The sun was setting over a small town on the edge of the mountains, the people heading to bed or out to party as they enjoyed their lives, while in the outskirts a group of high school girls approached a large building, humming with energy even as the world around it went to sleep. It was an automated meat packing/butchering plant, but if that had been all it was, then none of the girls would have cared. No, the interesting thing about this plant was what it butchered: humans.

Ever since the invention of resurrection tech, human meat had been on the menu, and as the tech had improved, it had even reached the point where it was easier to butcher and resurrect a human than to raise an equal amount of chickens, and so animal meat had fallen out of style. Of course, the prevalence of human meat had many people interested in seeing where it came from, and that was why these girls were here tonight.

“This is a really bad idea” Crystal said, the silver-haired girl fretting as she and her friends snuck up on the large factory. “We should just ask whoever is in charge if we can have a tour.”

“No trust me, it’s going to be great, we’re going to get a full tour, no stupid restrictions on where we go.” Her friend, and the ringleader of this little excursion, Sunny replied, her golden hair catching the glint of a street light.

“And… why are we sneaking into this place?” their friend Zaylee asked, her long blue hair catching a gust of wind as she nearly tripped in the darkness, her twin Zay-lee (their parents were not the most creative) grabbing and steadying her before she could fall.

“Because it’s fucking hot Zay!” Sunny replied, a grin on her face as she replied, trying to not get caught looking at the other girls tits as she stood back up. “Come on, we’ve all seen like, our parents butcher one boy or girl at a time, but this is like, industrial butchery! The internet says that a factory like this has a herd of up to a thousand people in it, being butchered and resurrected for weeks or even months until they finish the time they signed up for, can you even imagine what that looks like?” She asked.

“Kind of scary actually…” Crystal said, trying to hide the squirming feeling as she looked towards the building, the low wall around it not much of a barrier as Sunny scaled a nearby tree and jumped on top of it with ease.

“I don’t know, I think Sunny is right, it does sound kind of interesting…” Zaylee says, causing her sister to get a look of frustration. *Why can’t she ever say no to these hairbrained schemes?* Zay-lee wonders as her twin begins to climb, her toned ass barely held in by her panties as she gives the two girls on the ground a panty shot. *And that’s why I can’t say no to her…* Zay-lee thinks, watching her sister as she climbed with a gaze a bit to lustful for ones own twin. Next to her, Crystal seems to be feeling the same way, blushing adorably as her crush mounted the wall.

Sunny on the other hand takes advantage, reaching down to help pull Zaylee up to the top of the wall, taking the opportunity to cop a feel as she gives the two girls on the ground a wink of victory. “Yeah, you two should be more like Zay here, she’s got the proper adventuring spirit! Now come on, if you two don’t hurry we’ll be inside by the time you get over the wall!” she teases, jumping down onto the soft dirt as Zaylee followed. The other look at each other, blushing at being caught staring while also torn between their instincts saying “this is a bad idea” and the pressure to do what the defacto leader of their group and their shared crush wanted, with the latter inevitably winning over the two teens as peer pressure so often does.

Once inside, they caught up to the others standing in front of a small open door. “Wow, they really don’t bother with much security on this place, huh?” Sunny asks, peering inside to see just a dark hallway.

“Well maybe they figured no one would be stupid enough to break into a meat processing plant?” Zay-lee responds.

“Or maybe it’s so if there’s a fire or something the people inside can escape?” Her twins adds a bit more optimistically as Crystal shakes her head.

“No, if they die in a fire then they get resurrected the same as if they die on the slaughtering line, and if the resurrection machine goes down here, then they get shunted to another one in town.” The blue haired girl points out. “It’s also 100% automated, so the fact that this door is open is a sign that something is wrong.”

“Or they’re just lazy.” Sunny suggests as she darts inside, Zaylee and the others close behind her.

The girls chase the golden-haired cheerleader through the dark hall, losing sight of her as she turns the corner into a vast, well lit room. “Sunny, seriously you can’t just…” Crystal trails off as she takes in the sights in front of her.

