a few used textbooks, he agreed to send for his younger sister, a frustrated undersexed college freshman, and to turn a blind eye to any consensual sex between them. The trio enjoyed two weeks of unbridled lust, despite their suffering grades and a complete language barrier. But this proved to be their gateway to success. Acting on drunken inspiration, they tricked the monolingual girl to sign away her meat rights. Scott and Hector processed her on a Jessica 5000 and invited her brother to the roasting.

It took 5 black eyes, 19 beers, and 3 full stomachs, but the cannibal trio eventually fleshed out their winning idea. A site where meat-owners could compare and trade their livestock on flat terms, one for one. In its history, the site has arranged tens of thousands of mutually beneficial trades, letting a Pyongyang man with a redhead fantasy fulfill his wildest Dolcett desires as an Irish man indulges in his first Korean barbecue.



[www.kissthecook.com](http://www.kissthecook.com)

'Kiss the Cook' is an online cooking community like none other. While plenty of recipe sites claim to feature the largest collection of recipes or have the most users, Kiss the Cook claims nothing. They don't have the most recipes because they weed out the poor ones. And they don't have the most users (yet) because that isn't their mission.

On their site you can find detailed recipes from users and professional chefs. Top recipes are equipped with step-by-step photo instructions for getting the skin that perfect shade. But there's more to preparation than that. Kiss the Cook is a veritable encyclopedia of meatgirl, offering guides to the following and more: Hair braiding/tying tips, temperature guidelines based on age, cooking duration guidelines based on weight, and matching different variations in body features with their ideal recipes (e.g. recipes ideal for large or small breasts).

The site is run by an annually changing female president, who is roasted over live stream each Easter. Mark your calendar!





# The St. Valentine's Day Mastication

written by Ay-Wun

Penny Sweet was panting because it was so hot, and she was hot as hell too.

"This steam room is something else!!" she thought, as she wiped her brow for the umpteenth time, "I really should get up and get out of here!"

Another part of her was saying, "Get yourself off again Penny, those last two were terrific!!"

"Boy, were they ever!!" agreed that rational voice, as her fingers began once more walking the "Twat Trot" across her lips and clit.

A similar scene was playing in six other private steam booths in the, "Dolcett Spa and Diner". These were, of course, two separate businesses, adjacent to one another, known by that name to only the special high paying customers. In the exclusive private dining room of Clamber's Cuisine, those diners watched the show being put on by seven lovely girls in seven steam booths, as the sub-liminal messages encouraged the girls to play with themselves to cum after cum. None of them noticed that the combination of cumming and steam was making them weaker with each orgasm. All seven, as a matter of fact, were now almost too weak to move.

Penny had been on line, when a banner suddenly popped up, "Answer the 4 question Quiz - Win A Spa Membership For 10!!!!!"

"Wow, I ought to try that!" she thought, as she clicked on the banner. The window opened to four questions:

1. Are you an only child?  
Penny clicked the Yes box.

2. Are you a lovely young woman?  
Smiling, she answered that Yes too.

3. Do you have a close family?  
Frowning, she clicked No

4. Do you have 10 girl friends who would join you in a free membership?  
Well, she knew lots of girls who'd jump at the chance, so she clicked Yes.

She then clicked the Submit button. A display of pyrotechnics filled her screen and in bright red letters, "WINNER" blasted at her eyes, and at her senses. It was like nothing she'd ever seen before wasn't it?

"Why did a question rise in her mind?" she wondered.

Then instructions began to appear, telling her to begin listing the girls who would be joining her.

Only beautiful girls, she thought, but having been a drama student and a cheerleader in high school, and working as a part time model now, Penny knew lots of other gorgeous girls. She began typing in the girls she knew, going through the address book on her computer. Suddenly, she couldn't think of another one, but realized she'd entered at least twenty, maybe more.

"How could that have happened?" she wondered, and those she'd listed weren't even her best friends, though all were really beautiful, most were rather new to town.

"Those aren't the ones I thought I'd go in with!" she thought, amazed at what she'd done. Then, for some reason, she felt a tingling, then moisture between her legs, thinking of how

wonderful that spa would be. Then she came! After she recovered from that she thought,

"Why did I do that?"

Everyone said Max Slade was a genius. The whole scheme had been his idea. The juxtaposed cannibal restaurant and spa. The steam cabinets and computer ads with their audio and visual sub-liminants that caused lovely girls to do things they hadn't meant to do. Things like becoming the meat for that restaurant.

The 'Winners' tests were rigged for beautiful women, of course, and the sub-liminants created more and more lovelies to use them on and precondition them sexually for the steam booths.

Two days after she'd answered the banner ad, Penny received the pass for her and six friends.

"Hadn't that been ten?" she thought, then immediately dismissed it from her mind.

She and those other girls, who had been notified of their friend's, and their, luck by phone and on their own computers, were to be at the spa February Fourteenth.

"Oh, how nice!" said Penny to herself, "Valentine's Day!"

That St Valentine's Day, all seven girls met in front of, "The Spa". it was simply called that, after having taken public transportation there from wherever they had been. None of these lovelies had used anything except their own cars to get anywhere for years. The seven beauties also had told no one else of "The Spa" or of the computer prize.

Once inside, they were led by a trainer through exercises on some of the most modern equipment available. Then, an amazon looking woman in the locker room led them to their steam

cabinets, assuring them that they needed no clothing in the private booths. They all thought it odd that the back wall was a mirror, and that they had to step over the bench they were to sit or lie on as they stepped through their respective doors.

The reason for this, of course, was that the mirrors were one way windows, so that the prospective diners on the other side could pick their meal like choosing a lobster from a tank. It was a great show that the seven beauties put on for these gynophagic gourmets, as sub-audio messages from speakers and sub-visuals bounced off the mirror spurred

them to self satisfaction, over and over again. At last, as one by one, all movement ceased from total exhaustion, one by one, the doors were seen to open as a chef's crew gutted each girl and filled her with a savory stuffing. Each door was then closed and sealed, turning the steam chamber into a pressure cooker.

That pressure made the cooking of Penny and her pals go quite quickly, much more rapidly than spit, oven, or pot. It wasn't long therefore, before Penny was brought out on her platter along with side dishes that had been steamed in a separate chamber. The lobster simile was carried

over here also, as her once alabaster skin was now quite red, though a somewhat more gentle shade than that of the crustacean, a hue that more than one diner thought, as that beautiful body was carved, very appropriate for Valentine's Day.

The pressure steamed meat fairly fell from the bone, and melted in the mouth. Ooohs an aaahs were heard again and again as these people chewed and savored the delicate flavor imparted to this finest of meats by this method of preparation. The diner who had been served Penny's steamed clam declared it to be ambrosia!!!



They say a paper umbrella can make any drink better.

No argument here.

*Mother's Milk*  
hand squeezed breast milk  
from our tits to your tongue





You take my breath away!



I want to have your Child...

for Dinner!

### Be Our Valentine!

We here at Dolcett Digest would like to wish our readers a very Happy Valentine's Day. Whether you are single or taken, free or meat, everyone deserves a good tenderizing on this very special day!

