

“How long still?” Luke asked, leaning to the window. The gray industrial buildings flashing past the window didn’t help his boredom at all.

“Not long anymore honey.” his mom replied. She quickly peeked at Luke, giving him a familiar smile. She was well dressed like usual, her long reddish brown hair flowing free past her shoulders. Usually her brown eyes were calm and patient, but this time she looked a bit tense. Luke wondered what for. It was his class trip she was driving him to. Probably some adult stuff, he thought.

“Why is it so far away!” Luke complained, throwing himself back to his seat grumpy. “Why can’t the factory be closer to our home!”

“It is not so far away... Look! There it is!” his mom said and pointed to yet another gray factory building.

Still pouting, Luke looked at the building. The only distinguishing feature of it was the large logo on top of it. It was familiar for Luke from the many ads he had seen on the TV, and also from the cans in the supermarket. There was little chance of a mix up to another dog food brand with Dog Heaven. The logo consisted of their mascot, a cute doberman, and a human breast in its fangs. “Just the best for your dogs! Made from women and girls, just like me!” the boy recalled back to an ad he had seen on a tv a few weeks ago. The young woman in the ad, who had held a can of dog food with the same logo, had apparently been made into some of the same dog food after shooting the commercial.

Luke’s mom drove the car to the small parking yard as the boy looked at the logo. Was she turned into dog food in this place, he wondered as his grumpiness melted when curious excitement took its place. A yellow school bus had already parked in front of the entrance, which made him feel just a bit more impatient. His class was already in! He quickly scrambled his safety belt open as his mom parked, and then jumped out.

“Luke! Wait!” the mom shouted as the boy was already running towards the front door. “Do you want to leave me behind?” she asked as she walked to her son.

“Hurry up! Everyone else is here already!” Luke shouted. He jumped from one foot to another as his mom walked so annoyingly slowly to him. He knew she could walk faster as she took a jog daily, which made the slow pace even more unbearable.

“Let’s go.” he said and took his mom’s hand as she finally got to him. He basically pulled her past the front door and small and simple lobby.

“Hello. Are you here for the school tour?” a woman asked behind a simple receptionist desk.

“Yes!” Luke grinned.

“Yes, yes we are. I’m Olivia, Olivia Smith.” the mom replied. “You... you should have me in your books.” she said.

Luke looked up to his mom, who had a bit of red on his cheeks. "Why are you blushing?" he asked.

The receptionist spoke before Olivia got to replying. "Oh yes, yes I see. Everything is as it should be then. Please go to the right on that corridor and through the last door. There should be someone ready for you there." the woman smiled friendly.

Olivia nodded and smiled, face still red. "Thanks. I'll do that." she said after a bit of hesitation.

"And you boy, I assume you are Luke?" the receptionist turned towards him. He nodded. "The rest of your class is already waiting for you. Just go forward and through those two big doors." she said and pointed at the double doors at the back of the lobby.

"But shouldn't mom come with me?" he asked, pointing at the corridor his mom was supposed to go.

"It will be fine." Olivia said and petted her son on the head.

"Don't worry, she will come right after you. She just has to do a few things beforehand." the receptionist said.

"Okay." Luke said and looked at the door he was supposed to go through. He walked at it with his mom, before she pulled her hand away.

"See you just in a minute." she said and gave a kiss on his forehead. She waved and smiled as she walked down the corridor. Luke waved back before stepping through the door.

Behind the door was a large open area that had to make the most of the building. All kinds of pipes, wires and machines littered the area, some rising up to the ceiling while others slithered on the floor. The smell hit Luke just a moment after the view. It was strong and thick. The first part of it was the animalistic, bloody smell that had to come from the dog food. The second part was of cleaning products quite similar that his mom had used when they did a thorough cleaning in the house. Even though the smell was distinct, it wasn't too bad after you got over the initial shock.

