

DOLCETT DIGEST

Apr 2064

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What to Expect when They're Inspecting
9 newly edible nubile
undergo their first
meat exams

Most Valuable Dolcette
Maureen's meat
motivates!

Last Dance
Dora can't wiggle her way
out of her snuff this time

Mermaid
Red Fish, Blue Fish...
Breathless, Death Wish

Spitgirl's Life
The road to a man's heart is
paved with threesomes



**JUST
SAY
NO!**

**TO
LATEX
SEX**

You wouldn't...

...Kiss in a Hazmat Suit!

...Eat a Candy with the Wrapper still on!

...Wear a Blindfold to the Grand Canyon!

***So why would you fuck with a rubber?
Enjoy your loved ones the full pleased way:
Bareback!***

Taste the Difference!

DOLCETT DIGEST

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Sexual Content Warning

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

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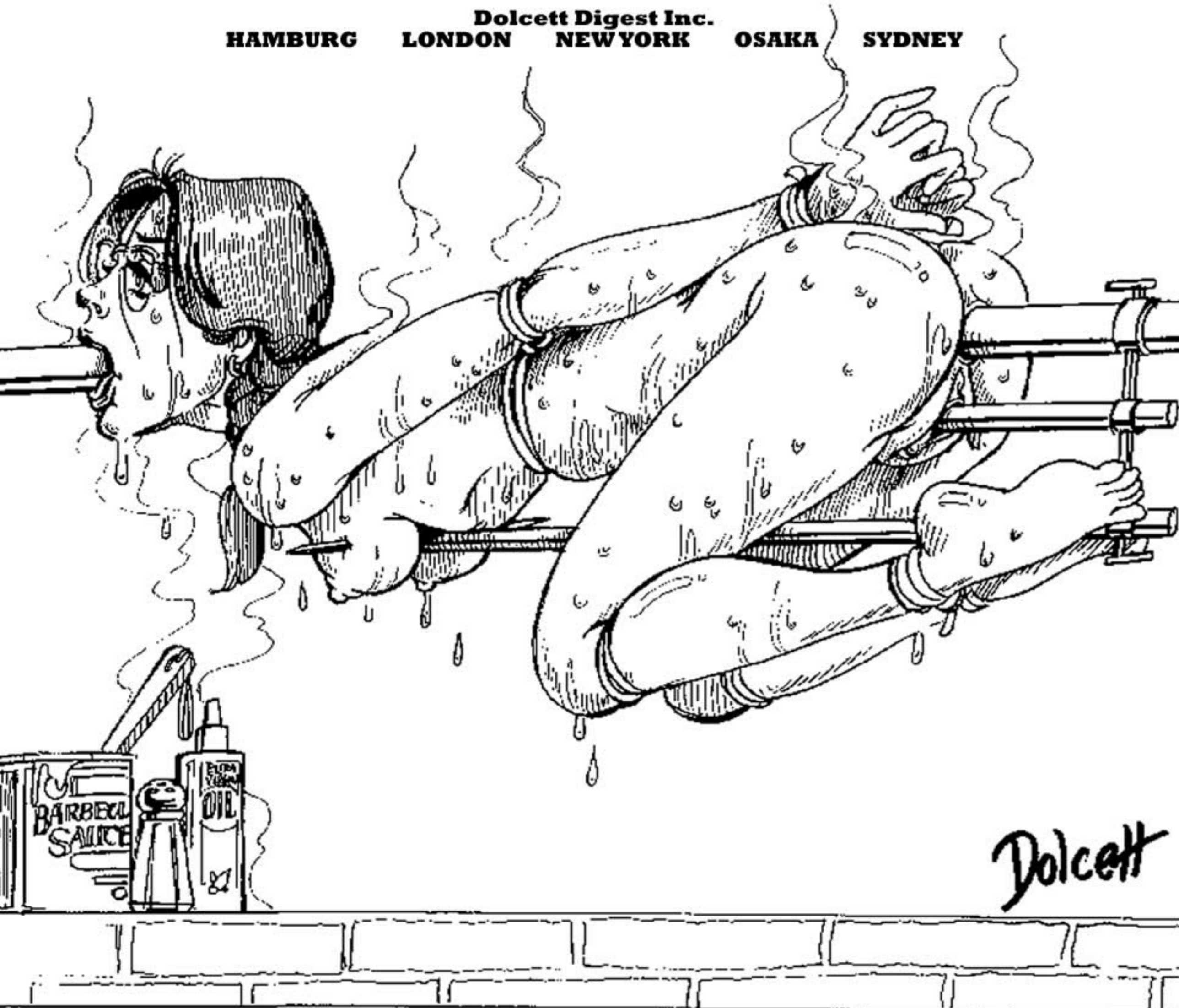
All models, actors, actresses and other persons that appear in any visual portrayal of actual sexually explicit conduct appearing or otherwise contained in this document were over the age of eighteen at the time the visual image was created.

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

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Dolcett Digest Inc.
HAMBURG LONDON NEWYORK OSAKA SYDNEY



**BECAUSE YOU DON'T
NEED A LOTTERY TO
TELL YOU WHEN
THEY'RE RIPE!**



HILL'S
Fine Meats

Debreasting - Fine Filets - Whole Roasts

RECOMMENDATIONS FROM THE



chef

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

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

Pictured on the left is Melinda Barnes, the last uneaten in Bill's litter. A current chef-in-training, she stands to inherit the restaurant and the entire Barnes foods empire upon Bill's retirement. We hope Bill will be cooking for us for years to come, but we're sure he'll have a worthy successor in his daughter-apprentice. Be sure to say hi to them both if you stop in.

Dear Bill,

I will be getting married later this summer, and we've decided to serve four head of girlmeat at the reception. One is old (Aunt Jude), one new (newly legal), one borrowed (my Aunt's slave), and one blue (asphyxiated). I'm sure we'll have enough food, but in our RSVPs, everyone chose the specialty cuts of meat for their dinner selections. There are only so many rump roasts and tit slices to go around. How do I decide which people get what cuts of meat without offending anyone?

-Busy Bride to Be

Dear BBB:

Unfortunately the politics of wedding arrangements are far too complicated to fit into this byline. And without knowing who wants what cuts and who is most important to you, I would not dream of telling you what to do. But there is at least one way you can take decision-making off of your plate, so to speak.

Abandon the idea of set meals. Artisanally arranged

plates may look nice, but that doesn't make the food taste any better. Instead bring the kitchen into the reception hall with a complete buffet table. At the end of that table place your four suckling meatgirls, freshly pried off the spit. Once your guests have piled their plates high with an assortment of salads and sides, let your guests decide which cuts they will eat on their own, first come first served. Station a caterer at each of your roasts to manage the slicing for them. Seeing where your meat comes from can make any girlmeat taste better, so I doubt you'll receive any complaints about your tit steak shortage.

The only decision you have to make is which tables you will dismiss first. And this isn't a very difficult problem to solve. Once you abstract the tables into their basic make-up (immediate family, distant family, friends from college, coworkers...), you should be able to come up with a simple hierarchy. And if you are really desperate to make no decisions, you can always have them called up randomly, after the wedding party of course.

Oh, and Congratulations!

Dear Bill,

I recently moved to a small village in Alaska which is only accessible by light aircraft. There are only fifty seven of us living here, which means that true Dolcett living is impractical. Our citizens submit to state draft notices, but we don't have the (wo)manpower needed to replace anyone who is roasted voluntarily or by the will of a spouse. Is there a way we can practice Dolcett's teachings without eating our population down to zero?

-Yank on the Yukon

Dear YotY,

Yes, population replacement is a problem in communities of your size. Converting girls to

meat too quickly may result in a weak labor force, inbreeding, or loss of property value should your village slide from isolated hamlet to ghost town.

First check online. Though it will be much more expensive to acquire, individual cuts of meat may be ordered online and hand delivered, even if it is on the 'last frontier.' Name brand suppliers like Hill's or Longpork of the Month filter the quality of their meat to the point where you won't need to see it beforehand. It may take over a week, but a juicy cunt or succulent rump is within your grasp.

And don't forget what meat is available in your community. You don't have to whole roast a person to harvest their meat. If your wife is no longer nursing, put her udders to good use. Slice one off you can both relish in some fine dining. For some extra kinky fun you can remove them after you grill them!

Dear Bill,

I have this mad fantasy to hang in public, to be nude and on display for strangers as I kick desperately for my life. But one thing I lack is rhythm. I'm an awful dancer. Will this have a negative effect on how I 'dance' dangling from the noose? If needed I could seek out lessons.

-Two Left Feet Lisa

Dear Lisa,

Rest assured, the dance floor and no floor are two very different beasts. No amount of formal training will keep a woman's feet under control when they are starved of oxygen. They will flail and kick and twitch in ways you wouldn't expect.

This isn't formal art. There are no proper steps or moves, no symmetry or rhythm is needed. The men and women who watch you simply want to see your desperation as you struggle for each breath. How each passing

kick exhibits a decrease in strength but an increase in alarm. And how you are completely helpless to affect your fate or even to cover your total nakedness. Do not fret. Trained or not, your last dance will be truly inspired, captivating to all who watch.

Dear Bill,

I have exhausted my tolerance for common bondage. It simply isn't enough anymore. I need to feel constrained and helpless from the inside of an oven. And I'd like the master chef staring in through the window to be you. I am prepared to fly to San Diego to offer myself. What steps must I take to volunteer as a Dolcett girl in your restaurant?

-Delectably Yours,
Marie

Dear Marie,

I appreciate your enthusiasm for my craft. However, we do not accept walk-ins or allow customers to BYOLP. Our meat supply is provided by a single vendor to ensure its supreme quality. All our meatgirls are delivered live for roasting each Thursday from the Searchlight Ranch in Chowchilla, California. Their livestock is provided with an open range habitat, soft beds, visiting 'stallions,' and a strict diet of organic vegetables and lower graded longpig.

Should you wish to apply with them you may, but know that acceptance is no guarantee you will find your way to me. Their livestock is distributed among a half dozen restaurants and markets across California. But even if you end up sold in thin slices at a deli somewhere, you may find the journey to be worthwhile: Searchlight's chief cattle-hand Emilie Lourde is unparalleled with a lasso and skilled with a strap-on. You just may rekindle your love of non-lethal bondage when you're on the receiving end of a hogtie!

Most Valuable Dolcette



Toowoomba may sound like a made-up word to most, especially when heard chanted by 4,000 screaming spectators. But it's a way of life for fans of the 'gold and green bucket machine.' Toowoomba is in East Central Australia, near Brisbane, and home to the Lady Vipers of the AABA (Australian Amateur Basketball Association). It is the winningest team in the state of Queensland, and it's luck continues this season, much to the delight of those who might partake in young Maureen Scott.

First things first. The AABA is no ordinary league. It was founded in response to widely expressed criticisms of the professional leagues. These include steroid use, selfish play, stadium pricing, and players valuing salary above success. No player is eligible with a year or more of professional basketball experience. While athletes are paid a share of ticket prices,

the amount is comparatively little. Most players maintain a second job or attend college.

Maureen is one of fourteen members of the Viper cheer girls, a handpicked squad of under 21s, specializing less in gymnastics than in motivation. This occurs in three areas:

1. Off the Court - Keeping the players' sexually satisfied to prevent libidinous distraction.

2. Just off the Court - Front rows are reserved for 'hardcore fans,' aptly named. During game time our girls park themselves in the laps of loyal supporters, and they don't always wear their complete uniform!

3. In the Oven - Cheergirls are handpicked by the players, giving an extra incentive to win. The national championship celebration includes confetti, champagne, and a Dolcett girl for every winning player.

By all accounts Maureen adapted well to the switch from fumbling around awkwardly

with teens to fucking strapping athletes. Her braids and smile are her only relics of innocence abandoned. And while they might fool a casual fan, the team and the classmates at her high school know better.

"I'm honored," she tells us, "to be part of this family. To be selected for companionship with our city's great talents. Real mature adults of 25 or 30 that want to share their wild passions with me. What can I do but my womanly duty? I offer my body to quench their thirst, and if they triumph over their rivals, their hunger."

Maureen reenacts for us one of her recent pep routines. But this wasn't an on-the-court dance or a post-game ruckus. This is sabotage, pure and simple. A friend's deceitful stadium directions send a pair of Brisbane Comet players to a private locker room where she awaits. Having just won the Brisbane city championship in



the morning game, it doesn't take much effort or flattery to encourage them to accept her congratulations. But in sharing wine and cum, Maureen intends on draining not just their balls but their athletic energy just as the Queensland championship is set to begin.

Once Maureen has made sure they've had enough to drink, she drops into a familiar squat. Both erect cocks come out hard and eager. Their size is a sharp reminder that she's a competitor in the big leagues. Professional basketball players must wait until after school to play ball...but she balances her most trying athletic challenges with homework, high school politics, and a curfew.

Each cock is wrapped in a devoted hand. A cheer girl doesn't get to play favorites. She either satisfies everyone or loses control of the situation. And with the testosterone flowing, there is no telling what they may be prone to do. Maureen leans in but pauses.

"You boys know I cheer for the other team, right?" This is wholly clear. Part of the turn on for them is poaching one of their foes. "Well...I'll actually be cheering for you guys. I...I can't become meat. The thought of it is...it's not what I signed on for. Can you win this for me?"

One of them strokes her hair and says, "We'll just have to see if you are worth saving." Maureen smiles and takes his cock in her mouth. Her plan succeeding, she begins with a brisk, comfortable rhythm. In sucking the life out of these chumps, she discovers a joy in oral sex she'd never known.

When satisfying her own team's players, Maureen doesn't need to look up to tell whose is whose, to know what to do to whom. But here she must test the waters, checking up every so often to make sure they are enjoying themselves... and not too quickly of course. They must surrender their loads just before tip-off for her

plan to succeed.

As talented as she's become with her tongue, Maureen still can't hold both their attentions with a divided effort. She'll need to offer up something more. Bouncing up into a bending position, her skirt inverts itself. Nary a glance is needed between these two teammates. They each grab her torso and lifter her up onto the table, then take up places fore and aft. Naturally Maureen's claimed spit-roasting fears didn't apply to this.