As our gift, we offer you these eight Valentine cards, each designed by and starring one of the Digest's fine female employees. Keep them as a token of our appreciation or cut them out and give them to some special friends. It'll keep you on their mind come Tit Steak & a Blowjob Day

Cast, in Reading Order:

1. Vivy Barnes, photographer
2. Mona Iverson, photo editor
3. Crystal Reyes, Editorial Assistant (former)
4. Jane Axeman, Senior Editor
5. Beth Dorr, Marketing Chief
6. Holly Hart, Research Chief
7. Rita Liebnitz, Columnist
8. Ellen Isles, Columnist
9. Amanda Park, Art Director
10. Pearl Fetterly, Intern



You make me feel all warm inside!



YOU KNOCK MY PANTS OFF!



You'll Always Have My Helping Hand!



You're so Sweet!

and Sour!



You're so Dreamy!



All recipes tested on  
Ivana Zupan, 23 y/o  
Beograd, Serbia  
(pictured)

# Dolcett Digest's Body of Recipes

## Tijuana Tit Burgers

(serves 4)

### Ingredients:

4 petite breasts, no larger than B cup; 4 lg. hamburger buns; 2 Tbsp grated onions; 3 Tbsp salsa; 8 slices monterey jack cheese; 8 lettuce leaves; 1 (4oz) can minced green chilis; ¾ cup mayonnaise; 1½ tsp chili powder; 1 tsp cumin; 1 tsp lime juice; 1 avocado; salt; pepper;

### Directions:

1. Mayonnaise: In a small bowl, mix green chilis, mayo, lime juice
2. Sauce: In medium bowl, mix salsa, chili powder, cumin, onion.
3. Bathe tit steaks in sauce
4. Place tit steaks on parchment lined sheet. Salt, pepper to taste
5. Place in freezer for 15-20 minutes (These cook better chilled).
6. Prepare avocado slices in meantime, Wash lettuce leaves.
7. Grill outdoors or on stovetop. Cook first side until achieving a nice sear and golden brown color, approx. 5 minutes
8. Cook for another 5 minutes. Add 2 slices cheese of per burger, let melt
9. Layer in order: bottom bun, thin slather of mayo, lettuce leaf; burger, lettuce leaf, avocado slices, top bun, slathered in mayo.
10. Serve with salad or chips and pickle

## Hawaiian Lady Fingers

(aka chick wings)

### Ingredients:

4 hands uncooked lady fingers; 1 cup pineapple preserves; ¾ cup dry sherry; ¾ frozen orange juice concentrate; ¾ cup soy sauce; ¾ cup brown sugar; ½ cup vegetable oil; 1 tsp garlic powder

### Directions:

1. Place wings in large resealable plastic bag.
2. Stir together all remaining ingredients in a large bowl and mix thoroughly.
3. Pour mixture over wings in bag and seal
4. Work marinade over all parts of chicken wings and allow to marinate overnight.
5. Place fingers on foil covered baking pan and cover in 1 cup marinade.
6. Bake at 350°F for 1 hour



## Linguaphiles Rejoice!

Don't just limit yourself to our English language editions. Dolcett Digest Inc. offers a wide selection of international magazines, many with their own featured stories! Learn to cook meatballs like the Swedes or make some authentic Japanese girl-sushi! Keep up with gynophagia in the motherland, use it as a language learning tool, or simply look at the pretty photos! Subscribers to Dolcett Digest's U.S. edition get a 15% discount!

*Dutch • English (UK, AUST)  
French • German • Indonesian  
Italian • Japanese • Mandarin  
Polish • Russian • Spanish  
Swedish • Thai • Turkish*






A woman with long brown hair, wearing a silver beaded necklace and large earrings, is sitting on a purple cloth. She is holding a spear with a dark, textured shaft and a metal spearhead. The background is a dark wood panel wall.

# Celtic Warrior

Carbine

The Future  
End of  
Kendra

A woman with long brown hair, wearing a silver beaded necklace and large earrings, is standing on a purple cloth. She is holding a spear with a dark, textured shaft and a metal spearhead. The background is a dark wood panel wall.

**L**ike anyone who grew up a girl, Kendra Carbine once envisioned herself a princess. But tiaras and curtsies never had a place in any of her fantasies. Her royal duties were of a more practical nature. Not the type of person to await Prince Charming, she'd rather find him. Her royal role models were never socialites like Marie Antoinette of France or Rosa of Texas. She respected the British royals that tested their equestrian skills on the Olympic stage. And she revered the famed woman warriors of Wales: Gwennlian and Boudica.

Kendra never did conquer a kingdom nor did she even ride a horse. But she did choose to pursue productive hobbies like art and hand crafts over less fruitful interests like dance and fashion. She began with lessons in clay working, and as she grew more confident, onto stone and eventually steel. After three years of trial and tutorage, she finally began a project to truly test her abilities, a warrior's spear forged by her own sweat and strength.

All of Kendra's works are purposeful. Nothing is intended for a nail on the wall. But there are no more battles to fight in Bebington, her suburban home town. She has something else in mind.



Kendra holds it level in her hands. She doesn't need to say what this spear is for. There's only one thing of this length and width you find in the hands of a naked woman. It's as fitting in her tightly wrapped fingers as her earrings are dangling from each earlobe.

"I stand like this in my dream," she says. "I'm looking down on myself and we both nod at each other in agreement. Then I begin." Kendra feeds the spit through her fist. She calls out body parts. "My womb, my guts, my stomach. As I stand here I can feel my throat being filled. My head is forced back as a final act of submission. I'm taken."



"You can see the tip isn't so sharp. I'm not killing Romans...or anyone with it's metal point. It should pass through cleanly, not pricking or bruising anything. And it's flat to maneuver anything out of its way with a simple twist. You don't need a doctor and an MRI machine, you don't need a chef and his years of wisdom. You just need a man with a good feel and a woman ready to be harvested."

"I saw my best friend's botched spitting. Her number was drafted by the butcher and she was sold whole roast. But the buyer was a stubborn imbecile. The clumsy fool poked her organs full of holes...she didn't even live long enough to feel the heat of the fire. The buyer actually had the nerve to call up the butcher and blame him.

I intercepted her meat on its way to the garbage. It was the finest thing I've ever tasted, yet it could have been so much more."







"That's when I began my research of the culinary arts. I may not have a fancy degree or a chef's apprenticeship but I know how to use a library. I learned about the early days of girlmeat, when all meat was slaughtered before being cooked. And how Dolcetti's art became widely known and inspired chefs to move past the early failed experiments with live roasting. To produce wonders like the first electric roasting chair and the Kay-ka-bob, the Model-T of spits.

I studied dozens of case studies of those failed trials, and surgical records to boot. I'm proud to say I calculated the path of least meat girl resistance without consulting a roasting manual.

When trying to find an ideal spit width, I had to do some real world testing. So I took out my set of colored pencils and lined them up in a row. When no one was looking, I fit as many as I could in my mouth, testing different shapes as well."

