It was warm summer afternoon at the Grandapple Farm. At the living room of the main house, there was a 65 year old lion called Norman Jones. He was quite big, with big muscular arms and legs, a barrel chest, but with a big, yet firm round belly. His blond mane was going grey and he was rubbing his beard nervously as he read for the tenth time the contract on his table. He was wearing his overalls and boots.

On his side, there was his 20 year old grandson, Nicholas Jones. Just like his grandpa, he was quite big and strong, but he had a 6 pack instead of a beer gut, like his grandfather and he shaved the lower parts of his mane, because he didn’t want to have a beard. But he was also wearing his overalls, but he was also wearing a white t-shirt underneath it. Both men were distressed because of the man on the other side of the table.

He was a jackal with an average build, his body was sleek and thin, but his face was stern. He had black hair and was wearing a suit. He was called Steven Potter. He was a representative of the Bank of Steel. He had come to the farm to discuss the deadline of Norman’s loans.

“Please. Isn’t there anything you can do to push forward the date for just two more months? Our crops are about to be harvested and I’ll have the money to pay it full. You saw it yourself that I’m able to finally pay the loan.” Norman tried to plead to the banker.

Steven sighed and replied, “Yes, Mr. Jones. I’m fully aware of it. However, the bank will no longer tolerate any more postponing unless you pay 10 thousand dollars until the end of this week.”

“Please, I can’t get other loans just to pay this one and I’ll have the money. I swear!” The old man pleaded once more.

The banker shook his head and had to firm, “I’m terribly sorry, but unless you can pay at least the amount I’ve mentioned until the end of the week, We cannot wait anymore and our contract states that your farm will belong to the Bank of Steel.”

The old man gave an exasperated cry, rubbing his temples. Nick, was watching it with great despair. His grandfather raised him by himself ever since he was 7, after his parents died. He lived most of his life in the farm and he hated seeing it all disappear because the bank couldn’t wait just a little more.

But what broke his heart was seeing his grandfather losing everything he had built with his own hands. So, he had to do something to repay his grandfather and save the farm at the same time.

Nicholas then said, “What if…I offer myself as a slave for the bank. I’m strong. I can fetch a good price.”

Norman’s head quickly turned to him and his face was red with anger, “Stay out of this, boy. I won’t have a family member being chopped just because I mismanaged my accounting.”

“But…” Nick tried to protest.

His grandfather pointed a finger at him and ordered once more, “Be quiet and let me solve this by myself!”

Nick looked down in defeat. After seeing this exchange, Steven had to chime in, “Well, firstly, Mr. Nicholas…”

“I prefer Nick!” the strong young man said crossing his arms over his chest.

“Very well, Nick, as I was trying to say, selling yourself to the bank is pointless for two reasons.” He then raised his index finger, “First, the bank does not accept slaves for work or meat as payment. The cost of maintaining the slave until he or she can be sold is simply not worth it.”

After a brief pause he raised the middle finger as well finger and said, “And second, don’t be offended, but the best price anyone would pay for you, even a high class restaurant, would be six grand. Still not enough for what you need.”

The grandfather seemed to relax now that he heard that his grandson was out of danger, but his thoughts were crushed when the banker continued, “Well, but you can sell yourself to me. I’ll pay the ten thousand dollars to you, Mr. Jones, if your grandson chooses to become a slave and if you help prepare him.”

Norman’s hands fell hard on the table. Nick thought it was going to crack as his grandfather shouted, “NEVER! I’ll never sell my grandson and I won’t help you kill him.”

Steven seemed unfazed as he said, “Well, you wouldn’t help me do anything, because I wouldn’t do anything, actually. You would be the one to kill and prepare him for me. I would just record it to make sure you would stick with the terms of the contract.”

Norman gritted his teeth and shouted “GET OUT OF MY HOUSE!”

Steven just raised an eyebrow and said, “It’s your choice. But keep in mind that your grandson is a legal adult. You cannot stop him from selling himself to others if he so desires it.”

