

A Tasty Little Treat

November 2021

It came just when you were least expecting it: the heavy, filthy hand descending on your shoulder. The ungodly weight and stench bearing you down to the leaf-covered forest floor. The sudden shriek of terror escaping your lips... only to be muted into silence as the taste of dirt and wet grass filled your mouth.

Of course you struggled: struggled with the adrenaline-fueled panic of a young woman fighting blindly for her very life. But in the end, your slender muscles had simply stood no chance against the two burly ogres that had seized you. The rough ropes had bitten and jerked tight around you, driving the very breath from your ribcage. Rough fingers had ripped your skirt free and jammed wads of it deep into your mouth, silencing your shuddering wails for help. Your ankles and wrists had been bound appallingly tightly, and you'd lost feeling in them almost before they'd hoisted you up over one filthy shoulder and carted you, a quivering and whimpering captive, into the ominous shadows of the gathering dusk.

At least they were dim-witted, you reflected now as you listened to them arguing back and forth, growing increasingly angry as time dragged by. Still, it was undeniably blood-curdling to hear them debating the proper way to cook you. Stewed? No, of course not. That's what one did with rabbits. Boiled? They didn't have a pot big enough. Fried? Not enough fat on that scrawny little thing to spit with – or so they said.

Naturally, you shuddered when they finally hit upon the solution: roasting you whole. Visions of flames filled your vision – agonizing thoughts of being seared with heat, suffocated with smoke, screaming as the sparks ate deeper into your flesh... No, no, no – they couldn't. They wouldn't! And you found yourself morbidly hoping, almost pleading, that they would do the merciful thing and kill you outright before subjecting you to such- such-

No such luck, of course. Impatient as they were to get on with their preparations, the two ogres were far too dim-witted to even recollect the inconvenient fact that you were still alive. "Missus'll be back soon," the uglier of the two grunted, hoisting you up from the heap of dirt they'd tossed you onto. "She'll want 'er supper, too! Come on, Gorp! Get a move on!"

But Gorp, perhaps a bit more refined in his culinary technique, demurred. "Wot? An' not even season her?" he demanded, eyeing your filthy and still-bound form. "You dumbhead! 'Ere, lemme have 'er. She needs cleaning first, and a right good seas'nin'!" And then he was tugging you from

the other's stinking grasp, and you almost fainted as he leered full in your face. "She's gonna make a fine dish fer the missus, jest you wait!"

And then Gorp ordered his grumbling companion off – to get "fixin's," as he termed them. "I'll clean 'er while ye're gone," he rumbled, and you winced as he tossed you face-down over his reeking knee. "Now get yerself a move on, Gawp! We ain't got all night!" *How nice of you to kill me quickly,* you mused with a brief, morbid flash of gallows humor. *Go on, just get it over with already...*

But no. The cruel ropes loosened under the ogre's clumsy fingers, and the wadded skirt slipped from your dry and aching mouth, and you found yourself for one shining moment free. But then his hands closed around you once more, and with a frightful sound of tearing, he peeled off in one rough movement the remnants of your skirt, your petticoats, your bodice, and even your drawers. There you hung: naked, exposed, stripped bare and nude as a plucked chicken.

"Still dirty," he muttered, and you shrieked as he lofted you into the air like a child tossing a doll. "Aw, hush yer squawkin'!" And then the breath was driven out of you as you felt yourself thrust headfirst into a massive bucket of lukewarm – and murky – water. In and out and in and out he worked you, until you were spluttering and gasping and shuddering with icy terror. *He's- he's going to drown me-*

No, not lucky there, either. Back to the fire Gorp dragged you, dripping and shivering, and there forced you down over his knees once more. "Can't have ye flopping about," he muttered, and then the ponderous weight of a stout wooden pole, thick as your own slender bicep, was pressing down upon your bare and defenseless back. "No- no!" you pleaded as you witnessed that hairy hand of his reaching for the ropes so recently removed. But of course the lout only grunted and hastened with his task: of lashing you fast to the spit upon which you would shortly be roasted.

The brute must have been a Boy Scout – or a bondage fiend – in another life. Or maybe he had simply been bored out of his skull for hours at a time, and whiled away the afternoons practicing his knots. Whatever the case, it wasn't more than ten minutes before you realized that you stood zero chance of slipping free. Your arms, bound behind you in a praying position, were caught in a half-dozen tight loops; your entire torso was secured to the pole with crisscrossing ropes setting your bare breasts bulging free; your thighs and legs drawn up beneath you like a frog... or rather, like a rabbit ready for roasting. You and the pole would rotate as one now – and there was nothing you could do but whimper in your bonds and pray for the nightmare to end.

Of course it didn't.

