

Practicing the Dark Culinary Arts
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“Adiuro per magnum deum et per Anterotas...” A low and gravelly rumble filled the cold stone-lined laboratory. The hypnotic drone of Latin echoed through the tiny room, escaping the sharp toothed maw of a dark and fallen mage. Scy Bloodmoon growled a forbidden incantation, his slender, black-furred arm holding aloft the ancient tome that held the secrets to his shadowy arts. “Uratur furens amore et desiderio meo,” the fox snarled, a sickly green glow swirling about his free hand, his fingers bathed in a growing flame of magick. Bringing his paw down to the table, the necromancer smirked as he placed his clawtips upon the dirty flesh of a severed forearm and hand. “Anima et cor uratur.”

It was less a leap or jump than expected, but the fingertips on the severed arm curled the slightest bit at the provocation. Tantalizing results; perhaps the ancients oversold the mystical power of this incantation? “Si minus, descendo in adytus,” Scy growled, his bushy, red-tipped tail flicking behind him as he gave the incantation a little more time, watching with deep intent as the hand began to move at the wrist, fingertips scrabbling against the cool stone tabletop. “Non dormiat ne-” A flick of the ear cut Sci’s attention off, though he recovered. “Neque sedeat ne-” Again. This time, he realized the distraction was not faltering concentration, but caused by an audible drip noise plunking in a pool of water. The flame enveloping his paw flickered momentarily until Sci scrambled to reassert his control. “Neque loquatur, sed in ment-” PLUNK! “Ancients be damned!”

Nearly dropping his tome of ancient secrets in a rage, the fire alight on his paw flickered out, causing the newly animated limb to flop uselessly upon the table, devoid of life once more. Storming out of his antechamber laboratory, Scy padded with frustrated purpose into his private chambers, knowing exactly where the infernal dripping was coming from.

“What?!” He barked at a large bronze basin that rest upon his writing desk, the water within seemingly leaping up in heavy droplets at rhythmic intervals. “What is it? What do you want?” A highly skilled and accomplished sorcerer in his own right, the necromancer had long since dispensed with the formalities of lesser incantations. This often served many purposes, particularly allowing him to conjure a spell without needing the dower invocations that many novices need rely upon. With the same frustration one might answer a telemarketing phone call, Scy stared grimly into the scrying bowl as the surface flattened and shimmered. Images began to form on the misty fluid, inky at first, quickly becoming recognizable as the faces of his brothers. “Ahhh... Yes.” Turning his attention to a handwritten calendar upon the tabletop, Scy smirked as he realized what day it was. 10 Hearthsday, 856. Upon the little block he had scratched a stylized image of a pig, its eyes crossed out with X’s and a rude apple drawn over the mouth. At least it was akin to a pig, the little doodle had some odd features to it, a scribbled in mask about the creature’s eyes and striped curly tail added just a touch of complexity to the doodle.

With a little chuckle, Scy gave a wave over his scrying bowl, dismissing the ethereal notification that his guests were on their way. After a few moments collecting himself and straightening his flowing red robes, Scy began the long walk through his stonework castle. Clawed paws clacking softly on the rough-hewn floor, the necromancer walked past many a loyal guard, undead husks standing at attention and bone-grinding skeletons dressed in the tatters of the armor they once wore in life. Thankfully, the guards were more for show than actual protection. Scy’s dark arts often went unnoticed by the surrounding villages, giving him plenty of opportunity to study in peace. Sauntering through the old castle keep, Scy made his way through the dining hall, rapping his clawtips idly upon the heavy oaken

table as he passed. Dusted and polished, even carefully wiped to ensure no oils or residue was left. Even if he had wiled away the day with his experiments, Scy could trust that Ristina kept on track with her chores. And the gentle sound of sweeping from the castle's kitchen only told Scy that she continued to do her job faithfully.

Stepping into the kitchen, the necromancer rested his forearm upon the doorjamb, a smirk curling across his face as he got a good gander at his servant's best assets. Bending over to pick something up by the ice chest, a hefty-hipped hogess swayed her rump slowly, first to the left and then to the right. Thick and meaty, and without a shred of clothing to cover it, the creature spread her ample hams into a wider stance, not only clearly showing her tense and taught pucker, but also a peek at the supple folds of her pink pussy. A low growl escaped the fox's muzzle, the lewd leer perking Ristina's ears as she gathered up the offending refuse off the floor.