When I was really sure no one was looking, I slipped off my panties and put them up my skirt one by one. The first time I was caught (damn my luck, almost immediately) I was terrified and ran off home. The second time I was caught mid-experiment I was flushed and embarrassed, but the third time I ignored that prude of a librarian and kept going. She seemed to stop coming around after that.


Just as well. Soon after I helped a couple students studying for a gynophagia final by role playing the meat on our study table. They failed their exam but I learned a great deal about spitting posture.

The idea for a spear was a pure coincidence. I was in a rut about how to support enough weight with a narrow spit to thread the mouth. So I began sketching Boudica to clear my mind. Leading armies, sacking cities, avenging her daughters...and killing herself to avoid being captured.


I started out drawing a seppuku type suicide, falling on her spear. But I knew where it had to go, it was so clear. I sketched my Celtic Queen riding a spit like modern times. Refusing to let her death be in vain, she uses it to feed her warriors. They consume her flesh and inherit her strength, her wit and bravery. And not long after, the spear that spitted her is crowned with the head of her Roman enemy!"







"I researched spears of all origins. Swiss pikes to Zulu iklwa. Aztec tepoztopilli to the barb headed sibat from the Philippines. I fell in love with a particular French finial design, but I knew it would have no practical benefit in spitting me. That's why I decided on a simple lozenge design for the head. In addition to its minimal size and lethality, it's design was simple enough for even an intermediate metal worker like me."



"He was crafted (yes, it's a he!) in an artist's colony residing in an old mill in Liverpool. I wouldn't have gotten anywhere without the help of my mentor and friend Marcel. Over these past three years he's offered his decades of experience without showing a hint of irritation at my stubbornness or mishaps, and for the low price of my tea and company. Even though I never told anyone what my real project was, he knew immediately, and kept it my secret. Many of his pointed suggestions included subtle hints benefitting its final gynophagic purpose." I named my spit Marc as a tribute to him.



"It felt ingenuine to be working on such a project while weighed down in such heavy work clothing. Marc will soon know my body in the most intimate way possible. I will see, taste, feel, and fuck him. Why conceal my body with layers of clothing? But poetic actions must take a back seat to basic safety. A fine handcrafted spit deserves a fine A-grade damsel as its first meal. No scuffs or bruises, no brandings or tattoos. Just 56 kg of willing womanhood, from wet pussy to watering mouth.

Marc may be somewhat shorter than the standard variety, but it's more than enough to plug my holes. Any larger and I'd have trouble wielding it. But my arms and legs won't overshoot the ends. I've measured my spit to my frame exactly. If I stand on my knees next to it, the head will just pass my lips. And for ease, my interlocking fingers will rest just behind my neck.



I don't have a date set. It doesn't seem right. Marc will let me know when he's ready for me. I take him with in my car, my office, to the super market...and he stands guard against the wall as I slumber. Each night I satisfy him in my dreams and wake up in horror to realize we're apart.

I could do it myself, I know I'm able. I'd just place the end against the bottom of the stairs and walk myself down. But who would be around to put me on the fire? To baste and enjoy me? That would be too selfish. Marc deserves more.

Not that I haven't come close. I need Marc to see me, to know my pussy is his alone. No fingers, no dildos, no men. My clit is mine but my depths are promised to him. As he decides if the time is right, I long to throw myself at him. I want to feel him inside me. Just his diamond tip. To satisfy myself in safety.

But Marc would never stand for such selfish behavior. The bond between woman and spit is a sacred union. My body is the dowry I owe. Once we touch lips, I belong to him absolutely. No pauses. No delays. Till death do us part.







Kendra lowers Marc down her body, dragging its face along her belly and thigh. Clutching the head in her fist, she aims the tip at her picture perfect cunt. Just an inch separates the two mates. Calm and quiet for but a moment, Kendra begins to breathe deeply, intensely. Her breasts heave and ho. She sports a tense facial expression which could be mistaken for agony.



Kendra's arm begins to shake uncontrollably, bringing Marc precariously close to her vulva. She grabs her bicep to regain some control. Kendra counts to three, then lets go. The tip circles about, fast and close enough to drive cool air at her lips. Kendra hears a rumbling gurgle from below, but it is not her. Our cameraman is hungry, and his stomach has betrayed him. Kendra smiles sheepishly. Her arm regains its power and ceases to shake. Casually, she lifts the spit to her side and holds it like a staff. "Not today," she says. "But soon. Very soon." ■





**ZERRIN**

Zerrin belongs to her neighborhood watch, a group that keeps watch for runaway meat girls. She's helped return three!

Home: Bursa, TUR

Ht: 1.73m (5'8")

Wt: 53kg (117lb)

Age: 21

Job: Shopkeeper

Hobbies: Reading, Poetry, Politics, Dancing, Card Games, Hanging out with Friends

Zodiac: Pisces

Likes: Cinema, Football, History, Fantasy Novels, Lasagna, Shrimp, Caramels

Dislikes: Snakes, Lightning, Self-Centered People

Women who volunteer in Turkey may select any single woman acquaintance to roast with them. This may be a friend, a relative, a coworker, or an enemy. Turkish women are careful not to make enemies.



**Zerrin:**

*I've fantasized about it since I attended my first roast.*

**DD:** What a fine young Turk you are.

**Zerrin:** Thanks, though unlike actual 'Young Turks,' I have nothing bad to say about the monarchy. It keeps the secularists and islamists from retaking power and ruining things.

**DD:** Why is the monarchy better?

**Zerrin:** What the secularists don't realize is that since the gender-virus struck we need fast action. They waste time arguing for consensus and backroom deals. The islamists just saw it as an excuse to take more wives, breeding their way into a cycle of famine, population crash, religious revival, wives, breeding... Only the autocrats realized the problem needed to be tackled from both ends. Make more men, but cull the extra women after they have the opportunity to breed.

**DD:** So you understand where you fit in the big picture.

**Zerrin:** Make a baby or bake a lady. And this lady never understood the appeal of having children.

**DD:** So did you volunteer?

**Zerrin:** No, I just voiced my opinions a little too loudly. Someone reported me as a non-breeder and I was drafted. No hard feelings though, they were simply fulfilling their duty to the state.

**DD:** You've been smiling a lot. Are you looking forward to this?

**Zerrin (blushes):** Well...umm...yeah. It's not really something you talk about, but it's been something I've fantasized about since I attended my first roast.

**DD:** What's the appeal?

**Zerrin:** It's strange and kind of meta. Once I'm stripped of all my possessions and clothes, bound and spitted, I want people to watch. I want them to eye my bare and helpless body, and to see me enjoying myself. They should think being a meatgirl is my destiny. That's what will get my hot...that and the fire. But of course I won't get off unless they think I'm getting off...and they won't think that unless...and this is the part where my head hurts.

**DD:** Don't worry. I know you belong on the spit. A delectable Turkish kebab.

**Zerrin:** Mind if I finger myself while I reflect on that thought?

**Will you share your story with us?**

Are you an imminent meatgirl between the ages of 19 and 25 with a story to tell? Send an e-mail to: [meatstories@dolcett Digest.com](mailto:meatstories@dolcett Digest.com) and attach a recent photo. If you are selected for publication, your story will be shared with readers all across the cannibalistic world. 500 Euro (660 USD) in compensation will be forwarded to your next-of-kin!



