Thanksgiving Tiffany Turkey

An excerpt from my MPS interactive on Eka’s. Thanksgiving Theme section.

Thanks to the video feed provided by The Resort, you watched as the Chefs carefully placed Tiffany, your MPS for the moment, on the counter. They pointed you out, or rather the camera you were watching from. The redhead woman giggled, as she showed off her body for it. You’d already enjoyed her body, the memory of the sex playing through your mind for a moment. But now, it was time for her to become the Meal part of her role as an MPS, like every other Meal Pet Slave did at some point.

First, the Chefs gave her a drink – apple had been the flavor the two of you selected. Not only would it add flavoring, it would help her stomach to stretch as she was stuffed that way. Two other similar glasses would help do the same to her other two major openings, so that she could be stuffed that way.

Next, it was time to oil her. Not only would this give her a nice oven-roasted look, it would enhance the taste of her meat, without needing to use any injectors that might otherwise ruin the experience for her. From what you could tell, she enjoyed it as the oil was rubbed onto her. The Chefs knew what they were doing – they clearly earned whatever tips they made.

Then, it was time to stuff her. The Chefs let her try some of the stuffing, as it was only polite. She must have enjoyed the taste, because she said, “Max, you’re a lucky wolf to enjoy this with me.”

You had to chuckle, as the Chefs carefully inserted the tube down her throat. They then slowly started to fill her, making sure that she enjoyed the process, as they worked on her vagina and anus. After all, she was a Casual MPS, and thus wasn’t into pain, like someone that wanted to be under a Rough Status might be, or under a Punishment Status, who wouldn’t enjoy the process at all. When her stomach was full, the Chefs carefully pulled the tube out, and they then gently gagged her with something that looked like a turkey beak, along with a feather-like headpiece. When her vagina and anus were likewise taken care of, she was plugged with one of those double-ended things, which had a set of turkey feathers. All accessories were, of course, edible.

They then carefully tied her up with some sinew string, to get her into a classic Thanksgiving Turkey pose. The Chefs carefully picked her up, and placed her in a large pan, which had all the trimmings that the other Chefs had been working on, including some actual turkey that the chefs had already been working on prior to getting Tiffany, so that she could enjoy something afterwards, when she reformed. The pan was then placed in the oven, and the feed switched to a camera inside the oven, so that you could continue watching. The Chefs pointed out the Emergency Shut-Off buttons that would be easy for her to get to, just in case it was too much for her, for whatever reason. Also, the sinew was relatively easy to break, even when tied up in it. You had to admire The Resort for that – even with healing and reformation technology, they wanted Tiffany to be safe, at least in her head.

Soon enough, she developed that Oven Roasted Glow, thanks to the oil. She was still enjoying herself. A few minutes after that, the oven door opened, and she was pulled out. The camera feed switched back to the kitchen camera from earlier, as she was placed back on the counter. A couple of ladles of gravy were poured all over her, with a nice sprinkling of rosemary and such herbs. She was then placed on a trolley, covered with a dome, and wheeled out of the kitchen.

A couple of minutes later, there was a knock on your door. You walked over to it, opened it, and in the Chefs walked, with your covered Meal-to-be. They placed the large plate that everything sat on, and pulled the dome off, presenting Tiffany to you, in person.

“Enjoy your meal,” they said. “She’ll reform, once her brain has been destroyed.” They then walked away, closing the door.

You walked up to her, and carefully traced her with one of your claws. She looked at you, with expecting eyes. A grin came to your lips, as you thought about how it might be like to be her MPS – those eyes could make you beg for anything. Idly, you sucked on the gravy covered, noting the tastes she produced with the gravy. In a word, Delicious was an understatement. The question now was: how to eat her?

You noticed the carving knives and fork, to cut her into smaller pieces – there would be no mess, thankfully. You could easily just swallow her, once you undid that piece of sinew that made sure that she couldn’t uncurl, while still keeping her tied up by the rest. Or, you could try one of the other methods that could be done.

Carefully, you lowered the beak gag from her mouth. “Alright, Tiffany, since we’ve been doing the last few steps together, let’s figure out the last part on how I get to eat you – carved, swallowed with my mouth, or do I use something else to swallow you?”

The female human grinned, and her response was sure to make you a happy male wolf.