



Fifty Shades of Chicken: A Parody in a Cookbook

F.L. Fowler

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Dripping Thighs, Sticky Chicken Fingers, Vanilla Chicken, Chicken with a Lardon, Bacon-Bound Wings, Spatchcock Chicken, Learning-to-Truss-You Chicken, Holy Hell Wings, Mustard-Spanked Chicken, and more, more, more!

Fifty chicken recipes, each more seductive than the last, in a book that makes every dinner a turn-on.

“I want you to see this. Then you’ll know everything. It’s a cookbook,” he says and opens to some recipes, with color photos. “I want to prepare you, very much.” This isn’t just about getting me hot till my juices run clear, and then a little rest. There’s pulling, jerking, stuffing, trussing. Fifty preparations. He promises we’ll start out slow, with wine and a good oiling . . . Holy crap. “I will control everything that happens here,” he says. “You can leave anytime, but as long as you stay, you’re my ingredient.” I’ll be transformed from a raw, organic bird into something—what? Something delicious.

So begins the adventures of Miss Chicken, a young free-range, from raw innocence to golden brown ecstasy, in this spoof-in-a-cookbook that simmers in the afterglow of E.L. James’s sensational *Fifty Shades of Grey* trilogy. Like Anastasia Steele, Miss Chicken finds herself at the mercy of a dominating man, in this case, a wealthy, sexy, and very hungry chef.

And before long, from unbearably slow drizzling to trussing, Miss Chicken discovers the sheer thrill of becoming the main course. A parody in three acts—“The Novice Bird” (easy recipes for roasters), “Falling to Pieces” (parts perfect for weeknight meals), and “Advanced Techniques” (the climax of cooking)—*Fifty Shades of Chicken* is a cookbook of fifty irresistible, repertoire-boosting chicken dishes that will leave you hungry for more.

With memorable tips and revealing photographs, *Fifty Shades of Chicken* will have you dominating dinner.

Fifty Shades of Chicken: A Parody in a Cookbook Details

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From Reader Review Fifty Shades of Chicken: A Parody in a Cookbook for online ebook

Steph Sinclair says

Wha... What? What is this?!

Surely this can't be real. Mr. President, I know you're super duper busy with trying to get re-elected, but spare a few minutes to way in on this. Please!

Do you have your listening face on?

Is this legit?

NOOOOO! What? What do you mean it looks funny?! Perhaps I should just read you a passage. That'll change your mind.

I want you to see this. Then you'll know everything. It's a cookbook," he says and opens to some recipes, with color photos. "I want to prepare you, very much." This isn't just about getting me hot till my juices run clear, and then a little rest.

Well? What do have to say about that, Mr. President?

smacks forehead

Sam? Sam! I know you'll see reason. Prepare for torture!

There's pulling, jerking, stuffing, trussing. Fifty preparations. He promises we'll start out slow, with wine and a good oiling . . . Holy crap. "I will control everything that happens here," he says. "You can leave anytime, but as long as you stay, you're my ingredient." I'll be transformed from a raw, organic bird into something—what? Something delicious.

weeps

What is wrong with you people?! Is it me? Am I just not reading this right?

Like Anastasia Steele, Miss Chicken finds herself at the mercy of a dominating man, in this case, a wealthy, sexy, and very hungry chef.

Kill me now.

Julie Salinas says

This is a great gift for the friend who read the other 50 shades book. Then make them read the recipes out loud. They will turn as red as the tomato on your fridge shelf. The recipes are real, but the humor is delicious. The other must is to watch the video on you tube. *fans self*

Andrew Shaffer says

Fifty Shades of Chicken: A Parody in a Cookbook opens with the genius dedication, "For chicken lovers everywhere," and just gets lewder from there.

In addition to being a parody of "Fifty Shades of Grey"-style erotica written from the perspective of a young hen, "Fifty Shades of Chicken" is also a lavishly illustrated cookbook in its own right.