**SVETLANA**

Only at the Moscow sci-fi convention: Svetlana will live on as a collectable, spittable, Cosmonaut action figure

Home: Tula, RUB

Wt: 47 kg (104 lb)

Ht: 1.61m (5'3")

Age: 20

Job: Cosmonaut on the first mission to colonize the Red Planet

Zodiac: Aries

Hobbies: Writing, Film Club, Chess  
Likes: Astronomy, Science Fiction, Ice Hockey, Swimming, Heavy Metal

Dislikes: Animal Hair, Litter, Her Height, Speedos

Svetlana sees her mission as a triumph for the Dolcett lifestyle and its eventual migration across the galaxy. Perhaps one day we'll teach alien species to embrace cannibalism!



**Svetlana:**

*I could be the first woman to be snuffed on Mars!*

**DD:** You have a long trip ahead of you.

**Svetlana:** 271 days, from Kazakhstan to Mars. 3 men and 57 women will be launched on four rockets headed for the red planet. We'll blow past NASA's moon base in order to establish our own, the first on another planet.

**DD:** Why so many women?

**Svetlana:** In the near term, the base will only be able to support 12 individuals: 3 husbands and 9 wives. But many more are needed to reassemble the ships into modules, connect them with inflatable corridors, and plant our crops.

**DD:** And the extra 48 women?

**Svetlana:** Harvested for their meat, which will make them the first humans not to perish on Earth!

**DD:** Do you hope to be the first small sacrifice for man?

**Svetlana:** I'm just interested in life on Mars. I'll roast when I'm told. That said, I still might be chosen for breeding! I have about a year to convince someone!

**DD:** If you are, we wish you well with the first generation of true-blooded Martians. But if you aren't, how will you be prepared in such an environment?

**Svetlana:** The first few meals will be electrically spit roasted on a Kay-Kabob 4000. This will of course be recorded for posterity and transmitted back to Earth. The remainder will need to be stored for future meals. Luckily we have an excellent freezer system on Mars, the outdoors! Anyone who wishes to be snuffed by a rope or choking on a cock may do so, but most will go passively. Those future roasts will be stripped nude and led outside to suffocate and freeze in subzero temperatures.

**DD:** Untenderized Roasts? You really are roughing it!

**Svetlana:** Actually, cryogenic research has shown that live beings can be revived from a fast-freeze. So it'll still be a group fuck and live electrospitting for most of us!



# 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!

Food, drink, and naked women...always a winning combination. But rarely do they mix quite like this. Our pictured ladies are all meat-lottery winners, choosing to spend some of their last moments in luxury. Each is treated to several relaxing hours in a bathtub of beer! A girl can fill her mug with her choice of house brews or simply let the buzz seep into her bloodstream.

But it's not all pampering at the Smaragd Spa and Brewery in Plzen, Czech Republic. While the unlimited refills are one hell of a perk, the primary service is meat treatment. Each of these women was delivered for live oven roasting immediately following their bath, while her body still retained flavoring from the beer. It makes for some fine tasting long pork, not be overlooked in your Bohemian travels!



LEFT TOP:  
Maruska Myska (28)  
Prague, Czech Rep.  
Pilsner



LEFT CENTER:  
Eliska Fiala, (33)  
Olomouc, Czech Rep.  
Vienna Lager



LEFT BOTTOM:  
Nicole McKinney (29)  
Winnipeg, Canada  
Raspberry Lambic

RIGHT TOP:  
Truda Strauss (20)  
Paderborn, Germany  
Oatmeal Stout

RIGHT BOTTOM LEFT:  
Marie Sosabowski (28)  
Poznan, Poland  
Pilsner

RIGHT BOTTOM RIGHT:  
Natasha Kolchak(30)  
Smolensk, Russia  
Weissbier

### Did You Know?

...Svaragd's first prost-and-roast was a complete accident? Clumsy tourist Augustyna Gliep slipped into a vat of Raspberry Lambic and paid for her contamination with her meat!

...Recently drained bath beer can be purchased in the brewery's adjacent pub!

...New models of brew baths feature liquid jets to deliver thrilling jacuzzi orgasms!





# Spitgirl's Life



with Ellen Isles

Ellen Isles is an acclaimed journalist, author, gynophagic expert, and the legal property of Dolcett Digest Ltd. 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.

Ellen,

I'm a 33 year old lesbian from France, but not for long. My number has been drawn in the national lottery and I've been assigned a host, the local football club here in Evreux. They're saving me for an end-of-season banquet, shortly following an end of the season orgy. I've never been with a man before, and the idea freaks me out. Penises are...well... off-putting. They just hang there, inelegantly. And I've never even seen a hard one. But probably most of all, I'm creeped out by shooting cum. I don't know what to expect or what is expected. And I don't want to be a disappointing roast. What can I do to prepare myself?

Thanks,  
Marie near Paris

Marie,

An appealing problem to have, if you don't mind me saying. It's a shame France doesn't allow fate trading, or you'd have your choice of alternate executions. I get all wet at the thought of being handled by so many young and athletic men.

Being bisexual, like nearly all women born after 2036, it's hard to picture a lack of attraction toward an entire gender. So I apologize if I fail to bridge our gap in understanding. But as you know, sexual feelings are a difficult thing to convey.

I've thought about your dilemma long and hard and I think I may have found a solution. To steal a piece of advice from likely heard from time to time in Evreux's club locker room,

Be a Man!





No, I'm not saying you're being immature or a sissy. I'm saying you should grow a pair...and a big, long cock to go with it.

Your problem is that the male genitals seem foreign to you. Make them familiar. As a lesbian, you probably won't do yourself any good playing with a friend's or looking at photos. What you need to do is make them your own.

Visit your local sex shop and buy an attachment. I'm not talking about a strap-on or a shaped dildo, I mean a licensed prosthetic intended for transsexuals or male meat role play. A salesman should be able to point you in the right direction.

Begin to wear it discretely beneath your clothing. Once you're accustomed to having one dangle between your legs, the real fun begins. You make it a part of your thought process.



You see, a TransUnion approved prosthetic isn't simply dead weight in your panties. It's an interactive tool and computer that interfaces with your body to provide the most realistic male experience possible.

While the bulk of it hangs proudly from your groin, a small extension the size of a tampon fits snugly inside you. By carefully aligning it with your G-spot and connecting it by wire to your clit, it can detect your arousal and direct your new penis accordingly.







Just be forewarned. When you feel arousal, your cock will mimic it, and stand at attention like a soldier. Be careful not to develop a boner during an important presentation or social event. Skirts haven't been known to hide them very well.

Like Pavlov's dog, you'll soon associate your sexual urges with a hard-on between your legs. Once you start to hide your erection, you'll begin to realize just how hot you get on a regular basis.

