



Meat Lottery

SURPRISE VOLUNTEER

By Razer1911



LEGAL DISCLAIMER

The creator(s) of Dolcett Academy do not encourage or support reproduction of any type of behavior presented in this fictional work of art. The creator(s) of Dolcett Academy also do not encourage or support any kind of hatred or disrespect towards any gender, ethnicity, religion, political alignment, social group, and alike. By continuing to browse this digital comic you agree that you are at least 18 or 21 years old (depending on your residence) and you are not offended by fictional violence, nudity and foul language.

By continuing to view this digital comic you also guarantee that you will not display this comic in front of minors or people who do not consent to view such sensitive content.

All virtual human figures presented in this digital comic were produced using only three-dimensional computer technology and are at least 21 years old. No real people were involved in creating depictions of characters shown in this comic. All similarities regarding names, locations and events are coincidental and purely fictional.

If you feel like reproducing any of the situations presented in this digital comic in real life, seek professional help immediately.

All works presented in this digital comic are copyrighted. Re-distribution of this digital product is strictly prohibited, unless permitted.

Copyright ©2018-2023 razer1911 & Dolcett Academy.

e-store: <https://razer1911.gumroad.com>

official: <https://dolcettacademy.com>

Meat Lottery
SURPRISE VOLUNTEER
By Razer1911

DOLCETTVILLE COMMUNITY COLLEGE

[1] IN DOLCETTVILLE, OVERPOPULATION OF WOMEN FORCED THE GOVERNMENT TO RUN A MEATGIRL LOTTERY... FEMALES, AGED 18 TO 21 CAN BE DRAWN IN THE LOTTERY, BUTCHERED AND SOLD AS PRECIOUS MEAT TO FEED THE HUNGRY SOCIETY...

ANY FEMALE UP TO THE AGE OF 30, THAT HAS COMMITTED A CRIME, MAY BE SUBJECT TO BUTCHERING... FEMALES AGED 31YO TO 40YO, WILL BE PROCESSED INTO ANIMAL FOOD. FEMALES OVER THE AGE OF 40 WILL BE PROCESSED INTO FERTILIZER...

ALSO, ANY FEMALE OVER 18YO, CAN SURRENDER HERSELF TO BE BUTCHERED FOR ANY REASON, WITH OR WITHOUT ANY COMPENSATION TO HER FAMILY OR ANYONE SHE WANTS...

[3] BABE, DON'T GET YOUR HOPES UP... REMEMBER THAT THERE ARE AS MANY AS FIVE GIRLS FOR EVERY ONE GUY! YOU DON'T STAND THE CHANCE WITH ALL THE OTHER HOTTIES AND SUPERMODELS... HONESTLY, IT'S MORE PROBABLE THAT YOU'LL BE DRAWN IN THE MEAT LOTTERY...



[2] SO.. WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT JAKE? HE'S SO CUTE, ISN'T HE? YOU THINK I COULD ASK HIM OUT?

[4] GUYS... SERIOUSLY... YOU STILL BELIEVE IN THAT LOTTERY THING? DO YOU ACTUALLY KNOW ANYONE WHO HAS BEEN DRAWN?



[5] IN THIS VERY MOMENT, STACY, THE DOLCETTVILLE COMMUNITY COLLEGE CHEERLEADER WAS ABOUT TO BE TURNED INTO A BELIEVER...

[1] TWO WOMEN IN REINFORCED UNIFORMS SWIFTLY MARCHED INTO THE GIRLS' LOCKER ROOM...



[3] W... WHAT? ERM.. THIS IS SOME SORT OF MISTAKE, ISN'T IT? THE LOTTERY ISN'T REAL. HAHA... GOOD JOKE, PEOPLE...

[2] STACY WATERS? YOU HAVE BEEN DRAWN IN THE MEATGIRL LOTTERY. SURRENDER AND COOPERATE, AND WE CAN MAKE IT EASY FOR YOU!

[5] STACY... JUST SURRENDER... THEY WILL DO TERRIBLE THINGS TO YOU IF YOU RESIST... I READ ABOUT THIS ON THE INTERNET... STACY... SUCH A SHAME YOU HAVE TO LEAVE US...

[6] SEE, I TOLD YOU! DAMN IT... I WISH IT WAS ME INSTEAD...



[4] YOU'RE CURRENTLY SCHEDULED TO BE KILLED AND PROCESSED IN A HUMANE MANNER... WOULD YOU LIKE IT TO BE WRITTEN IN YOUR DATAFILE THAT YOU RESISTED THE COLLECTORS? THAT WOULD RESULT IN MOVING YOU TO THE CRIMINAL CATEGORY. YOU COULD BE PLAYED OR ROASTED ALIVE.



[7] STACY WAS STUNNED. SHE COULD NOT BELIEVE HER LIFE WAS GOING TO END SO SUDDENLY. SHE STOOD AND COULDN'T PUSH A SINGLE WORD OUT OF HER MOUTH, SO THE COLLECTORS ASSUMED SHE'S OKAY WITH HER FATE AND WALKED HER OUT OF THE COLLEGE BUILDING...