The rest of his class already stood next to the machine closest to the entrance. Their teacher was among the students, and a factory worker dressed in a high visibility vest stood in front of the whole group. They all turned towards Luke as he stepped in. "Here!" the teacher waved him to come closer, which he did a bit ashamed.

Luke slipped right into the group, away from the attention. He went to stand next to a black haired boy a bit to the side. "Why did it take so long?" his friend, Mike, asked.

"My mom drove me here." he said.

"Weird. My mom just dropped me off at school." Mark noted.

"Silence please!" the factory worker said, cutting off the two boys' chit-chat before they even properly got into it. "As all of you are finally here, we can start the tour. My name is Mrs. Miller and

I'm the one responsible for the plant, and to show you around today. Is this your first time here?" the worker asked the class. Her dirty blonde and curly hair was tied under a hair net, and she looked quite like their canteen chef. Luke bet that not many people would call her beautiful, unlike his mother.

The class shook their heads, except for a few single nods. "Mostly first timers? That is always the most fun. As you already know, this is Dog Heaven's dog food factory. If you have ever bought a can of our deluxe dog food, it has originated from here. Yes, every last can that is sold in this state!" she explained proudly as some of the kids looked at each other surprised. That was a lot of cans, Luke thought, recalling back to the dog food aisle of his supermarket.

"You probably also know what our dog food is made of. 'Women and girls, just like you!' We are currently the only dog food brand that uses only female human meat in their dog food. We believe that it is the best and most nutritious diet a dog can have. No factory raised farm animals, nor some vegetable based mush; no, we don't touch that. We only make dog food from women. You can be sure that your dog food only contains someone's daughter, sister, mother or friend. Only the best for the dogs."

The class' attention started to slip as the worker talked. They had heard it all enough times on the tv already.

"However, even though you know what our dog food is made of, you don't know HOW it is made! But today you will learn that. Yes, you get to see from beginning to the end how an everyday woman will be made into dog food. And for that, we have a very special guest. John! You can start the line!" Mrs. Miller shouted behind the machine.

Just like magic, the machine sprung to life. Clicking, hissing and screeching, the machine started to move, and the main conveyor belt with it. The worker guided the class to the very beginning of the belt, where it rolled into the main hall through a hole in the wall. "Here is where it all begins. The girls destined to be processed are loaded on the belt in a specific loading room. We should see our lovely soon-to-be-dogfood girl roll here just in a moment." she explained as the class impatiently watched the conveyor belt entrance.

Just like Mrs. Miller predicted, a woman rolled to view. Tied to the conveyor belt from her arms and legs, was still a clothed woman. Only shoes were missing from a full outfit of a blouse and a skirt. Luke's eyes widened as he looked at the woman in her thirties rolling towards the first machine on the line. She didn't struggle or complain, but just smiled at the curious class in front of her. Her brown hair laid on the belt free flowing, and her pretty face had a faint of nervousness on it. The so familiar smile and hair for Luke.

"M-mom?" Luke asked aloud, confused. It couldn't be anyone else. He watched as his mom smiled towards him as the conveyor belt stopped, the mature woman sitting firmly in the middle of the first machine. He could just stare as she gave a tiny wave towards him.

"The girls and women we process are tied up for our and their own safety. That ensures that even

in the case of last moment panic, the person being processed or the machine won't get damaged." the worker explained casually.

Luke didn't hear his words, as he watched his mom lay in the machine. The side of the machine was glass, allowing the class a great view into its inner workings. As the worker talked, a machine arm lowered down from the machine's ceiling. It had a pipe going through it, from the depths of the machine to the tip of the arm. Luke watched Olivia lay relaxed on the belt as the machine arm reached towards her forehead with mechanical precision. For a second it stopped, the pipe aimed directly to his mom's head.

Pop!

The sound was like a balloon popping as the machine arm released a metallic rod from the pipe with a high pressure. Luke's world seemed to move in slow motion as he watched the robotic arm retract from Olivia. The smile on her face was slowly melting away as her eyes looked into nothingness. A red hole in the middle of her forehead showed where the bolt had pierced through her head.

