

They Plump when you Cook'em  
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Lucius sighed as he stepped out from his cozy single-sized bedroom, scratching his jockstrap-covered ass as he stepped carefully around bits of woodworking equipment and rolled up sheafs of paper strewn about the floor. The cream-furred ram gave a little yawning stretch as he settled into his computer chair, the screen gently pulsing with blinking lights as new notifications jumped out at him. Even a month after his latest artistic creation, Lucius still received high praise for his innovative and unconventional work. But after browsing over the public comments on his public gallery website, he wandered his cursor over to the encrypted Tor browser, plugging in a string of characters to hit a similar, yet very distinctly different, website.

Lucius was one of the most prolific 'food artists' online. His hallmark was creating large foodstuffs, meals that would sometimes barely fit upon a normal dining room table. They were made of real ingredients and cooked using oversized methods. Of course, the sheer size of such large dishes made it nearly impossible to cook through and still remain food safe. Instead, these succulent works of art were prepared with love and preserved for posterity, sprayed down with lacquer, and kept inside a storage unit converted into an art gallery.

Yet Lucius buried a dark secret. Most viewers would only ever see his 'clean' gallery. Yet those who knew where to hunt could find his dark web gallery and learned the horrid reason he made such large concoctions. The ram didn't just make his oversized food sculptures to push the boundaries of the culinary arts. Each food piece contained a previously-living person locked deep within the confines of the person-sized dish. Lucius was painstaking in his preparations, ensuring that each victim was encased and encapsulated so that nobody could ever guess that he had killed a person inside. Nobody would ever know that each gallery submission was the final resting place of a real person who'd 'gone missing' across the world.

That is not to say that he didn't have close calls. The occasional rumor would spread on his 'clean and public' site, that he had a private 'porn' site on the dark web, or worse, that his artwork was a sinister front for those who wanted to commit suicide for the sake of art. Most would dismiss these as internet denizens telling tall tales. But, if you were lucky enough to find the address to his dark web site, and you paid a considerable sum in crypto currency, you'd get a peek behind the curtain.

Once someone had paid up they would see a number of home-made videos detailing the process of preparing a living person as into a person-sized meal. There was always some doubt of course – the film always had cuts and edits, making it possible that the victim was retrieved with the magic of video editing software. But there was one link at the very bottom of the page. A small button, gold with black lettering, that only appeared after payment was made.

Still think it's fake? Volunteer to find out.

Lucius navigated to his updates section, ready to make his next announcement. There was a single question mark on a grey box, the future entry sitting between a photo of a Welsh rarebit that encased a real Welsh rabbit, and a massive meatball resting atop a person-sized platter of spaghetti, dripping with red sauce down the sides. Changing out the placeholder image for one he'd taken last night, Lucius sighed with pleasure as he saw the picture of his next creation pop up on the screen. A large, almost bed-sized bun lay upon a massive plate, a few normal sized bottles of ketchup and mustard

set out next to it for comparison. The title of the image simply changed to, "Who here likes greasy gas station dogs?"

With a little chuckle, Lucius left his thoroughly teased online audience behind, logging back off the Tor browser. His screen background was filled with all sorts of old sketches and schematics he'd tested for this art piece. Lucius had become very good at baking since he started this long form project. After splitting a few pie crusts and failing to raise a soufflé, it all began to click for him, and soon the goat was baking oversized breads without care. The large, soft, split-top bun would actually be the easiest part of this scene.

Under the grocery list for ingredients sat several photos of hotdog and sausage rollers, the kind you would find at a convenience store coated in slick grease from weeks being left uncleaned. Some were even deconstructed so he could see the interior and undersides and learn how their heating elements and rollers worked. With a nod of approval, the broad-shouldered ram gave a last look over the preparations he'd made, before standing and retrieving his horn-mounted video camera. His only rule was that his face was never shown on camera; and Lucius made a point of painstakingly editing every video he released to hide that fact. His head-mounted camera was his favorite; a lens that captured everything he saw and gave his victim a chance to address both him and his viewers.