“Grampa, stop! This is my decision. I’ll sell myself for you. Please, buy me.” Nick said, pleading and ignoring his grandfather, who slapped him hard on the cheek.

“Stop saying bullshit, boy. You’ll die. Do you get that? I’ll be bale to get back on my feet. I don’t need your pity.”

Nick this time glared back rubbing his now red cheek, “Now, you don’t dare lie to me! I’ve seen the bills. You’re in the red. Yeah, this harvest would save our asses, but it’s pointless if you don’t pay now. If the bank takes your farm you won’t have anything. I love you and I love this farm. I can’t just let it all go to waste because you’re too proud for asking for help!”

“You’ll die! I can’t do this if it means killing one of my boys.” He said it a bit more softly.

“I know…I admit I’m scared. But I can take it to save you. I’ll sell myself and have the money to be sent to you. You can’t stop me…” Nick replied hugging his grandfather, who started to cry.

Steven just looked at the situation and part of him hated to say it, but he had to be true to his desires and he wasn’t exactly a charitable man, “I won’t buy you out of the kindness of my heart. Unless your grandfather agrees to participate and obey every single order I make until you are snuffed and served to me, the deal is off.”

Nick turned to his grandfather, while gently holding his big hand full of blisters form the hard work, “This is our only real chance, grandpa…”

“I…I can’t…I can’t kill you. You’re my boy…I love you!” He said, hugging his grandson.

Nick hugged him back and he replied, “I love you too. You were like my own father. That’s why I want to give my life for you.”

Norman hugged his grandson tightly, not wanting to let go, but even if he continued to deny it, he knew deep down that Nick would not stop until he sold his body for money to him. The older lion tried to find comfort that he would be the one to share his boy’s last moments.

“Fine…” Norman finally said. “Where do I sign?”

Steven smirked as he watched the scene unfold. While he was not heartless to interrupt their goodbyes, he wanted to sate some of his urges he rarely had time to indulge.

The Banker opened his briefcase and picked up two contracts. This was not the first time he made people sign this kind of deal, so he kept copies of it just in case. He put the contract on the table and wrote down the value of the transaction in the blank parts of it. Then, he pushed the contracts alongside pens towards the other two men and said, “Nick should fill in the slave contract, while you, Mr. Jones, sign the contract where you must be assistant during this whole ordeal.”

They both read the contracts and signed their respective contracts, but Norman still had a sad expression on his face. Once they gave the contracts back, Steven checked if everything was in order, took pictures of them with his phone and sent them to the governmental agency that took care of slave deals.

Steven then turned his phone to the other man and started to record it. “You see, this recording is to both make sure that you comply with the contracts to the very end and also for my own pleasure.”

“Wait…Pleasure?” Norman started to say, but he was cut off by Steven.

“Now I want you both to undress and kiss.” Steven ordered.

Both Norman and Nick’s faces were reddened by this order. “Hang on just a minute. You can’t make me kiss my own grandson!”

Steven picked the contract and waived it in front of them as he replied, “I actually can. Nick is my slave and you must obey me until he’s served on a plate for me. If any of you disobey, this contract will be null and void and I’ll return to the bank without paying a dime to any of you.”

“But…” Norman started to say, but then Nick started to remove his clothing.

“Listen, grandpa, I’m going to die soon, so this isn’t the weirdest thing that’s going to happen today, right?” Nick tried to say with a smile.

“You don’t have to force yourself to make jokes.” Norman said, rubbing his hand against Nick’s cheek.

“But I want to.” He replied.

“I’m sorry for hitting you…” Norman said, looking down.

“It’s okay. You just wanted to keep me safe. But you’ve done more than enough for me. Now I’m the one who wants to do something for you.” Nick replied, before removing his underwear.

When Norman realized, his grandson was already naked. He stopped and admired his body a little bit. There was a perfect body built through many years or hard work.