Straightening back up again, Ristina's unique nature quickly became apparent; while her lower half was clearly piggish, the upper half of her body tapered off to a slender, grey-furred form. Slender, at least, from the rear. Turning her attention towards the doorway, it became clear that the hybrid creature's decidedly raccoon upper body carried a set of six thick and meaty breasts. Casting a wry smirk towards her master, the pig-coon's soft blue eyes and dark-masked face cocked slightly in amusement, her floppy ears flicking in response to being watched.

"Mmm... I knew my ears were burning. You enjoying the view, Master Scy?" Ristina chuckled, swaying her hips as she propped her weight against the broom she was using, the locked gold ring around her neck shimmering in the pale candlelight.

"Oh, no question about that, my dear," the fox chuckled, swishing his tail behind him as he gazed up and down her buxom and curvaceous form. For someone who spent so much time surrounded by decaying matter and cold corpses, Scy certainly took a shine to this unique mortal. How Ristina came to be might have been a mystery even to the great sorcerer. But her exceptional properties, physical and emotional, drew more than just the fox's attention. A hybrid in every sense of the word, Scy took great pleasure in teasing out how Ristina worked. On one hand, she had the normal self-preservation drive that any living creature might have. On the other, she was a pig deep down in her soul, meat on the hoof begging for a place on the table. Even more confusing was her arousal; a cross-wiring of pleasure and pain caused Ristina to lust for treatment her raccoon-brain feared most. It was fortunate that she fell into the graces of the famed necromancer, his careful work on revivification offering Ristina the key to exploring her darkest lusts. "My, you have outdone yourself. The great hall is looking gorgeous, and the kitchen is perfectly clean."

"Thank you, Sir," Ristina smiled, nodding her head forward just far enough to nudge her glasses down the bridge of her muzzle. That wry smirk crawled a bit wider as she watched Scy cock his head ever so slightly. "Something tells me you're not coming by to congratulate my cleaning, though."

A slow lick of his chops exposed the fox's teeth as he stepped inside the kitchen, outstretching a hand to feel the warm fire in the hearth. "Tell me, my sweet pig-coon, what were your orders for today?"

"...let's see," Ristina sighed, counting off on her fingers. "Clean the hall, give the table a good polish, get the kitchen tidied..."

“And you’ve done a fine job. But don’t you usually have more to do than that?”

“Usually, Master, but you seem to have given me just enough tasks for the morning.” Ristina seemed genuinely unsure why she was given the afternoon off. “Not that I’m complaining, but...”

With a little smirk, Scy walked about to the kitchen countertop right next to the large oven, eyeing over the cool stone surface. In her work cleaning up, Ristina seemed to have pushed about the large iron roasting pan that Master Scy used for big meals. Normally it lived in the pantry, but its size and unwieldiness meant that Ristina needed a little help to put it away, especially given how top-heavy she already was with her ample cleavage. Allowing his claws to run down the length of the hefty roasting pan, he coolly added, “Oh, I didn’t think it would be fair to give you tasks you can’t complete, given how...” One last rap upon the roasting pan caused the hybrid’s already concerned face to drop. “...busy you’ll be tonight.”

“Busy, Sir?” Ristina swallowed, setting aside her broom just as Scy stepped away from the countertop, turning his attention to the increasingly concerned critter.

“I feared you would be indisposed.” The vulpine necromancer extended a paw to caress down Ristina’s body, a shiver flowing down her spine at his touch causing her to almost instinctively back away. “After all, you will be entertaining my guests tonight.”

“E- Entertaining?” She gasped, darting her eyes about as she shrunk from her owner’s grip.

“Perhaps that was not the right word,” the fox chuckled, stepping closer until he had backed the buxom sow against the wall. A low growl rumbled in his chest as he groped her body, a thumb idly toying with Ristina’s right-side, second breast’s nipple. “You see, my brothers are coming to visit. So tonight, I expect you will be far less talkative,” he commented, grinding the pert little nub under his finger, “and far more succulent than you are now.”