VERN'S MEATS

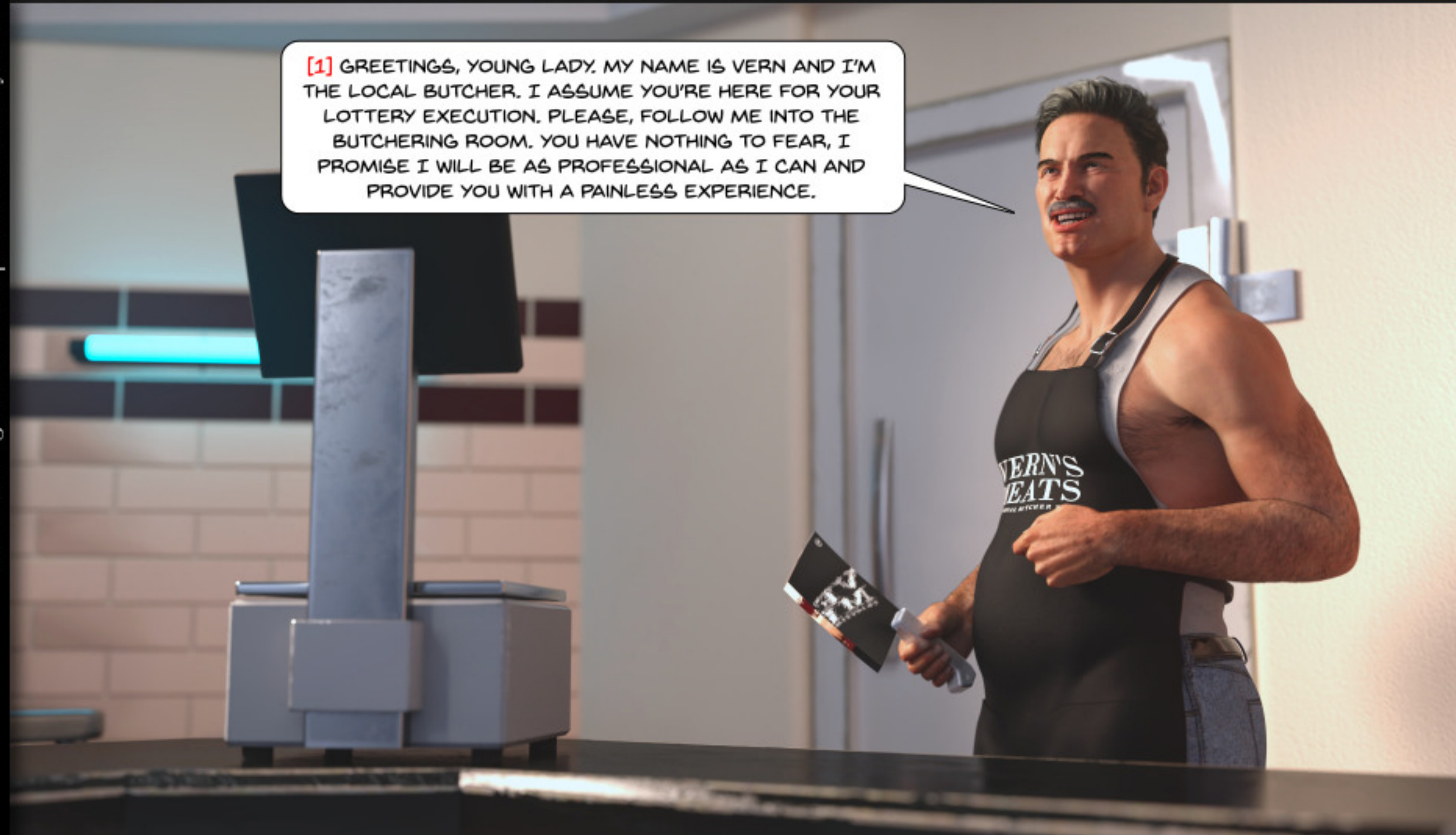
[3] ACTUALLY, PEOPLE WITH A BETTER BODY MASS INDEX VALUE AND LESSER BODY FAT PERCENTAGE HAVE A HIGHER CHANCE TO BE DRAWN IN THE LOTTERY... ANYWAYS, WE WILL BE WAITING OUTSIDE OF THIS BUILDING UNTIL YOUR PROCEDURE IS DONE, IN CASE YOU'D TRY TO ESCAPE.

[4] PRECISELY. WE WILL ONLY VACATE THE AREA WHEN THE BUTCHER GIVES A SIGN THAT YOUR EXECUTION IS DONE.

[2] PLEASE... WHY... COULDN'T YOU TAKE SOMEONE STUPID, OR POOR... WHY DOES IT HAVE TO BE ME... **SOBBING**

[1] WE ARRIVED AT THE PLACE. THIS IS WHERE YOUR LIFE ENDS.





[1] GREETINGS, YOUNG LADY. MY NAME IS VERN AND I'M THE LOCAL BUTCHER. I ASSUME YOU'RE HERE FOR YOUR LOTTERY EXECUTION. PLEASE, FOLLOW ME INTO THE BUTCHERING ROOM. YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR, I PROMISE I WILL BE AS PROFESSIONAL AS I CAN AND PROVIDE YOU WITH A PAINLESS EXPERIENCE.



[3] THE LEGS IN THE SPIT-ROASTER LOOKED AS IF THEY WERE PUT THERE JUST A MOMENT AGO...



[2] STACY DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING. WALKING TOWARD VERN, HER TREPIDATION GREW AS SHE LOOKED AROUND HIS BUTCHER STORE AND NOTICED MANY SEVERED HUMAN BODY PARTS...