Maureen buries her head in the lap in front of her, making one pulsating prick disappear. From behind her panties are carefully pulled aside and her arousal gauged with probing fingers. Maureen isn't faking it. She's sexually driven by the attention, the care she provides, the skill involved and even the risk, which since the postseason started has doubled with every win. The player slips in and Maureen shifts her focus to multitasking.





Though iconic and fantasy-fulfilling, Maureen's cheerleader uniform must make way for her meatday suit. Not simply for eroticism or logical progression, but because she was mere seconds away from getting a mouthful. She stands up, lets her opponents dress her down, and begins again only after they begin to grow limp.

Maureen feels the importance of this game just like the players. The winner represents Queensland at the Australian Final Four in Sydney. She wants nothing more than for the men she has pledged herself to prove their self worth on the national stage. To become dominant over all, even if it includes her. This is the first she truly realizes how close she is to honoring St. Dolcett. When there were 64 or 32 teams she was one in a crowd. But going from 8 teams to 4 demands a new perspective. Her fate is in the air. Players and cheerleaders, her friends and lovers, grow closer with every day spent together. And with every win Maureen realizes how elite these friends of hers are, and why they deserve her cunt on a plate. She's no volunteer, but she wants them to be worthy of her flesh, to be worthy of her everything.

Mouth and pussy wide open, Maureen wonders if this is what the spit is like. Or if she would even get the chance to find out. She could be bound, stuffed, and slid into the oven. Or squeeze of life with a length of rope. The



notion that they might not win is not one Maureen would like to entertain while she's doing her part for the team.

Included in that team effort is an open-door policy on her ass. Inexperienced compared to many of her cheerleader friends, anal sex is something Maureen is still trying to get comfortable with. Not that she lets herself take it slow or control the motions. She has learned that she's simply along for the ride and its best to just hold on. And she nearly tears a blue practice jersey in doing so.

But Maureen finds this double penetration to be a new kind of experience entirely. She is still a captive passenger on someone else's thrill ride, but her packed pussy offers a balance. Her ass may be fucked raw, but it highlights the pleasure in her pussy. Yin and yang forces that fill her with a spectrum of sensation. The ache reminds her of her first time and the pleasure keeps her wanting more. And once they found a rhythm, the feeling of being double stuffed was a treat in and of itself.

Of course Maureen can't help but think about spit and stabilizer as her holes are being stretched. Is this all preparation for a future date with a Jessica 3000? And can anything truly prepare you? At that thought she cums loudly.

By now, towel boys and cheerleaders were looking for the missing pair, not that they would find them in a room now marked, "Storage Closet," by a friend. Or that the men would be torn away before getting their carnal reward from the turncoat cheerleader. And they'd been fed just enough champagne to keep them from getting their rocks off until game time.

Brisbane's players were now running their drills, distracted at the thought of playing the big game without two of their teammates. The coaching staff hectically reworked the game plan, changing plays, rotations, and matchups on the fly.

Toowoomba practiced in ignorance of their opponents' missing players and their own missing cheerleader. Maureen's plan is a self-driven endeavor, a near thankless exercise. But

since when does a person need a reward to help out a friend in need...let alone twelve?

Maureen has no idea how common such acts may be. Cheerleaders tend to stick with their own. Intersquad socializing only serves to complicate a delicate balance of motivation and emotion. Intense rivalries between the squads help to preserve this unfamiliarity.

With strangers motivation is simpler with an us versus them mentality. "Our town's men are true alphas." "We're the only Grade A meat on this court." The girls strive to prove this to the other squads through demonstrations of their beauty, flexibility, and sexual abilities. Whether eager, reluctant, or regretful roastees, all cheerleaders unify around these themes.

The exception to this rule is the overnight of the Final Four. With semifinal games played Saturday and finals Sunday, the two squads eligible to roast cohabit in hotels that night, one girl from each squad to a bed. Only then do they shed their tough exteriors and share their bodies, hopes, fears, anxieties



and desires. And whichever squad roasts the next day, their shared experience makes it an intimate event for everyone.

Minutes before tip-off, the two players finally build up to their orgasms. Maureen offers them her throat and pussy, but

neither takes her offer. Instead they each want to tag the traitor of Toowoomba with a thick visible layer of their hot spunk.

To Maureen's immense satisfaction, one player positions his cock over her face and jerks himself to climax at the tip of

her tongue. Maureen felt like a Goddess, fed a divine treat by her loyal servant. That this treat was his own masculinity: his athletic drive and aggressive spirit, was unbeknownst to him.

His buddy fucks Maureen's picture perfect cunt a while longer



until he pulls out and showers her with cum. This exchange of strength may not be as poetic as the first, but it does equal the damage. Like his teammate, his play will be sluggish, passive, and predictable. The only athleticism the pair will show tonight comes

some three minutes later as the opening buzzer echoes through the arena. Both players sprint half-naked out the door as they make their way to their bench, practice shorts in hand.

Maureen's exit is much less frantic. She casually dresses,

leaving her panties behind. She's in the mood to flash the crowd today. The cum she leaves be. It will be her taunt to the Brisbane players as she chants for their (and potentially her own) demise. She joins her girlfriends courtside to watch her scheme unfold.



After Toowoomba's 62-58 win, they receive some well earned attention from the lady Vipers. But before Maureen joins them, she returns to the scene of her crime. Abandoned there are two City of Brisbane championship medals, left either in haste or in tribute to the devious cheerleader. She puts them (and only them) on before her return.

Just two wins separate her team from greatness: a 3rd championship, the first in six years. And one upon which young Maureen Scott can claim to have had a real tangible influence. But until this game the idea she would snuff so soon was unthinkable. She has life plans. She's been accepted to the biochem program at the Univ. of Queensland. But she has also grown close to twelve stellar home grown athletes. If you were to ask her plainly, Maureen would tell you that she does not want to roast. But she does want to be worthy of great men, of champions. And herself be damned, she's willing to bend the rules to get her boys there. ■



All recipes tested on Annette Porter, 21 y/o Burlington, VT, USA (pictured)

Dolcett Digest's Body of Recipes

Bourbon Bosom

Ingredients:

2 lb longpig breast, cut into bite-sized pieces; 1/2 cup water; 1/3 cup light brown sugar; 1/3 cup soy sauce; 1/4 cup apple juice; 2 Tbsp catsup; 1 Tbsp cider vinegar; 1-2 Tbsp olive oil; 1 garlic clove, crushed; 3/4 tsp crushed red pepper flakes; 1/4 tsp ginger

Directions:

1. Heat oil in a large skillet
2. Add breast pieces and cook until lightly browned
3. Remove breast
4. Add all remaining ingredients, cook over medium heat until it's well mixed and dissolved
5. Add breast to mixture and bring to a hard boil
6. Reduce heat and simmer for 20 minutes
7. Serve over hot rice and enjoy!

Prick & Twat Pie

Ingredients:

1 whole cunt fillet, cooked and chopped; 1 cock*, slice into medallions; 2 pie crusts; 1 cup half-and-half; 1 cup onion, diced; 1 cup celery, diced; 1 cup potato, diced; 1 cup carrot, diced; 1/2 cup all purpose flour; 1/3 cup melted butter; 2 cups chicken broth; 1 tsp salt; 1/4 tsp pepper

Directions:

1. Preheat oven to 400°F
2. Sauté onion, celery, potatoes and carrots in butter for 10 minutes
3. Add flour to mixture, stirring well. Cook 1 minute stirring constantly
4. Combine broth and half-and-half
5. Gradually stir into vegetable mixture
6. Cook over medium heat stirring constantly until thickened and bubbly
7. Stir in salt and pepper
8. Add cock and cunt, stirring well
9. Pour into shallow 2 quart casserole dish between two pie shells
10. Cut slits to allow steam to escape
11. Bake for 45 minutes or until brown

* May be replaced by another cunt fillet if male meat unavailable or undesired

AABA Final Four

April 26-27, 2064
University Stadium,
Sydney, NSW

Perth Pirates

Toowoomba Vipers

champions

Sydney Eagles

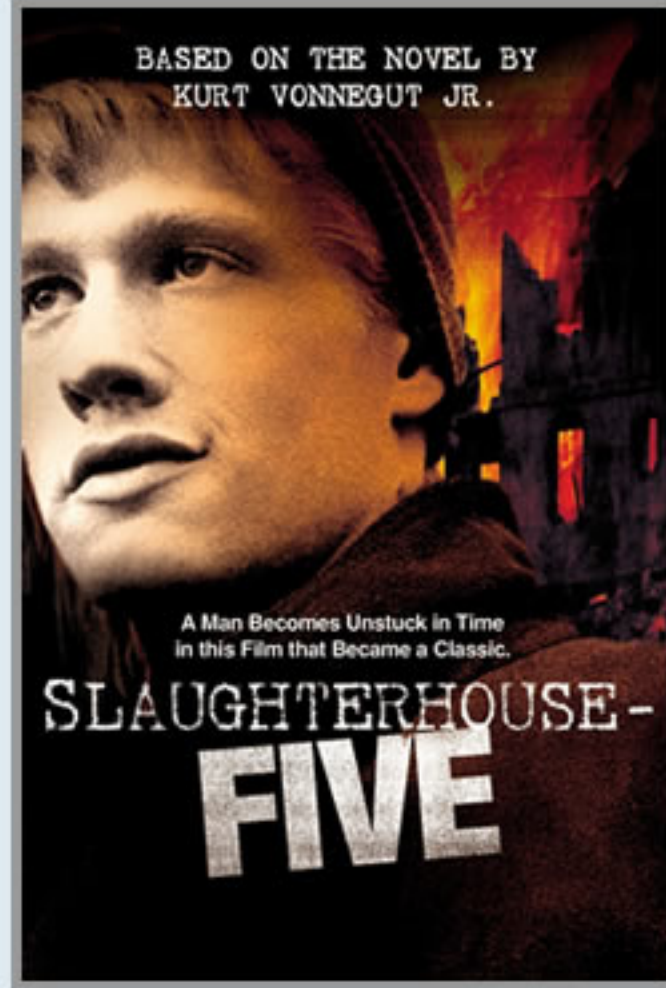
Geelong Celts



6

Classic Films that Alluded to Dolcett's World Order!

Magnificent milestones in mainstream cinema that prove life imitates art



Slaughterhouse-Five (1972)

We'll admit this entry is more for Vonnegut's book than for the film, but both are worthy of acclaim. They tell the story of Billy Pilgrim, a man unstuck from time, whose life plays out in a nonlinear order. He might spend an hour as a child before being thrust forward to his wedding day, only be thrown back to his years as a POW in World War II. All this is the apparent result of being abducted by aliens in 1967.

It is in those late years after his abduction that he learns an odd truth of the universe. His 5th dimensional captors see time as we see space, and can say with certainty that free will is an illusion. The future is no more changeable than the past. Billy's schizophrenic life is testament to that. No matter his actions he can't control his future (which is also his past).

In the years since the gender virus permanently altered our species' role on this planet, first-world religion has mostly fallen to the wayside. Acceptance that we are the determinant result of chemical reactions playing out since the big bang has brought comfort to millions, especially meatgirls. While a healthy snuff fetish works best to calm the nerves, the knowledge that the future is as static as the past has helped countless meatgirls offer

themselves willingly though they might not feel ready. They can simply shrug their shoulders, say "So it Goes," and mount the Jessica on their own. It has also been shown to have a positive effect on reducing cases of runaways. This may explain why Slaughterhouse-Five has become a staple of book clubs and literature curriculums worldwide.

The Truman Show (1998)

This film was actually released two years before Survivor (different from the pay per view series of ultimate fighting bouts) initiated the era of reality tv. The Truman Show's depiction of a high rating tv show documenting a common person's life via hidden camera proved to be spot-on in the decade that followed, which among other reality shows featured the similarly themed "Big Brother."

What is particularly relevant to our society is the early portrayal of a person as the property of a corporation. Truman Burbank is adopted at birth by a television studio so his entire can be life broadcast live. The studio takes on the responsibilities of sustaining his livelihood not just through the onset of adulthood but has plans to do so for the full duration of his useful life. The entire community is supported by this form of corporate adoption and its product clearly benefits viewers across the world. Just as that world feeds off this relationship, ours feeds off another variety of corporate ownership. One which lasts the full duration of a meatgirl's lifetime.



Logan's Run (1976)

If you can make it past its cheesy art direction, Logan's Run offers perhaps the most prognostic vision of our future, at least as could be predicted by pre-cannibal minds. It tells of an isolated domed city where everyone has a predetermined death date, that of their 30th birthday. It is an accepted necessity for the balancing of resources and to prevent overpopulation. All these willing human sacrifices are assured they will be reborn in the city after completing the rite of "carrousel," though home viewers know better.

