Bring Your Own Meat BBQ

 Chaz had always loved the fundraiser BBQ his frat ran every summer, so getting chosen for Grillmaster was like the highlight of senior year. Just getting out to the park got him grinning. The smell of fresh grass and charcoal, sunshine on the lake, kids playing in the water, the whole frat showing off in their swimwear. It was a great feeling. Chaz himself wouldn’t get to go swimming this year, but he came out in his lifeguard red speedo anyway. Half the people coming out were always just here to ogle them anyway, and Chaz liked giving a show with the food. He would be willing to bet that was part of what got him the job, having a stereotypical blond-haired blue-eyed stud at the counter would help pull in customers.

Chaz had just arrived and was getting the grill set up, it was a big one, about three times as long and twice as wide as your standard back yard affair, a real bbq pit. It had to be with the volume of meat this BBQ could bring in, especially with some of the pieces being so big. Managing the whole thing was a big responsibility. There were plenty of other members of his frat around running the different entertainments and having a good time themselves, and they would pop in to give a hand when he needed it, but it was still his job to make sure that the meat people brought and paid for them to grill up would be worth it.

 There weren’t many people here yet, mostly just fathers and younger brothers of the frat who came to help set up tents and enjoy the party. Chaz was just thinking about how it could take a bit for the BBQ to get kicked off while they waited for the first meat to come in, when some of his buddies came strolling up to the counter.

 “Beer’s not in yet dudes,” he told them “Sorry”

 “Nah brah, we’re here to donate.” The guy in front was Trent, one of Chaz’s old roommates a real hairy, swarthy guy. “Have to get the Phi Beta special started early, right?”

 Chaz laughed, “You know, I never thought about where the meat came from, but I guess you would have to get the marinade started early. You going first, Trent? I know you’re packing.”

 Trent just nodded and pushed down his yellow trunks, flopping his thick Italian meat out onto the counter.

 “Dicks have to be hard to come off, Trent.”

 “Isn’t that your job?” Trent answered, grinning at him over the counter.

 “Yeah,” said Chaz, “I guess it is” reaching over to stroke Trent up to erection. It didn’t take long, never did take Trent long even when he wasn’t about to lose his cock. Chaz bent down to lick the head of Trent’s dick, enjoying the salty taste one more time before he grabbed Trent’s whole package and pulled it forward, then carefully running the laser scalpel along the side, separating his dick and balls as one piece.

 Trent gasped and blew a load on Chaz’s chest as his package came off, falling back into the crowd of whooping and cheering frat boys, who were patting him on the back and feeling up the new smooth patch nestled in the hair between his legs. Four more of them qued up as Chaz dropped Trent’s donation into the frat’s signature dickmeat marinade.

 He got collected dick donations from six Brothers in all, in quite a range of size and colors, and now he was ready for the massive loads each of them blew as the laser scalpel worked, catching each one in a bowl to use in a sauce later, before dropping each package carefully into the plastic marinade container. After he was done, the whole group headed off to help set up the dining area, already loudly planning various crazy shit to get installed, grafted, or grown where their cocks used to be, though Trent was apparently planning to stay properly nulled for a while.

Chaz *definitely* loved this job, the frat brothers were never shy with their bodies, but being able to handle them like this was intoxicating. He was sitting there, rubbing himself through his speedo, wondering if he should add his own meat to the marinade. He *had* just seen an ad on tv for a new robo-dick with a bunch of cool features… But just as he picked up the laser scalpel, he was interrupted as a new guy came up to the counter. Chaz shook his head to snap himself out of it and went to meet his first real customer.

 He was an older guy, mid 40’s maybe, with a real ex-military look to him. Plenty of solid muscle and close-cropped hair, in a pair of camo swim trunks.

 “No meat ready yet, sir,” said Chaz as he came to the counter “but we’re taking donations to get started.”

 “Good,” said the man, “That’s exactly what I’m here for. Think you can use my left arm?” and he laid the limb over the counter.

 “Absolutely we can!” said Chaz, grabbing the arm and feeling it’s weight and the texture of the muscles. “Feels great, we could use some real meat. Want it off at the shoulder?”

 “Yeah,” said the man “Everybody at the gym has been chopping off their arms to get these new cyborg ones attached, I figured I could do some charity at the same time.”

“Cool,” said Chaz, only half listening as he adjusted the settings on the laser scalpel. “Right, now hold your arm out straight”

 Chaz traced the laser scalpel right along the man’s shoulder, tracing as close as he could to the joint, and the arm popped off cleanly, the man shivering slightly and moaning, apparently even taking an arm off is orgasmic. That didn’t really do much to fight Chaz’s temptation to try it out on himself.

 “Anything else you want to donate with that?” he asked as he laid the arm over his shoulder, glancing pointedly down at the man’s crotch.