"At last!" Gorp bellowed, as Gawp came trudging out of the shadows at last, a giant sack slung over one shoulder. "Give it 'ere, now. I'm starvin'!" And before your very eyes – for Gorp had thoughtfully leaned you and your spit against a handy tree nearby – the contents were spilled forth. Grubby carrots, dirty potatoes, wrinkled apples, hairy skins bulging with unidentifiable liquids... Gawp had clearly done well in finding "fixin's". Fixings, that is, which were destined to transform you from a young woman into a roasted delicacy.

"'Ere, now – let's flavor 'er up!" Gorp approached you with a greasy-looking skin in his hands, and you eyed him fearfully as he held the spout up to your trembling lips. "Gotta soak in the flavor," he grunted, as with one hand he pried open your quivering mouth and with the other began to pour a dark-red stream of liquid down your throat. *God- no- what is this-?!* It was wine – abominable wine, stale and warm and with a sickly, greasy aftertaste. But there was nothing to go but gulp and choke and splutter as the rough hands forced ounce after ounce down your throat and into your poor stomach...

When you were ready to retch at the bloated state of your belly, he mercifully stopped – then shuffled back with another skin. "Apple will be good," he offered by way of explanation, before the world tilted and you found yourself hanging upside down, nauseated and trembling on the brink of vomiting. He'd spun your spit around, apparently with the aim of reaching your- your-

No- Please, no, not that-

There was no time to wonder at precisely how this brute had figured out how to fill a carcass from its nether end. Perhaps he'd stumbled across a hollow cane of some sort, or bamboo. You were far too busy fighting back your nausea – and growing inebriation – while the lukewarm flow of what must have been apple juice flowed steadily into your bowels. *They're- they're marinating me- bloating me- stuffing me from both ends. I'm going to explode-*

But you didn't. For once the flow of juice finally ended, you winced and bit back a scream at the sensation of a hard, penile object slipping into your anus, being pressed firmly forward. It was a carrot: filling your rectum, plugging your lower entrance, and stuffing your tender, virgin ass with its obscenely biological girth. You screamed out as it finally, painfully settled into place... but your captors only grunted at the sound.

"Time to shut 'er gob," Gorp muttered – and then, having spun you back upright once more, his stinking hand was descending onto your contorted face. "'Ere, this'll make ye taste nice!" Your

helpless, protesting mouth stretched and strained beneath his prying fingers, and as your teeth sank deep into the orb being forced into your mouth, the acrid taste of raw onion struck you like a blow. They'd gagged you with a literal onion: covered in dirt, raw and rank and dripping with pungent juice. Your eyes began to smart and water, your tongue to burn, and yet there was nothing you could do but blink through swimming eyes and watch helplessly as your tormenters prepared to make their final preparations.

"Gawp, where's tha butter?" Gorp demanded – and once they'd argued and blustered and finally found it, you found your naked and bound body being basted: quite literally. Clump after oily clump of butter was smeared into your quivering skin, filling your ears, saturating your hair, being roughly pressed into the most sensitive and defenseless corners of your body. You were bloated with juices, dripping with grease, stuffed full of onion and carrot... yes, indeed. Just like a perfect roast dinner.

The fire was crackling. The basting had finished. And so, as the two ogres hoisted you up and began to settle you and your spit down over the intense heat of the flames, you found your senses reeling: as much at your imminent demise as from the intoxicating contents of your bloated belly and the torturous sting of the onion in your dribbling mouth. You were done for. Death would come at last, however slowly. And at this point, that was all you desired.

But then, through the crackle of flames and the clogging grease in your ears, you heard it dimly: a female voice. Not the voice of a human, but a female voice nonetheless: loud, dismayed, angry.

What the voice said, you never quite remembered afterward. But when finally regained your senses, the flames were gone – the onion had vanished – the ropes that had bound you were loosening under ten anxious, if grubby, fingers. "Blast my idiot man an' his lout of a friend," the female ogre was muttering. "Don't even know what's food an' what's a poor, wee babe in need of a ma..." As you blinked up through a haze of alcohol and fear, you felt your gorge rising. You were going to vomit- Couldn't help it-

And when you'd finished, and you'd shuddered as the carrot in your tender ass had been pried free, you sank back against the smelly, rough fabric of your savior's rustic dress. "Fank- ooo," you faltered... and then your bowels were releasing helplessly, sending the juice-filled contents of your intestines spurting out right where you lay.

"Poor dear. Poor liddle babe," came the consoling murmur. And before you swooned and sank down once more into stupefied silence, you heard a phrase that at any other time might have sent you recoiling in terror – but which now sounded for all the world like the comforting voice of a caring

aunt.

"Gonna need to swaddle this 'un. Can't have my new liddle babe messing everything..."

You'd been saved from certain death: granted a new life by this rough but kind-hearted ogress. Yet what exactly your new life was about to become... well, you'd only discover that later.