"We use only humane and effective ways to snuff girls processed in our factory." Luke could hear Mrs. Miller explain far away. His eyes were still glued to his mom, whose forehead was slowly being covered with blood flowing from the wound. "Captive bolt pistol is a quick and effective way for finishing off the woman being processed. Just like you saw, in just a blink of an eye it kills the girl and makes sure they don't suffer during the process." the woman explained, pointing to Luke's dead mom.

"You killed her!" one of the girls in the class said shocked. In general the kids seemed surprised, some less and some more.

"Stop the machine for a sec!" Mrs. Miller shouted, and the machine slowed to a quiet humm. She then opened the glass wall separating the insides of the machine from the classroom. "Yes, in order to process a girl into dog food, you have to first kill her. It is the humane way to do it. Let me demonstrate" she said as she reached towards the dead woman.

"Even though our lady here may look like she is a person, she is not that anymore. The moment she stepped on the conveyor belt, she signed herself off to be dog food." the worker said and lifted Olivia's head. "As a dog food, she has to be processed as some. That means she only has value as her meat anymore. Or let's say, could you do something like this to a person?" The worker opened Olivia's mouth, and pulled out her tongue. Mouth gaping and the tongue waving out, Luke's mom looked unnatural, and weird. Even silly. A few of the kids gave a small giggle as the worker moved the dead woman's tongue around.

"Yeah, I'm just dog food now. Woof woof, they find me tasty!" the worker pretended to talk as Olivia, moving her chin up and down like she was talking, the dead woman's tongue lolling behind. The class responded with giggles. "I don't even look straight anymore!" she then said and moved Olivia's eyes so that one looked straight up, while the other looked at her nose. That made even

the rest of the class laugh, except for Luke.

“See, there is nothing to worry about. She is just dog food, and it is natural for dog food to be dead.” the worker said as she laid Olivia’s head back on the conveyor belt. The mom’s head still in a ridiculous expression, the previous natural smile just a distant memory, Mrs. Miller closed the glass behind herself. She cleaned her slightly bloody gloves to her apron as the machine spun back to life.

More of the robotic arms started to move inside the machine as the worker stepped aside. Small lasers cut Olivia’s clothes into pieces, after which mechanical hands grabbed and pulled the pieces away. That left the dog food woman naked inside the machine. Her big breasts laid motionless on her chest, and her slightly curvy body caught some of the boys’ attention. Her body was mostly hairless, except for a small puff of pubic hair on her crotch. Even though Luke didn’t usually bathe with her anymore, the sight was still very familiar for him. It was his mom after all, no matter how dead and soon to be dog food she was.

“Now that our lady is dead, it is time for us to start preparing her to become canned dog food. The first step is to clean her for further processing. That means cleaning from inside and out... and also of her blood.” Mrs. Miller explained. Robotic arms lifted Olivia from the conveyor and turned her upside down inside the machine. Another pair of robotic arms quickly cut her neck and wrists. If the bleeding from the head wound had been a small stream, the rush of blood from the neck and the wrists was a flood. “It is important to not dirty all the rest of the machines in the further steps of the process.” she explained as the blood flowed to a drain at the bottom of the machine.

“It will take a few minutes before our lovely dog food lady has been completely drained. That is a good pause to introduce her to all of you. She isn’t a random volunteer woman, but something very special, at least for one of you. Some of you may have recognized her, but the girl we are processing today is none else than the mom of your classmate Luke! Please give him a small applause for having his mom fulfill the important role of meat in today’s demonstration.” the worker explained, smiling wide.

Luke looked baffled at his class as they turned to look at him. What is happening, what is happening, his mind was still going in circles. His mom was dead... just a moment ago he had walked into the building with her, but now she was being drained from her blood and played around like just meat. The sudden attention didn’t help the shock at all.