[1] AS SHE WALKED INSIDE THE BUTCHERING ROOM, SHE ALMOST PISSED HERSELF FROM THE TERROR SHE FELT. EVERYTHING AROUND HER SUGGESTED THIS IS CERTAINLY NOT A JOKE... THERE EVEN WAS A RUNNING MEAT GRINDER, SLOWLY CRUNCHING SOMETHING WITH A RUMBLING NOISE...



[2] PLEASE... VERN... CAN I CALL YOU BY YOUR NAME? P... PLEASE... IF YOU LET ME GO, I'M SURE I COULD MAKE IT UP TO YOU...



[3] YOU KNOW THE RULES, DEAR... ONCE YOU WALK IN HERE, YOU'RE NOT WALKING OUT... REMOVE YOUR CLOTHES PLEASE AND DISCARD THEM TO THE BIN...



[1] STACY FINALLY BELIEVED IN HER OWN DEMISE. THE BUTCHER WAS PERFORMING HIS TASKS ON AN AUTOPILOT, AS IF HE HAD DONE THIS THOUSANDS OF TIMES ALREADY...



[2] WE'RE READY TO BEGIN YOUR PROCEDURE... ANY LAST WORDS? SHALL I PASS A MESSAGE TO YOUR FRIENDS OR FAMILY?



[3] *SOBBING* JUST... CALL MY FAMILY... TELL THEM THAT... I'M JUST... GONE... DON'T TELL THEM I WAS BUTCHERED...



[1] VERN GRABBED HIS KNIFE AND DOUBLE-CHECKED THE STABILITY OF THE RESTRAINT TABLE. STACY WAS CONSTANTLY SOBBING...

[3] SHE TRIED TO SAY SOMETHING, BUT BEFORE VERN COULD MAKE OUT ANYTHING FROM HER MIXTURE OF BABBLING AND SOBBING, HE HEARD A BUZZER AT HIS FRONT DOOR...

BRRINGGGG!

[4] WHAT THE... I'M STILL CLOSED, AND I DON'T HAVE ANY MORE EXECUTIONS SCHEDULED FOR THIS MORNING...



[2] OKAY, I LOCKED-IN THE POSITION OF THE TABLE... EVERYTHING'S IN PLACE... RELAX YOUR NECK MUSCLES, STACY. OTHERWISE, IT'S GOING TO HURT...





[2] I'M... ACTUALLY HERE TO VOLUNTEER TO BE BUTCHERED. CAN I WAIT INSIDE?

[1] HELLO DEAR... I'M SORRY BUT I'M STILL CLOSED. COME AGAIN AT A LATER TIME?

[3] AH, I SEE... PLEASE, COME IN...



[4] I'M GETTING READY TO BUTCHER ANOTHER GIRL, SO WHEN I'M DONE WITH HER I WILL BE ABLE TO TAKE CARE OF YOUR REQUEST... WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

[6] ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO SEE THIS JUST BEFORE YOUR OWN EXECUTION? IT CAN GET PRETTY GRUESOME...

[5] I'M ERICA. CAN I WATCH YOU WORK? I HAVE NEVER SEEN THE BUTCHERING PROCESS IN REAL LIFE...



[7] YEAH, I'M SURE... PLEASE, LET ME WATCH...

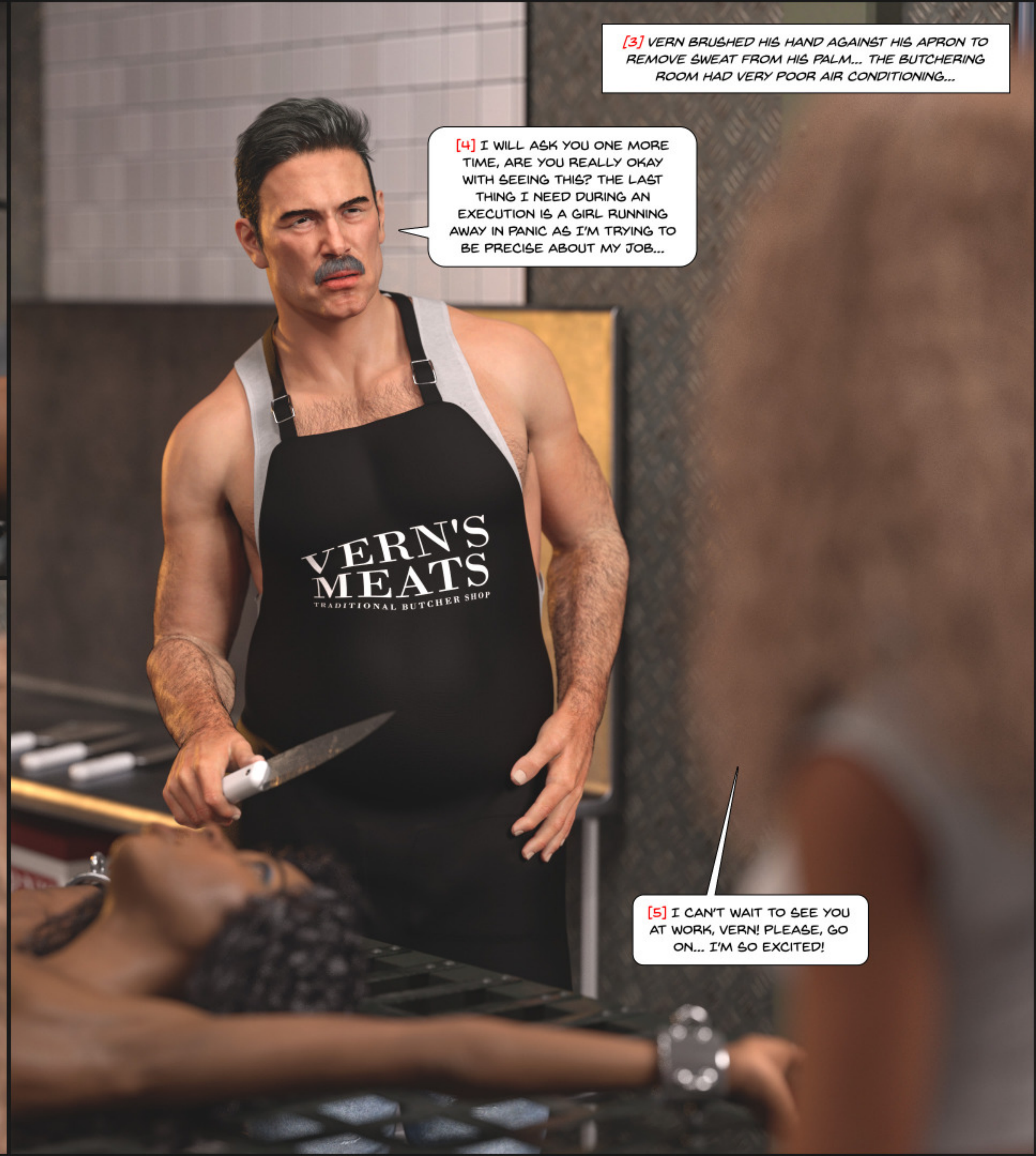
[8] OKAY... IN THAT CASE, FOLLOW ME TO THE BUTCHERING ROOM...