Human legs, of all shapes and sizes possible for adults to have, dangled from the ceiling as a motor moved them forward, a mechanical brush coating each in a thick layer of glaze before they enter a massive oven. Sunny steps forward, the others following out of morbid curiosity as they walk alongside the oven, getting glimpses into it as the line of legs is cooked, re-basted, and cooked more, until at the far end the machine spits out delicious-smelling oven-roasted legs, which are promptly packaged up to be shipped off to stores across town.

“Wow…” Zaylee says as she takes it in. “That’s a huge oven, and so many legs…”

“Yeah… I mean, leg is a pretty common food, and pre-cooked saves a lot of time when you don’t want to bother with stuff but… yeah that’s a lot.” Her twin agrees, feeling her stomach rumble a bit at the sight.

“Wow… this is so cool!” Sunny said, a grin on her face as she lead the girls down a side passage to another production line. This one was taking meatboys and skinning them, a sight that was more disturbing than exciting for the girls. “Alright… let’s go that way!” Sunny decided, dragging the others behind her.

“Sunny, do you even know where you’re going?” Zay-lee asked, exasperation in her voice at the way her friend was just darting around the place like a hyperactive hummingbird.

“Nah, but that’s the fun part, right Zay?” The blond replied, wrapping her arm around Zaylee as her twin glared.

“I mean… yeah, it’s fun and all, but do you really think we’ll be able to find our way out from here?” Zaylee asks, her twin nodding emphatically at that as Sunny lets out a sigh.

Standing next to a machine that was taking in naked, limbless female torsos and chopping them to pieces, Sunny ignored the naysayers as she watched tits get carved off. “Look, stop being all negative and have fun! This shit is hot, and you’re all just acting like a bunch of worrywarts!” She said, not even looking at them anymore as she started to move back down the line, following the process in reverse to take in every step of the conversion.

Zay-lee was growing more and more frustrated with the other girls antics with every step, the sight of female bodies being converted into meat parts setting her on edge, and not in the fun way. *Why the hell am I just letting her pull me along like this? Just because everyone else is going along with it, doesn’t mean I have to!* She thought, frowning as they reached the start of the production facility, where naked women dangled upside down from chains as their limbs were chopped off in sprays of blood before they moved on to be butchered.

“Sunny, what are you doing?” Crystal asked the blond, snapping Zay-lee out of her angry internal monologue.

“What does it look like? I’m getting a closer look!” Sunny said, getting far to close to the chopping blades for Zay-lee to be comfortable, and when her sister moved to follow the inquisitive blonde, she had enough.

“No!” She shouted, grabbing her twins hand and yanking her back. “We are not going to take a closer look, this was a stupid idea, we are leaving!”

“But-”

”No! If you don’t come with me right now, I’m calling mom and telling her where we are!” Zay-lee shouted, dragging her sister with her as Sunny called out “Well fine! Go be lame somewhere else, me and Crystal will get the tour of a lifetime, and you two will be at home doing homework or some stupid shit like that!” She called after the retreating girls.

Crystal frowned. “Sunny, don’t you think we should go with them? What if they get in trouble?”

“What trouble can they get in? They’re going to go be lame, that’s like, the least trouble ever right there.” Sunny replied dismissively as the silver haired girl bit her lip with concern.

The twins were halfway out of the facility when Zay-lee realized something. “Wait… that’s not the way we came from…” She said, horror in her voice as she realized that she had completely gotten turned around in the maze like interior.

“How did you get lost, we just came from… wait, that’s not familiar… no we didn’t come from that way either…” Her twin shared her dawning horror as she realized that navigating a busy, if automated, factory wasn’t as easy as they’d thought. “We just… let’s just go over here and…”

As Zaylee tried to cross a line marked on the ground, a sensor went off and an alarm blared. ***“Livestock Out of Line!”*** A mechanical voice declared.

“NO!” Zay-lee shouted, grabbing her sister as a mechanical arm dropped down and picked her up, triggering the sensor as she passed the line as well and getting grabbed herself.

***“Warning, livestock improperly attired. Warning, livestock in inactive production line!”*** The voice chanted again, and for a moment the girls had a flash of hope that they would be released before a series of smaller arms reached out and tore at their clothes, ripping away the fabric in moments until they were both naked, dangling from the metal machine as they were moved to a different production line.

