Good Luck Charlie 3: The Final Chapter

By   
A Cannibal

M/f(14) b10/f (14) F/f oral incest cannibalism

When Charlie was 4 years old most of her family had been killed in a car accident. Her only sister had become depresses and decided to commit suicide.

The older brother had been away at a chef school and after the accident would take food. One day he was snooping on the oldest sister computer and found a video of a woman being barbequed alive.

PJ confronted Teddy who admitted she was thinking of suicide. Instead of trying to talk her out of it her big brother offered to help, especially if she wanted to be cooked alive.

It was PJ’s turn to confess a secret. That was he was learning to cook people and that the meat he brought them to eat was actually her parents and younger brothers.

It turned out well for everyone. Thanks to Teddy’s good taste he was hired to be a personal cannibal chef for a couple in Wyoming. They would adopt Charlie and raise her until she reached a respectable weight when she would be cooked.

At first Bruce and Janice had planned to have her cooked when she reached 65lbs. That didn’t happen because she was useful in keeping other meats calm while they were fatten up for their date with the oven.

She did this by having sex with them. Charlie also showed them the joys of using the hot tub.

They would face the jets and put their sex next to it. The pulsating water would not only excite them sexually, usually for the first time, making that particular part extremely tender when cooked.

One day PJ looked at Charlie and realized she was no longer a child but becoming a fully fledged woman. The first indication was a pair of apple size breast protruding from her once flat chest. Her pussy and legs had hair growing there.

She shaved those regions weekly but he was a chef and had noticed the little strands of hair there between shavings. He was sure his not so little sister’s time was up.

Charlie was out in the hot tub teaching with the latest meat accusation, a 10 year old boy, and the joys of using it. PJ thought this was a good time to speak to his employers.

He found them in the library reading and approached the couple.

“I hate to interrupt your reading, but can we talk about Charlie?”

Both sat their reading material aside and nodded.

Now that he had their attention the chef continued, “As you know it’s Charlie's heart’s desire to be barbequed like her sister was. She is now 14 years old now and if you want her cooked on the BBQ it will have to be soon. It’s going to be too cold in another month to fulfill her wish.”

Bruce nodded as he said, “yeah I guess you’re right.”

“Yes he is, honey. Do you realize we’ve had her with us for 10 years now?” Janice asked her husband.

“No I didn’t that’s a lot longer than we intended to have her live with us. Alright then I guess we can cook her but when?”

Both of them turn their eyes and looked at PJ. He shook his head before saying, “I am only the cook. Charlie is your daughter so you’ll have to make the decision. She’s ready at a moment’s notice. I would recommend though it be by the end of the month, before the weather makes it to uncomfortable for a BBQ.”

“Well she’s you sister so you should have a say as to when she is to be done,” Janice said.

“Charlie doesn’t think of me as her brother any more. I’m the cook and someone to play with occasionally,” PJ said somberly.

“Alright then we’ll talk about with each other as well as Charlie and let you know when it’s to be done,” Bruce told the chef.

Returning to the kitchen he found Charlie and next week’s meat sitting on the counter.

“Bobby wants you to pretend to cook him. I told him how fun it is. That it’s even better then what we do in the hot tub,” the teenager said.

He looked at the boy whose head began bobbing up and down. All the child meat that came here was conditioned to think of themselves as meat.

There was one exception and that was Charlie. Ten years ago she had help cook her older sister. She knew firsthand how much fun being cooked alive was, even if it was pretend.

For the past ten years Charlie at least once a week she would pretend to roast in the oven, but that was mostly in the winter. Summers she would be tied to a spit and taken out back to be barbequed.

PJ would spin her for an hour over artificial coals on low heat. It may have been on low heat, but it was still was hot enough to give the girl a taste of what it would be like when it was done for real.

“What do you say I make a fucking dinner roast then?” the chef asked placing a doublewide roasting pan on the counter.

Charlie liked to be done in the oven that way. It made being cooked that way tolerable. She was a BBQ girl and not a roast, fucking or otherwise.

“Alright since you both just out of the hot tub I won’t have to wash either of you. Charlie I need you to butter your friend and have him do the same thing to you, while I chop some veggies,” PJ told them.