With titles like "Plain Vanilla Chicken" and "Steamy White Meat," the recipes are what makes this book more than a one-note joke or gag gift (pun intended). If only more cookbooks were this profane.

Hannah says

OMG besides the fact that the recipes are wonderful the imagery & stories in this parody cookbook! A must read for poultry lovers and housewives all the same.

Greta Macionyt? says

Garsusis romanas „50 pilk? atspalvi?“ sulauk? ne vienos parodijos. O ne vienam ir pati knyga pasirod? pakankamai komiška – viensluoksniai veik?jai ir fanfiction tipo romani?kštis ne vienam k?!? šypsni?. Tuo tarpu leid?jai ?rod?, kad su tinkama marketingo kampanija galima ? bestseleri? s?rašo virš? iškelti bet koki? knyg?. „Fifty Shades of Chicken“ romano veiksm? perkelia ? virtuv?. F. L. Fowler originalaus romano citatas puikiai ?pina ? gaminimo proces?, o pati knyga pilna puiki? recept?, k? galima pagaminti iš vištienos. Vien d?l recept? ši knyga turi keliasdešimt kart? daugiau išliekamosios vert?s nei romanas suaugusiems.<http://www.jauti.lt/tarp-lentynu-7/>

Lindsay says

The recipes will be worth a try and I get the whole piggy-backing on the "Fifty Shades" franchise deal. Guy Fieri would say "That's money!" because it truly is a clever idea. But a chef being pornographic towards poultry and getting a chicken hard-on is creepy as hell. I know it's intentionally written that way and am not lost on the parody of it. I just feel icky and now need a Silkwoods scrub down to get this out of my brain.

Princess Kayla says

So a girl from work, let's just call her B, decided it would oh so much fun to ask for Fifty Shades of Chicken for Christmas. I being her secret Santa just got her a gift card (which she used to buy it.) One day B decides to invite me over for "dinner" where we could hang out and I was supposed to help her cook. After some music and fun we pull out the cookbooks and low and behold Fifty Shades of Chicken falls out.

"Oh how bad could it be," I thought to myself. Oh it was bad!

I am not amused

There were (ok they were hot) men rubbing and pulling on chicken, and recipes with sexy names that I cannot even repeat. All I can say is, THOSE POOR CHICKENS!!

Why why why. No I won't go into detail, but my poor brain!

I mean ok yes at the idea of hot guys making chicken I was intrigued.

I mean come on, if this guy was cooking my kitchen and peering out my cookbook...

But why? The things they did to those poor chickens.

I will never look at chickens the same.

Sandi *~The Pirate Wench~* says

Well now... here you are all you Fifty Shades Of Grey lovers.

First curl up with the books, turn on the FSOG music..and drool over those succulent thighs..breasts..whatever.. your night is set up.

Oh my is that bird in bondage? This maybe a real interesting cookbook.

Personally I pass being a longtime Vegan it just wont fit into my eating plan. Oh..and I love the authors name..Fowler? An AKA you think? *snort* :D

Catriona (LittleBookOwl) says

Good thing I am a vegetarian. Just the title of this book has forever tainted chicken!

Marvin says

The first paragraph of the introduction...

How have I gotten myself into this? I glance around the spotless, meticulously organized kitchen: trussing twine, skewers, mallets - Is that a *cleaver*? Holy crap.

Thus starts the adventures of Miss Hen as her hot, passionate but firm chef takes her through 50 erotically delicious recipes.

This is easily the funniest cookbook I have ever read. It may also be the only cookbook that demands to be read from cover to cover. It may help if you've read or at least heard about *Fifty Shades of Gray* (who hasn't) yet the humor will be appreciated by anyone of a mature age. The recipes are listed under sub-headings like Mustard-Spanked Chicken, Chicken with a Lardon, Cream-Slick Chick and, of course, the inevitable Chicken Sub. Each one had its own introductory tease like this one for Dripping Thighs...