Sauntering through the living room workspace, Lucius was hit with a blast of warm air rolling over his body as he opened a side door to the basement. The rolling warmth gave way to a rich and humid scent, clogging the ram's nostrils as he stepped into the steamy sauna his basement had become. This dark and dank basement had seen its fair share of experiments in the years since his snuff art began. But being a huge fan of body odor, Lucius was perhaps most proud of the 'seasoning rack' he'd created. At the base of the stairs, a handsome shaved dog sat bathed in a rich orange glow. He was kneeling, cuffed to a metal frame that kept him at the perfect exposure to marinate his body with sweat and raunchy musk. As several overhead heat lamps roiled over his body, the shaved-smooth hound exuded a continual drop drop drop of sweat that collected in a rigged-up baking pan beneath him.

"Mmmm... Morning hotdog." The ram growled as he stared down at his boy, watching him shudder as his eyes lifted to greet his owner. The canine had a name. He had a life. But like all who came to Lucius's private studio, he had touched the volunteer button. It was perhaps only out of curiosity at first, but the ram knew that it was no coincidence. He had clicked on the button just after a succulent (German) Shepherd's Pie was posted to the dark web. Hotdog simply had to find out if this was all real. And the only way to do that was to volunteer, to show up at a prearranged location and step into the waiting van.

That was two months ago. The boy lost his life, his name, his freedom, and his identity. To Lucius, the eager little hound was just 'meat' or 'hotdog.' The little slut proved to be just as malleable as most others who passed through his studio his grip. His arousals were leveraged hard, the boy quickly submitting, proud to think with his cock until he learned to truly believe he was nothing but meat, nothing but a cheap sausage. A little carrot of an occasional orgasm kept the boy placid and added a tint of erotic scent to his musk. But even if Lucius kept his slaves in the dark about their specific death date, meat knew that today would be different.

He'd been kept in the 'seasoning rack' for several days, fed only water in an effort to clean him out bodily. All the while, the nondescript hound had to watch as Lucius set up the installation which

would transform his body into a real, person-sized hotdog. Nudging the boy's head to look him in the eyes, the goat rumbled softly as he said, "You smell divine, my sweet meat."

"Th-Thank you, Sir." The dog whined in a low, gravelly voice, his mouth parched from so many hours sweating out his bodily stench.

"It's time, though. We don't want to keep our audience waiting." Lucius gave a soft smirk, leaning down to unstrap his boy from his restraints. He had to be careful not to wipe off any of the sweat that beaded down his glistening form. As his exhausted body was nudged out from under the heat lamps, Lucius could feel his meat was shivering from the constant sweat, his shaved body wrinkled and goosebumped despite the ambient heat. The ram couldn't help but bring his nose close to the boy's armpits, giving the softest and most sensual sniff he could muster, without delving his snout in too deep. "Mmmm... your body is divine. Some of the richest musk I've ever raised." With a heady smirk plastered on his face, Lucius began to walk the hound across the cold basement floor, bringing him over to what looked to be a large, cylindrical, plastic trash can. It was perhaps the largest one you could find at the home improvement store, easily tall enough to fit the hound in up to his shoulders.

Yet hotdog could see that the plastic cylinder was not empty. The inside of the tub was coated in a slick and slimy coating. Lucius placed a special order to create a collagen sausage casing over eight feet tall. He was always careful with his sourcing, his credibility as a food artist making it seem less strange when asking for a person's length of this, or several hundred pounds of that. Yet as hotdog was carefully prodded to step up a ladder that was set up next to the cylindrical chamber, his own cock throbbing between his sweat-soaked legs, he knew full well that Lucius was going to use this slick, wet bag to kill him. He would die within the cloying confines of his own personal sausage.

Lucius was rather trusting of hotdog, turning his back on the boy to get the mince filling ready. He knew how to read his victims; some would certainly resist, others would get cold feet, but hotdog seemed to show the same stoic and shy arousal that his favorite victims had. He would do as he was told, no questions asked.