Norman decided to get it on with it and ended up removing his overalls and underwear as well. The older man approached his grandson and rubbed his toned chest a little. This made Nick let out a moan and his cock jerked into life. Norman couldn’t help but to chuckle at this. He knew his grandson had a few intimate moments with some of his employees, but he was not aware he was that sensitive. It felt so wrong and so right at the same time. He had never imagined he would have sex with Nicholas up until this point.

He then leaned to kiss Nick. If his grandson was to die, then he would make sure to enjoy their last moments together. They shared a deep passionate kiss. The older man’s beard tickled the younger one’s face, as their tongues explored each other’s mouth.

Steven continued to record everything. He had to lean his cellphone on the suitcase to not lose any of the action, while he removed the rest of his clothing, becoming naked as well. After that, he grabbed the phone again and with his free hand he started to slowly jerk off as he watched the other two lions grope and kiss each other.

Their fat and big cock rubbed against each other and twitched at the touch and warmth. The jackal smirked and commanded, “Very well, that’s enough kissing. Now, Nick. I want you to suck your grandfather.”

There wasn’t any complaint form the younger lion as he kneeled down and took all 10 inches of his grandfather’s cock into his mouth, deepthroating it. Norman’s head jerk backwards as he felt the warm wet lips sucking his cock like a pro. His grandson was milking him dry. His tongue was circling the older lion’s cock, tasting its sweat and meat. The younger lion gave deep breaths to let his grandfather’s rich musk fill his nostrils.

Steven waited for Norman to cum into Nick’s mouth. The older lion roared as he grabbed his grandson’s head and pulled it towards his cock and orgasmed like he hadn’t in many years. Some of the cum dripped from the mouth, but Nick wanted to savor his seed and did his best to swallow everything.

Norman caressed his grandson’s head as his hips still moved into his mouth as the last drops of cum were drained from his balls. When Nick removed his head from the cock he swallowed the last of his grandfather’s seed.

The older man’s cock was still hard and he was surprised at himself for lusting after his grandson so much.

“Really nice” Steven said approaching while still recording, “Now let’s go to your kitchen for the last parts of your agreement.”

Nick stood up and walked alongside the other two man while having a smile and comforting his grandfather. At the kitchen, Steven checked the table and it was a very sturdy one, so he told Nick to lie on it with his belly up and the young man promptly obeyed. The table was rather short, however and his legs hang a bit.

Then, he ordered Norman, “Now you can fuck him until you both cum again.”

Nick eagerly raised his legs and his grandfather steeled himself. This was the very last moments he would share with his grandson, so he would make it count.

First he nosedived against his entrance and started to rim the younger lion. Nick gasped and moaned as he felt the warm tongue invading his insides, stretching him. As for Norman, the boy’s musk and flavor were amazing. He wished he could continue this longer, but he had a duty to perform. He was glad the jackal didn’t hurry them.

Norman then moved to raise his grandson’s legs and told him, “Get ready for the pounding on your life, boy.”

Nick just smirked as his grandfather’s massive dick broke his lubed entrance. Thankfully his cock was coated with saliva and some semen, which made things a bit easier for the younger lion. The cock stretched his insides and made pressure against his G spot, which made Nick let out a moan in return.

The older man smiled and thrust slow to make him get used to it. The sound of the sex and their sweat filled the kitchen, which, in turn, made them hornier.

“Faster, please! I need it all!” Nick bellowed as he closed his eyes to focus on the cock inside of him. Each thrust hit his prostate, sending shivers of pleasure through his entire body.

Norman held Nick’s left leg with hand while he rested the other one against his broad chest. He used his free hand to grasp his grandson’s fat cock and started to jerk it.

“Yes!” the younger lion shouted as he panted.

Meanwhile, Steven just stared at the scene with lustful eyes as he jerked himself. He didn’t want to cum just yet given he still had plans.

The two lions continued to fuck loudly and faster and, with a roar, Norman dumped all his cum into his grandson, while Nick orgasmed as well, coating his chest with his white seed.