The way his apron hangs from his hips already has me all wobbly. But as he coats my thighs with a sticky liquid I can hardly contain myself. Is it the wine, or is my aroma starting to drive him crazy too?

and...

He spreads my thighs out on a plate. Sticky hands and at least five wet napkins. What will the housekeeper think. Who Cares?

That is part of the lead-in to the recipe I'm making tonight: Roasted Chicken Thighs with Sweet-and-Sour Onions.

The recipes all sound really great. Not too hard (no pun intended) but a little out of the ordinary. They are in portion of 2-4 servings to keep the nature of the intimate meal the book implies. There is a recipe for a favorite of mine; Erect Chicken...er...Beer Can Chicken...and if you ever made Beer Can Chicken you can already imagine the fun that the writer F. L. Fowler (That's his real name? yeah, right!) has with it.

So at the end of 2012, we not only have one of the best cookbooks of the year but one of the funniest books. Definitely worth a lick.

By the way, check out the book trailer that appears on the Goodreads book page which will give you a taste of its humor and is hilarious on its own.

Update: I made the dripping thighs aka Roasted Chicken Thighs with Sweet-and-Sour Onions). If all the recipes are this good the book will more than earn its five stars.

Michael Estey says

A BOOK REVIEW

Fifty Shades of: Fifty Shades of Chicken

a parody in a cookbook

FL Fowler

I received this book as a Christmas Present. A parody. A funny cook book.

"Not another funny cookbook," I said. I fingered her. Carefully, slowly.

She was new!

"I'm sorry," I heard her say. A woman! A skimpy picture of a chicken, on her belly.

Naked, bound in twine.

"Filth, trash." I laid her on her back. A tattoo, on her foot~Note how round.

Faded and gray. Her cover, a beacon. "Open me. Please!"

?

"You're a book, you can't talk," I say. I got down on all fours, to put her back under the tree.

"I'm not porno, if that's what your saying!" She was skinny, dark in color. She flashed a leaf.

I felt the smoothness of her skin, the straightness of her spine. She didn't resist.

I slid my fingers between her pages. I gazed at her cover. I flipped her over, and read her back. A man!

"You're young," I said. "Not a wrinkle." Every page shiny and sleek. I felt their strength, their thickness.

Your spine, I want you, you're mine.

"Ouch," she said. "Not so fast."

Her corners, stiff, firm, untouched. Her smell, fresh, new. I spread my fingers, further.

Sensed her insides, what she wanted to give. Her cherry. What she was about. I took her in both hands.

"Stop, I'm a virgin."

I picked her up and cradled her. All five fingers, inserted deep. "You're not bathroom material." I said.

"I can be, please take me."

I pulled her in, pressed tight to my chest. "Yes, you'll do. Come my child. Come with me."

"I'll be worth it," she says as... We disappear down the hall.

"Tell me, who is this FL Fowler, fucking you in the rear? Do you know him intimately?"

"He's fingered me too." The bathroom door slammed shut.

"My poor book, so young and fresh, open up and expose yourself to me." "May I call you, Miss Book?" I asked.

"Yes, you may."

"You look like a very sexy book," I said.

"I've been read, many times, but not by someone with such strong hands," She says.

"You are a man for books? No! That tingles, you holding me that way. On your lap, the light so bright."

"My elbows resting on my knees. You like?" I ask.

"Yes, take your time. Put on your glasses. All fifty recipes.
Take me, one page at a time. All my picture parts. I can handle it.
You will be my first.

Look at my delectable delights. Savour the words.
Lets begin, open me. I'll show you everything. Feast your eyes."
?"Open me." She says.

I grab her by the spine. Feel her binding. There is his name again.
On the cover, FL Fowler. "Who is this man?" I ask.

"Did he?"

"Don't be angry."
"He wrote me. He took his time.