Realization struck Ristina like a bolt to the brain, the hybrid swallowing hard as she turned her eyes to the ceiling, nearly evading a soft kiss from her owner as he leaned in to steal a peck. “P- Please, Master,” the pig-coon shuddered as she spoke, “Please you... you know I don’t... I don’t like b- being...”

“Oh, my sweet, you’ve passed and returned tens of times,” Scy growled dismissively, forcing Ristina to kiss him square on the muzz. Lowering his paw to the sweet girl’s nethers, the fox couldn’t help but add, “Came in more than one sense of the word,” while his digits casually spread her pussy lips open with a practiced precision.

“A- ahhh...” Biting her lip, Ristina threw her head back softly, knocking her glasses askew upon her face as she whined, “P... Please... Please, Sir, y- you know it... It hurts me to die...” A nervous pout crossed Ristina’s face as she played her best gamble to stave off the agony she knew she’d face.

“You say that EVERY time I end your life, my dear. Pain is but an instant for you, Ristina...” Scy’s fingers pressed forwards with growing pressure, chunky fox digits disappearing between her folds all the way up to the knuckles. “You know how much you lust for it.”

A deep, shuddering moan filled Ristina’s chest as she felt her tender pussy invaded. Yet she furrowed her brow at the thought she would have to die to experience that need. “B- But, Master... It... it takes so much to ensure I come back...”

“You are worth it, my sweet.” Pressing nose to snout, Scy planted a tender kiss upon his slave, breaking only long enough to whisper, “Your servitude to me is far from over. I would lay siege to the gates of hell to claw you back to life...” Slowly withdrawing his fingers from Ristina’s supple folds, the necromancer could not help but bring his nectar-soaked paw to his face, growling as he lapped the supple honey off his fingertips. The nervously flustered hybrid shuddered as she smelled the warmth of her pussy juices. Knowing he could delay no longer, the vulpine decided it was time to use her own mind against her. Rearing his paw back, the fox gritted his teeth as he slammed his open palm hard against his girl, a wet and resonant smack slapping along the full length of her cunt, with the heel of his hand grinding firm into Ristina’s clit.

She cried out in surprise, in full expectation for pain to wrack her form. But instead, Ristina simply melted into her owner’s arms as a deep moan hissed from her snout, her anticipation of pain flicked to a sudden rush of pleasure. “Nnnnng... oh f... fuck...” Before she realized it, and goaded by a few smaller but no less enticing smacks upon to her groin, Ristina practically walked herself to the preparation table, a whorish groan escaping as she fell quickly in line to her owner’s wishes.

“Your Master knows what you need most,” Scy chuckled, helping heft the porker up onto the countertop, her ample thighs squishing in such pleasant and curvaceous ways as she laid out upon her back. Yet before she had even fully settled herself upon the roasting pan, Ristina watched with growing trepidation as her owner selected one of the large carving knives off the countertop.

“Are you... going to behead me again, Master Scy?” Ristina asked, swallowing hard as if to savor what little time she had left to enjoy her ability to swallow.

“Patience, patience... Tonight is a special occasion. And it requires a very special meal.”

“B- But, Sir!” The hybrid blurted out, despite her breathy gasps just moments prior, “Y- You know th-tha- that if my brain is d- damaged...”

“That I will no longer be able to resurrect you, my sweet?” Ristina swallowed again, nodding sheepishly as she realized she was speaking over the one who knew far more than she did on the matter. Without pausing to give her a chance to respond, Scy planted his left paw upon the hybrid’s firm breast, giving the flesh the softest squeeze before piercing the knife into her belly, just above her waistline. “You talk too much for meat, Ristina.”

Eyes shooting wide at the sudden gut-wrenching sensation, Ristina cried out in confused bliss as she threw her head back, losing her glasses and nearly banging her skull upon the roasting pan. Despite the strange sensation of being opened like a zipper, one of Ristina’s paws slinked down against her thigh, curling into her tender snatch as Master Scy got to work digging around in her open gut. Easily comfortable working with the anatomy of living creatures, the fox began severing arteries here and removing fascia there, bundling the squirming pig-coon’s guts into a pile in her abdomen. All the while, Ristina’s breasts jiggled and squished as she kicked her ample legs this way and that in the pan. She knew enough to try and hold still while her owner worked, but it was hard when his wandering paws caused such agonizingly intense pleasure. Careful not to spill any of her gut contents, Scy lifted the slippery, goeey pile and slopped it off into a bucket on the floor, leaving his girl feeling substantially lighter on the inside.

