

Whether the Wether is Hot
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Commission for BearTP | September 2020 | 5304 Words

Today was just not going to be Cruz's day. The blue-furred rat ranch hand sighed to himself as he absentmindedly walked another show pony back to the stables for his weekend at the Lazy Acres Kink Ranch and Day Spa. It wasn't that he didn't want the cute sandy-blond fennec boy to have a good time this weekend. He was preoccupied with business matters; a series of poorly timed purchase requests meant that a myriad of ranch tasks had piled up, compounded by a shortage of specialty animals to furnish those requests. And throwing one more pony-boy into the ring wasn't going to put him any closer to fixing those problems. Not to mention, the fennec's petite size was going to cause headaches when it came to outfitting him with tack for the paddock.

Of course, Bear didn't seem to notice the frustration, the lithe fennec boy was happy to be back on the ranch once again, smiling broadly as he walked a few paces behind the rat. It wasn't his first time attending a Kink Ranch, and the occasional weekend cleansing his mind with dressage and pony play sex was just what he needed after a long work week. However, his usual choice for weekend kink play was fully booked, meaning he had to drive an extra hour out of his way to visit Lazy Acres. As they entered the massive barn, the ranch hand rat tossed his cigarette out on the gravel road and gave a forced smile as he guided his latest charge to his weekend stall, number 22. "Alright, here we are." Cruz said, flipping through the paperwork till he found Bear's signed papers, "Go ahead and get settled. I tried getting gear that would fit you best, but if something is too loose, let me know, okay?"

Sitting down on a wooden bench while Bear closed the door behind himself, Cruz couldn't help but shake his head at the stack of papers on his clipboard, idly flipping over a few as he mumbled to himself. "Just my luck I'd have ten show ponies booked the weekend before a barbecue up the Long Walk. And of course, Jakob shipped off our last fucking goat." While the kink ranch catered to any and all livestock play scenes – even including peripheral animals like farm hounds or deer – there were always some that were perennially understocked due to general lack of interest. And no animals were quite so short of supply as the caprines. There was no dedicated caprine pen at Lazy Acres. When a small area was set aside for them, it became the most pathetic attraction at the facility. If the little shed out back wasn't empty, it resembled a sad petting zoo with one lonely submissive playing a fluffy sheep or a bouncy goat. Even when the housing was folded into the main livestock facility, they ran into the unique problem that most folks didn't want to be a sheep AND a lifer. The rare occasions they could furnish a roasted lamb for a high rolling client was something to be happy about!

But as Bear was jingling into his pony tack, Cruz was left with a serious problem, his prize goat slated for to roast later in the week was halfway across the country by now, on a truck to some other site. The farm hand who made the mistake would face hell, but that wouldn't fix the upcoming mutton mess. With a sigh, the rat popped open his pack of cigarettes and lipped out a single one, letting the paperwork fall back down to Bear's page. And that was when the idea struck him... The paper already had a few stray marks on it, either because the fennec had idly tapped with his pencil or stray marks due to his unfamiliarity with the Lazy Acres forms. Particularly telling was that he almost tapped a mark into the gelding checkbox. A few other stray markings could easily be accentuated... it wouldn't be hard to change his entire path. While Bear was still busy putting on his tack, lacing up harnesses and getting settled into his locking horse boots, it would only take a quick hand to make the changes. Cruz gave a few strokes of his pencil, a few erases of other marks... and nobody would be the wiser.

Placing Bear's paperwork by the stall door, Cruz lit up just before his fennec pony opened the door, cute fennec-sized hoof boots clopping happily in place as he called over his handler to finish the process. Some strap tightening, and in one case an added belt hole, was all Bear needed to feel the snug harness tighten from chest down to thighs. The bit and bridle came next, tightened around the show pony's head and allowing the boy's cute natural sandy fur to show through like a mane. The iron shod hand hooves required a little cinching at the wrists, tightened and locked to D-rings in the chest harness to ensure they held a perfect prance. Just one more attachment, a wicking wiry tail was attached to the harness, designed to leave the boy nice and free for use if the day's activities allowed it.