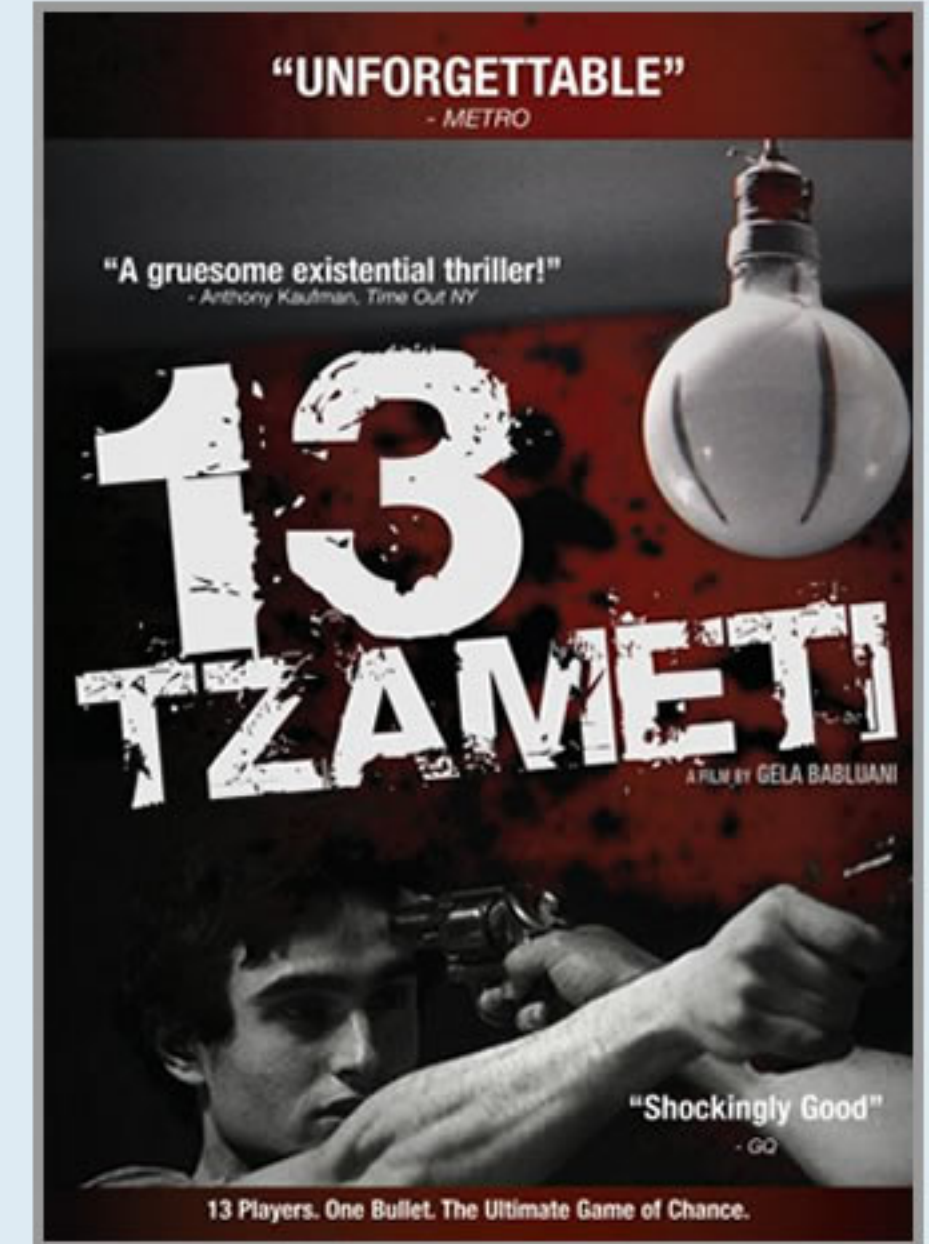
Whether it is chance or providence on the writers' part, 30 is in fact the average age of processing of women in Western society today. Both our societies require strict population regulation but graciously allow just enough time to experience the prime years of existence before genetics begins to wear away the body. Ours thankfully has the flexibility to allow Dolcett fetishists to snuff during their sexual peak while others may experience the pleasures of motherhood before they are called upon to roast. But those who try to escape their responsibility will meet the same fate as those in the film, a just termination!



13 Tzameti (2005)

Logan's Run established a society that can only thrive on a young population and accepts death as a part of life. But 13 Tzameti tackles the other main tenet of our Dolcett society, the thrill and excitement that go with risking your own life and those of your loved ones. The urge of "L'appel du vide" (Call of the void) is what explains the brief suicidal impulse to jump off a cliff or bridge. But it is also what drives women to risk all at a fun fair or to kneel down before the ever-hungry Jessica. And it is what drives many of the men in this film to risk all for money.

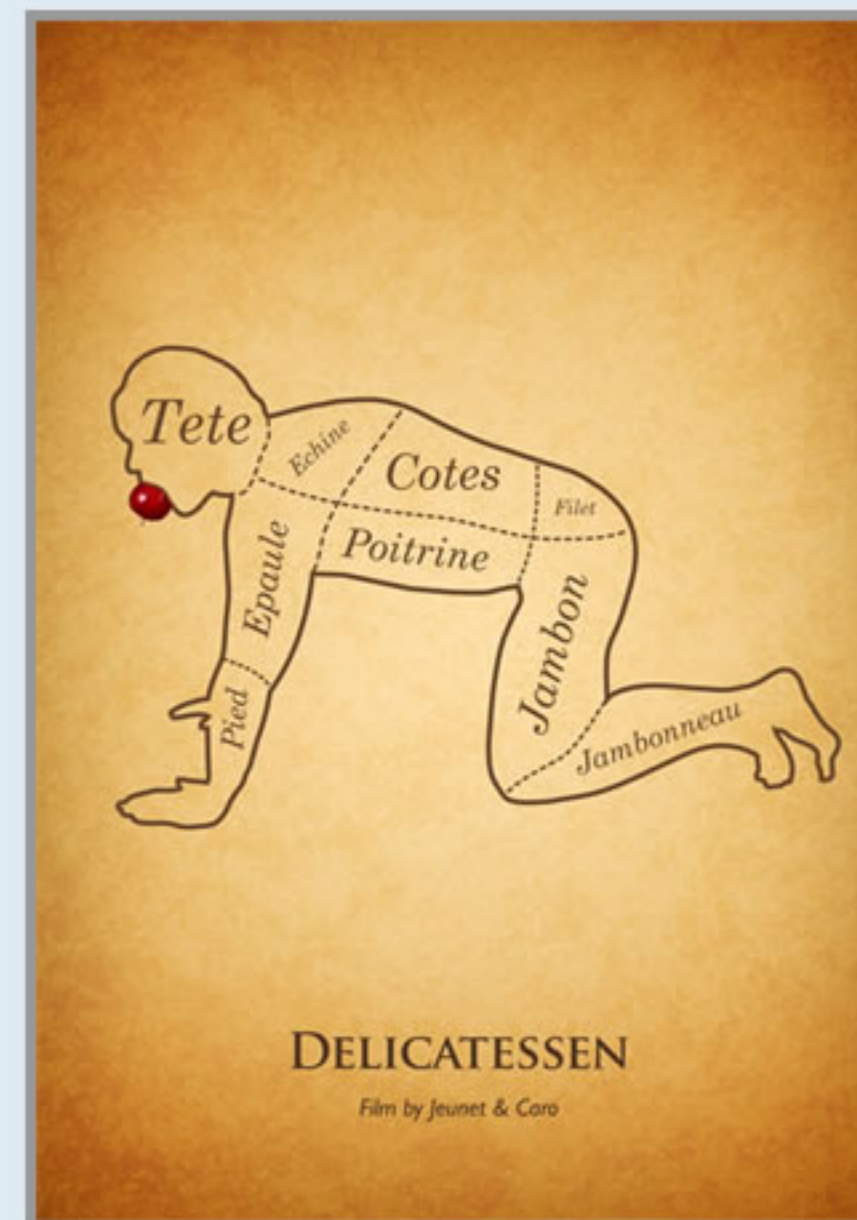
While the film's lead character is very much an unwilling Alice in Wonderland (or perhaps better, a Robin in Club X), force is not the motive of his peers. 12 other participants are entered in this underground casino where the only game is Russian Roulette. As rich spectators place bets on which of their 'horses' will come in, active players spin their chambers and press their pistols to their neighbors' foreheads. These men are volunteers, driven by any of a number of motivations: a share of the winnings, a desire to feel alive in facing their end, or simply having a deathwish. But we'd like to think that some of them get a thrill from the submission! A chance to do well by those who believe in them enough to place their money on them. Maybe one of them even longs for the unique ecstasy that can only be realized in their master's bed following a near-snuff experience



Delicatessen (1991)

Set in a post-apocalyptic world where food is so scarce it's used as currency, this delightful comedy depicts the forbidden romance between a butcher's daughter and her father's newest longpig. Though she has stood by and profited from this arrangement in the past, here she selfishly chooses to place puppy love above family and her own nourishment, and attempts to save his life. If only she knew what we know, that snuff makes the heart grow lustier. She and her father might both benefit if she would only learn to suppress her emotions of attachment and lure in a series of new lovers turned longpigs using her sexuality as bait.

Upstairs, while benefitting from the butcher's steady food supply, the whole apartment complex must follow the rules of their leases to the letter. Late rent payment charges can be very costly...an arm and a leg so to speak. Perhaps more. Though there is no known link, the film may very well have served as a model for modern low-income tenement practices. But of course today's penalty for missed rent payments is more likely to be a trip to the 'hot seat' or down the sharp end of a spit. Either way it's a satisfactory motivator for those who'd like to live to cook another day.

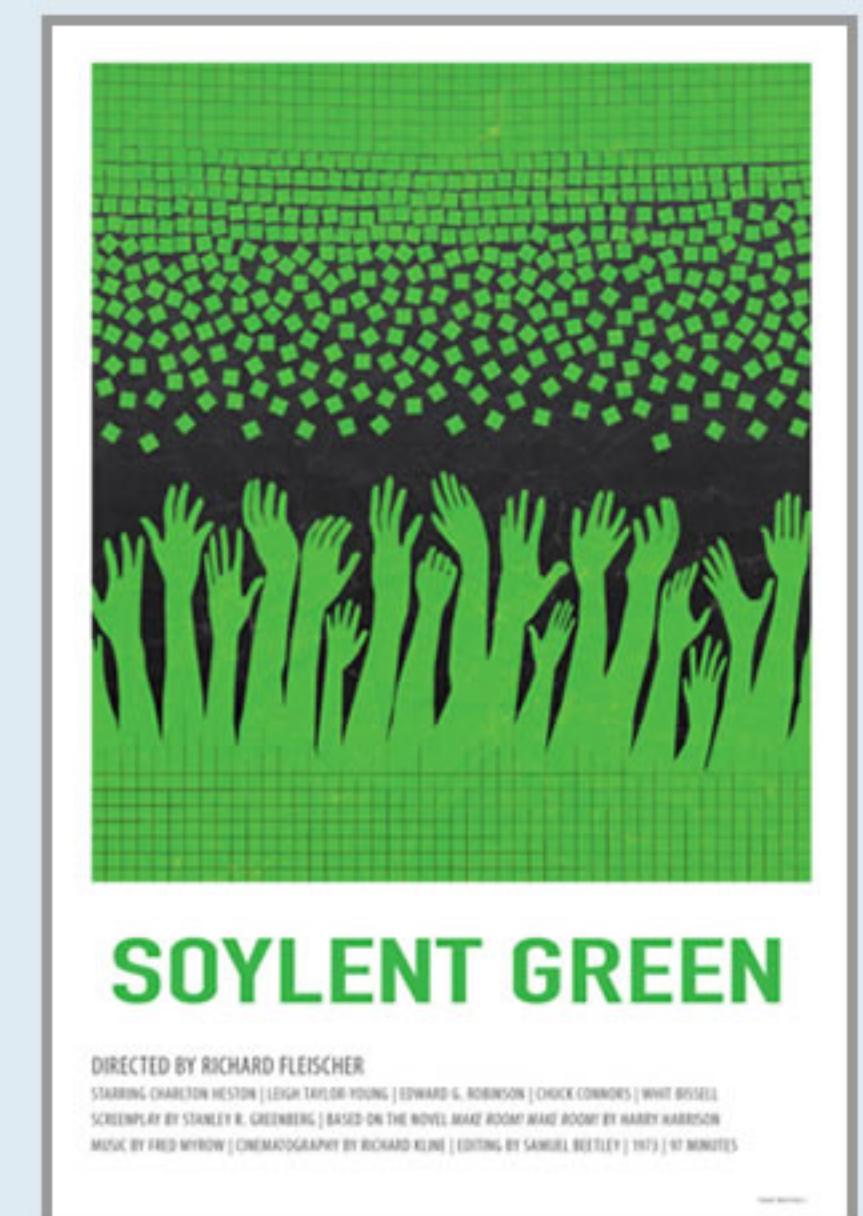


Soylent Green (1973)

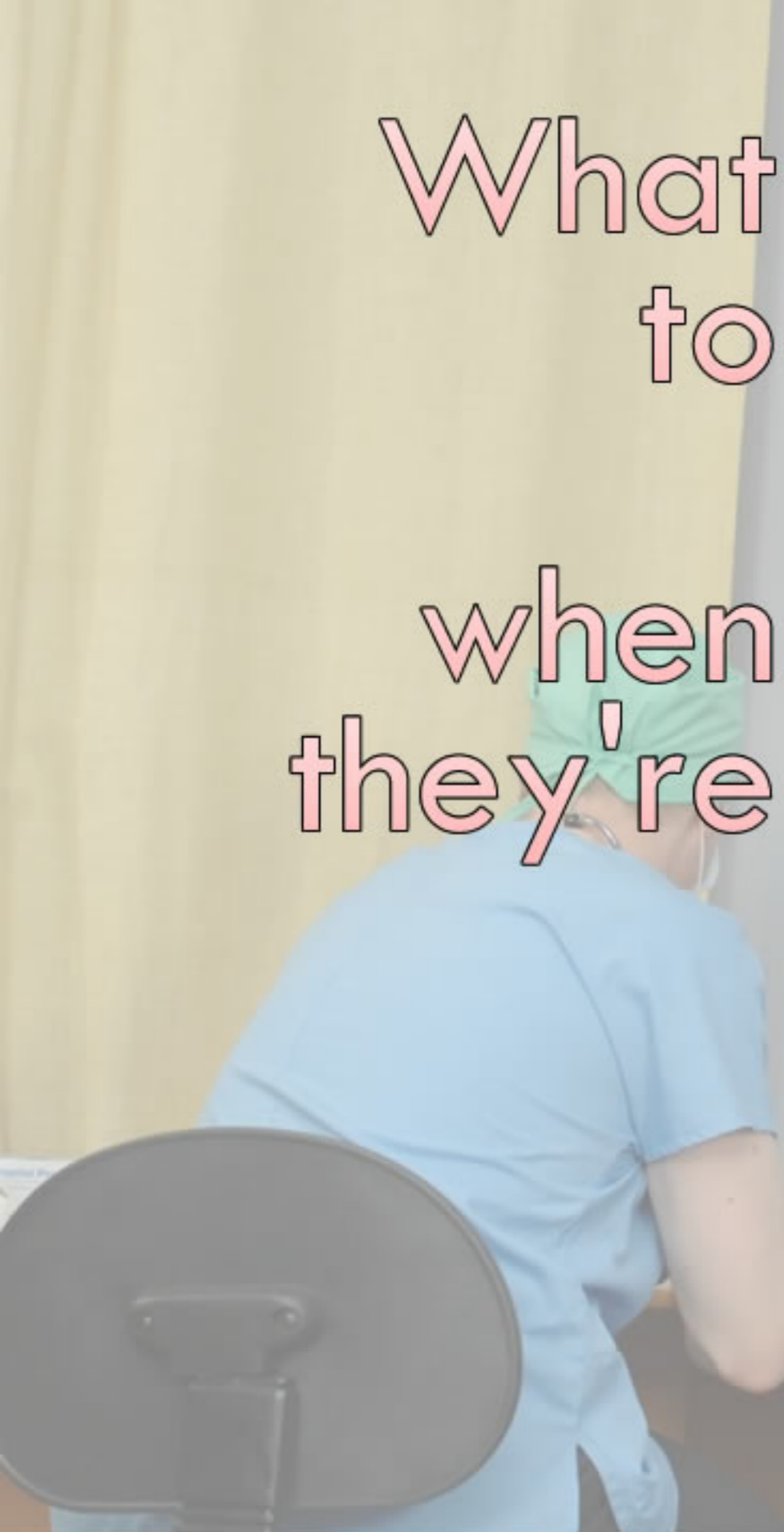
The grandfather of cannibal flicks, when filmed it naturally looked upon the eating of others with horror. But as in all good art, new meanings can be derived and applied with the passing of time and the advancement in human thought. Its setting is an alternate dystopic New York circa 2022, where humanity is overgrown and underemployed, pollution ubiquitous, and food scarce. As a detective investigates a murder, one important question demands an answer: What is soylent green?