[1] DAMN GIRL, WHY ARE YOU SO SAD? YOU'RE SO LUCKY YOU GOT DRAWN IN THE LOTTERY... A LOT OF GIRLS DREAM ABOUT IT, YOU KNOW? TO BE ABLE TO SACRIFICE YOURSELF FOR THE GREATER CAUSE...



[2] PLEASE... HELP ME... I DON'T WANNA DIE... NOT LIKE THAT... I... I WANTED TO BECOME A MODEL... I WILL GIVE YOU MONEY... JUST CALL FOR HELP, PLEASE...



[3] VERN BRUSHED HIS HAND AGAINST HIS APRON TO REMOVE SWEAT FROM HIS PALM... THE BUTCHERING ROOM HAD VERY POOR AIR CONDITIONING...

[4] I WILL ASK YOU ONE MORE TIME, ARE YOU REALLY OKAY WITH SEEING THIS? THE LAST THING I NEED DURING AN EXECUTION IS A GIRL RUNNING AWAY IN PANIC AS I'M TRYING TO BE PRECISE ABOUT MY JOB...

[5] I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE YOU AT WORK, VERN! PLEASE, GO ON... I'M SO EXCITED!

[1] VERN HELD STACY'S HEAD IN PLACE SO THAT HE COULD MAKE A PRECISE INCISION...



[2] DON'T MOVE DEAR, IF I MISS IT THE FIRST TIME, IT'S GONNA HURT LIKE HELL! STEADY... AND...



[3] *SCHLICK SCHLICK* LET'S SEE... MAYBE I'LL MANAGE TO LOOSEN HER UP? WOW, SHE'S SO TIGHT DOWN THERE... MAYBE SHE IS TURNED ON BY THIS AFTER ALL...

[4] PLEASE... NO... I DON'T WANT TO DIE.. OHH FUCK... NO...





[1] WOW... I WONDER WHAT SHE FEELS RIGHT NOW... THAT MUST BE SO ECSTATIC... TO JUST DRIFT AWAY AS THE BLOOD FLOWS OUT OF YOUR BODY... CAN YOU DO THIS TO ME TOO, PLEASE?

[3] CAN'T YOU CUT HER UP WHILE SHE'S STILL ALIVE? I WOULD LOVE TO SEE HER SUFFER...

[2] WE'LL SEE, DEAR. NOW WE HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL SHE BLEEDS OUT BEFORE I START CHOPPING HER UP..

[4] NO CAN DO, YOU TWISTED MONSTER! I'M A PROFESSIONAL, I DON'T DO THINGS LIKE THAT. THEY DELIVER THE CATTLE, AND I BUTCHER IT. THAT'S IT..









[1] VERN EXTRACTED THE MOST PRECIOUS ORGANS AND CLEANED THEM THOROUGHLY BEFORE PUTTING THEM INTO THE TRANSPORTATION CONTAINERS... IN A FEW HOURS FROM NOW, STACY'S ORGANS WILL BE SERVED AS DELICACIES AT THE LOCAL RESTAURANT...



[1] VERN UNLOCKED STACY'S ARMS FROM THE CUFFS SO THEY DON'T COME IN THE WAY OF HIS BUTCHERING CLEAVER...





[1] HE TOOK A HUGE, ENERGETIC SWING, BUT DIDN'T MANAGE TO BEHEAD HER RIGHT AWAY. THERE WAS NO BLOOD SPLATTER, AS ALL THE BLOOD FROM THE UPPER PARTS OF STACY'S BODY WAS DRAINED AFTER HE SLIT HER THROAT...



SLASH!





[1] DAMN IT... SHE HAS AN INCREDIBLY FIRM AND MUSCULAR BODY... HER MUSCLES GOT ALL TIGHT FROM THE ADRENALINE... UHH... OKAY, ONE MORE SWING...