Led by his reins out to the paddock, Cruz watched as Bear was quickly acclimated to his dressage instructor for the weekend. At least his care duties were simplified when his charge was a show pony. And for what it was worth, Bear was quite a natural, his instructor putting him through the basic exercises as a warmup, with slow cantering turns, faster, long-stride straightaways, and some weaving back and forth. Once a rapport was built with the instructor it was time for a break. The small and proud pony-sized horse got to meet his counterpart for the second half of the evening, an established show pony and well known lifer named Jasper, his body suit and flowing black mane meant to mimic the gorgeous plume of a Frisian horse. Wickering softly in their headspace, the two ponies got along wonderfully, savoring the gentle brushes of their trainer, taking a little prancing stroll to get acquainted to each other's canter, and even sharing a gentle muzzle nuzzle at the water trough. Such a warm and caring scene, it was almost enough to make the watching rat rethink his tentative sabotage of the little fennec's weekend.

Almost. The way the cute boy cantered along, even without a hobbler, seemed so much more reminiscent of a cute little caprine, swaying his hefty hips and meaty lamb's legs as he sauntered about the paddock. Despite his ability to prance on command, or to turn in concert with his fellow pony, Bear was completely oblivious to the plans in store for him. As the evening approached and spotlights turned on overhead, the paddock's grandstand was filled with happy (and tipsy) onlookers from the kink spa, watching the progress of the show ponies in a sort of impromptu pageant. As before, after a short break to water and recover, Cruz got to watch Bear and Jasper take to the paddock for their routine, following their trainers' orders, synchronized and proud. It was no prize-winning show, nor was it perfect as Bear would occasionally find himself getting popped on the flank by his trainer's corrections. But the two performed well enough to receive a lovely ovation from the day spa crowd, the little fennec giving a few wicker-snorts of excitement and a tromp in place after receiving a congratulatory lump of sugar and profuse patting.

"Alright, I'll see you tomorrow sweetie horse, you did wonderful today," the trainer said with a broad smile as he handed over Bear's reins to the rat, who had to force a nod and smile. Cruz sighed as he escorted Bear back to his pen in the pony stables, the fennec exhausted but still warmly lidded in headspace as he followed close at hand. Once settled into the barn stall, his tack restrained firmly to a hitch, the sweet ponyboy was given a brush down and a hearty meal served in a feed bag so as not to break the immersion he so clearly savored.

As the barn lights went down, Cruz gave a little tap to Bear's barn stall door, chuckling as he called out, "Well, little one... It's going into my weekend and I'm off for a few days, so someone else is gonna take care of you tomorrow... but I know I'll get to see you again real soon." His smooth voice

almost seemed to intone something in its pauses, but Bear's heady mind quickly dismissed it as he lay down on the hay, closed his eyes and drifted off to sleep.

Bear awoke to a shuffling outside his barn stall, the fennec shifting as he lay upon the hay-lined floor, pinned back fennec ears swiveling under his bridle as he groggily listened to the sounds of the barn. Weekenders were afforded far more luxury than their lifer counterparts. His room was more akin to a private, if hay-lined, hotel room than a traditional barn. But unlike a hotel, Bear found himself opening his eyes to watch the lock and latch throw on his door, the darkness of the barn pierced by two glowing gold eyes staring at him through the night. There was no clock in the room, but it had to be around 2 AM, during one of the night staff's usual rounds; accidents happened during long term bondage, so regular checks were frequent. But as his night vision came back, Bear noticed that the wide muzzled canine was holding his paperwork in his hands, the red wolf looking over it before cocking his head to the side quizzically.

"Huh... hey boy... why are you over here in the horse stables?" Bear was still a little too out of it to make any defensive comments, trying to shake off his deep slumber while his bit-gagged mouth mumbled something unintelligible. "...god, day shift's been shirking their duties again, haven't they? You don't belong over here with the ponies." That last part was news to Bear, his sleep-deprived mind skipping like a record as the red wolf reached down and gripped his bridle with a firm and practiced hand, tugging the boy up to his feet and leading him at a slow walk out of the barn stall and towards the Long Walk. Under the pale moonlight there were very few people around to witness the transfer, the few silhouettes in the darkness hit off to one side or another, smoking cigarettes or handling discreet transfers of livestock in the dead of night. The fennec walked cautiously along, shy and nervous for a short while, before putting his hooves down into the dirt path, digging in with what little force his smaller frame could muster while shaking his head and muttering disapproving noises.