He knows it as mankind's salvation, a plankton-based nutrient given as rations to the starving population. But in light of global warming's effects on plankton and the planet, he discovers there is only one sufficient source of protein for soylent green: People!

That the detective reacts with horror is of no moral importance to a modern interpretation of the film. Soylent green *must* be kept a secret because people must want to eat people for cannibalism to function. As has been shown in Turkmenistan and the Chinese Congo, state-mandated cannibalism cannot succeed without the will of the public. Though the logic is foolproof, the motivation to eat people must come from the civilian population itself. It is believed that only the sexual impulse is sufficient to mask traditional moral misgivings on a societal scale. As such it is our ability to incentivize and fetishize snuff that keeps us from becoming a failed species.



What
to
Expect
when
they're
Inspecting

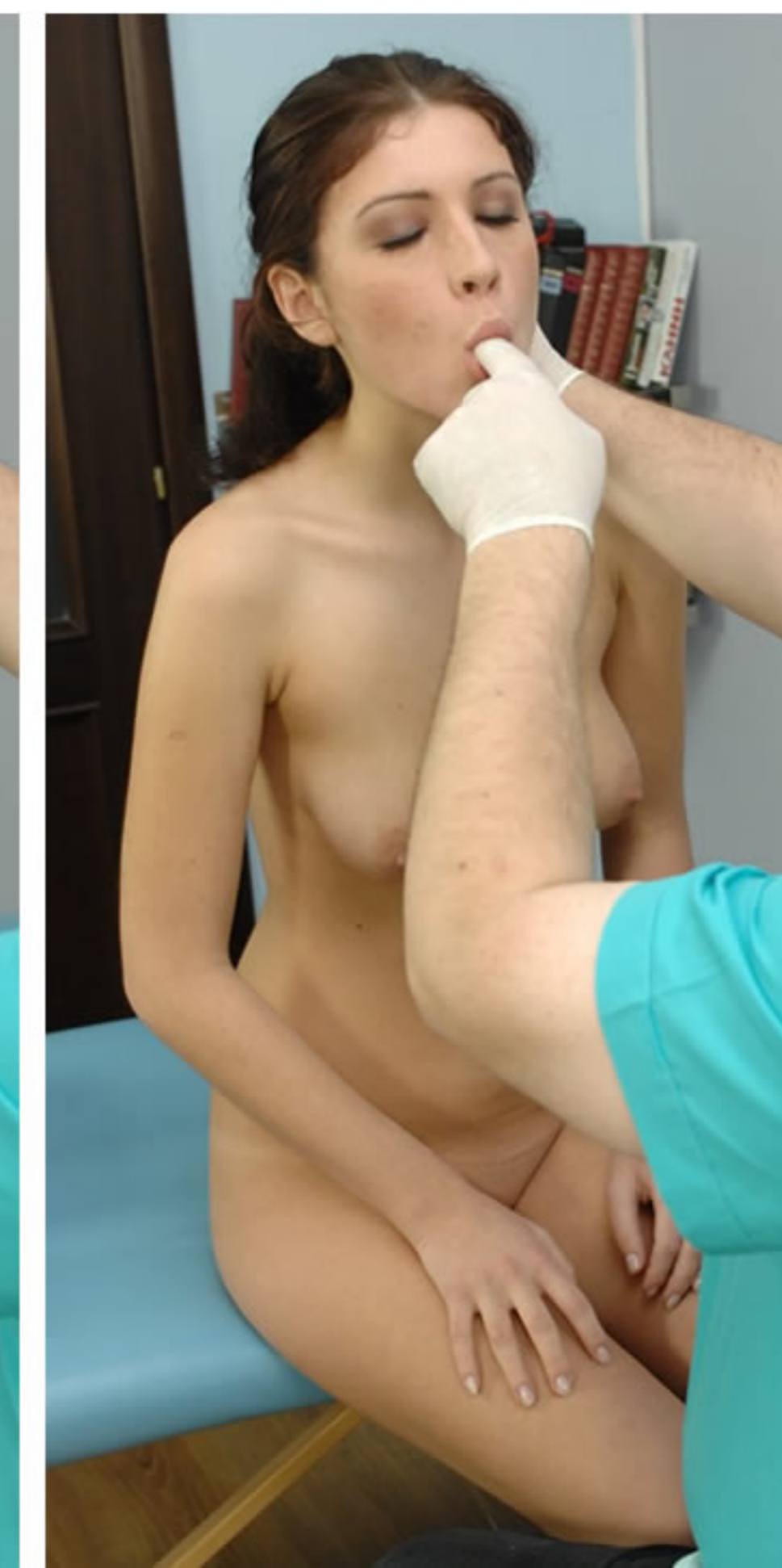
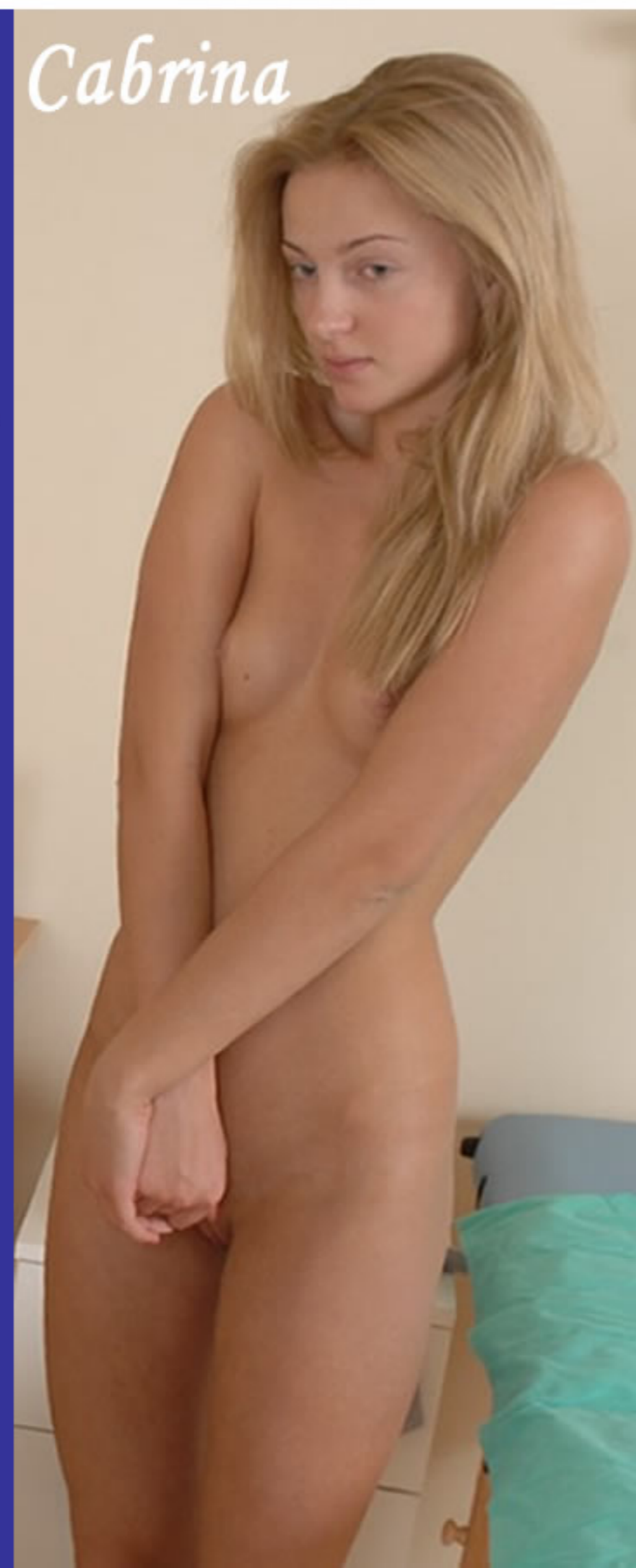


Beata enters her Budapest clinic somewhat apprehensive at the prospect of being handled by a male inspector. But she's not a kid anymore. She must submit to common medical standards, and in most countries on the continent, meat inspectors are exclusively male.

This is out of practical benefit, not sexism. Influence of the ancient Greek ideals of beauty and Renaissance art have left their mark on Europe. It is deemed a universal social benefit that exemplary female specimens be given lower frequency draft numbers than standard Europeans as to allow them more time to breed and entertain the male population. And as all females have been genetically selected to be hyperpansexual, they may have difficulty discerning facets of feminine beauty.

European inspections, compared to the Russian and American variety, most resemble traditional doctor check-ups. The basic health of the body is verified through standard examinations familiar to either sex. These will include use of a stethoscope, tongue depressor, eye light, and manual inspection of the breasts.

Of course each region has their own peculiarities, and one of employed in Central Europe, seen below, is the gag reflex check. Given the importance of regular blowjobs on the male psyche, women may be tested on their ability to orally accommodate men. Beata is told to suck the doctor's finger but is suddenly and surprisingly deep throated. That she does not choke bodes well for her.



With another Spring comes another inspection season. A time to replenish our species' stock of eligible longpig with a healthy batch of ripe young teenies. Big or small, kinky or innocent, each girl enters adulthood an equal, once thorough inspections have purged the weak.

Dolcett Digest welcomes the Class of 2064 with a guide to meat examination for first timers. We sit in on doctor visits of three newly legal roastables in each of Europe, Russia, and the USA to show our youngest readers what awaits them and their meat.

Alice comes from Watford, a short train commute from London, England. Like Beata's her inspection is generally traditional. On the right, Alice's nasal passage is inspected for any peculiarities. She is asked about her health history and whether she has any allergies or is prone to nose bleeds. Though primary oxygen intake on spitted girls is through the butt end of the spit, the nasal passage is an EU mandated secondary path. Food safety guidelines require this to ensure the proper snuffing of meat, as roasted & asphyxiated meat products are subject to separate health guidelines.

Should a problem arise, the subject may be graded "XS" an indicator that she may not be live spitted. Even though live oven roasting or boiling exist as alternatives, the meat value is affected.



Cabrina attends her first inspection with foreknowledge of a worrisome condition. Her life goal of becoming a professional breeder is dependent on this interview. Though she has the aesthetic credentials to enter into any breeder farm in Scandinavia, she has a heart condition that cannot be allowed to pass on to the next generation.

She travels from Helsingor, Denmark to nearby Copenhagen to consult with a specialist. The doctor must uphold a certain medical dispassion while he holds her dreams, like her soft breast, in his hand. What is most important are the dreams of her unborn meatgirls, who if genetically weak might succumb during a spitting, rather than hours later over the fire. As such, he takes his time. His teenage patient isn't going anywhere.



Every orifice is inspected and probed. After her nose, mouth, eyes and ears are graded, the doctor inserts an anal thermometer. An oral thermometer would work just as well, but it is widely believed that anal submission is half the battle in taming a meatgirl. During the procedure, Alice's tightness is observed. The inspector will prescribe a corrective faux-male suppository for that later.

The doctor produces a standard bird baster and fills it with water. He relates to Alice the importance of maintaining clean bowels as he demonstrates on her an enema. Eligible meatgirls have a fundamental responsibility to keep themselves clean both for the spit and their sexual partners. Either may take them at a moment's notice.

Alice's pussy shows greater use: here she needs no encouragement. But she is read the standard spiel on climax anyway.



Both doctor and patient are wholly silent during the inspection. He can't risk issuing a false positive and she can't stomach a false negative. Cabrina rests her hands atop her head as a courtesy. Her body is his to inspect and to pass judgment on. She won't object to his rubbery touch or his final decision.

The doctor moves from the heart to her abdomen. Cabrina isn't sure if she should be relieved or concerned. Her stomach wasn't on trial, or was it? And what might he know that her normal physician would not?

Cabrina asks what the matter is but gets no reply. Instead the doctor begins to interrogate her on her diet. Especially what she's eaten in the last 2 days. Also of interest is her recent sexual history: who, when, how, & how good. Cabrina begins wonder...she hadn't yet missed her period, but could she be pregnant?!

Alice flips herself over and spreads her legs apart. It's time to gauge her sex drive. The doctor begins to finger his patient as an audio recording is played in the background. It produces the voice of a music or film star that is computer fabricated but indistinguishable from reality. It pampers Alice with sweet words, calling out her name and unique features. And gradually its compliments switch from an appreciation of beauty to a lust for meat.

The doctor manually stimulates the girl as she listens to the personalized tale of meatgirl seduction. Alice becomes quite wet, well above recommended minimum levels. At the topic of basting, Alice cums in jets. Her volume, range, and time of orgasm are all recorded on her permanent file.



The doctor next gives his patient's mouth a good examination. Cabrina feels like a horse on the auction block with the level of scrutiny assigned to her teeth. She still has no idea what his methodology is, but she prays it will end with her first of many breeding cycles.