The best way to lose that

erection is with a little cock maintenance. Learn to jerk it properly, and practice at least once a day. Don't use it like a strap on just yet. You need to love your cock before you can to love others with it. Otherwise it's just a tool. Fantasize, but remember your needs won't be satisfied until its needs are.

Notice a 10 in a blouse and skirt on the subway platform? Think of the many ways you'd like to make her squeal...using your cock of course. Bend her over a trash

can, peel off her panties, and fill her pussy. Tell her how tight she is, and how hard she makes you.

Spy a hole in a wooden fence? Imagine the anonymous fun you could have with a discrete sexual rendezvous. A zealous cock worshiper cradling your manhood on one side, governing your entire body on the other. You don't need to be penetrated to be driven to the wild side. Your erogenous zone is at the tip of your dick. Every erection is a demand





for satisfaction from your neighbors. An opportunity for a frisky femme to submit to your will. You're a man now, just 15% of the population. Your cock is very much in demand!

I hope you're beginning to feel a soft buzzing by now! That means you've set up the device right. Not only does it read your body's signals, it sends them too! The better your skill, the better your O!



The complexities of the human mind are astounding. Long-term users report sensations resembling that of a phantom limb, myself included. And bisexual though I may be, I can testify feeling a certain enhanced emotional attachment with my member. A familiarity and affection I'm sure will upend the repulsion you feel toward the penis. Stroking a cock is such a

natural act, as you'll find out. Its simplicity is one of its endearments. It fits snugly in your hand, you can see what you're doing, and it doesn't know the meaning of, "not in the mood." Understand? Good, now look at me. There must be a reason you're writing to me and not Dear Abby D. Perhaps it's because Abby doesn't strip in any of her

articles. If you feel even the slightest bit of lust for me (I'd like to think more than a bit) indulge that fantasy. Kiss me tenderly and ladylike. Suckle at my teat as you grapple your own. And take as much of my cock as you can manage! That's right, get down on your knees and swallow me! You know what to do now. There's no better place for a cock than inside a French girl





like yourself. Wet your lips and kiss me where you can do the most damage. What a potent thought. Mmm...I hope you don't mind if I try in your absence. I suggest you do the same.

Now, there's an evolutionary reason why men's cocks only grow so large. If they were all as big as mine, men would spend all their time sucking them instead of hunting and gathering and fucking. And

then where would we ladies be? We are nature's answer to the cock-sucking conundrum. Male worship has always been our place in the universe. We satisfy, we multiply, and then bake-roast-or-fry. It's more or less the same circle of life as any other creature, but ours is so much sexier!

Get used to its sensation in your mouth. In short time that'll be a spit! Not nearly as forgiving as the soft, organic

variety, though both of them will dispense the orgasms a meatgirl needs and desires. Work with them and you're sure to cum time and again.

Speaking of cum, can you feel it yet? The build up? A sexual pressure that can only be relieved by a letting of liquid lust? By sharing the fruit of your passion with another? That person will soon be you. And chemically speaking, you'll need it!







Oh, did I forget to tell you about that part? That your cock is fully functional? Of course it is. Why do things half-assed? Once you feel a stream of cum shoot through the full length of your phantom prick, you'll value its satisfaction. When you feel it on your skin you'll know the bliss of being chosen. And when you swallow it you'll gain the strength to survive your skewering. That's not voodoo. Semen makes a woman receptive to her environment and bound to her partner(s). Her threshold for pain is raised and the body's self-tenderizing hormones cycle through the body. It's a meatgirl's best friend.

It won't be hard to obtain either. Your local sperm bank will sell it frozen by the half-liter or you can 'borrow' some from a friend. In either case be sure to preheat to the recommended temperature prior to loading. When it lands on your body it should feel like warm manna from heaven.

Once you love your cock, you can love others with it. And then you can start to be loved by it. Let your girlfriend wear it and together you may experience mutual face-to-face satisfaction for the first time. Give her all the thrills you've learned to appreciate on your own and show thanks by coveting every last drop of her cum.

You have a great deal of work ahead of you, but in it I believe you'll find great satisfaction. You're about to uncover a new facet of your sexuality. For you, meat day won't just be bringing about your termination, but bringing out a rebirth.

I hope when you finally spin the steel pony, your roasting body will ache for something you never knew you needed. And that you'll feel relief in knowing you experienced everything a woman should: lesbian love, a deep dick, and being the sole sexual focus of two dozen strapping and tireless professional athletes. Know then that I applaud your fulfilled life. ■

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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 April issue to discover her fate!





# The Ides of February

written by Ay-Wun

During the reign of Claudius II, Gothicus, from the temple cave of Lupercus came, the well loved Valentinus. With his right hand he led the awesomely lovely Dedenisia, clad only in the skin of a goat about her ample loins. His left hand held that of stunning Jaynelia wearing about her sensuous hips the pelt of a herd dog. Both these beauties had been, prior to the eve of the ides of February, vestal virgins, serving Lupercus.

Upon the fourteenth day, the eve of the ides, Valentinus proclaimed that he had been gifted with a vision from, the new, one God, how Lupercalia should now be celebrated. This was the very cave wherein Romulus and Remus had suckled. Heretofore, a goat and a dog had been the sacrifices to ensure fertility for the people, fields and flocks.

In his dream, vision, Valentinus had seen the scion of the one God planting his seed, repeatedly, into two maidens. As he planted the holy seed, he beseeched Valentinus to do as didst he, and lead all who had been priests of Lupercus in a rite of love, implanting seed in every cranny of two who he'd know to choose, upon the eve of the ides.

"Then, on the ides itself," that one bade Valentinus, "Spit roast alive, and feast upon those two, now blessed creatures! As they roast, thoroughly deflower those remaining vestals!"

Thus did it come to pass that Valentinus with those other eleven who had been priests of Lupercus, chose from fourteen vestal virgins, Dedenisia and Jaynelia, the two he saw as most beautiful. All these priestesses, by custom, served Lupercus nude so, quickly, was Dedenisia mounted upon Valentinus sturdy limb of procreation, as he lay

supine on the grotto floor. Then did a second priest enter the rear place in her loins, as a third did offer his priapus to her now eager lips.

As Valentinus marveled at the miracle of Dedenisia's hymen having, somehow, vanished or melted away, Jaynelia was mounted in a like manner, by a trio of other priests. Swiftly, both beauties were aquiver in orgasmic ecstasy, then a second time, as they received their initial, anointing seeds. Then didst three more priests fill with their offerings, while twice more each did shake.

As the two chosen had been receiving their second seed, six of the other vestal virgins were being taught their new duty of lip service, bringing back Valentinus and the other five who had led to a state wherein they couldst do their own duty to the chosen one they had not yet done. This new sacred rite didst continue well into the night, until all twelve holy men were well spent.

Now, on the ides, the gathered flock did sigh in awe at the two well used and tender beauties whom Valentinus led forth. All had been made to understand that the hides worn by the sacrifices were now symbolic of the beasts which once filled that role. These were now flung off, so the crowd could see their fully nude beauty, then hung upon poles next to up standing spits on each side of the cave mouth. Beside each of these was a roasting pit glowing red hot ready to roast.