[1] VERN WIPED HER NECK WITH A RAG SO HE COULD BETTER SEE THE SPOT WHERE HE NEEDED TO AIM THE NEXT BLOW...







[1] YOU STILL WANT TO WATCH THIS? IF YOU NEED TO THROW UP, JUST DO IT IN ONE OF THE TRASH BINS...

[2] TRUST ME, I'M FINE, TOTALLY! THAT WAS SO SEXY! C... COULD YOU CHOP ME UP FIRST AND THEN BEHEAD ME? I'D LIKE TO BE CONSCIOUS DURING THE PROCEDURE...



[3] FOR NOW, HONEY, HELP ME OUT AS YOU'RE ALREADY THERE, OKAY? PLEASE PUT HER HEAD AWAY ON ONE OF THE WOODEN COUNTERS.

[4] OKAY, GIVE IT TO ME! LET ME HOLD IT!





[1] GOODNIGHT, SWEET PRINCESS... I BET YOU WERE A STAR AT YOUR COLLEGE... BUT DON'T WORRY... YOUR HOT BODY WILL BE PUT TO GOOD USE... IF YOU COULD ONLY IMAGINE, ALL THE HAPPY FACES MUNCHING ON YOUR GRILLED THIGHS OR BREAST...



[2] ERICA SPREAD STACY'S EYELIDS, TO TAKE A GOOD, LONG STARE IN HER BEAUTIFUL BLUE EYES FOR THE LAST TIME...



[1] ...SHE IMPALED STACY'S HEAD ON THE DECORATIVE STAND. THE HEADS CANNOT BE SOLD, SO VERN KEEPS A HEFTY COLLECTION OF THESE IN HIS OFFICE... THE WELL-PRESERVED TROPHIES ARE AN HONOURABLE EVIDENCE OF HIS HARD, DEVOTED WORK...



[2] LISTEN, ERICA... WHY DON'T YOU UNDRRESS IF THIS TURNS YOU ON SO MUCH? YOU HAVE TO BE NAKED FOR YOUR OWN EXECUTION ANYWAY... YOU MIGHT AS WELL DROP YOUR RAGS NOW AND "WARM UP"... IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN... IT'S ALLOWED BY THE EXECUTION PROTOCOL.







[1] SO... WHAT DO YOU THINK?



[2] OHH, HONEY... YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL, BUT I CAN'T BUTCHER YOU AND SELL YOU AS HUMAN MEAT! THIS TATTOO... YOU WERE BRED ON A GMO FARM... ACCORDING TO OUR LOCAL LAW, YOU CAN'T BE PROCESSED. YOU HAVE TO LEAVE, DEAR, I'M SO SORRY...



[1] VERN PROCEEDED WITH DISMEMBERMENT OF STACY'S BODY. HER ARMS WERE MUSCULAR AND FIRM, BUT THE METAL-CUTTING SAW MUNCHEDED THROUGH THEM WITHOUT A PROBLEM...





[1] AT THE VERY FIRST MOMENT WHEN VERN SAW ERICA'S BEHAVIOR, HE THOUGHT SHE WAS CRAZY... HE WAS A BUTCHER BY TRADE, AND NEVER TOOK ANY SEXUAL PLEASURE FROM BUTCHERING HIS SUBJECTS...

[2] FUCK... IT FEELS SO... SMOOTH... AAHH... SO GOOD...

RUB RUB





[1] BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT HER THAT MADE HIM MORE AND MORE AROUSED... AS HE PREPARED TO CHOP OFF STACY'S THIGHS, HE COULDN'T SHAKE OFF THE THOUGHT OF FUCKING ERICA LIKE AN ANIMAL...





POUND
POUND



[2] COME ONE... SAW OFF THE OTHER ONE... I WANNA SEE HOW YOU DO IT... AHH...

[1] ERICA COULDN'T GET ENOUGH OF USING STACY'S ARM AS A DILDO... IT WASN'T EXACTLY COMPLIED WITH THE HEALTH CODE, BUT VERN WASN'T TOO WORRIED ABOUT IT RIGHT NOW...

[3] STOP DISTRACTING ME, WILL YOU? YOU WOULDN'T WANT ME TO CHOP MY OWN HAND, DO YOU? WHO WOULD BUTCHER YOU THEN...