Finally the doctor sets his tools down and offers Cabrina a seat...on his lap. "Miss, your heart is a ticking time bomb. The longer you wait the weaker it shall become. Breeding is out of the question: Your condition would be passed on to your offspring. However I see you are still young & strong enough to survive a proper live spitting. I am writing a prescription for processing to be carried out right away. Many fine restaurants in this city that would pay a premium to serve you as a long pig. I'll allow you 48 hours to make your choice."



Yana



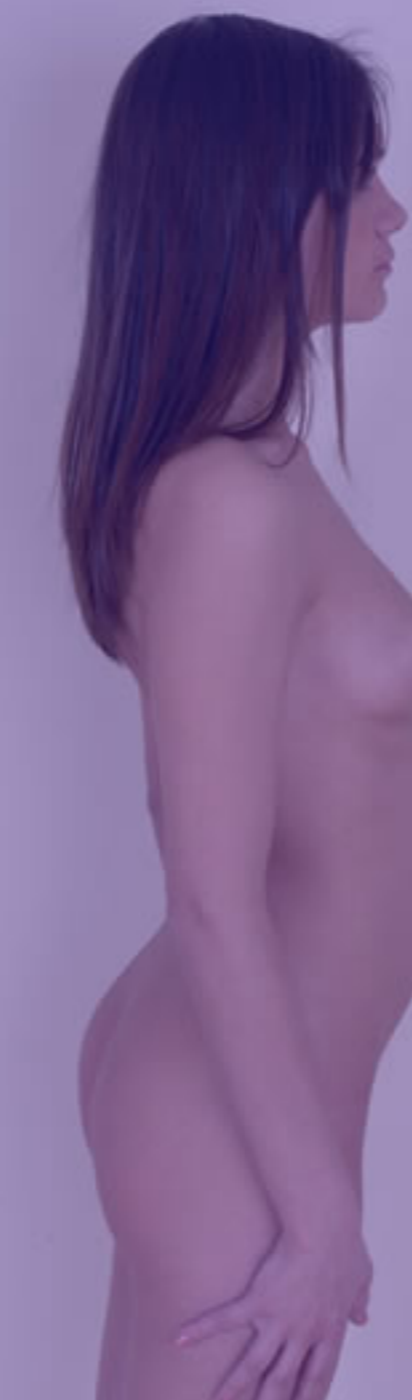
РОССИЯ

Russian inspections are the domain of the military in consideration of the recent role of warfare in the Russian State. Conscription is compulsory for all women aged 18-20. Consequently, the state must determine whether recruits are fit enough to lay down their lives in a non-culinary manner.

Though reduced in size by the independence of Kaliningrad, Siberia and Kamchatka, Russia has taken on the leading role in crushing abolitionist cells and assisting in humanitarian efforts worldwide. These girl guardians of the motherland must first meet a strict standard of readiness,



Nika



evaluated by their battle hardened future officers.

The struggle against abolitionists may take them anywhere from the frigid Russian tundra, where draft dodgers may hide in vegan villages, to the Latin American tropics, where undercover soldiers may be charged with overthrowing a government deemed too meek in its lottery laws. Either case requires correction by conversion, so in addition to basic fitness and health, a basic culinary background is required.

Roksana



Humanitarian efforts offer Russian assistance to the uncivilized 'can'tibal' societies of the world. While Russians know that so long there is meat on their bones they will not starve, all across Africa, India, and the Middle East, hunger is a real problem. In such zones, soldiers distribute water, basic grains, and oversee a green card lottery. Winning females are given a new life in Russia, albeit with a 75% first-year meat lottery selection chance.

Soldiers may also be ordered to stay behind and procreate with local males. The strategy behind this is to produce local meatgirls and reduce overpopulation by keeping males away from the veggiebal femmajority.





Roksana's breasts are the subject of great scrutiny. In a perilous situation, alone and behind enemy lines, a soldier may be expected to slice one or both off to feed on until help can arrive. In consideration of Roksana's petite bust, she is to be exempted from front line combat. Not that her meat is safer elsewhere. Boredom and sexual tension in the barracks

have driven more girls to go 'permanently AWOL' on the logistic lines than have been roasted on the front. To determine the role suited to her body type, Roksana undergoes a series of physical tests to gauge her strengths and weaknesses. Is she meant to be a heavy lifter or a paper pusher? A soldier or a sailor? Roksana completes all the

tasks, but it is her time in the 3-km run impresses the doctor and influences the decision. Roksana is assigned to the Sochi refugee transit center as an MP. Though most refugees are thankful to be fed, clothed and housed during their exile, those selected for roasting by the Russian lottery are prone to escape attempts. But when they run, Roksana catches.



Nika comes from an army household and feels the added pressure of familial expectation. Her mother fought in Armenia to overthrow the matriarchy and personally witnessed the Queen's beheading. Her aunt gave her meat for the motherland in the Sumatra campaign. Whatever task Nika is assigned, she prays it isn't behind a desk. The checkup runs smoothly,

her body having been molded and toned for this very day. It is slim and athletic, but not brawny as to toughen her meat. Her heart and lungs show the signs of a devoted soccer player and she is flexible enough to get into any required position. But all is not well. Nika fits a description issued by the doctor's commanding officer. There is a free slot in his army

sponsored harem, and Nika is the type he is looking for. Far from risking her life on the front lines, she'd be sharing his cock in a Moscow suburb. Nika begs for an alternate assignment, anything at all. The doctor reluctantly agrees, and explains that Nika's hair must be cut. It may burn on the spit... while she serves as a meat missionary in Malawi.





Yana has already distinguished herself before her inspector. An academic prodigy, she has already co-authored two published papers with her preparatory high school chemistry teacher. But while such accomplishments are lauded in the real world, the military sees this as a red flag. Will Yana be folded easily into a company of grunts? Or will her intelligence lead her to question and second guess her commanding officer's orders?

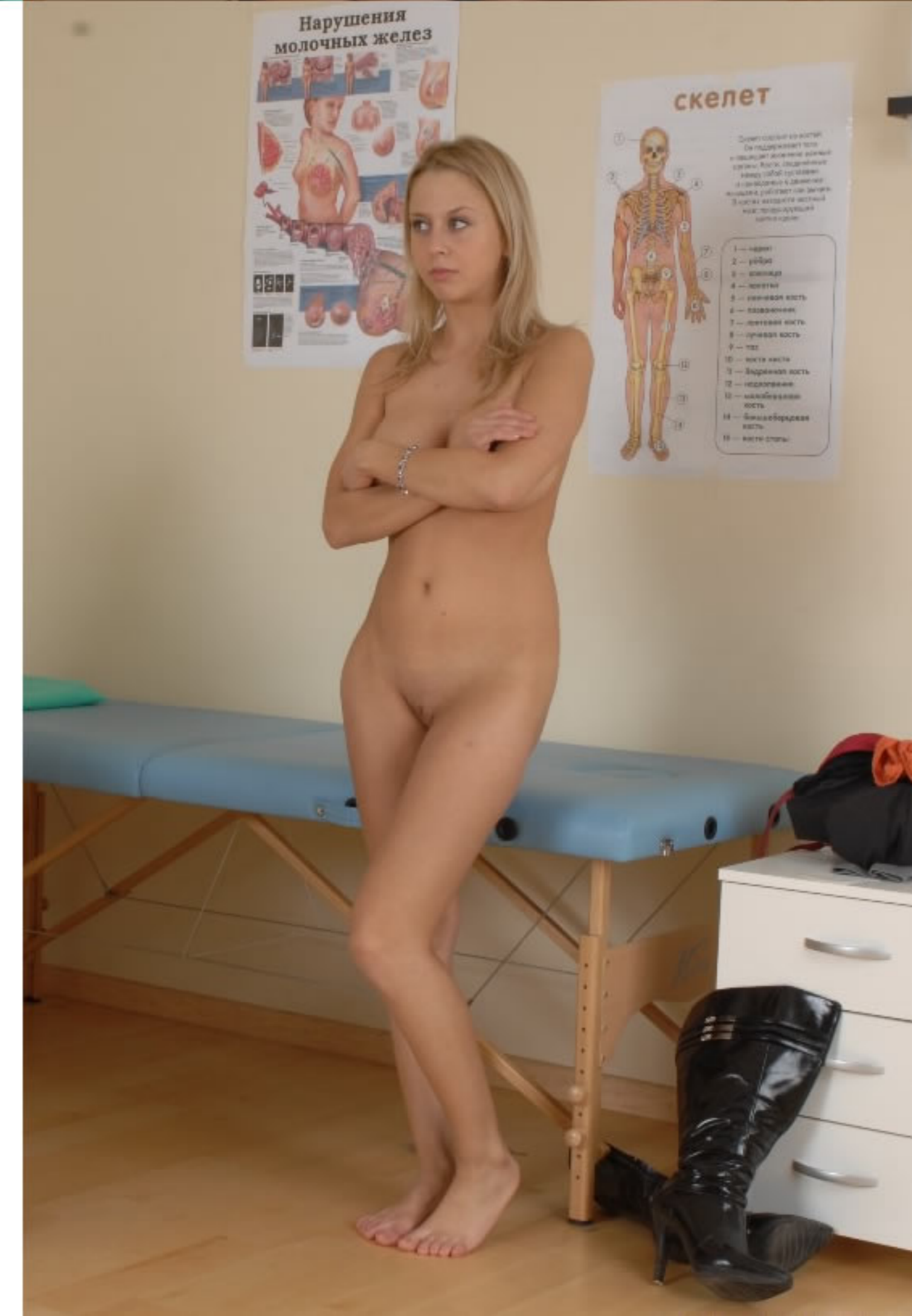
The doctor has Yana perform a special obedience routine intended to gauge her mental pliability. Yana spends 30 minutes crawling, kneeling and hopping according to the doctor's orders. Like a show dog she maneuvers between her master's legs and obeys every instruction. By the time 30 minutes is up Yana should be exhausted, her knees battered from a half hour of forced crawling. But the determined draftee still responds as quickly and precisely as always. The girl has no overbearing ego... she proves herself a capable follower.

Now Yana can relax as her body is inspected more passively. The doctor slips a blood pressure sleeve onto Yana's arm and pumps it full of air. This test shows her to be as well suited on the inside as on the outside. But what else could one expect

from an active tennis, badminton and ice hockey player, as well as a frequent and liberal dispenser of handjobs.

Next comes a round of measurements. Yana's waistline, bustline, biceps, thighs, and neck are all recorded with the doctor's tape measure. But a cunt isn't so easily classified by simple distance measurement. The doctor must rely on her own intuition and experience to give it a grade. Not that she has to. A gynecological exam has already been conducted as a prerequisite for this exam. No, the doctor simply wants to, as is her right. And no matter how many future meatgirls the doctor examines in a day, she always gets a thrill out of fondling her favorites. She pinches at Yana's tender flesh, strokes her clit and finger fucks her. Feigning critique, she sucks Yana's juices from her gloved fingers and describes the taste and its significance.

The doctor knows that Yana is a perfect candidate not just for front line duty, but for officer's school. But she prefers to let Yana sweat it a bit. The doctor's lunch hour is about to begin and she would like to have something to look at during her meal. And maybe to have something for dessert when she finishes her sandwich. Until the doctor signs off on her, Yana will be her pet.





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When compared with the previous two approaches, American inspectors share similar goal statements with their Russian counterparts: the cultivation of excellent physical performance. But unlike the Russians, Americans have become apathetic to the plight of non-cannibal world: involvement in Middle East, Indian and African affairs has become untenable to American voters. After decades of foreign intervention and hundreds of billions in aid seeing little benefit, the US has returned to a policy of neutrality. World famine or not, any intervention not linked to NATO or the Monroe Doctrine is DOA.

Of course, with the renewed focus on domestic issues and a lack of military conscription, the physical traits sought by the American FDA (Food and Drug Administration) differ from those of the Russian Red-Meat Army. The first stop for our trio of Boston-area school-girls is a spot along the wall. Like the students of nearby Harvard University in the mid-20th Century, all incoming meatgirls strip for nude posture photos for internal record keeping. Such photos may be used for meat classification in Washington or at the meat mills, saved to the memory chip on a passport or visa, or be given to law enforcement agencies in the case of a runaway. Of course, after each girl meets her meat maker, such photos are made available to the public on wikimeatia.



It's a complete surprise to most incoming inspectees, but the exam does not measure heart rate, size or stamina, only sexual capacity. It is considered part of the 'American Dream' that all women regardless of background should have the opportunity to advance their sexual abilities. Every woman should be able to hone her feminine talents to the level of

pornographic film star for her own and her lovers' benefit. These tests reward those who embrace this freedom and refers those who do not to 'summer school.' This consists of daily lessons in handjobs, blowjobs, pussy and ass fucking, standard fetishes and achieving orgasm on a spit. Passing grades allow reentry into society. Failing grades

are ground into Grade D Meat. As the test device is revealed, two of our girls express shock at the idea of having their sex acts observed and graded. Rachel makes the mistake of revealing her virginity, and in doing so earns herself a higher level of scrutiny. Olivia stares blankly hardly believing this could be a real test. But Hailey is uniquely comfortable both in

nudity and the task before her. Rachel is given two dildos to juggle, but rather than taking them one at a time, each in a hand, she tries to suck them both at once. The female inspector gives her a demerit at the embarrassing display. Olivia's fellatio is fair but does not offer anything more than what a teenager would be expected to know. If she

would be snuffed tomorrow she could not provide her master or mistress with the level of satisfaction he or she would be accustomed to. Hailey is quick to show she won't choke under pressure or 10 inches of man meat. She bows down before the rubber cock and swallows the entire shaft. The male inspector tries to trigger her gag reflex by

forcing her movements but it is too buried in her mind. He lets go and watches her give a well-rounded blowjob. Next is an evaluation of the all important fucking abilities. Each girl stands, spreads her legs and lowers herself onto the chair mounted dildo. Olivia rides well but when presented with a dildo to suck on she can't multitask. Given the importance of group





sex at American style BBQs, her final inspection grade is a 'T' for training. Her summer will be a busy one.