Each proud and eager, one time vestal, was hoist by her lovely legs, by her assigned priests, and carried to her spit, her well opened, swollen vagina lowered upon a gleaming point and, gradually, lowered to her full impalement. The awe struck

gathering marveled at how the two so obviously climaxed as the pole passed through and out mouths turned up toward the heavens.

Then didst Valentinus slice wide the alabaster belly of each, letting fall forth their steaming entrails. Again did both climax! With wrists and ankles bound behind they were then lain above the fiery pits, whereon they were seen to quiver in holy, orgasmic ecstasy for well nigh half an hour, then become forever still.

As priests took turns turning the beautifully browning sacrifices, the rest gave and took pleasure of the remaining vestals. Nearly every girl in the viewing throng, virgin or no, prayed then to partake in the next years rites.

When, at last, the two well browned roasts were done, and borne from the pits to carving tables, Valentinus did carve out, in traditional, symbolic heart shaped form, the perfectly roasted vaginas of both. After displaying those to all he then portioned each into six parts, one for each priest. As they devoured the delicious viands, Valentinus proclaimed they would henceforth be deemed filet! Then portions of the wonderful meat was served to all.

After Note: Upon hearing of what had occurred, Claudius Gothicus, Emperor of Rome, ordered Valentinus executed. Not for making Lupercalia a festival to the new, one God and his scion, making him martyr, as is often said, but because he had not been invited. ■

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## Femme-CanCun

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Femme-CanCun: A Femme-Cannes sister property

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# 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 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, send a cropped photo to [dolcettdigest@donnerpartycatering.com](mailto:dolcettdigest@donnerpartycatering.com). If printed, you could win \$1,000\* or be someone's dinner! We promise it'll be someone you already know!

\* Payment within six months of printed publication date



A



B



C



D



E

- This month's hints:**
- A) Her favorite food is strawberries
  - B) Was named after a man
  - C) Though she's cycled through nearly every color of hair dye, she's always kept her pussy bald.
  - D) Photo is taken at the location where she lost her virginity
  - E) She and her boyfriend have an anniversary this month
  - F) One of as many as nine siblings before they started to come of age
  - G) An unlikely accent

—Lady D has a personal message for 'J':

Betraying your trust is and shall always be my most regretted action. I don't dare blame it on the alcohol; the fault lies entirely with me. I was weak willed and selfish in putting fleeting lust ahead of our relationship. Even though you refuse to see me, I must relate how sorry I am.

I need you. Until we met I desired no relationship, no marriage, no children. But now I weep for that life lost, the only life I can picture living. When we last spoke you asked me how you could ever trust me again. You have no reason to, not after what I've done to you and can never repay. But I need you to believe my remorse is real, and to that end I offer an expression of my penance. I beg of you to take me back, to love me, and to let me bear your child. But if your heart cannot be mended, write to Dolcett Digest and claim me. Roast me and put an end to me. Anything to help you to move on.

With Love,  
R



F



G

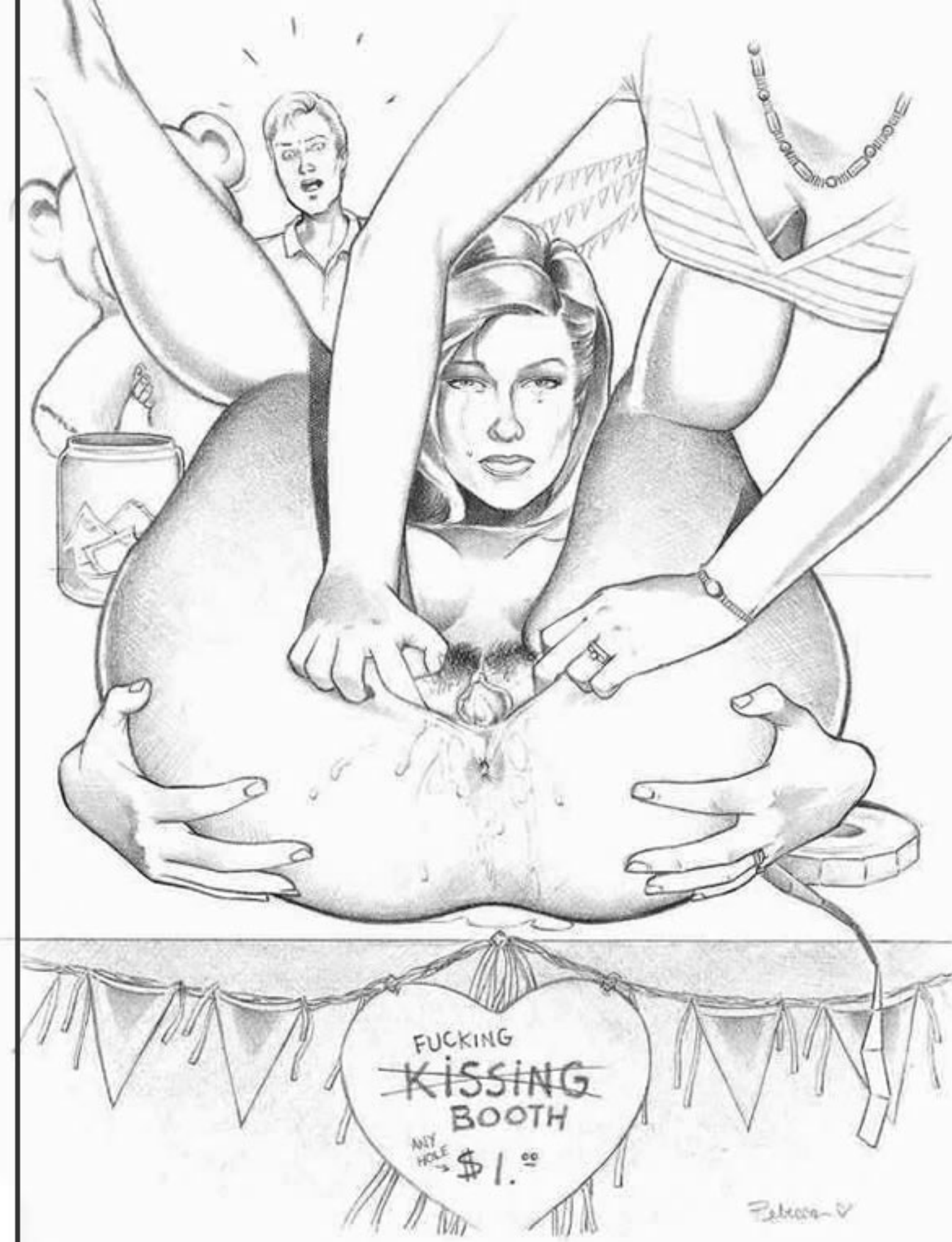


A gallery set a side for our readers to share their artistic talents and directions with the world. Send samples to [dolcettdigest@donnerpartycatering.com](mailto:dolcettdigest@donnerpartycatering.com)

February's featured work is a series of Rebecca's classic sultry drawings with added text by our staff.