He smiled as he listened to them giggle as they spread butter on to each other. He glace up at one point and noticed Charlie was paying particular attention to the boy’s cock. Bobby was concentrating on rubbing butter into the teenager’s beast meat.

“That should be enough grease on the two that you won’t burn. Now who wants to get into the pan first?”

“It’s Bobby who wants to be cooked in the oven he should go first,” Charlie said.

“And I suppose you only want to go along for the ride?” the cook asked.

She giggled and nodded her head.

“Alright let get the two of you tied up. The sooner you’re in the oven the sooner you can enjoy becoming fucking roasts,” PJ told them.

He wrapped cooking twine around the boy’s and chest pinning his arms to his sides. His legs were tied and the boy meat was put in the roasting pan.

The same was done to Charlie except had to use two pieces of twine to pin the arms. One went above the breasts while the other went under them.

The idea was not to damage that particular part and delay her date with the BBQ pit. She was then put in the pan beside the boy.

PJ seasoned the meat, tossed in some copped vegetables and then they were almost ready to cook.

There was one last thing that needed to be done before they could be popped into the oven.

The two of them lay on their sides staring at each. PJ reach in and spread his sister open with on hand. His other hand was on the boy’s butt and he pushed him inside Charlie’s sex.

That done the chef picked up the pan, which was already vibrating and slid them inside the waiting oven.

Bobby had never been inside a girl and a first didn’t know what to do. However human nature soon kicked in and he began fucking the girl.

Charlie helped too by encouraging with shouts like “Oh yes, Bobby that feels so good.” She would also scream, “Faster, do it faster.”

These were little white lies; the boy did nothing for her sexually. What got Charlie stimulated was having a piece of metal stuck in-between her legs as she was turning over hot coals.

If the teenager needed companionship she would turn to PJ and he would satisfy that need. He had always been there for her and she loved him for that.

The chef opened the oven basted them and shoved the two fucking roasts back in.

After half an hour inside the oven still going at it full tilt. Once again the oven was opened and basted. Before shoving the meat back into cook some more he produced a large apple.

“If I were actually going to cook you two this is the time I’d put the apple in your mouths. To make it a realistic as possible I want you both to bite into this.”

“How long before you take us out?” Charlie asked. She was worried that he might actually leave them in there to cook.

“You could last another 45 minutes but that’s too long for Bobby. I’d say another 15 maybe 20 minutes. That is unless you’d really like to become fucking roasts for real,” PJ explained to them.

Both shook their heads and he nodded before shoving the meats back in. While they continued to screw he prepared dinner tonight, roast hitchhiker.

She had been in her late teens before Janice picked her up and brought her home for dinner. The woman had been in town picking up Bobby. She had planned on a boy for dinner over the weekend.

The girl knew the dangers of hitching but thought she was immune from predators. When Janice pulled over just outside of town and offered her a ride she took it.

Janice made an excuse to stop by the ranch saying bobby had home work to do and that once he was drop off she would take the girl into Cheyenne.

That didn’t happen because as soon as they arrived everyone in the house came out. While introductions were made Bruce slipped behind her and slit her throat.

That had been this morning and now the lovely young blond was about to be out in the oven to roast. PJ stared at the meat and thought it was too bad he didn’t get a chance to enjoy her before she was slaughtered.

He would have enjoyed fucking the 15 or 16 year old virgin. Unfortunately the hitchhiker had to be disposed of quickly in case someone noticed the girl getting in the car and called the sheriff.

Opening the oven the chef pulled the fucking roasts out and replaced it with the dinner roast. He untied them and sent them off to shower.

It wasn’t until after dinner that night that the couple had a chance to talk to their “daughter,” Charlie.

“Sit down Charlie we’re trying to decide when to have you barbecued. PJ says it should be done this month,” her mother said.

There was a shout of joy from the 14 year old.

“When can it be done? I want it done now, but I know it to late today. Can it done tomorrow? Please.”

“Sorry honey, not tomorrow or this week for that matter. We have the hitchhiker to finish eating,” her father explained.

Janice shook her head before Charlie could reply.

“Now don’t start pouting, that the fast track to the oven and we know you don’t want to be roasted that way. You are to be barbequed at the end of the month so hang in there.”