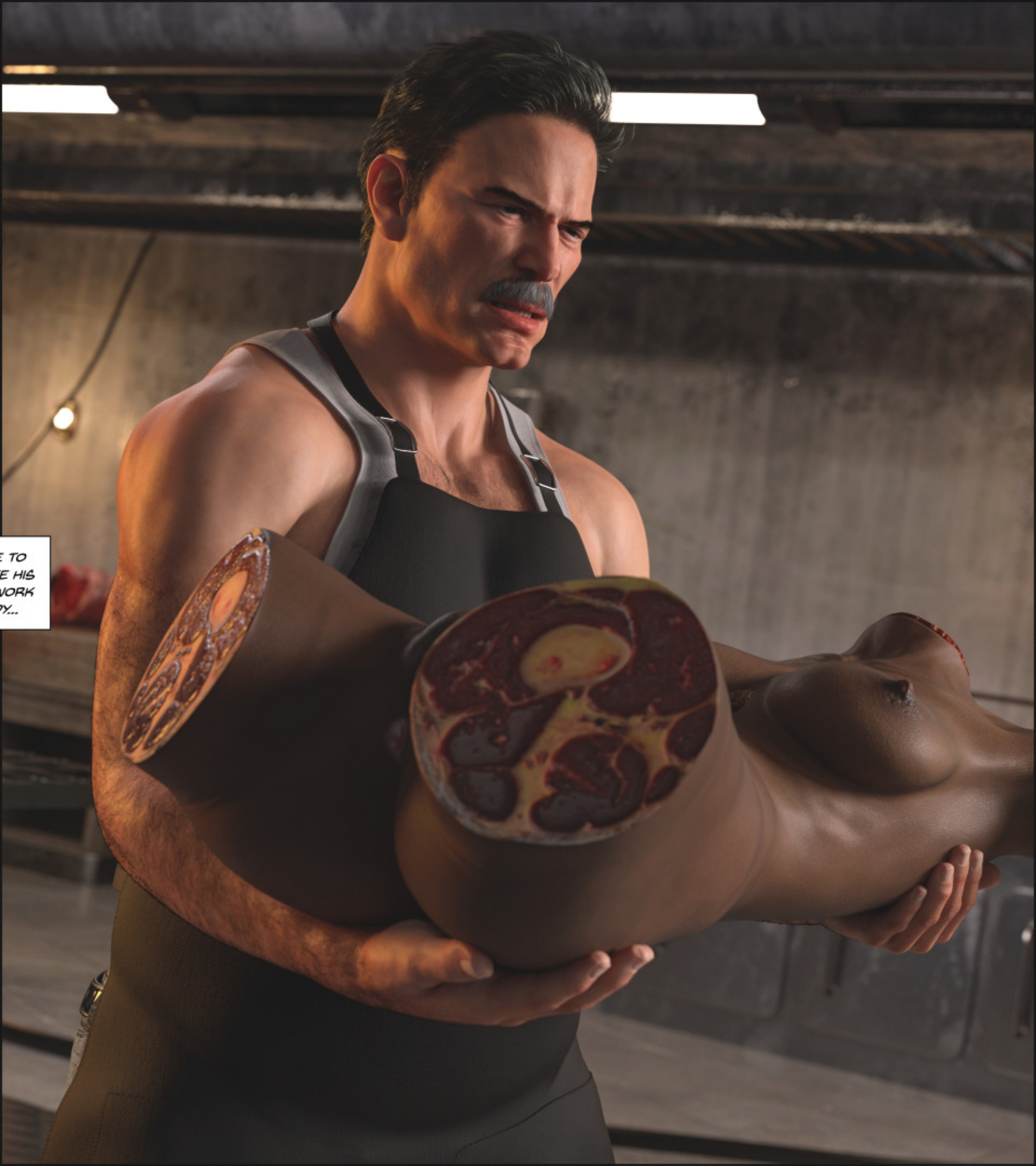
[1] ERICA PLAYED WITH HERSELF WHILE VERN WAS FINISHING THE DISMEMBERMENT OF STACY. AFTER HE CHOPED OFF THE LAST LIMB, HE CLEANED THE BODY FROM BLOOD...







[1] AS VERN MOVED THE BODY FROM THE TABLE TO THE SAWING STATION, IT WAS CLEAR THAT DESPITE HIS STRENGTH, HE FELT FATIGUED... YEARS OF HARD WORK AS A BUTCHER HAD NOT BEEN KIND TO HIS BODY...





[3] THE FINAL STEP IN THE BUTCHERING PROCESS IS HALVING THE TORSO. ERICA WATCHED AS VERN PRECISELY PLACED THE BODY ON THE TABLE SAW... SHE DREAMED OF BEING SAWED ALIVE, BUT SHE KNEW VERN CAN'T BUTCHER HER...





WRRRR



SCHLICK
SCHLICK







[2] YOU'VE PUT UP QUITE A SHOW FOR ME DURING MY WORK... I'M NOT GOING TO LIE... YOU GOT ME ALL WORKED UP... I NORMALLY DON'T DO THIS...



[1] VERN TOLD ERICA TO LEAN ON THE MEAT GRINDER SO HE COULD HELP HER RELAX BEFORE SHE'S SNUFFED... WHEN SHE PUT HER HANDS ON THE GRINDER'S HOUSING, SHE FELT EVERY BIT OF VIBRATION FROM THE BONES BEING CRUSHED INSIDE OF IT...



[2] OHH... FUCK... THAT SOUND... IT TURNS ME ON... SO MUCH... AHH... LICK ME... HARDER...









[1] THE GRINDER CONTINUED TO CONSUME THE PREVIOUS WOMAN'S BODY AS VERN GROPED THE WILLING MEATGIRL... THE CONSTANT NOISES COMING FROM THE GRINDER REMINDED ERICA SHE WILL BE DEAD IN A MATTER OF MINUTES...



[3] COME ON... PUT IT IN... I CAN'T HOLD IT ANY LONGER... I WANT TO CUM SO BADLY... AHH...



[2] IT TURNED HER ON SO MUCH THAT EVEN BEFORE VERN SLID HIS COCK INSIDE HER, SHE WAS ALREADY ON THE EDGE OF CUMMING...



[1] VERN COULD BARELY FIT HIS FAT COCK INTO ERICA'S LITTLE ASSHOLE... HE THUMPED HER INTO THE RHYTHM OF THE BONES CRACKING INSIDE OF THE GRINDER...





[2] AS VER KEPT POUNDING HER, ERICA'S ASS BECAME TIGHTER AND TIGHTER, BRINGING VERN TO AN EDGE IN A MATTER OF JUST A FEW MINUTES...