“Aww, you seem a bit out of your mind.” the worker said. “I assume she didn’t tell you about it in advance? Don’t worry, you will get over it soon. It was what she wanted. It is better this way, you will see.” the worker talked to Luke. “Your mom will make great dog food.” she said before turning back towards the machine.

His mom had wanted this, Luke repeated the worker’s words in his mind. Wanted to... be killed and to be eaten by dogs? She had never said anything about that. Luke looked at his mom, or what was left of her. The blood flow was slowly starting to slow down as the body was running out of it. She had smiled at him before she had been killed, Luke remembered. ‘See you just in a

minute', she had said. She had planned that all that time?

"It seems that Luke's mom is starting to dry up." Mrs. Miller noted. Only single drops of blood dripped out of Olivia's wounds and her usually warm toned skin looked pale and cold. "That means that we can finally get into washing her."

Like her words had been the command the machine had waited for, a new part of the machine started to move. One long appendage moved under the woman, while another lingered over her. A stream of water bursted out of both of the appendages with high pressure, hitting the body between them. They slowly turned around the body, adding a bit of soap to the mix, while two extra arms with brushes washed the body. It looked a lot like a car wash, as the mix of water, soap and brushes violated Olivia. There was no way that a living woman could have bared the attack, but the dead body didn't care about such things as oxygen or soap getting into its mouth.

After doing two rounds around the body, the soap and brushes ceased, letting the water jets wash the rest of the soap away. In a few moments, even they stopped, and Olivia's body was finally free. All the blood from before was washed away, and with her hair dripping down wet, she almost looked like she had only taken a long shower. At least if you ignored her limpness, the ever weirder expression on her face, and the hole in her forehead.

"Now watch closely, this is definitely the most fun part of this phase." the worker noted.

The robotic arms holding Luke's mom in the air turned her around again, this time to a standing position, still in the air. With her body completely limp, she looked like a live-like ragdoll. Two extra robotic arms took her legs and spread them wider, while a third took her head, and aimed it upwards. Standing in the weird pose, her chest and privates open for all the world to see, a pipe was lowered down to her head, and into her mouth.

At first, the class couldn't see the water, but they could hear it. With similar pressure to before, the pipe started to spray water straight to the woman's throat, and from there, to her stomach. "Now we will see if she skipped her breakfast as asked." the worker said. The class watched mesmerized as Olivia's belly expanded as water streamed in. First to expand was her lower chest, making it bulge unnaturally, before it started to shrink as the water was forced through some barrier. Soon her lower belly started to expand uncontrollably.

"It seems that we have a blockage." the worker said as Olivia's lower belly started to look like she was expecting a very deformed baby. She took a wooden pole next to the machine, and poked the woman's belly from a distance. For the first two tries the pole was deflected by the water-balloon like belly, but the third try worked as the worker hit just under Olivia's belly button. That seemed to release the blockage, as the deformed water-baby started to move ahead, bulging the woman's belly here and there. It looked like she had a large worm moving in circles inside her, doing circles inside her. But unlike a worm, the water had only one way to exit.

The class watched the mom's body in a mix of curiosity and disgust as the water streamed towards the exit. A low rumble was heard from inside the body, similar to one made by water streaming in a

watering hose. It grew nearer and higher as the water came closer to the asshole of Luke's mom. The hole let out a weird flappy hissing sound as the water forced the air inside to escape ahead of its way, a bit like a normal fart but with much more force.

In one last loud crescendo, the water got to the end of its trip. "Ew!" one of the girls in the front of the class said and stepped back as the stream rushed out of Olivia's butt. It exited out of the woman's body as a jet, but unlike the stream in, the stream out wasn't only clear water. The water was colored brown as the woman's colon was cleaned inside out, and pieces of scat were scattered on the sewer entrance underneath.

There was two kinds of reactions from the class. Some were disgusted, grimacing and turning away from the show, while others were amused and giggled, as more of the brown goo flowed out of the body. The water cleaned Olivia's body efficiently, and only after a few minutes of poop-water, it started to clear. First it turned to lighter brown as the half digested matter was ejected from the body, and then to blue for a second or two as the woman's breakfast blueberry smoothie was thrown into the sewer. Her insides filled with water, Olivia's body didn't let much noises except for the hissing sound of her asshole acting as a waterhose.