“No, fuck no this can’t be happening, this is so fucking fucked!” Zay-lee screamed as her sister cried, the two girls noises cut off as they were sprayed down by water, soap, then water again before finally blow driers ran over their entire body, leaving them hacking and gasping from the experience.

They barely had time to recover when they were dipped in a large tub of glaze, squirming and kicking as they were held under the surface for a good thirty seconds before coming up for air.

“Zay, zay are you ok?”

“Yeah, I’m fine I just… oh god we’re going to be meat…”

“It’s fine, we’ll be fine, just…” Whatever the girl was going to say next was cut off as the two were forced into a 69 pose, their mouths shoved onto each others cunts by the machine as it bound them together, neither pieces of meat able to move as they were placed on a tray and slid into a large oven.

Feeling the heat around her, Zay-lee panicked, squirming against the bonds for a moment before giving up. *Well, we’re stuck here…* she felt her sisters cunt against her mouth, her sweet scent noticeable over the scent of cooking meat, and decided *well… it’s not like it’ll hurt anything…*

Zaylee let out a yelp as her sisters tongue lapped away at her cunt, her face flushing as she was eaten out. *What? Why is she… I mean… the machine clearly wants us to do this… and it feels good…* she thought, little moans of pleasure interspersing her thoughts as she began to lick back.

As the sisters were roasting away, Sunny and Crystal were having a discussion. “Sunny, come on, we should go meet up with the twins and-”

“If you want to go so bad then go!” Sunny shouted. “I am here to have a good time, and you all are just acting like whiny little babies about-”

***“Livestock Out of Line!”*** The voice yelled as an arm grabbed Sunny, who belatedly saw the markings on the ground and realized her mistake.

“Shit! Crystal help!” She cried, but it was to late, she was already out of reach of the other girl, dragged to the start of the production line, her clothes ripped off as the voice told the new piece of livestock to stop struggling.

Crystal watched in horror as metal arms held Sunny upside down, blades flashing out and cutting off her feet and arms before she moved to the next station, where her arms and legs were severed at the elbows and knees. Finally, the rest of the limbs came off at the hips and shoulders, leaving Sunny a bleeding, squirming nugget of a girl as with one final slice her head was taken clean off. Unable to move, Crystal watched as her friends torso was slit open, the organs cleaned out as knives cut away at her meat, her tits, rump, cunt, ribs… as she watched, Sunny was reduced to a pile of choice cuts of meat. The whole process only taking a few minutes with how efficient the machine was.

As Sunny’s C-cup tits rolled past her on the assembly line, wrapped up in packaging for sale in the shop in town, Crystal was shocked out of her stunned silence and turned to run. Sprinting through the factory, she cried out “Help! Zay! Zaylee! Anyone!”

But as she turned a corner, she noticed something out of the side of her vision. Focusing on a nearby oven, she gasped in horror at the sight of the twins, locked in an embrace by straps, licking each other to orgasm. Panic filled her as she stumbled back, running blindly with fear, turning the corner and seeing a sign pointing to the exit, relief rushing through her as she began to sprint and-

***“Livestock Out of Line!”*** The words blared out again as a mechanical arm grabbed her, cutting off her escape and lifting her to the air as she screamed and begged for freedom, but the machine did not respond, or care, as it ripped her clothes off the way her friends had been stripped, the screaming, fighting young woman was dunked in an egg mix, the slimy coating covering her entire body as she coughed and hacked before being coated in flour, leaving the already pale girl looking like a ghost as she recovered.

Looking forward, she saw a large, boiling pan of oil, and her panic reached so high that she froze, her mind refusing to believe what was right in front of her. *It… it’s going to deep fry me. I can’t… I can’t do this, I’m not a meatgirl*

But the machine did not care for her thoughts, and soon enough she was dunked into the boiling oil, screaming in pain as her body was cooked until, finally, she passed on into a blissful sleep.