[1] VERN PULLED HIS COCK OUT BEFORE CUMMING... HE DIDN'T WANT HIS SEED IN THE FERTILIZER. EVEN THOUGH ERICA WAS ABOUT TO BE TURNED INTO A SECOND-GRADE PRODUCT, THE PROCEDURE WAS STILL SUBJECTED TO RESTRICTIONS IMPOSED BY THE HEALTH CODE STANDARIZATION AGENCY.



[1] VERN... I'M READY...
CAN WE PROCEED NOW?

[3] I DON'T WANT ANY
COMPENSATION... I DREAMED OF
IT SINCE I LEARNED ABOUT THE
LOTTERY... I JUST WANT TO DIE...

[2] OF COURSE... VOLUNTEERING AS FERTILIZER
ISN'T VERY PROFITABLE, NEVERTHELESS YOUR
SPOUSE OR OTHER FAMILY MEMBER COULD
RECEIVE A SMALL COMPENSATION FOR YOUR
BODY. SO WHO WILL THAT BE?

[4] FINE, LET'S GET STARTED THEN. THE
GRINDER SEEMS TO BE DONE WITH MOST OF
THE PREVIOUS WOMAN. HOLD ON TIGHT TO THE
HOUSING, AND I'LL LIFT YOU UP. YOU'RE GONNA
GO HEAD FIRST.





[1] ON THREE, YOU WILL LET GO OF THE HOUSING... READY?

[2] *SHAKY VOICE* YEAH... I'M... READY... OKAY... ONE... TWO... THREE!



[1] ERICA LET GO OF THE HOUSING... THE MEAT GRINDER CLATTERED LOUDLY AS IT BEGAN TO CRUSH HER ARMS... WHEN SHE FELT HER HAIR GET CAUGHT IN THE BLADES OF THE MEAT GRINDER, SHE KNEW THAT DEATH WAS IMMINENT, AND SHE HAD THE BIGGEST ORGASM OF HER LIFE...



WRRRRR



GRRRRIND





[1] ERICA'S SLIM, LIGHTWEIGHT BODY WAS NO MATCH FOR THE POWERFUL MEAT GRINDER. IT WAS CONSUMING HER LIKE A HUNGRY PREDATOR, CRUSHING ONE BONE AFTER ANOTHER, AND MINCING HER SPORTY MUSCLES INTO A SMOOTH, MEATY PASTE...





[1] YEP... AND WE'RE ALMOST DONE... DAMN... THIS GIRL GOT ME ALL WORKED UP... I HAVEN'T HAD SO MUCH FUN IN YEARS...



[1] VERN GOT DRESSED AND STARTED CLEANING UP IN PREPARATION FOR THE NEXT MEATGIRL, BUT... HE FELT REMORSE FOR SLAUGHTERING ERICA. FOR A BRIEF MOMENT WHEN THEY HAD SEX, HE EVEN FELT LIKE HE'S FALLING IN LOVE WITH HER...

[2] HE DECIDED TO TAKE A RISK AND WITHDRAW MOST OF HIS LIFE'S SAVINGS HE MADE WORKING AS A BUTCHER TO BUY A RESPAWNING SHARD AND BRING ERICA BACK TO LIFE...





[3] OHH... WE SLEPT TOGETHER... DAMN, I HAD THE WILDEST DREAM... NO, WHY WOULD I FEEL NAUSEOUS?

[2] RISE AND SHINE... HOW ARE YOU FEELING? DO YOU FEEL NAUSEOUS?

[1] ERICA WOKE UP NEXT TO VERN IN HIS BEDROOM... SHE LOOKED AROUND HER IN CONFUSION... WHEN SHE REALIZED SHE'S ALIVE, SHE THOUGHT HER DEATH WAS ONLY A REALLY INTENSE DREAM...