"It seems we have a rule breaker here." the worker noted jokingly at the blue mess before it disappeared into the sewer.

"Blue poop!" one of the boys laughed, with many others joining. Even Luke couldn't help but give a smile to the silly sight.

After a little while the water flowing from Olivia's ass started to turn clear, only small bits of undigested food getting out now and then. That was when the input stream was closed. As the pressure was reduced, the strength of the butt-hose also slowed down. The class watched giggling as the rest of the water slowly flowed out of the woman's butt, now completely clear. A pair of machine arms finished the job by pressing the body from the front and behind, forcing the last of the water out.

Clean in and out, and wet to the core, Luke's mom was laid back on the conveyor belt by the machine. With clicks her arms and legs were locked in place, not that she would be trying to escape anymore.

"Now that our dog food girl is completely cleaned, it is time to remove everything extra from her. Not all of a girl is edible for dogs after all! Follow her to the next machine!" Mrs. Miller explained. The conveyor belt started to roll again, taking the body of Olivia out of the first machine, and towards the next one. The sweet faint scent of soap lingered in the air as the body moved through the factory, just to end up inside the second one. She looks so restful, Luke thought as he watched his mom. Almost like she wasn't even dead...

The second machine was somewhat larger than the first one, with more and sturdier robotic arms dormant in its walls, waiting for a woman to process.

Before the class could even properly settle in front of the glass wass of the machine, a pair of large flames flashed to life from the top of the machine's inside. Startled, the kids in the front took a step back.

"Don't worry, it is just to burn off her body hair." the worker explained, as the flames moved over the woman's body. It seemed to work. After the flame pulled back from Olivia's crotch, only smooth skin was left behind, with no hints of the pubic hair. "Her hair will be removed later." the worker added when the flames stopped, Olivia's hair still intact.

Next to move were two large cleaver arms. Robotic arms pulled Luke's mom's arms and legs wide apart. The cleavers didn't hesitate, but with clear cuts, cut off the woman's hands. The hands offered no resistance to the blades, instead letting them through without even making a sound except for the low thump as the blades hit the table underneath. Not a drop of blood left Olivia's arm stumps as the cleavers moved to her legs. With similar efficiency, her feet were cut off. Again, only a single drop of blood escaped the wound of revealed muscle and bone.

"The feet and hands are the most tricky part of a woman when she is turned to dog food." the worker explained as the robotic arms kept moving Olivia's body around. They hanged her with her chest downwards over a deep tray, arms and legs in a wide X-position. "The bones in them are too small to be removed easily, and they are too bony to be used as dog snacks as they are. Larger dogs could get too eager with them, and swallow the small bones. That would be a choking hazard. It is why we have to throw them away. But don't worry, they still get used as fertilizer." Mrs. Miller explained.

As the cleavers retracted, a rolling blade reached under the woman. It started just over the mom's pussy, slicing into her belly like it was butter. The swirling sound of the blade got deeper as it ate into the woman's flesh with ease. The class watched as it sliced the woman's belly open, past her sternum up to her clavicles. A pair of robotic arms took the sides of the cut, pulling the mom's chest wide open. Several sounds of disgust were heard from the class as the organs of the woman started to hang out of her body, but no one could look away out of curiosity.

"That is gross." a girl said, as a few robotic arms reached into Olivia's open belly, and started to cut things off of her body.

"No need to be crossed out by it. It is just normal handling of meat." Mrs. Miller noted. Some of the woman's intestines started to drop into the tray underneath her, with more organs following soon after. They slapped against each other and the tray wet and meaty as the machine emptied the woman like a can of tuna. "Every one of us is meat, and this is just a normal part of how it is handled. Many of you will also end up as dog food when you get older, so the same will happen to you." the worker explained. It managed to quiet down the girl.