"Mnnnghh! Nnn-nnngh!" For a moment, the boy got his farmhand to pause, the southwestern wolf furrowing his brow as he watched the plucky pony refuse to move. He might not have been able to talk, but Bear knew something wasn't right about this midnight transfer. Unfortunately, his impromptu bid at freedom was short lived, the wolf's hand wrapping the reins around his fist and gripping tight before giving a solid tug. His other hand reached around to hold the back of Bear's hood, helping to march the tacked fennec down the long walk towards the back of the ranch.

"God you really are a stubborn billy goat aren't ya?" Some nervous whimpers and snorting shakes of his head punctuated the cool night air, but no aid was forthcoming. Bear's struggles lessened as he stood in awe of his destination, the austere and foreboding livestock barn, its broad corrugated metal doors propped open for ease of entry into the concrete lined halls. His heart sunk in his chest as he realized that this was the kind of place others had warned him about – nobody enters a lifer's livestock barn and leaves in one piece.

Bear's hoof boots clicked with each tentative step as he was led down rows of uncomfortable metal stalls, the entire world of cattle roleplay completely foreign to the casual pony play enthusiast. What surprised him most was how active the night shift was in the barn. There was always an

undercurrent of sound as broad and thick 'cattle' or 'hogs' dressed in latex, harnesses and hoods, rested their exhausted bodies in their meagre accommodations, the constant throb of milking machines slowly toying with their cocks or breasts even this late at night. Occasionally, one would let out a groaning low, or a pained gasp as their machine came to life, exhausted shafts or sore teats uncontrollably spurting into the vacuum collector, moaning as they jostled and shuddered the metal stall they were strapped tight to. Most were set to a low suction, their bodies awoken a few times through the night from the incessant suckling. But there were some who had taken three or four orgasms already with no sign of slowing, their bodies quickly tiring out and limp on the rack. Not only was milking an effective punishment, but it was a convenient way to ensure that a lifer quickly ended up marked down as "non-productive" which meant they could be reassigned for their meat.

Past the hog pens, where a few lazy potbellied creatures were kept bound in tight fitting rubber to erase their species and identities, stood a few smaller sized pens designed to house the caprines. For a brief moment, Bear couldn't help but seem curious at the metal stall, almost built to fit someone of his stature. But the surprise betrayed him, a momentary pause in his so far ornery demeanor was just what the red wolf needed to finish the job. His deft hands quickly unclipped the bridle and bit in one firm motion. As the bit slipped out of his muzzle, Bear instinctively lolled his mouth open, letting out a surprised little yip as the pony bridle was tossed aside. His freedom was short lived as the ranch hand bait-and-switched with a brown and white speckled leather hood. The ears were adorably floppy, and the head was crowned by two sculpted foam horns to ensure nobody had an accident with a disagreeable beast. If it were not being slipped over Bear's head, he might give it a compliment for being such a superb goat hood.

"W-Wait! I ahh-" Hoods designed for lifers were built to remove the victim's agency. The little fennec quickly realized how fucked he was as the inner workings of the hood slipped between his jaws, a hardened ring gag forced between his teeth to ensure no pesky people words were spoken. But the hood design had one more trick, the ring gag fitted with a series of stops and whistles, just enough to modulate any speech or scream into a loud braying "BAAAAAAA!" It took Bear aback as he cried out for the first time, his voice relegated to such a strange sound, the loud cry startling awake a few of the livestock in their pens. The evening ranch hand would quickly secure Bear in his metal railed pen, no privacy as the littlest billy goat was chained up by a few restraint points to ensure he didn't get away or move about too much while he was re-dressed. Horse tack, harness and metal shod hooves were removed, replaced with tight fitting brown leather harness and ungainly cloven-hooved mitts. Forcing the boy to double over, the front of his harness cinched tight as a form of brace and hobbler, ensuring he could do nothing but walk on all fours like a lowly goat should.