"I originally wanted to feed raw meat directly into a grinder," Lucius mused as he wheeled a massive stand mixer out of a makeshift refrigerator he'd set up. The night before, he'd taken the time to tease hotdog, unwrapping pack after pack of ground beef and pork into the stand mixer bowl. Topping it off with spices of his own favorite blend, Lucius set the whole mix to chill while hotdog sweltered under the heat lamps. Now, it was time to incorporate everything, and he wasn't about to waste a drop of hotdog's prime scent and flavor. Lifting the baking pan his victim had been kneeling on, Lucius tipped the sizeable amount of drippings into the stand mixer, giving the last dregs a little rub with his paw. Setting the mixer on to low, the ram smirked as he added, "I couldn't figure out how to do it without also suffocating you. So, we're going to pack you inside by hand, my little sausage. A lot more visceral this way, and I can make sure you have some space to breathe... at least until things get too hot to handle."

"Th-thank you, Chef, Sir," hotdog replied to his owner, still shivering as sweaty droplets pooled at his feet in the collagen-coated trash bin that would become a mold for an oversized, person-sized hot dog. Each revolution of the stand mixer churned the mince into a workable and warmed paste, until at long last a uniform goo of pinkish-red slime had formed. Lucius couldn't help but take a big, deep sniff, smiling at the way it absolutely reeked of canine body odor.

“There we are...” The ram said, licking his lips as he pulled up a dollop of the gooey ground meat on his finger. Walking over to hotdog, he casually offered the boy a taste of the raw flesh. “If you’re afraid it will kill you, I have some bad news about your life expectancy, meat.” Slowly, hotdog opened his mouth, the canine’s pointed snout snatching a tongueful off his owner’s finger and suckling the flesh like he had Lucius’s cock for so many weeks. What was left on the ram’s finger was quickly and lewdly smeared down the dog’s cheek and neck, a mere rag for the first of so much hot dog filling.

“It... it tastes like...” Hotdog lapped his tongue against his palette for a moment.

“Like you, meat?”

“L-like me, yes... my flavor.”

“You know what you are, don’t you, meat?”

“A... A hot dog, Sir.”

“A raunchy, filthy gas station frank...” Lucius smirked, his jock beginning to tent as the words left his mouth.

“Y-yes Chef, Sir.”

“Are you ready to die for me, meat?”

There was a long pause from the hound. The question might have been unexpected, or perhaps he really was having second thoughts. But hotdog also knew the answer. His mind was warped by months of ‘method acting’ and subtle hypnosis. His body was tormented by days of heat lamp and exercise treatment to build his scent just so. He could never return to the life he left. Nobody would believe him, even if Lucius let him walk out the front door. Besides, the artist could never let his secrets spill. “Yes, Sir. I’m ready.”

The chef ram smiled, proud his boy had looked him in the face to say those final words. They’d come out perfect on camera. Stepping back to the massive churn of minced meat, the artist slowly gathered up two handfuls of the sticky and squishy mass. Rather casually, he dumped the pounds-heavy log of meat into the casing with hotdog. It was like being hit with a medicine ball, the cool meat spattered lightly on his chest, sliding down the boy’s belly, pausing only to catch on the canine’s tender cock, yanking it harshly down with gravity. By the time the gob of meat came to rest at hotdog’s feet, Lucius had returned with a second handful, this time making sure the canine was ready for it before tossing it in.

“We’ll fill the bottom with it, then I want you to step out and squish it down uniform. Just like shaping a meatloaf, understood?” The ram chuckled, making a mental note to try his hand at a meatloaf after this. Perhaps a mouse would make a good addition? Back and forth, Lucius went, scooping handful after handful of warm and flavorful meat up before packing it in around hotdog. Occasionally he would pause, carefully using a wooden pole to tamp down the mixture or squish a little aside if he needed hotdog to readjust his position in the growing cylinder. Each time his meat-soaked hand slipped down the boy’s thigh, it reminded the canine that he was not only an ingredient in this summertime sausage. He was truly becoming a sausage. A massive, person-sized hot dog.

As the pounds of flesh worked up his body, the canine realized he was becoming trapped amidst the squeezed ground meat, the casing and cylindrical mold acting like a very personalized restraint system. First his feet, then his legs, soon hotdog realized he was deep enough that his hands were becoming enveloped. Yet the moment Lucius noticed the trepidation, he made sure to scold appropriately. "No, hotdog. Arms at your side..." As if to add insult to injury, he smeared a little more ground meat about the boy's groin, adding, "A good dog stays still."