A while later, Zaylee woke up, shivering with how cold she was, her naked body…

“Wait, naked? What?” She wondered aloud, blinking away the sleep as she looked around. In the small space with her, her sister and two friends were nearby, while nearly a dozen other naked women were sitting around and chatting. “What the…”

“It’s fine.” Her twin said. “We just got resurrected in the livestock pen, and we’re going to get out as soon as the system realizes we aren’t supposed to be in here.”

“Yeah… but you know, that was a bit of a rush, wasn’t it?” Sunny said. “Glad we’re going to be heading home though, that’s not something I want to repeat…”

An electronic voice rang out ***“All Livestock to stand ready for inspection.”***

Looking around, the four saw the other women stand and line up, shuffling into position with them with the though *hey, maybe this inspection will show we don’t belong here!*

Their hopes seemed validated as a mechanical arm came out, scanning the barcodes on the womens ass cheeks. The girls sighed with relief, none of them having noticed that the resurrection had left barcodes on their own rumps. A metal arm with a barcode scanner came down, and at each woman the voice intoned **“*Term as Livestock not complete!”*** until one girl was given ***“Term as Livestock Complete!”***

While that woman smiled and gave a happy goodbye to the others, even putting numbers in her phone as the machine gave her back the belongings she arrived with, the girls relaxed. “See, we’ll get scanned, the machine will say we’re not in the system, and it’ll all be fine, we’ll be following her out.” Sunny said, glad that her impulsive decision had not been a total disaster for her group of friends.

Of course, for a variety of reasons, starting with the system not being designed for this scenario and escalating through a series of convenient software bugs that made it seem as if a conscious entity wanted to keep the girls trapped. An error report was filed and added to a backlog somewhere, but as the machine scanned the girls it declared ***“Term as Livestock not complete!”***, leaving the four stunned as one after another they were told they would not be leaving just yet.

“What?” “That’s not possible” “We never-” They tried to exclaim as one as metal arms reached down, grabbing women from the pen and dragging them to the production facility, including the kicking and screaming girls. The rest of the livestock rolled their eyes, and the girls could hear mutterings of “fucking new girls, volunteered without thinking and throwing a fit”

Seeing no sympathy from the rest of the women in the pen, and as the mechanical arms began to shock and squeeze them to shut them up, the four girls fell silent, taking comfort that at least they were all moving in the same direction together. This was not much comfort, and they all glared angrily at Sunny for getting them into this mess, who was mainly looking ahead and avoiding their glares.

“Well… you know, it’s not like it can keep us in here forever-”

“Shut up Sunny” Zay-lee snarled “just shut up.”

The four fall silent as the conveyor belt pulled them onwards, the awkward and angry glares saying more than any words ever could. Soon, they reached a point where the conveyor belt split, and Zaylee was dragged away, her friends and twin watching as the naked girl was placed in a large plastic bag, which was then sealed up and drained of air as they watched, the plastic gripping to her curves as she wordlessly screamed and struggled, her suffocating form hung up next to a collection of other bagged guys and gals marked **Dana’s butcher shop Delivery**

They barely had any time to process what had happened when Zay-lee, choking down tears of frustration and anger, was dragged away. As Sunny and Crystal watched, the naked girl was held over a single jet of flame, slowly roasting her a little at a time. Zaylee, feeling the press of plastic against her skin as the lack of air left her weakening, barely saw her sister start to cook before she passed on. “What… I think my parents bought a longpig cooked like that before…” Crystal murmurs as they pass through a door to another chamber.

Before Sunny can reply, she sees Crystal get pulled off the line, the two girls meeting each others eyes, fear filling their expressions as the blue-haired girl has her legs spread wide, a large dildo-shaped pair of machines jutting into her cunt and ass, cleaning her body out and injecting a massive amount of stuffing into the empty space, filling her up as if she was pregnant.

Sunny watched as her friend screamed, the stuffing process leaving her writhing against the bonds with pain as she filled up. Soon enough, the blond felt herself get strapped down, pressed into an x pose by the mechanical arms as metal tongs pressed against her skin. *Well, this is all my fault… I only wish I hadn’t gotten the others-*

Her thoughts were cut off as electricity flowed through her body, scrambling her mind and heart as it heated her from the inside, her body temperature rising fast as she spasmed and jiggled. Soon enough she went silent, and for the second time the girls were resurrected in the livestock pen. But not the last.