He's good. A teacher, a chef. Let me show you. Like this." She said.

She spread herself out for me. Her insides, exposed, Open me," She said, again.

"Can We See Each Other Again?" I asked.

"Certainly. As many times as necessary."

"Will you leave me with a happy ending, Miss Book?" I asked.

"Of course, finish me off!" First.

I loved this book. If not for the sheer, audacity.

Informative and very entertaining for a cookbook.
I'll give it two thumbs up.

Dog Brindle

Lisa says

Not having read the Fifty Shades books, I'm still finding this highly entertaining and hilarious. Plus, there's some yummy recipes in here. I like reading this during my lunch break.

Gorgeous photos...of Ms. Hen in her assorted positions, er, recipes and Blades (the chef). Each recipe has an intro that will have you giggling. I had to bookmark the how-to photos following the 'Learning to Truss You' recipe (Blades in action). NOW, I know what to do with the ball of twine in the kitchen drawer!

Food porn - yum.

Erma Talamante says

Full review coming soon. Check here for updates:
<https://ermareads.wordpress.com>

Abbie Foxton says

My friend has got me pegged. I study erotica and I'm a chef, hence the reason why I hold Fifty Shades Of Chicken in my trembling hands.

The cover is adorable, all glistening in chiaroscuro, basting in rope work - curious to explore the darker realms. As a huge advocate of organic free range, I have an underlying fear it's been a big night for a certain chick. Her skin glowing warm, burnt trussing twine and a stupid grin makes me think a safe word may have been uttered by her sweet beak.

The photography is superb and if you aren't rolling your eyes laughing at the enticing positions, the text will certainly have you giggling - but don't let Fifty Blades see or hear you, (he'll be rubbing his buttered hands through his hair and cursing your insolence.

The recipes all seem tried and tested, easy to follow and quite yum. All titles will get a good rise with gems such as Roast Chicken w Vanilla Butter, Popped Cherry Poulet, Chicken w A Lardon and my favourite Chicken w Hearts & Flowers (fans of the trilogy will get all warm and fuzzy over that tasty dish). The in-between banter is clever, beautifully anthropomorphic and an irreverent homage to the phenomenon that E.L James produced. It's seductive but materialistic protagonist Blades is cut from the same dishcloth as Christian, and when he is standing in front of Hen with nothing on but a white apron and chef's torque, hers and my mind turns to gravy and one cannot help but lick our fingers. Overall the humour is paramount, especially when you see the climatic Vertical Roasted Chicken w Spicy Potatoes - you thought a St Andrews Cross was hardcore, merely chicken feed compared to this intense act.

"you like my collection?" he asks coolly.

"extraordinary. Like an artists tools" I say slowly. he cocks his head to one side and then the other. he looks at me in a way that sears my gizzards...

Breathe, Hen...

Emily says

"Are you a sadist?"

"No. I'm a Foodie."

So goes the relationship between Miss Hen, a chicken who has *never even been seasoned*, and Chef, he of the Fifty Knife Blades, who desires to have Chicken become his new Ingredient. Chef comes from a very sad past, wherein he was raised on tv dinners until being shown the way of cooking by the older Miss Child. Chef does not make dinner. He cooks. Hard.

I dare you to read this and not laugh. This book is full of inside references - dark stares and gasps, inner

goddesses, subconsciouses, and recipes like Taters, Baby - that snark up the entire plotline, and all written FROM THE PERSPECTIVE OF A CHICKEN. It is insanely clever parody.

As an added benefit, it is also quite a useful cookbook with recipes and illustrations that you guarantee you will always remember how to tress. It is a rare gem that could combine delicious ridiculousness with delicious cooking good enough for company.

In short, this book is excellent for

- people who enjoyed FSoG
 - people who enjoyed making fun of the writing in FSoG
 - foodies who can make fun of themselves
 - anyone looking for ways to spice up their chicken recipes
-