The two of them panted loudly as they stared at each other lovingly. That had been the best sex of both of their lives. But the spell was soon broken when the jackal approached Norman holding a chopper knife, handing it to him.

“Now, I want you to cut his head off.” He commanded.

Norman’s heart sank a little as he was reminded of what he had to do. He just stared at the knife for a few seconds before Nick said, “It’s okay, grampa. I’m ready…”

With a trembling hand he picked the knife and walked to the other side of the table. Cum steamed from the younger lion’s anus and it dripped on the floor. When Norman got close to his head, he leaned and gave his grandson another passionate kiss.

Nick gladly reciprocated, feeling the man he most loved one last time. When Norman broke the kiss, he whispered to him, “I love you. I’m sorry you had to go through this…I’ve failed as grandfather…”

Nick shook his head and said, “No. You didn’t fail! You raised me to do what’s right. I love you grampa. That’s why I chose to die for you. I could never live knowing I could do something to help and just stay quiet. That’s why I’m willing to do this. I’ll always be with you.”

The younger man smiled one last time and closed his eyes and raised his chin to give a better access to his neck. His grandfather raised the chopper and after getting himself ready mentally he moved his arm with his full force. He didn’t want to risk having to deal a second of third blows. Nick didn’t deserve to suffer and he didn’t care if the table got damaged.

Thankfully his strike hit true and managed to sever his head in one move. The chopper hit hard on the table, which got quite damaged. Meanwhile, Nick’s body convulsed a little at the shock of the head being cut off while the head itself rolled onto the floor because of the impact.

Blood was steaming through the severed area and it drenched Norman’s hands and feet as the blood started to be pumped out of the body by the last pumps of Nick’s heart.

Steven stroke his cock as he watched the scene with fascination. He then told the older man to get Nick’s head and give it to him. Norman felt angry at this, but said nothing. After all, his grandson is…was a slave now and the banker did own his body.

The farmer did as he was told and then Steven handed his phone to Noman and told him to film him. Once again, the old farmer obeyed and watched with a morbid fascination as Steven shoved his cock inside of Nick’s mouth and moved his hips, fucking it steadly.

Norman’s cock twitched as he saw the younger man closing his eyes and rapidly moving his hips to fuck the severed head, which was still dripping blood over the jackal’s feet.

“His mouth is fantastic…” Stephen murmured as he increased his pacing. Nick’s tongue was still wet and warm which made him go crazy. It didn’t take long for him to cum inside of the deceased man.

Some of the sperm also dripped down the throat, but the banker did not care for it. He removed the head from his cock and placed it over a counter and then asked the phone from the older man. After getting his phone back, the jackal saw that Norman was still quite hard.

Steven then ordered, “I would like to see you fuck his body.”

Norman stared at the corpse over the table and silently he obeyed. Part of him wanted this. He wanted to know how it felt to fuck a dead man as handsome as his grandson was.

He raised his grandson’s legs and he was able to fuck him quite easily. The rigor mortis has not yet started, which made things quite easier for him. Each thrust made Nick’s body tremble simply due to the strength Norman was fucking him. There was no need to be gentle or take things slow. He could fuck him as much as he wanted.

The old farmer fucked the body mercilessly. His own strength made the body move a lot on the table and without Nick’s help, Norman had to hold the body in its place. Sweat started dripping from the farmer over his grandson’s body. Norman admired the strong body that would soon to become a meal for the banker. He was even starting to salivate himself!

He tried to focus solely on the sex and his cock, which was already over stimulated, didn’t take long to reach its orgasm. The old farmer gave a loud moan as he rammed his cock hard into his grandson as he unloaded his seed into him for the last time.

Norman was panting quite a lot, but before he could pull out, Stephen asked him if he had any carrots. Realizing where this was going, Norman simply pointed to a basked where he kept his vegetables, which were going to be used for their meal later on, before Stephen arrived.