[Three months later]

Violet sighed as she got out of her pickup, trudging towards the meat processing facility. The stupid thing had been throwing up minor software issues, insisting it had four heads of livestock it couldn’t have had. The software was clearly malfunctioning, but nope, couldn’t just clear it, the stupid thing needed someone on site to fucking verify the issue was fixed. *Honestly, it’s waited three months, can’t it wait another day? Big fucking emergency, you need to cancel your anniversary date with your girlfriend to deal with a problem we haven’t touched in three months? Next time I see that smug ass in IT I’m punching him.* The technician thought darkly as she walked up to the door… and saw it hanging open, unlocked. *Well shit.*

Inside, The four intruders were laying in the pen, a small pile as they comforted each other. They were all exhausted mentally, weeks of being processed and treated like animals having slowly broken them down. But underneath the exhaustion was an unspoken, shameful feeling of excitement. Crystal had felt it first, surprisingly, the blue haired girl having actually cum once when a thick, metal spit had been driven through her body, moaning and humping the metal as her thoughts went wild. *Oh god… I just ordered a titmeat sandwich for lunch the day we snuck in here… and now I’m ending up just like the girl who gave her meat for it, over and over and over… and it feels so good!*

The twins, who had through some luck or an algorithm ended up cooking together regularly, felt it next. As their naked bodies were yet again pressed together, slathered up in glaze, heat filling the air around them… they had looked into each others eyes, leaned in, and kissed, breaking only to moan in pleasure.

Since that day, they had never spoken of their orgasmic experience, but they were both finding themselves looking forward to all the situations where they were cooked alive together. However, the three girls who had started to enjoy themselves were running into a bit of a problem.

Sunny, the last member of their little group, was sulking. She clearly was aroused by the experience, the others had seen her moan and cum as a machine had butchered her for parts, but she was acting petulant about it, telling the others that it was wrong to enjoy this, that it was all her fault, that they should be angry at her…

To be honest, they all had been, but three months is a long time to hold a grudge, especially when being angry doesn’t really fix any of the problems you’re mad about.

“Sunny…” Crystal was trying to reach her again, and the blond was about to snap at her when they were grabbed by the mechanical arms again. This time, instead of being dragged to a processing center, they were dumped in a small, empty room, the only fixtures being a set of cuffs attached to chains coming from the ceiling and a drain in the floor for blood. A few moments after they arrived, the door opened, and a purple-haired woman in a technicians uniform walked in on the naked meatgirls.

“You four… are in so much fucking trouble.” She said with a growl. “Sneaking into a meat processing plant, living it up in the livestock herd for months without telling anyone, and to top it all off, tracking down this little gltich took me away from my girlfriend on our anniversary.”

“Wait… living it up?” Crystal blinked with confusion. “We were stuck in there, we never wanted to be in the herd, we-”

”Save it meat!” Violet cut her off. “I saw the security footage of the four of you being processed, you all love it… god there’s going to be so much paperwork for this…” She swore as the four girls looked at her with shock and shame, realizing how their reactions must have looked to someone who hadn’t seen them arrive. Before any of them could say anything though, the maintenance technician looked at them with an evil grin. “Unless of course… the entire glitch was just that, a glitch. But then how do I explain the four of you? Well, no one has to see the evidence you were ever here…”

The four girls nod at that, relief on their faces. “Oh, yes that sounds great, no messy paperwork, just get us out of here!” Sunny said, the others relieved at the possibility of escape… but also a bit disappointed, regret flashing on their faces that they will no longer have the wonderful, mentally freeing sensation of being livestock, no responsibilities, no worries, just obedience…

Violet was an experienced domme, and she knew the looks she was seeing, and a plan began to form. “Before that though… like I said, it’s my anniversary with my girlfriend, and I was wondering… would you four help me out by giving me some meat for our dinner, and some nice skin to make into a few sets of girl-leather clothes?” She asks, testing the waters for the rest of her plan.