"A-ahhh... Y-yes Sir, Chef." Hotdog shuddered as he felt the cool, cloying meat begin slathered against his groin, each packed-in blob began to encase his balls and cock in their own personal container. Lucius was even kind, working with the boy's natural contours and supporting his throbbing shaft so that he wasn't forced into an unnatural or painful position. The more meat was packed around him, the more hotdog felt like he was floating, suspended almost weightless inside a mixture of lukewarm beef and pork.

Once the sausage meat reached his shoulders, the hard work began. Lucius had to unfurl the casing upwards, using the thick collagen as its own mold to finish the last few feet of height. The ram took his time with each handful, pausing to carefully smooth out any bulges that pouched out the oversized hot dog. Bringing the casing higher and higher up hotdog's body, the hound started to show his nerves, head twisting back and forth as he realized his chest was compressing under the weight of so much meat. It was too late to even entertain escape, his arms were finally locked down at his sides, a lovely handful of sausage meat stuffed under each pit to ensure that his rank flavor soaked in good.

"Hotdog," Lucius called, snapping his fingers softly in front of the boy's pointed snout. "Muzzle forward. It will all be over soon, my delectable dish."

Sheepishly, the hound settled in, his head cradled in the gooey emulsion all about him, allowing the ram to finish with the boy's head. As he promised, hotdog would not suffocate. At least not right away. Lucius was gentle as he packed the last remaining sausage meat around his victim's face and cheek. Two nervous eyes looked back in growing concern as the artist carefully framed his model's features with sticky, moist meat, before pulling up the remaining collagen casing. It would take just a few last handfuls, the ram carefully smoothing out the top into a dome, before tying tight the remaining end of the person-sized sausage link in a showy, hand-made tie.

For a brief moment, the exhausted artist paused, watching the gigantic sausage stand upright in its holder. It shifted slightly under its own weight, the mass of meat having nowhere to go as the victim inside stood floating in a sea of ground beef and pork. After admiring his handiwork, Lucius walked around to the 'front' to take a good look at it. Without close examination, the slippery hot dog looked perfectly uniform. But locked behind one little 'window' left uncovered by minced meat, hotdog was still very much alive, gasping and shivering as he stared out the translucent, slippery coating at the diffused face of Lucius just inches away.

"Oh..." Hotdog swallowed hard, the close quarters already causing sweat to bead on his forehead. "Oh god, this... this is so..."

"Right?" Lucius interjected, grabbing the handles of the garbage can, rocking the large cylindrical sausage back and forth to walk it across the room,

"C-crazy... I'm... god I'm so hard but I can't move."

The ram chuckled, careful as he slowly tipped the entire thing over towards a large apparatus sitting quietly on the floor. "You volunteered to become this... You truly valued your life as nothing more than a gas station hotdog."

"I... I need it... I... I want to cum to it, Sir."

"Every boy who comes to my studio needs it..." There was an awkward pause as Lucius worked to shimmy the large garbage can out from around hotdog's body. Even having oiled up the casing, this was a critical moment. If he didn't do it right, the whole thing would split and ruin in the most spectacular fashion. Taking his time, the ram allowed his novelty-sized hot dog to settle out onto two large rubber rollers. Settled above heating elements and an oversized grease trap, Lucius had constructed a person-sized hotdog cooker, designed to slowly rotate an eight-foot cylinder of meat until it was cooked through perfect. Hotdog would die as he wished, as cheap convenience food.

After discarding the trash can mold, and smoothing out any lumps in his sausage, Lucius flicked on the rollers for one last test. Slowly, the translucent 'window' came into view where hotdog's head sat, the inside beginning to get stale and foggy from the growing breath that hissed out his mouth into the tight and enclosed space.

"You've been a very obedient boy for me, hotdog." The ram grinned as he reached down to tug his cock out from his jock strap, the pounding hard-on having left a coin-sized spot of pre soaked into the fabric. "There's just one thing I need you to do for me. I want you to squirm." Stroking his thick length, he elaborated. "Squirm good and hard, as if you wanted to escape. I want to see this beautiful mass of meat and casing wriggle..."