The younger man grabbed the biggest carrot of the bunch and handed it to Norman to plug Nick’s ass with it. The farmer did as he was told and as soon as he pulled out he stopped the flow of semen with the vegetable.

Steven loved every second of it. His video would immortalize this entire experience and he would masturbate to it for many times. But he did feel a bit compassionated. He originally intended to keep the head for himself, but he then said, “Well, you did great. Mr.Jones. I’ll leave your grandson’s head to you. You can keep it.”

Norman was quite surprised with it and couldn’t help but to ask, “Really? I thought you would take every part of his body.”

The banker shrugged, “You did help me a lot and this video is gold. You can keep the head for burial or to mount it on a wall or whatever you desire.”

Norman felt a bit grateful for it and said, “I appreciate it a lot. Thank you. I…know a good taxidermist.”

Steven smiled and then told him they should get on with the cooking. Norman picked some spices and oil and started to baste his grandson’s body. Feeling the fur, skin and muscles under his hands as he prepared the body, made him both hungry and a little sad, but he had to finish his task.

Once Nick’s body was ready, he and Steven placed the full body inside of the big oven. That wasn’t the first person Norman had cooked at his home and having such a big over was handy from time to time. He didn’t really want to chop his grandson to pieces. Steven had told Norman he liked his meat medium rare, so they had to be careful to not miss their timing.

Steven had stopped filming as Nick cooked and was using his phone for a bit. After a few minutes, the banker said with a smile, “Everything is done. I already transferred the money to your account. You can now pay what you owe and your farm will be officially safe.”

Steven even threw in an extra thousand dollars for the amazing experience he had. They deserved this reward.

Norman solemnly nodded and thanked the man as they waited for the former farmer to finish cooking. Norman opened the oven from time to time to check the meat.

Once it reached the perfect point, Norman and Steven removed Nick from the oven and placed him on the table. The scent was amazing. The body was well cooked and he juices were covering the body. He looked like the perfect meal.

Norman picked some silverware and plates for the two of them, since Steven asked him to join him in this meal. Steven Cut a piece of Nick’s right chest, which included the nipple and placed it on his plate. Norman did the same with the left chest.

The meat had a wondrous scent upclose. It made both men salivate as they cut the meat and served themselves a portion of it. The meat was juicy and Steven had to refrain himself form making a comment about not having side dishes to complement it.

The banker cut a piece and put it in his mouth. The taste was excellent, rich and worthy of being served at a five stars restaurant. He quickly put another piece into his mouth and savored it.

Norman was a bit hesitant, but he couldn’t let his grandson go to waste. He put a piece of the roasted flesh into his mouth and almost hated himself for enjoying it so much. Norman was very impressed. He had eaten other men before, but his grandson was easily the most succulent meat he ever eaten. His hard-worked muscles were tenderized and full of juice. It was almost like Nick was born for this.

The old farmer quickly cut another piece of it and put inside of his mouth, savoring it with delight.

Steven had his eyes for a very specific part of the young man. He used a knife to cut the cock and balls off the torso and put them into his plate. He did not have the intention of sharing it with Norman, since that was his favorite bits. After cutting a piece of the dick, he almost regret not having a cold beer to go along with it. He did thought that it would be pushing the older man’s mood, so he left it at that. He could feel some remain of cooked sperm inside of the member, which have it a nice seasoning.

He then cut one of Nick’s balls and put it into his mouth. It was crunchy, warm and perfect. Even Norman had to stop eating to stare at the banker, who was enjoying his grandson’s manhood so much. He had to admit he was a bit jealous for not eating piece of his grandson’s cock as well.

The older man decided to banish the thoughts of anger that were popping into his head. This wasn’t Steven’s fault. It was his. His beloved grandson was dead because of his mistakes. He also felt compelled to not let Nick’s sacrifice to be in vain, so he continued to eat him while thinking of a place he could take Nick’s head to be stuffed and mounted on the wall as a memento and to never forget his sacrifice for him…

And as a toy for the long nights.

The end