The four girls look at each other, on the fence about the offer, torn between the last remnants of their desires for freedom and the excitement that builds inside them all at the thought of being converted, one last time…

“Sure!” Zaylee says, answering for them all, her kind attitude and her own desires working together to get that answer. The others soon were nodding, and Violet licked her lips as she moved them all to the back of the room, chaining them up with their arms above their heads.

Looking to Zaylee, she grinned. “Hey… didn’t we go to school together? You were in my calculus class, right?” She asks conversationally as she finishes stringing them up in a line, Sunny then Crystal then Zay-lee then Zaylee.

Zaylee nodded. “Yeah! I remember you, Violet, right? You got a job as a technician this young?” She asks, watching as the other girl pulls out a skinning knife, making a small incision at the back of Sunny’s neck before slowly starting to cut off her skin.

Sunny moans, her newfound masochism causing her to get wet as she feels her skin peel away. “Well, I did an accelerated learning program at the community college, nailed the interview and licensing exam, and here I am, keeping the machines that feed us working and making sure the masochists of the world have an outlet beyond us poor, outnumbered sadists” Violet replies around Sunny’s cries of pleasure and pain.

Zaylee blushes a bit at those words, enjoying the sight of her old classmate slowly peeling away the skin from her friend, leaving Sunny’s meat exposed to the air everywhere but her head. “We… well, that sounds like a good use of time. Are… are there really that many masochists…?”

Violet nods as she gently places Sunny’s skin to the side to dry, casually sliding the knife into the blond’s belly, using her orgasm to prove a point. “Yep! Turns out a lot of people, men and women alike, get off on pain, they just need on incident to realize it. Take your friend here, she’s loving being skinned and gutted like a pig, and I bet the rest of you will to, right?”

Zaylee nods, and to the side she sees her twin and Crystal do the same, blushing at the admission. “Yeah… I’d never thought of it before, but… well, this experience really opened my eyes about how fun it is to be treated like livestock.” She admitted, the other two girls nodding agreement as Sunny’s dying moans showed her agreement.

As Violet left Sunny to writhe and cum on last time, she got to work on Crystal, this time starting to peel off the skin from the front instead of the back. “Well, isn’t that interesting? Most people who like that only can get their relief in a factory like this one, there just aren’t enough sadists to go around… but me and my girlfriend both are a bit dominant, and we don’t have any subs to play with a lot of the time…” She grinned as she planted the seeds for the next stage of her plan. “You remember her, Erika? She was in biology with us?”

“Oh yeah!” Zaylee nods. “Wow, you two hooked up? And she’s a domme to? Wow, I’m really sorry we interrupted your anniversary, hopefully this meat makes it up to her…” She says, looking at how much Crystal seems to be enjoying the feeling of being skinned alive. “You… seem really good at this.”

“Well, I have a lot of experience, my girlfriend and I are big fans of snuff clubs, lots of eager young girls ready for an experienced hand to snuff them nice and painfully…” Violet teased, peeling back Crystal’s skin and setting it down next to Sunny’s as she replied. *Come on, take the bait, I know you want to, and once you agree, the rest of your friends will fall in line. I remember that from high school to, you sexy piece of meat.* She thinks.

Zaylee watches as Crystal cums from having her throat slit, watching the blood pour down her bare meat, squirming in her bonds with excitement. Looking at Violet, the casual, experienced way she brought the other two girls to orgasm by snuffing them… she falls for the trap. “So… would you… I mean, it would be hard for us to really explain where we’ve been, so maybe we could… I don’t know… spend some time as your subs, just pretend we’ve been there the entire time? It’s less embarrassing than the truth…” She trails off as her twin looks over at her with shock.

“What are you doing?” Zay-lee asked.

“Well, I mean like I said it’s better than the truth, and… well… we’d get to be livestock a bit longer…” Zaylee blushes as she watches Violet draw up close to her sister, leaning in and kissing her nipple as she fondles the bound girl, the cut barely noticeable as she starts to skin her.

“Are you… I mean…” Zay-lee moans a bit at the touch, her shock giving way to confusion and lust as her sister and Violet look at her.