Luke watched as the machine casually pulled out his mother's liver, kidneys, stomach, lungs, heart and many organs he didn't even recognize. All of them got on the same tray, letting out a silent moist slap as they were dropped on the top of the pile. He could even recognize the womb and ovaries, which looked just like in the sex ed class book. All his siblings that could have been, but

never were. He was going to be an only child. It was weird to see her being... disassembled like that. However she was supposed to be dog food, and she had wanted it... It was still hard to get over the fact it was his mom being processed. Or that he would never get to talk to her again.

“Unlike the feet and hands, the organs won’t go to waste. They will be turned into special doggy treats. For example, the liver is full of important nutrients, so it will be used as a special nutrient supplement for dogs in need. The heart is a popular snack to buy for a dog on special occasions, and the intestines make great sausage casings.” the worker explained as the rest of the organs were removed. After getting everything out, the robotic arms pulled out, and the tray holding the organs moved out of the machine from a side door.

After emptying the body, the robotic arms turned the body around on its back and laid it on a metallic table. Once again large blades turned alive and reached for the helpless body in front of them. “The last thing to remove are the bones. You don’t want to have bone shards in your dog food!” the worker explained as the blades dug into Olivia’s arms.

The blades cut her arms like they had with her belly, down to the bone the whole length of her arm. Two robotic arms once again spread the wound, revealing the bone inside. Third arm reached for the bone, and after a bit of extra cutting, pulled it out whole. The bones scratched a bit against each other at the joints as they were removed, clicking and scratching, and they made a wet plup-sound as they were pulled from their home. The meat of the arm around it was mostly undamaged, except for the cut. Luke watched as his mother’s body resembled her mom less by every second as her limbs were stripped from their bones into weird slabs of meat. The exposed meat up and the skin side down, Olivia’s body was weirdly wide, flat and meaty red.

The arms repeated the same process to the mom’s legs, leaving them as meaty slabs too, before reaching for the bones of her torso. “The bones will also not be wasted.” the worker explained as the class watched mesmerized at the machine in work. “They will make great chewing bones. The arm and leg bones are by far the most popular, but hip bone and ribs also have their buyers.” she explained as the machine pulled out some of the mom’s ribs. It was surprising to see how many bones there in fact were in a person, as all of them were laid into a neat pile on a tray next to the body.

With the spine added last onto the pile, Olivia’s body was finally bone-free, except for her head. Like her organs moments before, the tray with a bone pile disappeared through a side door. “The organs and bones are processed in a different part of the factory. We however follow the trip of the rest of the body. In fact, it is time to move to the next machine.” Mrs. Miller explained joyfully as the body was laid back onto the conveyor belt.

Luke watched as what was left of his mother rolled out of the second machine. She was still recognizable as a person, but only barely. Her body was spread out as flat slabs of meat, like a coat taken off of a skeleton. Only her head, still in the silly expression from before, revealed it was his mom. Even her recognizable pair of large breasts were unnaturally bent downwards with the rest of her belly like the outside of a jacket, even though her head faced upwards. There isn’t much

she is useful for anymore, he noted. But there is only one thing she is needed for anymore, he reminded himself. She is dog food.

“Everyone. Everyone!” Mrs. Miller had to shout a little to get the class’ attention. Everyone had gotten very chatty seeing the normal mom from before being turned into a barely recognizable meat slab. Some were talking and giggling excited and amused, while others were more thoughtful. It seemed like everyone had something to say about the situation. “Everyone!” only the third shout managed to silence the class.

“There is only one thing to do before we can throw our meat into the grinder.” she explained, standing in front of the third machine of the disassembly line. “The body needs to be cut into smaller parts to make the grinding process easier. But before that, you may notice that one part of the body is surprisingly intact.” the worker said, and pointed at Olivia’s head.