"Almost done... Just gotta dock ya, and then... Heh must have not known what the correct terms were, you checked off gelding on the form." Humiliated and exhausted, Bear whimpered as he stood in cold barn stall, re-dressed as an adorable floppy-eared goat, every breath letting out the softest whistling baa as he acclimatized to his new gear. But the moment he heard gelding, he realized something was very, very wrong. "...the right term for a castrated goat is wether... but not like you'll need to worry about that for long..." Petting slowly down Bear's back, as if that would calm his nerves, the red wolf smirked as he set aside the papers and added, "After all... you'll have a big day coming up this week." The fennec moaned, shaking his head and jingling the metal chains that kept him bound and still in his stall, trying to do anything he could to get out of what was coming as the elastrator was brought out and stretched wide with the first of two rubber bands.

Carefully, the boy's beautiful and flowing fennec tail was gripped, slowly pulled out from between his thighs and threaded through the elastrator, nervously flicking about as he tried desperately to pull it free from the cold tool's grasp. SNAP! The band tightened up just a few inches from the base of the brand-new goat's tail, ensuring that it would be rendered an adorable little puff nub in short measure. Tears came to Bear's eyes as his proud tail was cuffed tight, throbbing from the cut circulation. But pain melted to panic as the red wolf snapped another band onto the elastrator and began to fondle his manhood, easing those tender fox balls until they dropped down from where they had tightened up against his groin.

"Baaa?! BAAAA!!" Bear's struggles were only met with a rump swat from the ranch hand, his cries whipped up to a frenzy as he realized he was about to lose his manhood. Straining his head to peer over his shoulder, the fennec watched the bander dip behind his back, unable to get the purchase to kick or thrash as the cold metal elastrator grazed his tender testicles.

SNAP! The band popped off its mooring and clenched tight around the fennec's testicles, his struggling cries quickly replaced by a panicked and pained little dance, bleating and braying as his mutton haunches hopped and shook around in a vain attempt to get the two elastrator bands off. A calming little pat on his rump from the ranch hand was all he got, before the newly christened goat was left for his first night in the livestock stalls. Alone, pained and realizing there was no escape from this new life, especially once they had removed his ability to speak, Bear finally broke down and cried, counting down the slow minutes as his testicles and tail grew cold, then numbed, and finally started to wither and die.

"Well, well well..." Bear lifted his head from the feed trough, letting out a soft braying grunt as a familiar voice called out from down the rows of livestock stalls. Of course, with the unique gag fitted into his mouth, feeding wasn't an easy process. But a slow drip of meal replacement slurry ensured the prized goat hadn't lost any weight, and had even managed to pick up a few pounds in the days since Cruz last worked. "...you look like you've settled in nicely. How's the docking treating ya, wether?" Bear's eyes narrowed as he felt the rat ranch hand slip his fingers down to feel at the two banded off points on his body. Elastrating was a very slow process, but by the fourth or fifth day (time passed so slowly for Bear, it was hard to tell how long he had been sequestered in the livestock barn), his tail and testicles had both turned from a numb purple to a cold blue, and finally a necrosed black, the now utterly useless appendages drying out. With a flick of a pen knife, Cruz sliced away the dead flesh of the fennec's once-proud tail, popping the little band off the tip of his now goat-like nub. There was no pain until the rat began to scrape away the last edges, the fennec moaning and braying in discomfort as any unsightly flesh was flensed carefully from the tail tip.

It was only when he felt the hand slip down to steady his grip on the boy's thighs did Bear begin to buck and struggle, his humbled body kicking uselessly as he tried to butt bump backwards against the rat. "Heh, no no, meat... you don't want those kid-makers anymore. If that band came off now, you'd go septic." Bear gulped and quieted down as he heard the words 'meat' thrown around so casually, settled enough that his ranch hand could get his pen knife into the sack and slowly carve around the neck of the testicles, working to remove the shriveled and blackened scrotum, severing the wiry cords that over a

week earlier had shot their last load. The fennec could have never imagined the quickie he rubbed out before work last Thursday or Friday would be the last in his life, but as he looked back over his shoulder to see Cruz hold up the pair of dead and shriveled testicles, he knew deep down that was the last pleasure he would ever have.