“Alright I’ll do whatever you want, just don’t roast me in that oven. I was made for barbequing,” Charlie said emphatically.

Bruce rubbed his chin in a thinking jester before saying, “you know honey I don’t think either of us has ever tasted our little girl before.”

“Oh alright you may sample her and make sure she going to be tasty as her sister was,” Janice said.

Charlie wondered which sister they were talking about. Then she remembered a red headed girl, a few years older then she was now being barbequed.

She decided it didn’t matter right now. What was important was that she needed to keep her parents happy so she could be barbequed.

Charlie walked over to her father, stood in front of him and spread her legs. Bruce leaned forward and spread the girl’s pussy open, where he began sampling her meat.

Janice sat watching for a few minutes before she got up and walked over to her daughter. Since her husband was sampling the meat between the legs she thought she’d sample the girl tits.

Over the next ½ hour all that be heard in the room were slurping sounds punctuated by shrieks of passion.

“MMM, I think you’re going to be delicious after you’ve barbecued,” Bruce told the teen.

“I think she even tastier than her sister was,” was Janice’s comment.

Charlie was sent out to clean up and while she did the couple talked.

“Her tits are delicious just like her sisters. Are you sure we want to wait until the end of the month?”

“Unfortunately, yes. That’s the 14th anniversary of our adopting her. I think it only fitting we BBQ her then,” Bruce told his wife.

Laughing she said, “You mean have a going away party for her. Her present would be the granting of favorite wish to be barbeques alive.”

When her husband nodded Janice continued, “If it’s ok with you I’d like to have a sample of her pussy while she’s still alive. Is it tasty?”

He nodded replying, “Well that’s up to her. However she a horny little teenager so I sure she’ll agree if you ask her. Oh you’ll find out its very tasty when you sample it.”

Charlie had cleaned up and was ready to get dirty again. Be licked only served to remind the teenager that she hadn’t been fucked by anyone in hours.

Bobby had been fun but did little to satisfy her growing sexual needs. There was only one person who could help her at the moment and that was PJ.

He was always there to help her with that this type of problem.

Finding the chef in the kitchen as usual and she asked, “PJ, can you help me? I got this terrible itch that needs to be scratched. Will you scratch it for me?”

“Well I don’t know? Where does it itch that you can’t scratch it yourself?”

“In here and it really deep,” she said pointing in-between her legs.

“Deep, huh? Then the best way to scratch it to cut it out,” the chef said picking up a knife.

“Um, on second thought it’s not that deep. I think I can scratch it myself, especially if you can’t get it up to do it the right way,” Charlie said with a giggle.

“Alright come with me young lady and I’ll show you I can get it up and scratch that itch for you too,” PJ said taking her hand and leading her to his bedroom.

They enjoy each other for an hour and were resting when PJ brought up the subject of her barbequing,

“I know you had a meeting with you mother and father after dinner. Did they say anything about being barbequed?”

Nodding her head Charlie said, “Uh-huh they said you were going to BBQ me at the end of the month. I wish it was tomorrow though.”

“Well it can’t be tomorrow we have to finish eating that hitchhiker and she’ll probably last into the middle of next week. After that it will be Bobby’s turn to be cooked,” the chef told her.

“Why does he get cooked first? I’ve been here a lot longer than Bobby,” the teenager whined.

“Well I don’t set the menu; your parents do that week or two in advance.”

“PJ, I have that itch again. Can you scratch it for me?”

He laughed and gave her a kiss before climbing on top of her to scratch the troublesome itch. He enjoyed scratching her itch and she had to have it done several times during the night, so she ended up sleeping with PJ the whole night.

In the morning the chef was the first to wake and decide to sample of the BBQ meat. He started with her breasts.

PJ started sucking on them and his tongue dance over one of the nipples. He even bit down on it and pulled ever so gently.

The girl was still asleep when he moved between her legs and licked her sweet cunny. PJ even got his sister to moan in her sleep.

Up on finish his taste test Charlie opened her eyes and smiled saying, “that’s a nice way to awaken.”

“How long have you awake?”

“Since you started nibbling on me,” she giggled.