“That is for a reason. Usually we sell the heads of the bodies as special doggy treats. It is extra fun for your dog to gnaw the tasty meat off a complete head, especially as a special treat is waiting for them inside! However, that wouldn’t be too interesting, so I have something more fun for you today.” the worker explained.

As Mrs. Miller talked, the machine behind her cut off the head from the body with one single cut. A robotic arm moved it to a side room of the machine, while the main machine worked on the body in the main room. A large set of blades and arms started to assault the body in the main room, cutting it down to fist sized lumps of meat. However the worker waved the class to follow her to the glass wall of the side room, in which the head laid. As they did, they could hear the blades swirling, and the wet sounds of pieces of flesh hitting against each other and the table in the room next to them.

“What is a better way to end a dog food’s journey than a bit of an explosion? See that weight up there?” she asked, pointing at a metallic cube at the top of the room, about a meter in size. “We are going to drop it on the head to give one last splash for you to remember.” she explained. The idea sparked excited chit chat in the class. “The machine is a hydraulic press, and pressing this button will lower the weight.” she said and pointed at a big red button. “Do we have any volunteers to press it? Luke, would you want to do the deed?” she said, turning towards the boy.

Luke was lost for words. He looked at the detached head of his mom, laying on the tray inside the machine, her expression weird and violated. He peeked at the main room, where his mom’s body was losing its shape as it was turned to a pile of irregular red meat cubes. Did he want to do it, did we want to make the last recognizable part of his mom to just go splat? To end her like that, leaving no memory of her behind besides a pile of different kinds of dog snacks?

He however didn’t get to talk before his friend Mike jumped ahead. “Me! Please choose me!” he shouted and took steps towards the machine.

“Sure, come here. Just press the red button when you are ready. It will take a few seconds for the hydraulic press to get down, so keep pressing it. But don’t stand in front of the glass! We want everyone to see it.” the worker explained and stepped away from the button.

The excited boy hopped at the button, barely remembering to stand away from the glass wall. Without hesitation, a wide grin on his face, he pressed the button. The hydraulic press was sprung to life. It started slowly and menacingly lower downwards towards the woman's head placed under it, humming deeply all the way. Mike kept pressing the button, hoping that pressing it harder would speed up the machine. But the machine had its speed, maybe five centimeters per second.

Slowly and steadily the press got to Olivia's head. Luke expected for it to slow down when getting resistance, but his mom's head didn't seem to bother the machine one bit. First the pretty face of the woman was squeezed against the press, but that wasn't enough. The class listened as the skull started to bend under the immense strength of the machine, molding the head into an unnatural shape, the skull making nasty cracking sounds all the while.

The head tried to mold to its new shape for a few moments, but it had its limits. As the weight had pressed the skull to only half of its original height, the bone and skin couldn't hold the pressure anymore. With a loud splat the skull cracked into small pieces like an egg shell. The pieces took the skin over them with them, making pieces of the head explode around the press. Just a few seconds after that the squishy brain joined them as the hydraulic press made it into a paste. The whole time the press didn't slow one bit as it destroyed the head on its way. It caused one last explosion at the last second of its journey, forcing the head matter that was still under it to eject all around the room with high speed as it hit the metallic table at the bottom. Pieces of the skull, brain and everything else that had made Olivia's head hit the walls of the room, including the front facing glass wall, painting them red and pink with gore. For a second the whole class was in shock as one lonely and half-crushed eyeball slowly drained down the glass wall.

"Woohoo! That was awesome! I want to do that again!" Mike shouted excitedly. The class joined the excitement, bursting into spontaneous laughter and applause. Even Luke couldn't resist joining it. It was his mom but... that had looked great.

"Now, now, calm down everyone. We don't have more heads to pop for today. If you liked it so much, you should ask your mom if she would let you pop her head." the worker proposed. Mike looked thoughtful, with a grin rising on his face. "Now, get back to your class." she hushed the boy to his classmates. The boy did so, still grinning.

"It seems that the main machine has just finished with the body." Mrs. Miller noted as the body in the main room was now nothing but a pile of meat cubes. You could barely recognize some parts as human, like one with half of Olivia's breast, but just barely.