“Baa-aaaa?” The goat-boy seemed to ask something, a shy flush formed under his tight-fitting hood as the rat debrided the area, leaving an open wound at the base of his taint.

“Heh... don’t worry, meat... you’ve got a very big day ahead of you, you’ll find out what’s happening real soon.” One last accoutrement was added to complete the look, the rat reaching up to carefully slip a bell onto the goat’s neck, the little dingy metal making cute noises as Bear was unhooked from his stall and led out of the livestock barn. Nervously, the fennec couldn’t help but eye up his surroundings, a few of the other beasts and livestock refusing to make eye contact, while some of the ranch hands seemed to be smirking at the walk the adorable goat boy was taking.

It was a bright and sunny day outside, a day which should normally see livestock romping and frolicking about in the warm afternoon air. But something wasn’t quite right, as Bear quickly noticed that one of the fallow fields on the farm was occupied by a several of the ranch hands going about their jobs. Some were settling in after just pitching two large pavilion tents or setting up an outdoor bar. But a few seemed preoccupied with a large earthen hole just off to the side, carefully stacking pieces of firewood into the center to create a large bonfire. At first the skittish billy goat wasn’t sure what he was witnessing, until he realized Cruz was taking him towards the fire pit, a large and strange metal device situated next to it. It resembled a metal cross, with a smaller cross bar attached about five feet below. The cross was settled into an iron base that was anchored to the ground with heavy stakes, notches set into the metal that allowed the cross to be angled forward... over the fire pit it was lined up at.

“And here’s the star of the show!” Cruz couldn’t help but give a smack to Bear’s taught ass, forcing the boy to bleat out in panic as he put everything together in his head, the loud moan and jingle of his pretty bell causing a few of the workers to pause and gather around to check out today’s entrée for the party they were catering. “Whatcha think, billy goat? That’s called an asado cross... you’re gonna look so good strung up on it.” Bear’s eyes darted back and forth under his hood as he realized he was being prepared for tonight’s dinner! Despite losing his balls and tail, his mind raced at the thought of preserving his life. Despite the tight strapped harness hobbling the poor boy and forcing him to trot on all fours, the plucky little goat took off like an ornery beast, plowing straight into one of the ranch hands with his foam horns in a haphazard bid for freedom.

It was a short-lived bid. Cruz had a tight grip on the chain and yanked hard enough to stumble the fennec-turned-goat, the unwieldy critter simultaneously slipping and choking on his collar as he tangled up in the ranch hand whose knees he’d just swept out. Two more quickly fell upon the goat, grappling with arms and legs before triumphantly lifting the beast from the ground and carrying him like a defeated lamb towards the fire pit. Braying and bleating, Bear twisted his head this way and that, pleading in whistling baas and grunts as he begged for help the only way he knew how. But it was no use as locking carabiners attached his mitts tight to the asado cross, spreading his arms and legs wide until the boy was left hanging, his plump caprine form having to exert plenty of extra force just to breathe as the awkward hanging spread-eagle position made it hard to draw a breath. And there in the sweltering sun, he would wait, each struggling breath letting out a moaning bleat and tinkling bell jingle as he hung from the cross, staring at the massive bonfire pit before him.

It would be around two hours before the party kicked off. As guests began to arrive, Bear became a real conversation piece as onlooking partygoers would give his tender, plump ass a pinch or comment how beautiful his legs would roast, how taunted they looked trying to hold him up for another breath. But most horrifying to the poor fennec was when a few sadistic guests noted that the forced bleating sounds would become feverish as he began to roast. For most of the time hanging there, he had hoped he might get off easy, a quick slice to the throat, a slop of his guts into a bin, and then set him to roast. But the idle comments of onlookers seemed to suggest a far worse fate. As the sun crested closer and closer to noon, Bear whimpered as he watched one of the ranch hands settle a small fire starter into the middle of the kindling, a little cupcake liner filled with sawdust and paraffin wax. The goat boy picked up his nervous struggles, twisting his caprine mitts this way and that as the attendant laid a single match onto the fire starter and backed off, just as a billow of smoke and crackle of flame leapt up.

