Sampson paused by the edge of the town square, bare feet scraping in the dust, and took in the sight he had come seeking. The engines of the Man Destroyer roared over the small town of Ironburg. It wasn’t a particularly inspired name, for the town or the machine that sat in the center of the packed dirt square.

It was a squat, rectangular device - about five feet wide, and ten feet tall; a hopper sat on top, and an exit shute led into a large metal tub. Smoke slowly rose from a small chimney that stuck out of the Destroyer at an odd angle, and occasionally a swarthy oil stained dwarf would hit something with the oversized spanner he wielded.

Monks waited beside a series of iron baths. Once those would’ve been made in Ironburg, but the mines were empty now. That was why the Destroyer had been sent by the King, to cull the excess; Ironburg had fallen on hard times, and the kingdom would not tolerate extra mouths to feed when they couldn’t earn their keep.

There was a notice on the tavern door, but Sampson couldn’t read it, just interpret the picture of a man halfway into a gnashing mouth. He knew enough from the gossip and the town crier, that the town would be given more food for every man who volunteered. He steeled himself, and joined the slowly growing line heading towards the grey hooded attendants. His birthday was last week, he was legal for destroying, no one objected that he joined the queue.

When a man came to the front of the line, the hooded monks would wait for him to strip. Thick muscles, earned from years of mining, were exposed and clothes were tossed into a pile. The men would spread their legs, and a monk would slid a finger under their hairy balls and press it to their taint. The men would buck and gasp, cocks rising to erection. Thick cum would be expelled in only a few more moments, caught in bubbles of magic and added to a chest.

Be it some trick of their magic, or simply a talented touch, their skills to bring forth an orgasm assured a contribution even when these men were nothing but mince meat. The seed of Ironburg would provide the next generation of miners when another ore vein was struck.

They iron baths gave off clouds of steam as men climbed into them and a monk began to scrub his body with a wire brush. Sampson grimaced in sympathy. The men were stoic, except for the occasional whimpers and grimaces. No part of the body was spared cleaning, from balls to ass.

Then it was to the Man Destroyer. Sampson reached the front of the line and lost his vision of the men he’d been watching. He stripped under the dutiful gaze of a monk, the man’s face carefully trained into neutrality. His clothes were gathered by the hooded attendant, while he stepped forwards to the next monk.

His cock curved up away from his body, rising to an erection that throbbed like he’d never felt before. The monk’s gloved hand slid under his pillowy balls, and a single digit rested on his taint. Sampson held his breath, waiting for the orgasm he expected to rock his body.

It came a moment after he’d predicted, throwing him off. His cock felt like it might burst, and balls convulsed in long, deep throbs. His gut knotted as he arched his hips, a thick spilling of his seed shooting forth. The monk caught it in another of the clear magic bubbles, and his touch withdrew.

Sampson panted as the third attendant guided him into the bath. His skin still tingled with the pleasure that had wracked him. The wire brush grazed against his back as he was scrubbed. The water was still steaming hot and clean, no matter how many men had been washed in it before. Magic, he reckoned, though he didn’t know too much about magic.

His skin was rubbed red, and his cock hard again from the sheer friction by the time the monk cleared him. Sampson rose from the water, dripping and aching. His skin burned uncomfortably as he followed the monk’s directions.

A thick, swarthy miner ahead of him was climbing the ladder to the Destroyer. Sampson mounted it below him tentatively, the tough skin of his feet gripping the iron rungs easily. He climbed up, and alighted onto the platform at the top.

Yet another monk waited, head bowed. He couldn’t see the man’s features with the hood. His voice was a low murmur as he directed the miner to stand on a square marked with a faded yellow X. The miner’s thick balls swung heavily as he shuffled over.

The square opened with a metallic grinding creak. The miner’s hairy feet dropped into the blades. There was a roaring of the engine, and steam rose up from the chimney, splattering Sampson’s skin with hot water. The miner let out a cry as the blades chewed into him.

Feet, muscular calves disappeared into bloody chips. His thick thighs, hairy and dark skinned, were chewed up slower. His erection disappeared with another cry from his lips. Ass, slightly rounded stomach, thick pectorals and arms. His head disappeared last with a wet crunch.

The hatch swung shut and Sampson nervously stepped on when the monk gestured to him with a low, almost inaudible command. His cock was leaking against his belly, sticking up hard and hot despite the cum coaxed from him by the monks minutes ago.

He shuffled his feet, trying to meet the monks eyes. The man didn’t look up. The hatch opened, and Sampson let out a cry - more of anticipation than pain. It took a moment for his feet to reach the blades. The tender arches were minced, then his ankles, and it worked up his smooth calves.

His cock spurted its last load over his stomach as the blades reached his thighs. He wasn’t sure if what he was feeling as indescribable pain or pleasure. Sampson’s mind was too overwhelmed to determine. The blades chewed up his heavy balls, lean torso, and then his head disappeared with a snap.

Thick reams of mince slid out of the collection tube, ready to be shipped to the capital for its nobility to enjoy.