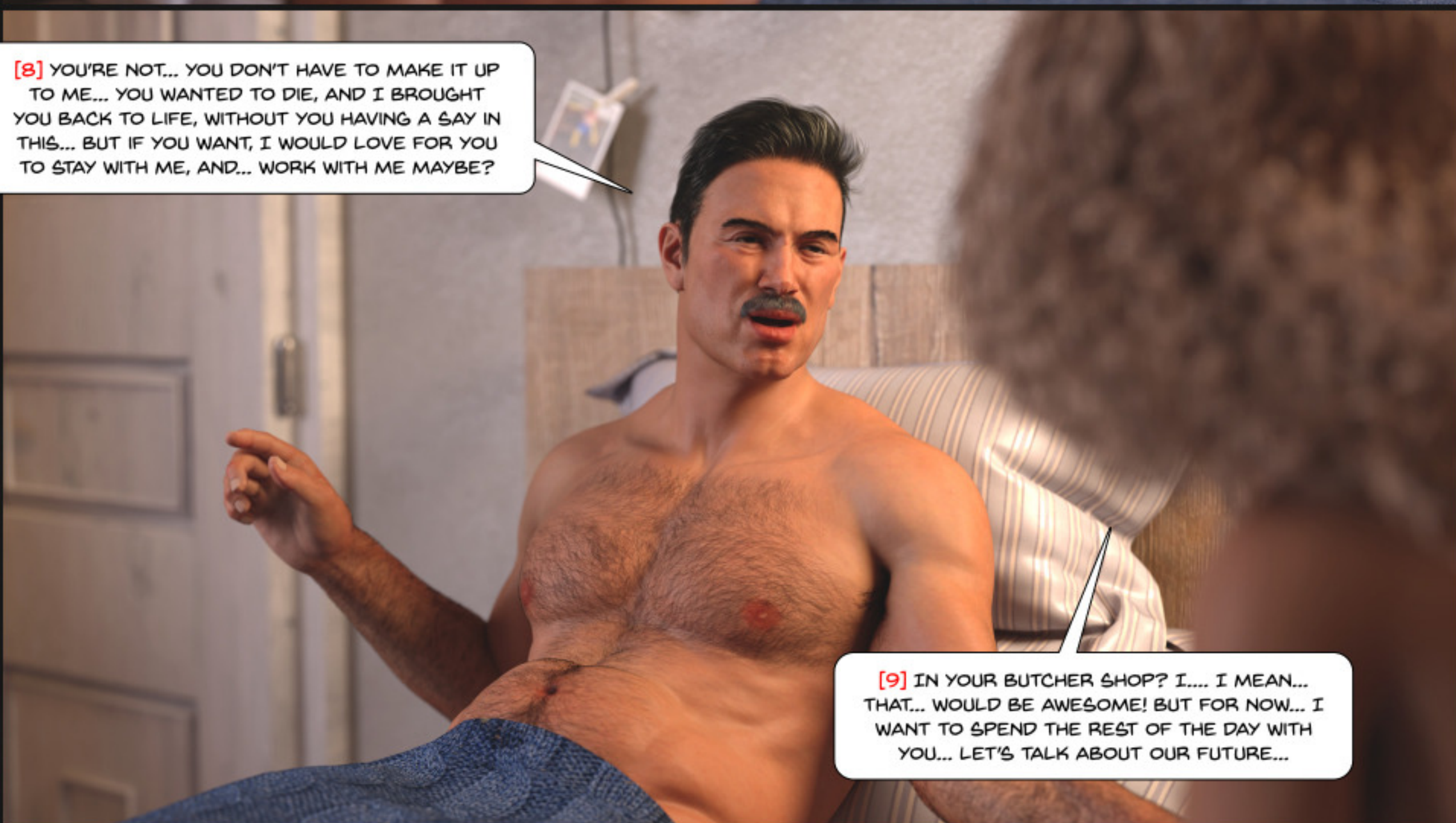
[7] WOW... I'M... STARTING TO REMEMBER THINGS... I HAVE FEELINGS FOR YOU TOO, VERN... BUT THE SHARD... IT MUST HAVE COST YOU A FORTUNE... I FEEL LIKE I'M IN YOUR DEBT NOW...



[4] YOUR DEATH WASN'T A DREAM. YOU DIED YESTERDAY IN THE MEAT GRINDER... I JUST COULDN'T SHAKE OFF THAT FEELING THAT WE SHOULD SPEND MORE TIME TOGETHER... WHEN WE HAD SEX, I FELT SO... ALIVE. LAST TIME I FELT LIKE THIS WAS WHEN I HAD TO BUTCHER MY WIFE YEARS AGO...

[5] I DON'T UNDERSTAND... HOW AM I STILL ALIVE THEN? IS THIS A DREAM TOO?

[6] I TOOK SOME OF MY SAVINGS TO BUY A RESPAWNING SHARD AND I WENT TO THE DOLCETT ACADEMY HEADQUARTERS TO BRING YOU BACK TO LIFE... I THINK... I FELL IN LOVE WITH YOU...



[8] YOU'RE NOT... YOU DON'T HAVE TO MAKE IT UP TO ME... YOU WANTED TO DIE, AND I BROUGHT YOU BACK TO LIFE, WITHOUT YOU HAVING A SAY IN THIS... BUT IF YOU WANT, I WOULD LOVE FOR YOU TO STAY WITH ME, AND... WORK WITH ME MAYBE?

[9] IN YOUR BUTCHER SHOP? I.... I MEAN... THAT... WOULD BE AWESOME! BUT FOR NOW... I WANT TO SPEND THE REST OF THE DAY WITH YOU... LET'S TALK ABOUT OUR FUTURE...

[1] ERICA ACCEPTED VERN'S OFFER AND IN EXCHANGE FOR BOARD AND LODGING HELPED HIM TO RUN THE BUTCHER SHOP. SHE WAS ALSO HIS BUTCHERING ASSISTANT AND... HIS PRIVATE FUCK TOY, OBVIOUSLY.



[2] WELCOME TO VERN'S MEATS! TODAY WE HAVE A FRESH BATCH OF 21YO GIRL MEAT! SHE WAS A COLLEGE ATHLETE, SO HER MEAT IS FIRM AND JUICY!



[3] BEFORE PLACING THE HEAD IN HIS PRIVATE COLLECTION, VERN USUALLY DISPLAYED IT FOR THE CUSTOMERS TO SEE... ALL IN ALL, THEY HAVE THE RIGHT TO SEE WHAT THEY'RE BUYING!



MEATGIRL OF THE DAY



STACY, 21
CHEERLEADER

SCOOPED UP FROM CHEERLEADER PRACTICE. WANTED TO BE AN ATHLETE AND SUPERMODEL.



[4] WOW, SHE LOOKS AMAZING! I'LL TAKE A SLICE OF THE THIGH AND ONE BREAST PLEASE!

[5] VERN HAS LEFT FOR A WELL-DESERVED VACATION. WHO KNOWS WHAT ADVENTURES WILL MEET HIM IN THE PARADISE ISLAND?

THE END.