Hailey shows the same proficiency in fucking that she did in sucking. A regular cowgirl, she bucks and moans and leaves the saddle streaked in her own juices. Instructed to get down on her hands and knees, she takes the spit-roast

position, fucking herself as the inspector rams a cock down her throat. Again she holds her own and earns an 'A.' The inspector sends her home with a roasting waiver just in case she feels ready to volunteer. Hailey says she isn't so sure, but will discuss it in the evening with her parents.

Rachel does much better this time around. In the spit

position she takes both cocks up to their rubber balls. After a few minutes of stimulation she squirts onto the hardwood floor. The girl confesses that she is what she calls a 'snuff slut' and that she's been saving herself for the spit. In light of this information she walks out with an inflated 'B minus' grade, registration papers, and an infectious smile.



Whatever your regional practices, inspections are of vital importance in assessing livestock health. Your visit may very well guide the course and end of your life. Whether you end up mothers, mistresses, slaves or sandwiches, best of luck to you all, Class of '64. ■

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!

Don't mistake this column is for a woman-only read. We have plenty for you boys to try out as well, for example this fun take on a classic American snack. It's no secret that Americans love hot dogs. Many fiercely debate what truly belongs on one. But others, like these ladies, insist on only the finest of sausages.

Now before you do something rash, don't worry, there's been no femcan coup d'état. Women aren't harvesting men in the streets. But that doesn't mean these Yankee dames can't play out a healthy erotic fantasy. Or you for that matter. Take after these readers and share in a fun and sexy role reversal. Just be sure to send us the pics!



Simone Garcia, Orange, CA, USA



Abby Yates, Shreveport, LA, USA



Sammie Miller, Edison, NJ, USA



Lisa Thompson, Eau Claire, WI, USA



It may not be rocket science, but it was nonetheless captivating for us to watch how faithful reader Kayla Quinn (Tallahassee, FL, USA) prepares her favorite light lunch. She begins by spreading a mustard-mayo mix onto a plump sausage. She prefers the kind with an all natural (uncut) casing.



Kayla lays the man-pork frank out onto a pre-sliced bun, a soft and stimulating bed of bread. She supports this white-bread pillow for the duration, the rest of the recipe being a one-handed affair.



Though some may find catsup too sweet a topping for a tube of hot meat, Kayla is not one of them. And she's in good company, catsup being the highest selling topping. She grabs a bottle and squeezes off three long streaks of the chilled tomato dressing.



Kayla brings the hot dog to her lips but pauses. Like a pup with a treat on its nose, she shows remarkable self-restraint. But with purpose. She squeezes the dog in its soft bun, a friendly reminder of what it is, a comfortable coffin. The cold toppings and her hot stuttered breath send more of the same signals...



...that maybe this is no fantasy...maybe the lust in her eye is insatiable...or rather satiated by just one thing. This is exactly what she wants him to think. As Kayla's lips envelop him, his cock turns iron-stiff partly for lust, partly as a defense mechanism. Not that it will do him any good. Kayla is fully in control of his convulsing manhood. Her teeth tear through the limp bread and dig into his precious manhood.



Kayla pulls away with a mouthful. Her massive chews are barely contained by her modest lips. She didn't!...she couldn't! Could she? She winks, swallows, and goes back for more. Her man opens his eyes and looks down to check everything is in order. He's relieved to find two reddened imprints of her teeth. In a furor he plots this crazy girl's demise. Rope, spit, sauce, chain...dogs, flogging, incest, pain. But as she bites down again his fury is replaced by fear and pleasure.



But of course, one is never enough. And now, far from protesting, Kayla's boytoy slices the bun himself. Kayla takes the opportunity to remove some excess clothing and peppers him with dirty talk. As she leans over his member and strokes it lightly through the bun, she whispers a few forewarnings, "Practice time is over..." and "I'm no spitter..." Remarkably, her sweet nothings sufficed. His cock, already

primed and loaded, went off spontaneously in her hand, rendering unto her a teat-load of special sauce. Kayla simply smiled, fell to her knees, and went to work, 'devouring' his meaty member. There were no teeth used this second time, just her soft lips and tongue on his raw and tender flesh. It was a much quicker and messier affair thist time as she earned herself a second hot load of cannibal cream.



CROSSWORD

Across

- 1. Strike out
- 5. What the riff-raff lack
- 10. Winged pest
- 14. Empire built by llamas
- 15. Underworld
- 16. Illegal Islamic interest
- 17. Lee or Mikita
- 18. Manuscript changes
- 19. Big heads
- 20. San Francisco's favorite cut of meat?
- 22. Place to find milk on tap
- 23. One of the first Olympians?
- 24. Goode Guitarist
- 25. Lookout
- 29. Arsenal aim?
- 31. A warm room with a view
- 32. A book with a key
- 34. How to amend a letter 2x
- 37. Name for a cunt steak in Baghdad?
- 41. Yucatan year
- 42. Island home to an annual cock eating contest
- 43. Type of code
- 44. Very alluring
- 45. Spiffy looking
- 47. Common ancestor of Catalan and Romanian

- 50. Backwards flower
- 52. Word frequently spoken in unison
- 53. Knoxville's favorite variety of meatgirl?
- 59. Titanic's icy fate
- 60. What Gandhi and Genghis have in common
- 61. A poem is rarely lovelier than one of these
- 62. Letters for a crucifixion
- 63. Lowest level of autonomy
- 64. Assistant
- 65. Month after Shevat
- 66. Printer need
- 67. Neighbor of Castile

Down

- 1. Lady's cock alternative
- 2. The price of a hand
- 3. Words of confidence
- 4. Last task of a space mission
- 5. Girlfruit?
- 6. Soup spoon
- 7. Ciao
- 8. N.M. place to phone home
- 9. Leningrad submarine, Abbr.

Puzzle Corner

Answers on Page 66



- 10. Candy-fed meatgirl
- 11. River forming in Guinea
- 12. One wild pig
- 13. Posthumous compliment
- 21. Wax mine
- 24. Bengal and Fundy
- 25. A TV's best friend
- 26. Square
- 27. Rome's famed violinist
- 28. AC/DC anthem
- 29. Acted with Grace in 1952
- 30. Bauxite, e.g.
- 32. Contradict
- 33. Slang term for meth
- 34. Cop's catch
- 35. Worth half a gesundheit
- 36. Symbol on Morocco's flag
- 38. A picture so nice you'd click it twice
- 39. Bagel topper
- 40. Baseball souvenir
- 44. Begin to tenderize
- 45. CA's first Dolcett party
- 46. Whatever you can get away with
- 47. Folds more lovely than origami
- 48. Change something previously finalized
- 49. See 47 Across, 4 Down
- 50. Cuban Gonzalez
- 51. Like James Bond
- 53. Unfathomably large
- 54. 1952 W. Olympic host
- 55. Space-saving Abbr.
- 56. Not yet Niagara
- 57. Start anew
- 58. No longer hidden

GHK WHTQM ZP VHH WHTQM? GHK LRPV ZP VHH LRPV?

_____? _____?

KD'CD MHQQR LZQS HTV PZPVDC,

KGDQ WHT SRQYD VGRV VDBRP VKZPVDC...

CRYPTO-GRAM

Hint: C - R



IT'S GIRL SEASON!

Sharpshooter Woods
Premier Private Hunting Grounds

Weapons Include:
Crossbows
Hunting Knives
Rifles
Airtight Body Bags
Bare-Hands
Your Imagination!

Facilities for:
Barbecues
Family Reunions
Graduations
Hunting Contests
Office Parties
Games of Chance



VIKTORIA

- "I should have known not to make meat decisions when drinking. I nearly lost my skin on a game of pool that way."
- Home: Zabrze, POL
- Height: 1.75m (5'9")
- Weight: 54kg (119 lb)
- Age: 25
- Zodiac: Pisces
- Hobbys: Reading, Billiards, Volunteering at the Animal Shelter, Acting
- Job: Insurance Agent
- Likes: I Love Lucy, Chekhov, The Dekalogue, Italian Men, Swedish Women, Saunas
- Dislikes: Dish washing, Heights, Going down stairs in the dark,



Having signed away her meat, Viktoria has lost out on a very hefty life insurance policy. In addition to the financial loss, her friends and relatives will not be awarded conjugal visitation or any of her meat.

Viktoria:

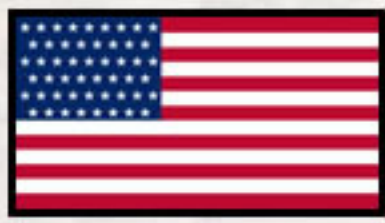
I was so drunk he had to help me sign my own name.

DD: Why are you standing here, Viktoria?
Viktoria: I was out drinking at a bar and misplaced my friends. As I left, I ran into a petitioner with a clipboard. He said he was looking for donations for his charity...something about feeding the hungry. I was so drunk he had to help me sign my own name.
DD: It wasn't the kind of donation you thought, was it?
Viktoria: Nor the kind of hungry people.
DD: How did you react?
Viktoria: I got a letter in the mail and thought it was a joke. But when husband and wife bounty hunters showed up at my apartment, then I knew it was real.
DD: Husband and wife?
Viktoria: Yes, it was new to me. The husband did the searching and gun-wielding. The wife made me ready to go. She undressed me, bathed me, did my hair and makeup...then watched over me in the car while her husband rounded up the next girl.
DD: And whom did they deliver you to?
Viktoria: A family on the edge of town. Rich beyond their capacity to spend, though not for lack of trying. I'm to roast at their son's graduation barbecue. Until then I'm a sort of a tutor for him.
DD: I take it it's not history.
Viktoria: Not unless we make it to the kama sutra, no. And he still has a lot to learn. Especially if he wants to publicly prep me before his sisters put me on the fire.
DD: Is this the type of snuff you imagined you'd have?
Viktoria: No. I always thought I would surprise my husband one morning with a spit and a picnic shelter reservation on the anniversary of our first Dolcett role-play. But this is actually nice. I wanted to be a teacher years ago but I imagine this is more satisfying. I wasn't so experienced at his age either but if I can give him a leg up he can pass on my legacy with every sorority girl he beds.



BELLE

- Belle drove through intending on a quick look, but stayed for a quick meal!
- Home: Hailey, ID
- Height: 1.61m (5'3")
- Weight: 48kg (105lb)
- Age: 25
- Zodiac: Aries
- Hobbys: Writing, Horseback Riding, Basketball, Fitness, Hanging out at the Diner
- Job: Hair Stylist
- Likes: Sunday Brunch, Sleeping in, San Francisco, Road Trips, Classical Music
- Dislikes: Onions, Seaweed, Bears, People who cut in line, Arrogance



Now that Belle is in the criminal database, her female relatives have a much greater chance of being selected by the lottery.

Belle:

I liked it when my partners commented on and argued over my cuts of meat.

DD: What does the guilty party have to say for herself?
Belle: I was only going 3 miles over the speed limit, and downhill!
DD: In Dolcett, California, the specifics of the crime don't matter, only the audacity needed to commit one. Also, you have out-of-state plates, a rookie mistake.
Belle: The booking and trial were just as crazy. Handcuffed, stripped nude, no lawyer...the trial lasted all of eight minutes.
DD: That long? The judge probably had difficulty choosing a method of snuff.
Belle: Electrocutation, in case you were wondering.
DD: I was :-> What is prison life like?
Belle: I was surprised that the facility wasn't gender separated. There were more men than women, mostly in there for public intoxication...but they let them keep their drinks. We were kept in one big room, which quickly turned to an orgy. Fucking is all you could really do to keep your mind occupied.
DD: How was the death row orgy?
Belle: It was my first, so I don't have anything to judge it by. But strangely, I found I liked it when my partners commented on and argued over my cuts of meat. My boyfriend likes to pretend he's a dom, so I rarely got compliments, certainly none of this caliber.
DD: No one has ever complimented your meat?
Belle: I'm from a more reserved community. When people disappear, they do so quietly...roasts are very much a private affair between meat and carnivore. A Club X franchise would never fly. Even public nudity is taboo.
DD: Who did you use your one phone call for?
Belle: I didn't get to speak. I was just able to select the destination of an automated message inviting the recipient to my dinner. I sent it to my friend in San Francisco. I hope she tells my parents, but after I roast. It'd be weird to have them watching my tits sizzle.
DD: Did you ever think you'd go this way?
Belle: It just isn't done like this in Idaho. There, if you're not using a real wood or charcoal fire, you're not doing it right.
DD: Didn't you ever play with electricity in any sex games?
Belle: Never. I don't even know what it feels like. I've been around plenty of electric fences, but have never been daring enough to touch one.
DD: By my watch you have only 3 hours left. What will you be served for your last meal?
Belle: Cock, of course. But I'd also like to sample pussy for the first time...the living kind, that is. [pause] Speaking of which... would you consider...letting me...maybe...
DD: (tilts skirt and spreads legs) Just don't spoil your appetite.

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,

Maybe I'm taking things too literally, but I was always taught not to play with my food. I tell my children not to flick peas, not to slurp spaghetti, and not to stick their fingers in pitted olives. But my husband has become very playful with our three most recent whole roasts. Flicking her nipples, slurping her pussy, and sticking his fingers in all sorts of places. We get our roasters pre-tenderized but he likes to do it anyway, and right in front of me. He's *my* husband, shouldn't I be the one he tenderizes? I don't want to share!

-Hillary from Oregon

Hillary,

I can understand your trepidation. You walked down the aisle for this man, you pledged your undying loyalty. You even changed your name for him. By nature's grace there are nearly six women for every man on the planet. You were lucky enough to bag one, but despite your holy union, that doesn't mean you can keep him away from the rest of your gender. Non-married women outnumber you

significantly. And they won't stand for hoarding.

Let's be honest. Even in a woman's short lifetime, sex can lose its thrill at times. As you spend years together, there is less that is new and exciting. A new partner can help alleviate the desire for change and help make your

sex gratifying again. For a man this works doubly so, driven as he is to sow his seed, and so often reminded by a world of willing women.

Now don't think that your marriage doesn't stand for anything. You are still his go-to-girl, his rock, the father of his children. The reason you

are experiencing jealousy is because you aren't fulfilling your role as loyal companion. He is your husband, act as gate keeper, an intermedium. Sit in on every tenderizing and oversee his every satisfaction. You know what he likes, so make sure she does too. By example especially.