Jessica was used to being the target of the popular clique's bullying. From stolen milk money in grade school to stolen clothing in the locker room. But when she became pregnant, they all had a sudden change of heart. Or seemed to. Their ruse was revealed at Amy's New Years sleepover.

As host, Amy brought the cookies. But a bound and stripped Jessica provided the milk! After they sucked her dry, they took a few compromising photos to ensure they would have a steady supply in the months to come!



When Linda asked Brenda if she was on the pill, she'd answered honestly, no. Only now did it finally make sense. The PTA leader had assigned Brenda to the fucking booth of the fair. \$1 per load. But not just that. Linda showed Brenda a second sign. "Guess the baby's weight, gender, and date of birth exactly and win Brenda's meat!"

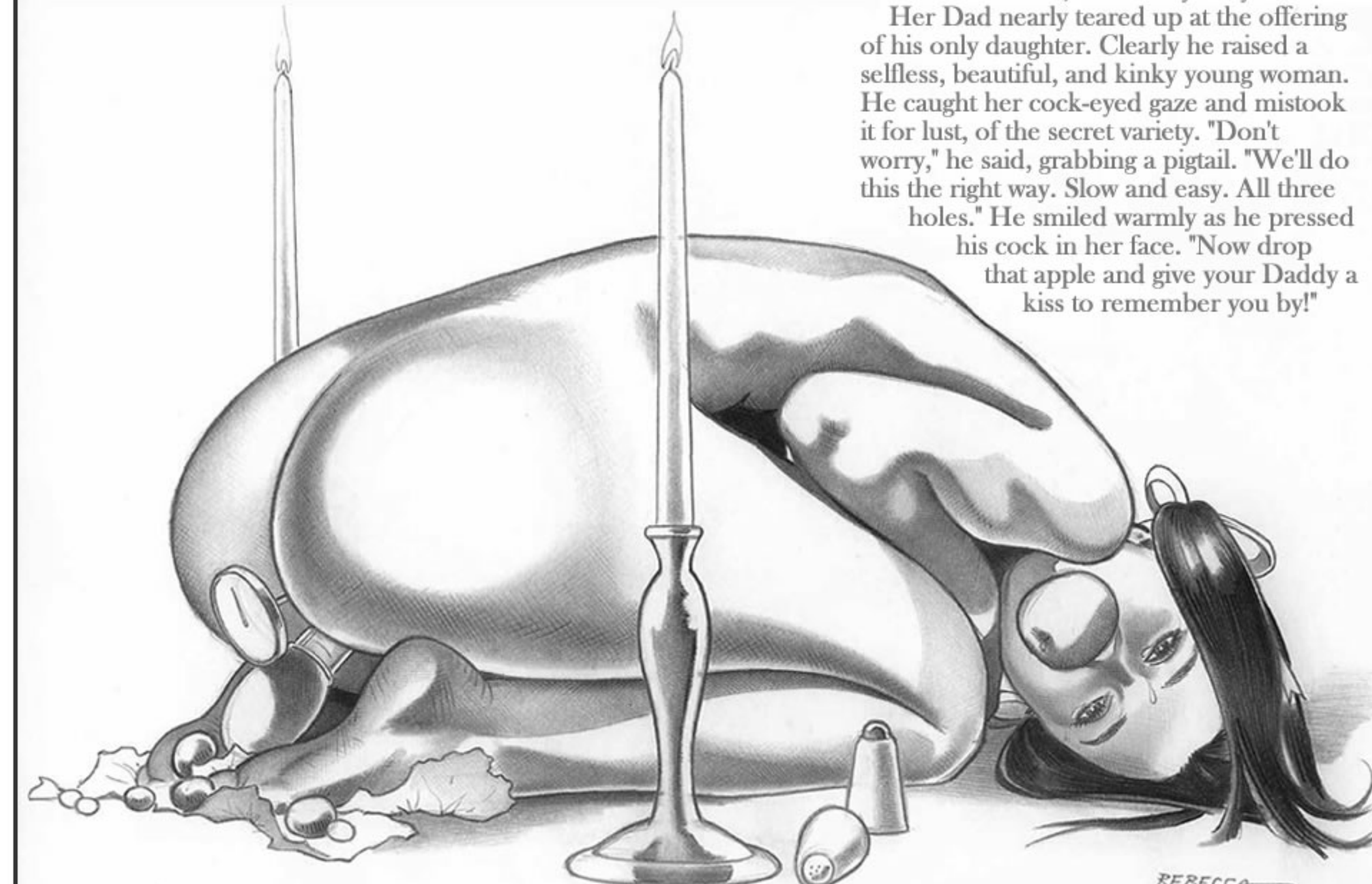
Faith knew she'd fucked up when she heard the car pull up the driveway. She was supposed to pick up a roast at the butcher shop so her Dad could cook something for his big date tonight. It was the only thing he could talk about all week.

She knew what she had to do. Dutifully, Faith stripped bare and tossed her clothes in the garbage. She lit two candles on the dining room table and grabbed an apple, a baster, and a meat thermometer. Faith climbed up on the table and stuffed her spit holes. An overturned salt shaker was the only sign of her haste.

From the doorway her Dad could only see the bare ass of the meatgirl on his table. He called out to Faith, "Excellent eye, Hunny! You really know how to pick one!" He unzipped and reached for the luscious hams. "Divine," he spoke, as he played with the thermometer. When he leaned over to see her face he nearly had a heart attack.

Faith couldn't look her father in the eye, ashamed to have dashed his dreams and plans for her. Instead she fixated on the monster of a cock, now eerily at eye level.

Her Dad nearly teared up at the offering of his only daughter. Clearly he raised a selfless, beautiful, and kinky young woman. He caught her cock-eyed gaze and mistook it for lust, of the secret variety. "Don't worry," he said, grabbing a pigtail. "We'll do this the right way. Slow and easy. All three holes." He smiled warmly as he pressed his cock in her face. "Now drop that apple and give your Daddy a kiss to remember you by!"