For a moment, hotdog tried to get his focus together, a whimper hitting his mouth as he tested the sticky meat with his fingers and toes. He then did as he was told, jerking and twisting his body with all his might, trying to perform a sort of sit-up while his legs dug down into the meat that balanced between the rollers. For a good ten seconds, Lucius lorded over the pathetic hot dog before him, stroking his cock as the sausage was barely able to wriggle more than an inch off the rollers. His victim was perfectly trapped, encased and practically floating inside the person-sized frank.

The artist had seen enough, deciding he couldn't wait any longer. With the same impunity one would snuggle a body pillow on their bed, Lucius climbed upon the rollers, planting his cheek down against the sausage casing right next to hotdog's face. Sensually, he began to kiss the oversized casing, making out with the spot right where his meat was most vulnerable, all while grinding his hefty cock hard against the squishy outside. He knew hotdog couldn't feel it, and even if he tried, there was so much meat inside he couldn't possibly help jerk off the pathetic sausage to be.

"I-I can't..." Hotdog whined pitifully as if he had done something wrong with his wriggling.

"You don't need to, hotdog," Lucius growled, huffing as he humped his hips against his plush sausage. "A real hot dog can't move... Can't squirm. And you are a real hot dog, aren't you?"

"I-I am a real hot dog..." Hotdog groaned as he breathed in the muggy air, the building carbon dioxide making his head ache just a little.

"You're already looking tired," Lucius took a sniff of the casing. "Mmmm... And you smell divine... A few hours over the heaters and you'll be dripping with fats and flavors."

“I’m... I am a hot dog...”

“Hot dogs only do two things... they turn... and they plump when you cook them.” As much as it pained the artist, he carefully withdrew from his living body pillow. The big ram sighed as he noticed the tiny spot of precum he’d left on the casing. It was his signature on a prized piece of artwork, a little spot that would broil or bake just a touch darker. Stepping back to sit down in canvas camp chair, Lucius fondled the toggle switch for his creation, wondering what must be going through the boy’s head as he waited. His nervous little whimpers, repeating his mantra, were obscured and muffled by the sausage casing. Lucius wondered for a moment if his screams would be muffled. It was only a wonder as he turned the switch, and watched the show begin.

Stroking himself off, the ram artist watched a series of servos begin to actuate. A large metal canopy began to rise, covering over the top of the massive rubber rollers. The red-and-yellow painted overhead came to a stop with a faux sneeze guard dropping down, before eight powerful warming lamps turned on overhead, their glow bathing the homemade sausage in a rich, earthy-red hue.

This was met with a roiling hum as the machine’s heating elements turned on underneath and inside the rubber rollers, a bright glow of electric orange swaddling the hot dog from both sides. Lucius simply sat, watching as the rubber rollers turned on, and his hot dog began to turn. Slowly, a revolution every minute, the oversized sausage began its slow transformation from raw to cooked. And the ram was going to enjoy every moment of the transformation.

Hotdog moaned in his cloying cocoon, shivering at the strange and dizzying sensation as the whole world turned. At first it wasn’t so bad, almost magical as he turned about under the heat lamps. Yet soon he would realize just how horrific his chosen death would be. As the taut sausage casing began to heat, the skin on the outside began to change color, from the soft translucent white to an opaquer orange. The more the skin tightened up, the more hotdog found himself helpless within his casing, the tightening flesh squeezing his limbs tighter and locking his head back into place amidst the minced meat. After so many turns, he could only tell when he was facing the heat lamps due to the bright pinprick of light right above the clouding over window.

Hotdog soon realized that his casing wasn’t the only thing cooking. As the heat dug deeper into the greasy ground meat, he began to feel the first tingles of warmth radiate down his body. The boy huffed and whined in his tiny breathing space, sucking down the raunchy smell of body odor and oily meat. He hardly realized that Lucius’s comment about plumping when they cooked wasn’t just a lewd thought, but a warning.