It was not an encyclopedic list of her organs, of course. Her heart, lungs and chest cavity were still intact. Similarly, as Ristina tried to distract herself from the horror of seeing her belly split open, she could feel that her pussy was still intact too, the tender lips as sensitive as ever as her fingers struggled to toy with the tender flesh. Returning with a bushel of chopped vegetables from the ice box, Master Scy took his time bundling handfuls of the fresh cut carrots, chopped celery, quartered onions and hearty potatoes into his sweet girl's open gut. Despite the mixed sensations clouding her mind, Ristina couldn't help but feel a little more comfortable as her empty gut was filled back up with the growing pile of veggies.

As stuffing, slick with oil and seasoned to taste, finally reached the edges of Ristina's open cavity, she realized that the pressure in her groin was from the unsupported weight now resting upon her womb and ovaries, both kept intact inside her hollowed-out body. Yet these would have to wait to get any attention. Master Scy took his time, producing a needle and length of cooking twine to sew up his good little roaster. "I'm sorry, Ristina," he apologized with a distinct lack of empathy as he pierced one side of her belly, tugging the rough string through her skin and abdominal wall, creating a strange, almost rug-burn, sensation that left the pig-coon biting her lip. "I know that you haaaaate being sewn back up." The look on Ristina's face was reminiscent of someone enduring a vibrator set on low, her groans and huffs giving the fox a rise under his robes as he cinched her up tight with heavy X-like stitches crossing her belly in between each of her lower breasts.

Once there was no chance she would 'spill' her stuffing, Scy reached down to carefully guide the sweet girl's paw away from her supple pussy, eliciting a pleading little whine as Ristina grasped her nectar-slick fingers longingly down towards her groin. "Nnngh... p-please," she huffed in growing desperation as Master Scy placed her paws against her breasts, coaxing her to play with her tits instead.

"Don't worry, you will be allowed to touch again." He brought out a second bowl from the cupboard above the workstation, this one smaller and covered in a tea towel. Ristina couldn't see exactly what it was, even as she strained to look over her hefty breasts. She need not guess for long, letting out a surprised snort as the fox pressed the first small handful of soft bread stuffing between Ristina's tender pussy lips. It was a strange and foreign feeling as it entered her vagina; the stuffing was a little moist, and certainly agitating to her sensitive flesh. The pig-coon couldn't help but grunt and whine, her confused discomfort jostling the fresh veggies that filled out her bulging gut. "Doesn't that feel good, hmm?" True sexual pleasure gave way to crossed-wires of pain as Scy forced his fingers in deeper and deeper, until he felt her cervix give way under pressure. Working steadily, Scy slowly fistfisted handfuls of bread stuffing deep into his dish's womb, not quite packing it in, but certainly leaving little room inside the estrogen-soaked delicacy.

As the last crumbs were tucked inside, causing Ristina's puffy and raw pussy to pouch outwards, Scy offered one last finishing touch for Ristina's body. Raising his paw, he presented the obedient little porker with a thick carrot. Still breathing heavy from the overwhelming and confused sensations, Ristina shuddered as she watched the hefty root vegetable disappear between her thighs, only to feel it prod against her prominent pucker. Scrunching her face and closing her eyes tight, the pig-coon grunted as the hefty carrot spread her hole wide.

"W-WHEEE!" Ristina squealed as the thick vegetable worked its way deep inside. With her colon removed, the hybrid felt the strange sensation of the plugging carrot jostling some of the vegetables in her belly cavity as it seated in place. Still a little wobbly, Ristina groaned as she felt her owner's hands

touching her body, coaxing her to roll her ample form over onto her long rows of breasts, the soft flesh padding against the cold roasting pan. True to his word, the vulpine chef would allow his suckling pig to touch herself again, though perhaps not in the manner she expected. Unfurling a roll of cooking twine, the necromancer began to bind his prized pig.