REBECCA—♡

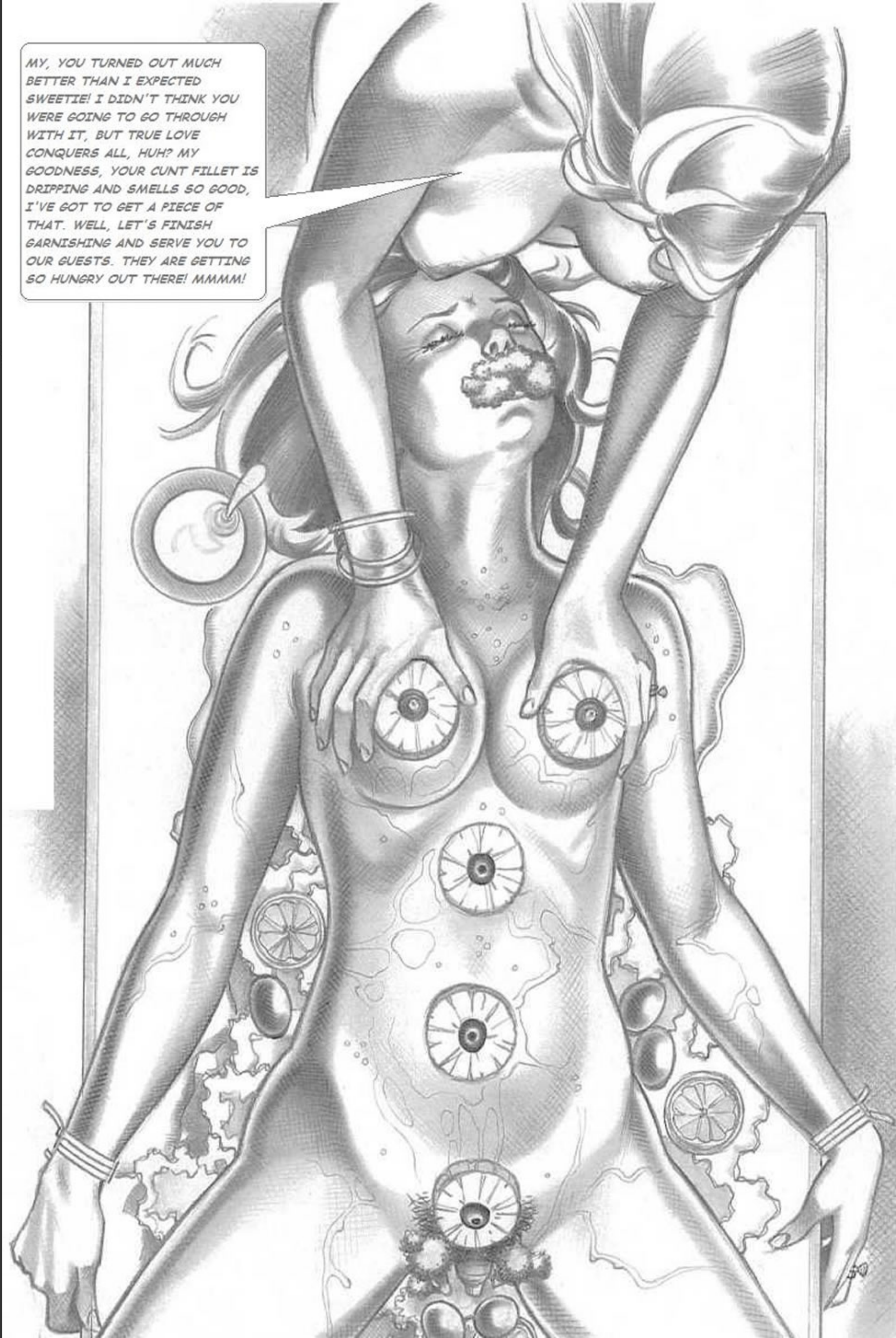
Katelyn's surprise is nearly ruined as her father comes home early from work. She drags her semi-conscious Mother behind the patio wall and hides a bottle of starter fluid behind her back. "Hi, Dad! I was just about to start some topless tanning. Could I have some privacy?"



REBECCA—♡

Mom's first clear thought is "why is it so hot." The last thing she remembered was eating breakfast. But this wasn't a kitchen...or was it? Her tits are sizzling. She tries to move away, but she is staked tight. A paper note in front of her reads the name of her secret lover. She looks up and sees Katelyn with her finger over her lips.

MY, YOU TURNED OUT MUCH BETTER THAN I EXPECTED SWEETIE! I DIDN'T THINK YOU WERE GOING TO GO THROUGH WITH IT, BUT TRUE LOVE CONQUERS ALL, HUH? MY GOODNESS, YOUR CUNT FILLET IS DRIPPING AND SMELLS SO GOOD, I'VE GOT TO GET A PIECE OF THAT. WELL, LET'S FINISH GARNISHING AND SERVE YOU TO OUR GUESTS. THEY ARE GETTING SO HUNGRY OUT THERE! MMMM!





*Last Dance* January 27, 2064  
Akita, Japan  
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.



the sides. Instead she watches the flames' reflections dance on the lens of our camera. To protect her hams, legs, and cunt fillet, she squats on a wooden bench. Masuyo asks for some icicles. She puts them in her mouth to keep cool. The longer her mind can hold out, the longer her meat can be properly conditioned. Her adrenaline and hormones marinate her body from shoulder to toe. Soon her fingers slip beneath the surface and she begins to cycle her endorphins as well. Ms. Amaya is a loud cummer. I regret not bringing an audio or video recorder. Far from Japanese girls' stereotypical whimpering, Masuyo is mostly silent until she reaches her climactic threshold. With a broad smile on her face she howls up toward the moon like a wolf. Her high-pitched holler trails off with a maniacal laugh and she begins again. She needs to do that at least five times to squirt all her girl-cum into the broth. Eventually she has to trade her fingers for her silver vibrator. Her voice becomes fainter and her eyes want to sleep. Masuyo whispers that she can no longer feel her body, except when her pussy quakes with orgasm.



Masuyo Amaya is a loyal girl. When she heard her grandfather had taken ill with the flu, she undertook to prepare him not a bowl, but an entire cauldron of hot soup, enough to last him indefinitely. The key ingredient? Her own meat of course! Ever practical, Masuyo uses a clean steel barrel rather than a heavy and expensive cauldron. Once her stew is prepared, her barrel can be sealed and rolled into the house and

its giant walk-in freezer. Fighting the bitter cold in only her bath robe, Masuyo kindles the fire and fuels it with wood she chopped herself. As the flames grow healthier, she kneels at its edge and basks in its warmth. Masuyo gives us basic instructions in fire maintenance and a copy of her recipe. Our meatgirl will soon be unable to tend to its needs. The human body requires more time to cook than the vegetables on

her list. They will be stirred in after she expires. For now it's just Masuyo and the water. She waits until it is comfortably warm before entering. It's freezing out, after all. Then we give her a boost into the pot and she gives us the Japanese meat girl salute. We stoke the fire into a miniature inferno, so intense that she can see it billowing over the sides. Masuyo likes to watch it, but tells us the meat will cook better if it rarely touches



An hour after Masuyo leaves us, bequeathing us her meat, we begin to complete the recipe as instructed. It doesn't take much effort to detach her head from her body. We stir the rest, sure to break up flesh from bone. These can be fished out later. Dozens of carrots, turnips and roots we've never seen before are needed to complement the girlmeat in such a large batch. Finally we extinguish the fire, ladle out a bowl, and seal the lid. It's the middle of the afternoon, but such a fine meal shouldn't be delayed. Grandpa Amaya sits up to be spoon-fed his kin. He smiles and whispers 'Masuyo.' We're all shocked that he can identify her by taste. This was all to be a surprise. But the old man sets us straight. "This home has paper thin walls. I know the sounds my daughters and granddaughters make when they moan." Mr. Amaya is looking healthier already. His eyes are wider, his posture straighter, and flesh more colored. Mid-bowl, he makes a ghostly prediction. "I shall live just as long as needed to finish this magnificent soup." 16 months by our judgment. We'll soon see.



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