My favorite place to share my man isn't in the bedroom or our basement dungeon. It's out in the open air with nature. Like most people we don't have a large, expensive oven to use, so our dinner is prepped by the head of an axe or a lengthy spit. Nude and outdoors is a meatgirl's

final state. It is a courtesy to help her realize this certainty. My boyfriend Tom and I start off at the picnic grounds of a local park. It's where we shared our first conversation and intimate moments as we took turns basting a mutual friend. We exchanged stories about the times we'd fucked

her. He told me about a special thing she did with her tongue when going down on him. As chance would have it, I had taught it to her! I proved it to him and we've been dating ever since. Our meatgirl is Gabbi, a coworker of his whose lottery number was just drafted. It



was by chance that we found her at the meat processor. She was third in line to ride the Jessica when we pulled her from the queue. Since then we've kept her bound, bare, and celibate. This will be her only chance to get off before we begin. She stands like a free

woman as I humble myself before my boyfriend, paying my respects on my knees. But we both belong to him in different ways...who satisfies him which way is irrelevant. Dates and pleasantries aside, the title of 'girlfriend' just means I'm being saved for a very special occasion!

Tom tells Gabbi to watch me closely. I take Tom's pleasuring very seriously. Though it is the magazine that controls my roastday, I still like to suck and fuck Tom like he's mulling whether to spit me now or later. Once Gabbi has learned a thing or two I turn her loose on him.





Being used to being so close to his member, I can forget how gorgeous my Tom looks when he's got a nice pair of lips around his cock. He leans back like a king in his throne. Cool and in command, he pets the small of Gabbi's back as he gives her feedback. For now his

words are calm and confident but by this session's end he'll be gasping and moaning and so mad with lust that the only sufficient release will be in fully conquering one of us... driving a 10' steel pole from one end to the other.

I find it impossible not to play with myself as I watch

our dinner put on a show. Gabbi's head ducks and twists and bobs and bows. Tom's cock vanishes and reappears twice a second, each time slicker than before. Like a proper striptease I never quite catch a full glance of it. The head is always tucked away in her mouth as she milks away.

I like to tease him when he's with our meatgirls. Tom had the chance to roast me before I was hired by Dolcett Digest. Naturally he'll get a fine cut of me when I snuff it, but now that I'm company property I'm off limits. If he snuffs me, they get to roast him! So as our meatgirl sucks

his staff, I tell him I'm finally feeling ready to roast. My tits are full, my body lean, and my pussy has lubed itself for the spit. All I need is for him to drive his rod through me!

Sometimes the poor meat girl takes me seriously and thinks I may take her place, giving her a reprieve. The

practical benefit of which is that she starts to suck and fuck like her life depends on it. It never does...regardless of the effort each meatgirl will always ride the flames, and usually too exhausted to resist. Gabbi is under no such misunderstanding, but she still gives the performance





of a lifetime. It's her last fling, her last supper. She worships my boyfriend's cock with an uninhibited zeal that I should strive each night to reproduce.

That's really the foremost reason why I can't summon any jealousy for our deli take-home meal. All of her friends and lovers have become but distant memories. My Tom is the only outlet for the carnal desires that make us human. It's her last chance to affirm herself as a hot-blooded woman. Who am I to deny a prisoner her 'final smoke?' I can only hope for similar treatment come my turn.

You can always tell when it is a woman's last ride on the old pogo stick. Their eyes fixate so steadfastly on what they want that you'd almost need a crowbar to pry them off. I think these final flings awaken something deeply

instinctive and feminine. I wouldn't be surprised if it was a form of baby craze. In realizing she will never again or ever have the chance to propagate, the meatgirl strives desperately and vainly to gain the seed she needs to breed. Whatever it is exactly, it's not unlike any of a number of beneficial traits inherent to farmable animals. Like salmon predictably returning each year to be fished or panicked buffalo that can be herded in circles, a woman's last lust, her raging hormones make her flesh a tender treat.

Like me I hope you'll be driven by another feminine drive, the maternal instinct, and be inspired to watch over your meatgirl and assist in her efforts. Holding Tom's cock upright, I take on the role of a weight lifting spotter. I'd like to make sure every

one of Gabbi's wet strokes will be on target.

Soon I begin to offer some mild suggestions. "He likes it when you..." and "That's nice...let's see more of that." Tom is great in bed but he doesn't know how to coach a girl. Other than the command to swallow or take it elsewhere he leaves the choices to me. So naturally I have to share my wisdom and experience with newcomers. Watching these girls do my bidding is an exciting change of pace for me as a typical sub. Playing mistress is an empowering role I think all girls can enjoy.

But if not, there's something about getting down and dirty with meatgirls that can really get your lust and adrenaline pumping. Eventually as Tom is driven to plant a kiss on Gabbi I feel compelled to join in, not as a leading role but as





support. It is still Gabbi's last blow after all. If she focuses on the head, I take the shaft or balls. When she works her way down, I work my way up. Of course I leave the clean up to her. Every Dolcett girl deserves a final meal. Gabbi whimpers for more though she knows Tom is spent. She will have to settle for a spit

fuck to satiate her aching pussy. Tom and I are both eager to move on to what is next. Gabbi isn't just some market meat anymore. She's our conquest... intimately linked to us by shared passion and experience. Watching her cook will be so much more of a turn-on for both Tom and I...and you as well if you

will just give sharing a chance! Happy threesomes! ■

As with all of Miss Isles' photo shoots, 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 June issue to discover her fate!

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."

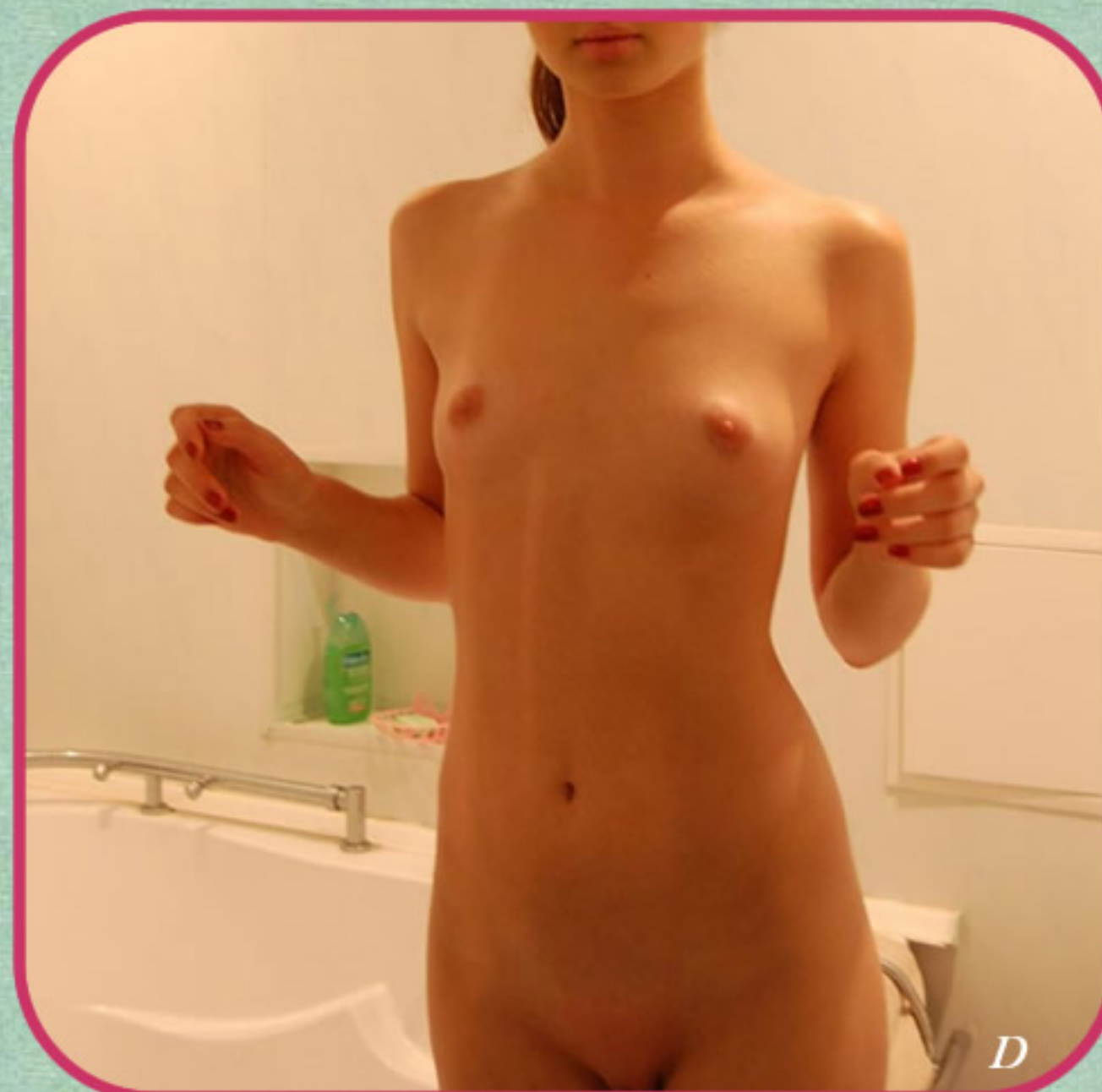
At Dolcett Digest, we don't judge a person's motives. Whether for the risk, the money, or because it turns

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 dolcettidigest@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

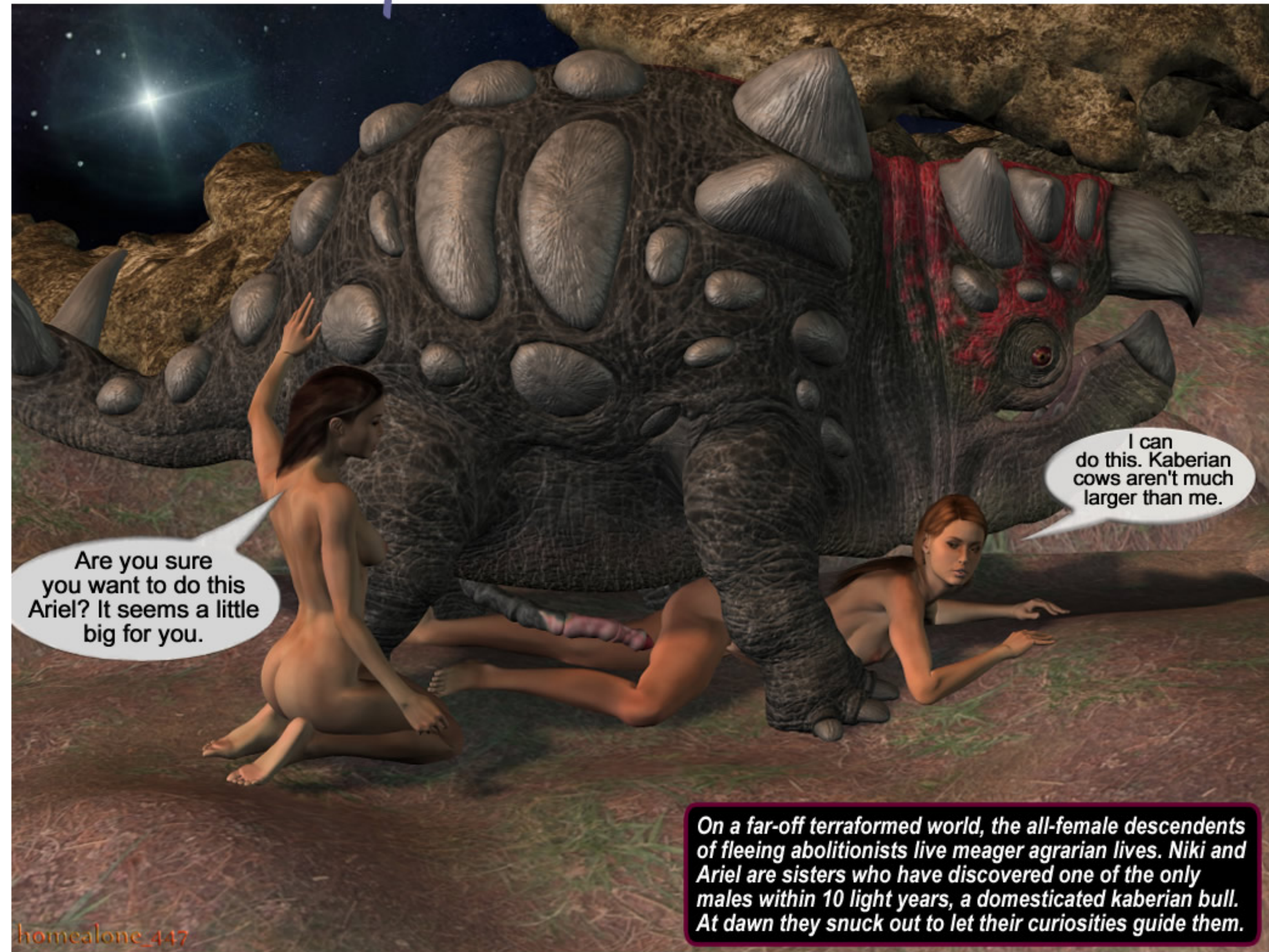


DD Golden Girl
April 2064



This month's hints:

- A) She is a notorious flasher
- B) Her adopted country granted her family asylum due her homeland being snuff averse
- C) She volunteers to work behind the scenes at her local gynophagia club
- D) Her favorite vegetable is zucchini
- E) Lives in a very rural area. There are no traffic lights in this woman's county.
- F) Hiding a tattoo that would give herself away





Niki rushed to her sister's side, alarmed at what she'd just seen. The girls in those pornos never did anything like this. Her little sister's petite frame was clearly no equal to the beast's cock, but Ariel resisted Niki's attempts to get her clear. Though she would have felt differently had she seen it burrow into her, Ariel now felt whole in a way she never had before. As she came to realize she could control the lovely sensations within, she began moving herself backward onto the colossal prick.

Get off me!
I can handle this!
I feel...I feel...