“Well played,” PJ said tousling her hair.

Over the next week Charlie was busy. During the day she played sex games with Bobby. At night she would sleep with PJ, although there wasn’t much sleeping involved.

They two future meats made good use of the hot tub by nuzzling sexes up to the jets. This was important particularly for the boy, the chef wanted his boyhood nice and tender when it came to the table.

It was Sunday morning when a sleepy eyed Bobby came into the kitchen. PJ scooped the naked boy up and placed him on the center counter.

“I’m going to turn you into food today,” the chef said to the delight of the boy.

He was so happy that his little pecker became stiff. The chef scrubbed him with steel wool until his skin tuned pink.

Charlie came in from PJ’s bedroom and smiled. If they were going to have Bobby for dinner tonight then she could be barbequed next week.

“Ah just in time, his cock need to be buttered and I know how much you like do that.”

She liked helping the chef cook the meat, especially if they were a boy. Charlie ran to the fridge and got a stick of butter.

The teenager began to rub the butter around, over the stiff shaft as well as under it. He was enjoying the sensation so much that he didn’t see the chef come over with a syringe.

PJ jab it into his ball sack filling it with wine. The boy had no natural juices to cook his pea size balls in so they would be cooked in grape juice.

Seasoning was sprinkled over the meat and freshly chopped vegetables toss over the squirming meat. The boy wanted to get in the oven so he could start cooking.

Like in the practice runs the oven was set to low so he could enjoy the process of going from cute little boy to delicious tasting meat.

Charlie like always claimed a set in front of the oven and watched. She had always been fascinated by the cooking process.

Today was no exception as the teenager watch as the boy’s skin went from white to red all the time his penis bouncing.

When the chef pull the meat out she was right there to give him encouragement.

She would say, “You smell delicious. Wow, your starting to turn brown.”

PJ pulled the boy out for a basting and notice his labored breathing. From experience he knew the meat wouldn’t be alive much longer.

“Time for his going away present,” the chef said handing an apple to the girl.

She was thrilled to be able to put the traditional apple in his mouth. Charlie had never been allowed to do this before.

“Ok meat, open wide,” she said showing him the apple.

The boy smiled opened his mouth and received the fruit. Before he could be shoved back to cook his eyes grew huge and his body jerked several times and he laid still forever more.

“That’s the show, Charlie, why don’t you go to the hot tub and tenderize your filet some more,” he said.

PJ watch his young teenage sister run out of the kitchen. She was going to make one good looking BBQ next week.

The teenager spent the next few hours’ either soaking in the hot water or nuzzled up to the jets.

It was with great reluctance she got out of the hot tub for dinner.

She got the boy’s cock being she was instrumental in tenderizing it. Charlie enjoyed it immensely and wondered what she’d taste like next week.

“Am I still going to be barbequed next week?” she asked.

Her father laughed and said, “Yes we haven’t even ordered any new meat. That’s to ensure you’ll be cooked next week.”

Her mother nodded saying, “I’m thinking you’ll make a lovely Sunday dinner.”

Charlie bounced up and down in her seat. She was both excited and anxious about being barbequed next week.

“Now then we want you to spend a lot of time in the hot tub to tenderize yourself. I also want you to spend a lot of time with PJ. If he’s too tired to tenderize you I’ll do it,” Bruce said glancing at his wife.

Janice understood it had to be done. Of course that didn’t mean she had to like it.

Cunt filets and breast meat were the best cuts on girls. With that in mind she wanted Charlie’s filet to be tender because she was sure Bruce would share it with her.

Charlie left the dinner table searching for PJ. He wasn’t in the kitchen so she tried his bedroom.

“Dad says I need to be tenderized a lot over the next week. Can you start doing that to me now?” she said upon bursting into his room.

He had an open door policy for Charlie meaning she could come in anytime she wanted without knocking.

The chef reasoned that the visits to his room were for sex.

If he had sex with one of the girl’s that were passing through to the dinner table then he had it in the kitchen. Sometime he even Charlie on the center island if she were to pretending to be cooked.

“Well, I guess I’ll have to tenderize you then.”

She didn’t make it downstairs until the next morning. The two of them spent most of the night inside of each other.