As the ground meat began to cook, solidifying about his whole form, it started to expand, squeezing in any direction it possibly could. As the timer passed the ten-minute mark, hotdog was gasping and shuddering as he rotated, locked tight in the middle of his own personal hell. Lucius was transfixed at how the transformation progressed; absolutely no sign of struggle or was visible through the translucent flesh, nor even a hint of canine features. He licked his chops softly, nursing his cock as his victim inside remained trapped by the growing pressure and heat all around him

Hotdog tried his best to hold out. He truly wanted be a good boy, a good hot dog. But soon he could hold it no longer, his sweaty body was starting to sear against the oily meat that invaded every inch of his form. Lucius gasped aloud as the first muted and garbled screams escaped the person-sized

sausage. The ram quickly made sure his camera caught the spike in audio, including the horrid sounds of sizzling oils beginning to leak and drip from the oversized gas station frank.

Hotdog's cries and screams went unanswered behind the beautiful, darkening skin. The opaque orange casing soon turned a deeper, richer brown, casting the dog into darkness. Yet even in the depths of the sausage, there was more torture to come. Lucius had left just enough space for him to breathe, but it wouldn't stay empty for long. As the swollen mass of ground meat tried to find a way out, there was only one place left for it to go. Hotdog whimpered as the tiny space in front of his face was encroached upon, his jaws squished by the oily meat while burning grease rolled and sizzled over the cheeks and lips, offering the tiniest taste of what he truly was becoming.

Searing, blistered all across his body, hotdog's screams turned from garbled pleas to animalistic shrieks as he turned over and over for his owner's pleasure. The plumping, ground meat all about him was mostly cooked through, the lush pale brown mince transferring all its heat to the boy's body. The last bit of expansion finally pressed up over the boy's eyes. As he lost control of his faculties, hotdog's fading consciousness took one last chance to cry, jaws open wide as he inhaled a mouthful of sausage meat.

Hearing those last gurgles fade, Lucius stepped forward to examine the oversized gas station frank. Taking a meat fork, he slowly allowed the tines to roll over the plump form. Careful not to break the skin, Lucius wondered if there was anything left of the fading window covering his sweet volunteer. Hotdog would never know that the tiniest tap on his nose was Lucius, prodding at his final resting place. Instead, his body just twitched, juices flowing into his propped-open maw as the stuffing finally filled in his orifices, burying and suffocating the horrified burn victim turned beef frank.

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Lucius sighed as he stepped back into his cozy one-bedroom home and studio. It was exhaustingly early in the morning as he settled into his chair and clicked his favorite camera to his computer. But he had to stay up late to get the job done. After all, it's not like it's a good idea to carry a corpse around mid-afternoon, especially not when the corpse is encased in an eight-foot tall hot dog.

After hotdog had perished, and more importantly, after the sausage had cooked to the perfect doneness, the ram took his time preparing the final art piece for a trip to his private gallery. The aforementioned oversized bun became the perfect coffin to hold the greasy gas station dog. The artist had played with so many ideas to top his creation, but instead settled on a simple, single line of mustard, squiggled down the length of the sausage. Classic, reminiscent of a ballpark frank, and yet also degrading to know the victim inside wasn't even worthy of a Chicago dog.

Lucius took his time, lacquering his creation, coating it in a perfect resin clear coat to prevent spoilage. This part always broke his heart; after all, it is such a shame to spoil a priceless recipe. But such was the lot of an anguished artist, having to make sacrifices for his creations. Once the hot dog had dried and cured, it was a simple matter of wrapping his final resting place in a blanket and bringing him around to the old storage site down on Lower 5th.



A payment in cash and no questions asked. That's all it took for Lucius to turn his storage unit into a private collection. Oversized food, each containing the mortal remains of a once-living victim, sat on pedestals and plinths. Nameless, faceless, he must have murdered a dozen like this. If it kept up, he might have to talk to the rat manager about buying another storage locker.

As the morning sun rose, and Lucius settled back at his computer, he started downloading the results from his last photoshoot with his brand-new hotdog. While he waited for them to download, he logged in to Tor and his dark web gallery. The usual flurry of anticipatory activity was there, but he noticed he also had a message. Someone had clicked on the volunteer button. They were kind enough to include a picture with their initial response, a pudgy bullboy with stark brown fur, posed nude in his bathroom mirror.

"Mmmm... He's handsome..." Lucius mused, licking his chops. "I suppose if we're going to serve hot dogs, we should also do hamburgers..."