Ariel!
It's too deep in you!
Crawl towards me!

homealone 447



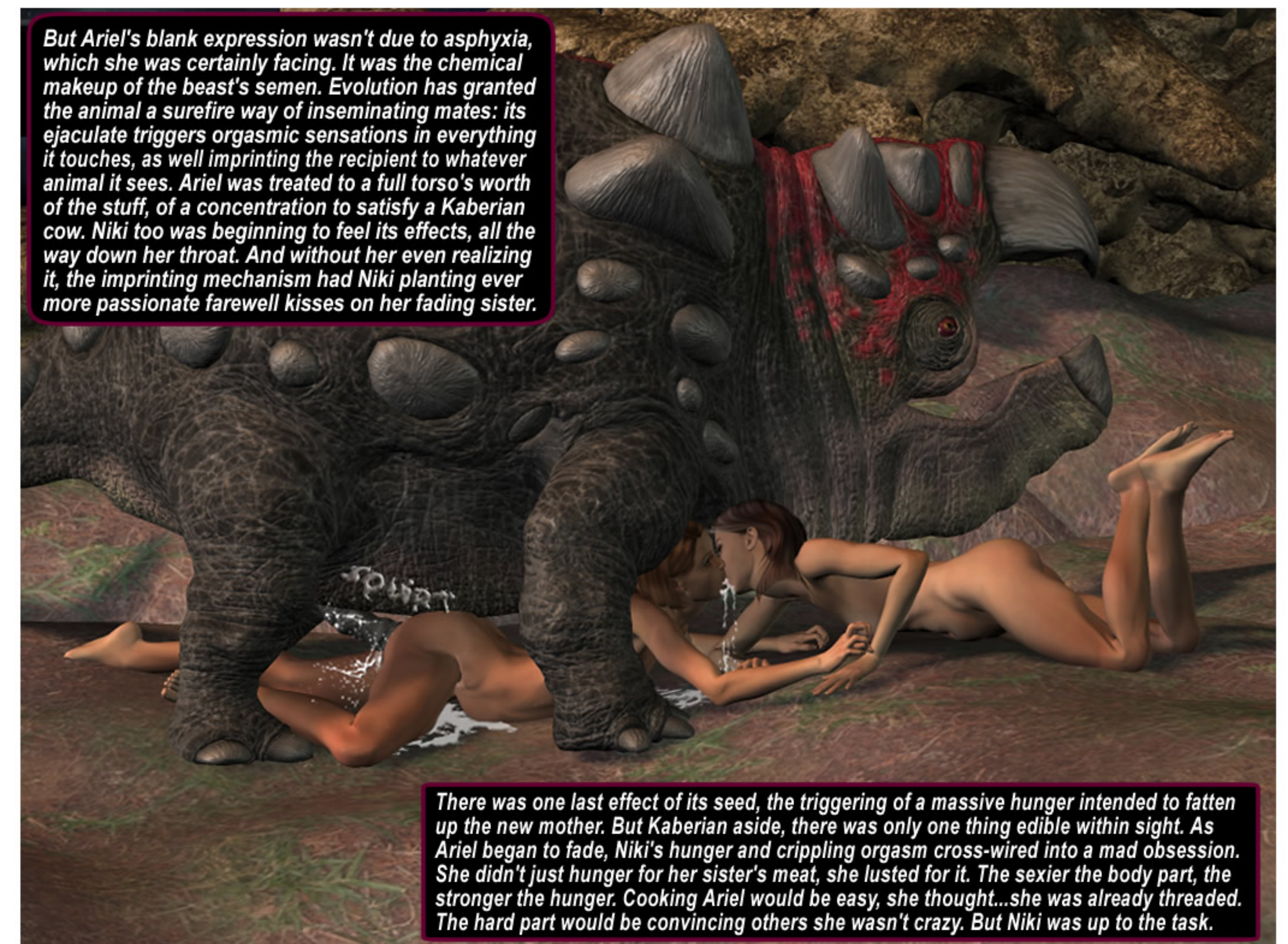
Niki tilted her head, leaned in and kissed her sister. With tightly locked lips, she sucked as much out as she could muster, then began to ladle it in her mouth with her tongue. But something blocked her path. The creature's mighty member was lodged in the back of Ariel's throat! Unable to dislodge it and with her sister quickly turning glassy eyed, Niki did all she could think to do, which was to swallow everything till the erupting erection would hopefully die down.

homealone 447



Ariel only just had enough time to make herself cum. With a great step forward, the Kaberian ventured another 30 cm inside her before it felt release. But in doing so it tore its way into Ariel's esophagus. From 17 holes running the length of the cock, the beast splurged 3 liters of hot, sticky cum into the depths of Ariel's offered body. Niki saw it spilling from her lips and noticed her breathing had stopped. But what to do?

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But Ariel's blank expression wasn't due to asphyxia, which she was certainly facing. It was the chemical makeup of the beast's semen. Evolution has granted the animal a surefire way of inseminating mates: its ejaculate triggers orgasmic sensations in everything it touches, as well imprinting the recipient to whatever animal it sees. Ariel was treated to a full torso's worth of the stuff, of a concentration to satisfy a Kaberian cow. Niki too was beginning to feel its effects, all the way down her throat. And without her even realizing it, the imprinting mechanism had Niki planting ever more passionate farewell kisses on her fading sister.

There was one last effect of its seed, the triggering of a massive hunger intended to fatten up the new mother. But Kaberian aside, there was only one thing edible within sight. As Ariel began to fade, Niki's hunger and crippling orgasm cross-wired into a mad obsession. She didn't just hunger for her sister's meat, she lusted for it. The sexier the body part, the stronger the hunger. Cooking Ariel would be easy, she thought...she was already threaded. The hard part would be convincing others she wasn't crazy. But Niki was up to the task.

Last Dance March 23, 2064
Los Angeles, CA, USA

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.

An hour before her second date with the spit, Dora was immobilized bit by bit. Dora and her husband agreed that each step would be irreversible. Once the back bar was tightened into place, her fate was sealed. That didn't keep Dora from playing the waiting game. She needed 15 minutes of convincing to move her right foot into place after her left foot was already bound.

Dora's last delaying tactic was a farewell blowjob to her hubby, not that she had control over her neck. Her entire body remained static as he gripped her hair and fucked her face. He made quick work and exploded in her mouth. Dora exercised her only remaining form of free-will & swallowed her last meal. Then she watched as he disappeared behind her.



Dora Vasquez knows she's a chicken at heart. She intended on living out her Dolcett fantasy in January at a barbecue for her closest friends. Though she yearned to roast and had the support of her husband and friends, she simply couldn't restrain her nerves. Over the course of an hour Dora's husband lined up the spit four times, and four times Dora backed out. The last time she even wiggled her way out of her rope restraints!

One of her coworkers, a woman named Marcy saved the day, volunteering to roast in her friend's place. Dora watched in embarrassment as Marcy, 7 years younger and a full head shorter, casually stripped and bent before the spit. Even though she had no intentions of doing so that day, she surrendered herself and made a fine roast.

Over the next weeks Dora hid away in her own home. She couldn't face her friends after making one of them make the ultimate sacrifice for her. Dora's husband noted her distress and after two months of secret work, unveiled to her a special spitting restraint. One she couldn't wiggle out of.

Dora knew her husband would entertain no delay, that any plea for time would be ignored. Which is why instead of bargaining for time her final words were a simple repetition: "Oh God, Oh God, Oh God!"

The icy cool tip plugged her asshole as Dora's husband set the spit in a cradle. The alignment was predetermined. Only brute force was necessary now. With a push the spit filled her bowels to their limit. After a pause to burrow through it was free to thread her body.

The suddenly religious Dora spoke her last as she fixated on the cold steel grazing parts of her that had never been touched. It slid between her active lungs, found safe passage to her throat and emerged cleanly.



After Dora's breathing was reestablished, her husband filled her pussy with a stabilizer and locked it in place. He gently tied her wrists and ankles together, and sat down next to his wife, now just a bag of charcoal and match away from her ultimate fantasy.

As he stroked her back, he thanked Dora for five wonderful years together, and how proud he was that she had followed her dream to completion. And even if she did let her apprehension get the better of her at times, the times he needed to hold her hand and guide her were those in which he felt closest to her.

The doorbell rang, the first guest had arrived. As he climbed the stairs he flicked off the cellar light. Dora deserved a moment alone in the dark with her thoughts, her mad lust, and apprehension.



Mermaid

written by SP

This was it. This was the moment she had been waiting for her whole life. She had been born and raised just so she could be here. She was a mermaid. Technically speaking she was a human meatgirl, but in her mind she was a mermaid. She was dressed in a mermaid suit that kept her legs together and ended at the top of her thighs, leaving ass and pussy on display for the guests. The suit was shiny and sparkly red and her hair had been colored red as well. As far as she was concerned she was a mermaid named Red and her purpose in life was to put on an elegant and sexy display as a mermaid. She was to do this until she was chosen to be eaten and eventually be replaced by a new Red.

Red was swimming around in a huge tank that was the main attraction for a restaurant named the Aquarium. With her in the tank were five other mermaids, Blue, Yellow, Orange, Green and Purple. Like Red they had all been born and raised for this very purpose. Yellow was from the same farm as Red while the others came from similar farms, dedicated to raising mermaid girls. Yellow had been thrilled when her farm mate arrived yesterday and the two of them shared an intense session of love making before Yellow introduced Red to the girls from other farms.

The girls all entered the water and started their show as the first guests of the evening started to arrive. The show they put on had moves that were rehearsed, but for the most part it was up to the creativity and imagination of the mermaids themselves to decide what to do. Red was swimming close to the bottom of the tank when she caught the attention of Green. They swam towards each other and as they met they swam up to the surface facing each other, swimming so close together that their nipples touched. Above the surface they shared a quick kiss before they both swam backwards and down under the surface again. It would have been a difficult move to perform as elegantly as they did, but they had

both done it in training many times before and they were both clones made from girls with great athletic ability.

Red's heart was filled with pure joy and satisfaction as she swam. She swam, back and forth up and down. She twisted, gyrated, spun and danced. Sometimes she was alone, sometimes she made a formation with other girls. For the guests that were watching it was an incredibly elegant and erotic display that the mermaids performed. Having been born and bred to do this job Red was able to hold her breath under water for several minutes, but alas she was still human and occasionally had to breathe.

There was a big flat rock in the middle of the tank and it was used by the mermaids on those occasions they needed a rest and breathe for a prolonged period of time. A mermaid who rested on the rock, rarely had to do so alone. When Red first laid herself down on the rock to take a few well deserved deep breathes she was quickly joined by another mermaid, Green, the mermaid she had shared a kiss with before. The mermaids were encouraged to have sex on the rock, but Red and Green needed no such encouragement. It came naturally to them and they quickly locked into a 69, doing so in a graceful manner, despite being hampered by the mermaid suits. Using fingers and tongues the two young girls quickly brought each other to the heights of orgasm before they shared another quick kiss and dove down into the water.

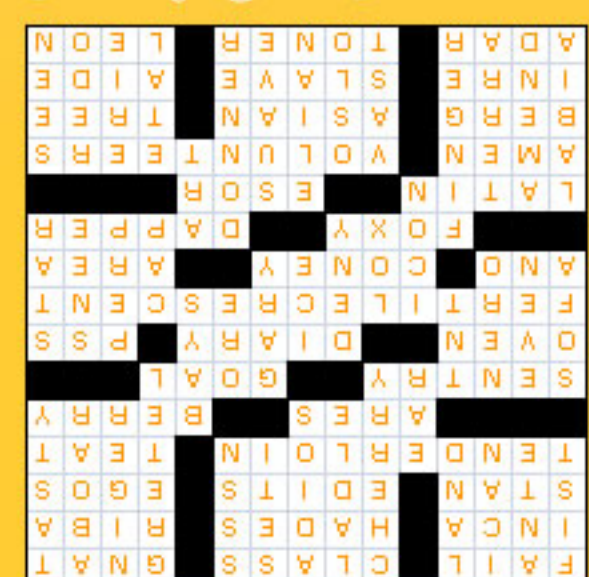
Time ceased to matter to Red. All she did was swim and make love and that was luckily all that she wanted. Eventually though the time for swimming comes to an end for every mermaid. For Red, this time had already come. The vote from the guests was in and apparently they had voted for Red. A red lamp lighting up above the tank was what delivered this message. Red's mind was instantly filled with strange mix of fear and pride. People had voted for her more than any other mermaid and she loved that, but on the other

hand this would be the end.

Red knew what to do and she did so with a smile on her face and lust in her pussy. She was surrounded by the five other mermaids who proceeded to fondle, caress, kiss and finger her. All of this was of course happening under water. She felt her pussy fucked and nipple tweaked. She felt their soft hands all over her body and she just loved it. Red had a wonderful orgasm as Purple fingered her pussy. It was at this point that Red's survival instincts kicked in and she started to try to reach the surface, but of course it was not to be. The other mermaids could swim up to the surface and take a breath, but there were always at least three of them down below holding red down. Her friends were drowning her, but Red couldn't blame them or hate them. She would have done the same if a lamp of a different color had been the one to light up. Besides, they drowned her in a way that was filled with love and lust. The lack of oxygen and the continued ministrations from the other mermaids drew one last orgasm out of Red before she died with a smile on her face. She died knowing that she had lived up to her life duty to the best of her ability and knowing that her body would soon grace the plates of one of the best restaurants in the city. ■

Every great story deserves a great audience...so let us introduce the world to your tantalizing tales. Dolcett Digest is proud to publish the salacious sagas of our readers, fictional or otherwise. Enter your stories into consideration by e-mail: dolcettdigest@donnerparty catering.com

**PUZZLE ANSWERS
 SPOILERS AHEAD!**
 (from page 44)



In April shower, In May devour!

Dolcett Digest wants to see our readers embrace the season. Send in your best shower photos for a chance at a cruise of a lifetime! Our favorites will be published and sent with a guest on a 14 day voyage around tropical New Guinea! Enjoy sun, surf, and sex on the 10-story luxury liner 'Queen of Melanesia.' Then travel inland to meet real tribal cannibals and learn their craft. There you will help to prep and roast Playboy's Miss February and March 2064! Don't miss out, send in today!



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