“Have some pancakes with lots and of butter and syrup. You don’t want you to lose any weight before you go to the BBQ.” The she said placing half a dozen flapjacks in-front of her.

She gobbled them down and also drank two tall glasses of whole milk. He thought if she kept eating like the she might add a couple of pounds by the end of the week.

“PJ that itch has come back,” she said later in the day.

“It has? I suppose you want me to scratch it in the usual way.”

She giggled and led the way up to his room. There he scratched the itch for her with his cock.

While resting PJ said, “I going to miss being able to scratch that itch after Sunday. Hmm maybe I should see about postponing the BBQ until next summer.”

A horrified Charlie shook her head adamantly, “no! I need to be barbequed this weekend!”

The chef laughed as said, “Yes you do. I have no other meat to cook other than you. I think that the way your parents plan it too.”

Nodding she explained, “Mom and dad said they didn’t get anymore meat because they wanted to eat me and then they did. Dad munched on my cunny while mom sucked my tits.”

“If you liked it ask them again. I’m sure they’ll be willing to oblige you again, but that can wait until tomorrow,” he said and attacked the teenage.

Bruce and Janice snacked that night on crackers and liver pâté. They washed it down with a nice bottle of burgundy. The couple knew PJ’s most important job right now was to tenderize the meat for Sunday’s BBQ.

On Friday Charlie wondered around the house. She found her dad.

“Dad will you tenderize me now?”

That was what he’d been waiting 10 long years to hear.

“Of course I will. Let’s do it right here on the couch.”

In this household the meat had the right to say who had her also his wife. However this was within the specified time that she would him to play with the food. In a few days the girl would be turning over some hot coals and she needed to be relaxed.

Bruce inserted his tongue inside her and licked. His daughter was already wet with anticipation.

He pushed inside Charlie and enjoyed her. As for the girl it was good sex but he was no PJ. The chef got her excited but her dad didn’t.

After a certain amount of time she pretended to have an orgasm. She wanted the chef to tenderize her and to do it in the kitchen.

She let her dad finish with her and then slink back to the kitchen.

“Can you tenderize me right now? Dad not as much fun as you,” Charlie explained.

“I’d like that but I have to get lunch ready. You parents are having Bobby sandwiches. As for you I’m afraid it liquids from now on. You don’t want to have to be clean out the hard way.”

She had seen how it was done and didn’t like the idea of having a hose rammed up her butt. The girl could go without food for a couple of days.

The best thing for you to do for the next hour is to tenderize yourself in the hot tub. He could her laughter all the way out of the kitchen.

The chef pureed some fruits and added generous splash of wine and took it out to Charlie.

“You lunch my lady,” PJ said setting the glass within easy reach of the girl. She was too busy at the moment to notice much of anything around her.

He served the sandwiches with cheese and a red wine to the couple. He then told them he had put their daughter on a liquid only diet to clean her system out.

He was demised and told he could tenderize Charlie the rest of the day. He returned to the kitchen to find the teenager sitting in a chair.

“Tenderize me right here. I want to be made love to here, where I’ll be prepared for the BBQ in a couple days,” she said breathlessly.

PJ scooped her up and place her on the center island. He didn’t care where he had her as long as he had her. There wasn’t much time left to tenderize this particular meat girl.

The two spent half an hour there before moving up stairs to PJ’s room until Saturday morning. In the kitchen he made the girl a breakfast shake out of melted ice-cream.

He sighed and went to his desk and opened a draw. Pulling out a flash drive out he plugged into his computer.

“Charlie come here I want you to see something,” the chef said.

He sat her down in the chair in-front of the computer.

“I don’t know if you remember your older sister but 10 years ago she made this message for you. I haven’t looked at it because I think it was for you personally, sister to sister. I’ll be outside making sure the BBQ pit is ready for tomorrow. She watched PJ leave before hitting the play button.

A few minutes later she walked out to PJ.

“Teddy said you were my brother.” She waited for an acknowledgment before continuing, “You should have told me.”

“I would have but I thought you not let me tenderize you if you found out.”