 “Ha!” the man exclaimed, “‘fraid not. Lost those in a bet a few weeks ago and the replacement, well, just look at this shit” and he pulled the front of his shorts down so Chaz could see, nestled incongruously in the short curls, a tiny penis and testicles, no more developed than a toddler’s.

 Chaz snorted “Might be a few more months waiting for that to grow in.”

 “Yeah, at least. It’s got a pretty long way to get back to what I had before.”

 Chaz nodded in sympathy, setting the arm down on the prep board “Oh, wait, before I forget…” and he reached over to stamp the man’s remaining arm with a red “Donor” logo. “There, half-off anything you buy at the cookout. Come back in about an hour if you want a cut of this arm!”

After that, it was business as usual for the cookout, at least for a while. Business slowly kicked up as more and more people arrived, Chaz got two of his bros to keep everything flipping and sauced on the grill while he kept taking donations and making sure the sauces were right. Dicks, tits, and feet were always popular donations, and Chaz ended up taking off around a dozen of each, with a smaller number of other assorted parts. Couple kids even left their ears with him, though honestly, he wasn’t sure how to cook those. There was a whole new thrill in handling the meat of strangers, tasing their loads and watching their faces as he split them apart. Trent and his bro’s cocks and balls in the sweet and sticky marinade got chopped into rounds and stuck on toothpicks as their signature free appetizer, quickly replaced in the soak by the cocks of their generous donors.

 Chaz had just sent a pair of boys back off to their parents, wobbling around laughing on their new peg legs (having donated their feet) when up next at the counter he got a clear father-son pair, one maybe 30 and the other in his early teens, but otherwise near identical with their long and lean builds, smooth pale skin, matching blue jammers, and bright red hair.

 “Hey,” said the father, casually leaning over the counter “Two BBQ’d cock-dogs please”

 “Oh,” said Chez “No can do, all the cocks we get go into our appetizer plates. You want something different done with one it needs to be a special order. It could be a good wait though, unless you want to give me yours. I could have them out in five minutes then”

 The kid looked up at his father, clearly going for the puppy-dog eye routine. “Please, dad? They’re my favorite.”

 The father gave an exaggerated sigh, rolling his eyes, giving the boy a hard time. “Well, I guess…”

 “Right, let’s get you up here first then,” said Chaz, motioning the father over to the cutting area. He pushed his thighs up against the low counter, presenting his bulge to Chaz, who reached inside and fished his cock out. It was a good one for a cock dog, not too thick to sit in the bun or too short to fill it up. It was uncircumcised, also good since that would help it crisp up nicely. Chaz slipped it in his mouth and gave it a few good licks around the head to make sure it was totally hard right before he cut it off, leaving the balls behind since he didn’t need those for the dogs, and managing to catch most of the man’s load in the sauce bowl. The rest went on his face, which was a bonus of the job as far as Chaz was concerned.

The kid watched the whole time, leaning over the counter for a better view, eyes going wide when he triggered the laser scalpel and his father blew a massive load.

 “Woah, dad, that was awesome!” he exclaimed, reaching over to grab his father’s balls and feel the smooth spot above them, his father’s eyes going wide but still too overwhelmed by the force of the orgasm to protest. “Do me next!”

 Chaz got the teen sat up on the counter since he was a little too short to lean over it, pulling his jammers off. The little dude was already hard as a rock, obviously into the whole process, a decent uncut cock almost as long as his father’s but about half the girth and sticking straight up from a wispy ring of red curls.

 “You little perv,” teased the father “You get that hard watching your father cum?” The son just blushed and grinned, muttering “Shut up, dad”

 The son didn’t need it, but Chaz still liked to give a few courtesy strokes and a bit of a lick, it was part of the experience after all. He underestimated how turned on the kid was though, and as Chaz leaned down and sucked the head into his mouth, he caught a load of spunk right down his throat. The dick had tasted just like the father’s, but the spunk was way sweeter, and Chaz kicked himself for not catching it in the sauce bowl.

“Ha, that’s my boy,” laughed the father, ruffling the kid’s hair as Chaz recovered from the surprise. He got the bowl positioned better this time as he separated the kid’s cock from his body, catching his second load in the sauce.

“I’ll have these out to you guys in just a minute” he promised, as the two of them argued over whether the kid still had to wear a swimsuit without a penis. Apparently, the son won, since when Chaz got back he still hadn’t put it back on.

 The father paid, and after their donor discount, it was less than ten dollars a cockdog, which is a pretty fine deal. They each took a bite or two, clearly loving the taste, before the father offered to switch, claiming that he wasn’t so hungry. The two walked off, munching on each other’s cocks, and Chaz was almost jealous. He didn’t know anything else that would bring people as close as eating each other. Something to try with his old man next summer maybe.

 He spent a minute checking on his bros on grill duty, making sure they weren’t drying out the tender cuts, mixing his bowl of collected loads in with the sauces, and when he turned around the line was already five people deep. He was already having the time of his life and the BBQ was just starting to kick off for real. He couldn’t wait to see what the rest of the day would bring.