The future mutton watched on with horror in his eyes as the fire caught quickly, spreading from the middle of the bonfire outwards and flaring to several feet higher than the cross. More wood was added to bring the heat up and up, until a perfect bed of coals was established, a roiling, glowing sea of orange and black, hot smoke occasionally blowing in Bear's face as he struggled to catch his breath, causing the boy to cough, his struggling brays a bit of amusement of the crowd as they waited for the main event. As soon as the heat was judged appropriate, and the onlooking revelers gathered around, Cruz stepped up to the metal cross, giving his charge a little rub down the belly as he whispered.

"There's a good boy... ain't mutton to it, just relax... and let the heat do its job..." Bear shook his head as he felt the whole cross tip slowly forward, guided down past the 60° mark. Seething heat began to swell around the fennec, starting at his hooded face, and growing over his harnessed chest, his supple belly, and finally his legs, as he felt himself settle in at a tenuous 40° angle, the horrid spread eagle position causing his chest and what remained of his groin to burn as he bared it all to the broiling heat. The onlookers cheered as his panic soon took on a horrid pitch, bleating and braying only serving to suck in hot, smoky air, which only further caused his coughing and sputtering to turn to loud goat-like noises as he roasted over the coals.

Of course, under his harness, Bear was still a living person, a living fennec at that. And it wouldn't take long for him to be rid of the last vestiges of his personhood as a few errant embers popped and floated on the seething updraft that roiled around his body. It happened in a flash, a little cinder lodged against his groin, the superheated air suddenly igniting his dried-out fur in a bloom of gorgeous orange flame that emanated outwards from his bouncing cock and thrashing hips. A second ember caught him just at the neck, the tsunami of flowing fire catching the fur on the upper half of his body and reducing it to ash. The onlooking patrons beheld such a sight as the boy was consumed by the rolling flame, the fire managing to nestle under his hood and smolder, causing the goat hood to glow and belch smoke as he cried out in a horrified bleat. As the fire flared out his hood's eye holes, you'd swear that in an instant his eyes went from tear-filled to glassy white, blinded as the seething fire burned out with the last of Bear's gorgeous fur.

Wisps of hot smoke puffed out from the hood as the interior of the leather smoldered, the blinded fennec unable to control himself now as the mix of super-heated air and smoke finally closed off his windpipe for good. It was hard to tell exactly when his life ended, the choking and sputtering of his last breaths happened long after he appeared to lose consciousness, the twitches of his dying body

occasionally pumping a soft, distressed bleat or two, and causing his searing hot metal bell to tinkle, much to the chagrin of the crowd. When they were sure that the beast had finally breathed his last, Cruz flicked his cigarette butt into the fire pit, sighing as he stepped up to the blistering roast with his utility knife, carefully slicing his throat from ear to ear, before opening his mutton roast's gut from breastbone to cock, letting the steaming entrails slop out from his body into a pile on the blood soaked ground, draining the meat and allowing him to roast, ribs-open, in his own time.

As night fell and the party was in full swing, happy onlookers lined up to partake of the gorgeous mutton roast that had been so carefully attended all afternoon long. Already lubricated on plenty of open bar alcohol, the guests made plenty of raw and raunchy comments, speculating that the little slut must have gotten off to his coming death, and wondering aloud who would willingly sign up to become a meal, let alone a lowly goat. Cruz just bit his tongue, slipping into line to enjoy the spoils of working a party. The carver made sure to give his coworker an extra helping of sliced leg of mutton, carved thick off the rapidly disappearing thigh bone. Piling the fresh carved and steaming meat high on a crusty baguette, he made sure to layer on fresh pickles, slather a handmade harrisa mayo, and finish with a few slices of lettuce to round out the tender sandwich.

Cruz snuck off to rest under his favorite tree, far enough away from the fire pit to see the stars twinkling above his head as he chowed down on a hard-earned meal. Chomping his incisors through the tender mutton sandwich, the blue furred rat sighed softly as he slumped his shoulders at long last, another crisis averted on the Lazy Acres ranch. At least now he knew that if there was ever need for short notice mutton, Jakob the fox would suffice as a fine replacement.