“Well, if you want to, I’m sure Erika will love the four of you as an anniversary present.” Violet says, internally rejoicing both at the success of her plan, and at not having to fill out the paperwork for four intruders in the meat plant. “I can just imagine it… four skins to make into lingerie, four carcasses worth of meat, and four sexy little piggies to dominate… the best anniversary gift ever.” She teased, her hand grazing Zay-lee’s clit as she nibbled at a tit.

Zay-lee moaned at that, her body filling with arousal as she was skinned and pleasured at the same time. “Fuck… fuck it, you’ll let us leave whenever we want, right?” She asks.

“Yes, but I do hope that you enjoy our time together enough that you never want to leave…” Violet teases. *And I know a few tricks to make sure that you do.*

“well… then alright, we’ll see what the others say whe ghurk-” Zay-lee was cut off by the knife through her throat, her blood gushing down as Violet finished skinning her, leaving Zaylee and her alone in the room with the meat and skins.

“Wow… that looked amazing” She said, watching as her sister, like hr friends, came as she died. Violet nodded at that, advancing on her last victim with a hungry grin.

“Trust me, I know how to make meat feel good as it’s processed… and you are a piece of meat that I have wanted to butcher since high school.” Violet confessed, leaning in to kiss Zaylee on the lips as she cupped the other girls body.

“Hmmm?” Zaylee moaned through the kiss, feeling the hands run up and down her body, the strong, firm groping of her rump, the experienced teasing of her lower lips and clit, the stroking of her thigh… and the smell of blood in the air, the feeling of cold metal around her wrists, reminding her of what she was. *I’m a piece of meat for her to carve up… and I love that. I love being her meat, I love being anyone’s meat… and I’m beyond glad that my friends and sister will experience being livestock with me.* She thought, feeling the knife slide into her, right below the neck.

The blade slowly traced down her spine, and she shuddered, pain and pleasure mixing in her mind as she moaned into the other woman’s… *No, not the other woman. That implies I’m a woman, but I don’t want to be one anymore. I’m livestock, a meatgirl, and that’s all I want to be.* At that, Zaylee arched her back, cumming onto Violet’s fingers as she felt the knife reach her ass.

“Someone’s eager.” Violet teased, reaching around and dragging the knife further down, slitting open the back of Zaylee’s legs, gently pulling the skin off the meat, exposing all the nerve endings to the air, leaving her panting and moaning with pleasure. The meatgirl moaned in response, feeling her mistress slowly remove the skin from her body.

“I… I love this feeling… the helplesness, the pain… I hope I make a good meatgirl for you… mistress.” Zaylee says, drawing a smile from Violet, who manuevers the knife over her guts.

“Well, you’re doing great so far.” Violet says with a smirk, slicing open Zaylee’s belly, pulling out the organs as the girl once again cums, the sheer thrill of being skinned and gutted sending her body into overdrive. With every moment, she felt more and more of her life slip away, and as she closed her eyes, she felt her limbs begin to be hacked off, her new mistress preparing her meat for transport. *I hope it tastes good…*

A while later, the four had all resurrected and been dragged back to the butchering room, where Violet used them to carry the meat and skins to her truck while she explained over the phone that there was nothing wrong at the plant. As they loaded it up, the twins got to explain to Crystal and Sunny what they had agreed to, and the two reacted…

“What? You offered for us to be her livestock?” Sunny asked incredulously.

“Look, it’ll be fun, and what would you rather tell your parents, that we ran away to explore our sexuality with some sexy domme couple, or that we were idiots and snuck into a meat packing plant?” Zay-lee asked.

“Plus… it was hot to be butchered like that, right?” Zaylee adds. Sunny and Crystal both bite their lips, pondering the logic and their feelings before nodding. As the four stand still and let Violet bind their naked bodies up, leaving them completely incapable of moving even a muscle as she tosses them in the bed of her truck, they share a look, excitement running through them all at the rough and casual way the strong woman treated them like objects.

In the cab, Violet started the engine, licking her lips as she imagined what her girlfriend would think of this anniversary gift. *If this is what I got every time I was called in on a day off, then I’d never complain about it again!*