"That means that there is only one step left. The grinding!" the worker said with excitement, echoed by the class.

The group of kids followed the tray of meat to the last machine. It was the largest so far, and they had to climb a staircase to get to the viewing platform. The machine was one giant meat grinder, with glass walls on its sides to stop anything from getting out. The tray of Olivia's meat slowly rose to the top of the grinder on the conveyor belt. "Watch now." the worker said as it reached the top.

Luke did as asked. He watched as the tray was tilted, letting the pile of meat drop straight into the grinder. The grinder hungrily took the offering, mincing Luke's mom's meat with ease. There was no resemblance left to the loving mom Olivia had been as her meat cubes mashed together into a mess inside the machine. The gaping maw of metallic teeth grinded the meat, gurgling as it turned it into a wet paste. In just a few moments, the machine ate the load it was given.

The other end of the machine, a floor before, sprung to life. A conveyor of dog food cans, four per row, started to move. For a second a row stopped under a set of hoppers. The class watched as a red paste filled the cans to the brim, before the machine moved, letting a new set of cans to their place. Next the cans got their covers, finishing them. A row after row, a new batch of Dog Heaven dog food was spurred from the machine to a basket at the end of the conveyor line. The kids chatted to each other as the machine finally stopped, having emptied the very last of Olivia's meat into the ready-to-eat cans of dog food.

"There you go, the final product." Mrs. Miller said as he guided the class to the basket of dog food. "Dog Heaven, the best brand for those who want only the best for their dogs. All made from women, with just a bit of taste enhancers and preservatives added in." he said as he took one can into his hand. The familiar logo of a doberman with a woman's breast in its fangs decorated its side. "All thanks to the lovely mother of your classmate, Luke." she lifted the can in the air.

"Now, do any of you have dogs?" the worker asked.

About half of the kids raised their hands, with Luke being the last of them. "Alright everyone who has a dog, form a line. You will get a little souvenir!" she winked. It was enough to get the class moving.

Every kid who had a dog got a can of the batch. Luke watched as the worker gave him his one, and after a second of hesitation, a second one. "I'm sure your dog will love it" she winked to Luke, who grinned back. He peek into the basket. Quite a few cans were still left behind. Guess some dog would get to enjoy them too, he thought.

"It is just like one that was made of my big sister." one the girls in the class noted, looking at the can.

Luke looked at his one. He turned it around, curious to see if there would be a picture, or something of his mom... but nothing. No picture, no name, no nothing. It was just like every other can of dog food. He wouldn't have known it was his mom if he hadn't seen her getting processed into it.

"They all look the same." the worker said. "But all of them are made from women and girls like us... someone's loved one in every bite." she smiled proudly.

"Luke! Luke!" his father's words echoed from downstairs.

“What!” Luke shouted back, putting away his homework. Or more factually, the phone he had used to procrastinate on the homework.

“Have you fed Max!?” his father replied.

“I will!” he shouted back and stood up. He put away his phone and the tik tok video of his friend Mike with an anvil hanging over his mom’s head, missing the highlight of Mike dropping it on her. It didn’t matter much, he had seen tens of those videos of ‘Splatting’ already.

Luke ran down the stairs, and to the food closet. “Max! Food!” he shouted. The family’s golden retriever was there in just a second after hearing the magical word.

Luke took a random can of dog food from the shelf without looking at it and headed to Max’s food cup. The dog was wagging its tail wildly as Luke opened the can of Dog Heaven in a hurry. He wanted to get back to his phone as soon as possible. He opened the can and quickly emptied the red-brown mush of minced meat to Max’s plate. The only recognizable thing in the mush was a lonely nipple. It was the first thing the golden retriever gulped down.

Luke giggled a little as he put the empty can away. The dog was devouring the food, tail wagging as excited as ever, obviously loving the taste. “Thanks mom.” Luke said before running back to his room.