“Why should that matter? I’m meat as of tomorrow. You can tenderize me anytime you want. Anyway I have a vague memory of Teddy being barbecued and I think that why I’ve always want it to be done to me, because she had a good time until the end.”

The two walked back into the kitchen where Janice and Bruce were waiting.

“PJ you have the day off so you can tenderize the meat. Take your sister to your room and enjoy her. We’ll see the two of you in the morning,” Bruce said.

The brother and sister rushed out of the kitchen. Soon happy sounds filter down to the kitchen.

“I imagine that filet is going to be nice and tender by tomorrow,” Janice said looking up at the ceiling.

Sunday morning found Charlie sitting in the hot tub watching PJ pour charcoal into the BBQ pit and set it ablaze. Janice came around to the hot tub and knelt down next to Charlie.

“I never got a taste of your pussy raw. Would you mind if I had a sample now?”

For an answer the meat slid out of the hot tub and lay out on the concrete next to it. She let her mother lick her until PJ came over.

“Sorry to interrupt but the meat has a long time to cook, if you want BBQ girl tonight.”

Janice stood up saying, “she’s all you chef.”

A wobbly Charlie was escorted to the kitchen where she was weighed. He had 110 pounds of lush meat to cook which translated into 6 hours of over the coals.

He would add another hour for play which meant she could be on the dinner table by 4 or 5 this afternoon.

She was help onto the center island and scrubbed until there was a nice pink color to her skin. The girl then felt a cold piece of metal laid across the middle of her back and felt herself lashed to it.

Charlie was hoisted into the air and saw the BBQ pit coming closer. She then heard the clang of the spit hitting the Y bars and felt an intense heat rise up to hit her body.

Moments later Charlie felt something cool being brushed onto her skin. At the same time she felt something slide inside her pussy.

PJ had slid the stabilizer into place while Bruce painted the meat with BBQ sauce. Janice was at her head saying to hang in there that she’d soon be turning once the stabilizer was locked into place.

That was what happened a minute later. It was a relief for Charlie when she began to rotate. The meat hadn’t wanted to complain least she be taken off and not be barbequed.

Charlie soon began humping the stabilizer and moaning happily. PJ spun her slowly while Bruce and Janice now sat in lounge chairs watching the meat cook while sipping wine.

Occasionally one or the other would come over and spread more BBQ sauce on her. Charlie became meat right on time and hour later.

One minute she was humping the stabilizer then her eyes went wide and a huge grin appeared on her face. Then everything was quite except for the squeaking of the spit as it turned.

Everyone was sad but this was what Charlie had wanted for 10 years. The couple returned to the house and the chef hooked up the chain that would automatically turn the meat.

He’d still have to watch his sister cook to make sure she didn’t burn. By hour five she smelled delicious and looked delicious.

The chef slather on more BBQ sauce and went to the kitchen to make the side dishes. By the time they were done so was the meat.

He wheeled a cart out with a platter on it and slid the meat on to it. Untying his sister from the spit the chef arranged her so she would look beautiful when she was served. There little cherry tomatoes outlining her body.

The meat’s red hair, which had been in a bun on top of her head, was combed out and tucked under her shoulders. The girl’s eyes were opened so she could “watch” them eat her body last a big red apple was place in the meat’s mouth.

Charlie was wheel into the dining room where Bruce and Janice sat and placed in the middle of the table.

“Sit, join us as we dine on your sister,” Bruce said.

“I think it’s only appropriate that you get the filet since you did most of the tenderizing of it,” Janice said.

Bruce did the craving and placed the meat on PJ’s plate. He and Janice each took a breast. A 53 chateau margaux was poured into crystal glasses and a toast was offered by Bruce.

“Thank you Charlie for letting us dine on your beautiful body. And thank PJ for suggesting we adopt Charlie as meat.”

The glasses clinked and the wine drained. Only then did they begin eating the Charlie.

“Mmm this is fantastic. You did a great job on barbequing both of your sisters,” Janice said as she munched on a tender tit.

The chef found his sister’s cunny was excellent, but he knew it would be from all the times he tasted it over the last 10 years. It had been delicious then too.

“I can’t take all the credit. Mr. Hot Tub did a lot of the work too,” PJ said.

They all laugh and toasted the hot tub.

THE END