Starting at her ankles, Scy prepared Ristina for her big show. Tying her ankles to her hips first, the fox carefully guided Ristina's arms down along the underside of her body, carefully drawing up her fingers until they rested along the edge of her supple lips, the tips ever so gently caressing her engorged clit. Perfectly positioned, Ristina felt the remainder of her bonds tighten; first her wrists bound together, then her knees tied to her elbows, forcing the porker to lay in an exposed, ass-up pose upon the cold metal pan. One last touch, a bright red apple was pressed against Ristina's snout. From this vantage point, she could not easily see over the high-walled roasting pan, making the acceptance of the gag all the more disconcerting for the skeptical sow. Perhaps she wanted to get in a final word or comment about her position, or a reminder that her head still needed removal for regeneration to happen. But she did her best to put aside her worry and trust her owner. Of course, once the thick fruit worked its way past her jaws, Ristina was perfectly helpless to resist Scy's orders... Not that she had any choice in the matter prior.

"You're looking gorgeous already, my dear..." Master Scy chuckled, disappearing from Ristina's view as she lay quiet on the roasting pan, groaning and listlessly toying with herself. "But dare I say you seem a touch under-dressed." A wetness rather suddenly slapped across Ristina's back, the sensation of warm yet sticky fluid being applied to her body, the cloying mixture perfectly coating her ample and pudgy form. "Don't worry, I have the perfect... heh... dressing for you to wear. I promise you will be the talk of the table amongst my brothers and me..." Ristina seemed to enjoy the moment of relaxation, the pain but a low and deep ache in her body. A welcome relaxation for sure as she settled in toying with herself. It was not until Scy began paying attention to her nethers that the pig-coon leapt to attention, her body squirming with a growing need as he basted heavy strokes of thick and viscous fluid over her groin.

"Mmmm-MMMMM!" Ristina cried, gasping as her slick fingers were pushed out of the way, the slender digits coated in the cloying honey mixture as her necromancer-owner basted up and down the length of her folds.

"Just relax, hun," he growled, licking his chops as he focused his effort right over his girl's tender and overstuffed cunt. Groaning and gasping, it did not take long for Ristina to feel herself being carried away by her chef's focused assault upon her pussy. Clenching her eyes tight, the tender porker, basted like a proper honey glazed ham, could not keep herself contained as Master Scy ravaged her already strained sex. With bristles slipping between her folds, and the thick brush assailing her clit on every upstroke, Ristina finally relented to her fate as she felt the orgasm blossom deep within her loins.

"Mnnnn... MNNNPFH!" Ristina felt her eyes roll back in her head as the growing lust racked and finally overwhelmed her. Proving the bonds would hold her tight, Ristina shook bodily as she rocked with the first of many orgasms... she hoped. Yet unlike so many of her climaxes, this one was very different. No squirt, no drool of fluid. Instead, the pig-coon felt just a single drop of dew drip down the edge of her pussy lips. As the quivers subsided, Scy gave one last little touch of the brush to Ristina's folds.

“To flavor the stuffing,” Scy crooned, setting aside his brush before picking up the roasting pan. The fox grunted through gritted teeth as he carried it the short distance from counter to oven. “The first among many, I should hope,” he called above the scraping sound of metal on metal. Ristina’s afterglow faded to a concerned and horrified realization. The world around her had become far hotter all the sudden, her whole body washed over with a rush of seething heat. The high-walled roasting pan only confused her vision even further as she realized she was surrounded in a hot darkness that enveloped her form from tip to tail. Giving one last pat to his hybrid ham’s ample rump, the curly striped tail facing outwards in the pre-heated hearth, Scy gave one last goodbye to his girl. “Just relax my dear. I’ll see you for your first basting. I do hope you last long enough to join me for it.”

It was only then that Ristina realized the danger she was truly in, the oven door slamming shut behind her meaty body and sealing her into the seething hot oven. Master Scy had always dispatched her comfortably, or at least ensured her skull would be preserved for the inevitable revivification. Ristina breathed a sharp, horrified inhale at the realization she was in danger of losing her life for good. The lungful of scalding hot air caused Ristina to clench her eyes shut tight, causing the deepest rush to flood her loins. Without thinking, the pleasure-wracked hybrid moaned into her apple gag, both hands clenching against her overstuffed pussy lips, fingers tugging the folds open just wide enough to cause a dollop or two of cum-moistened stuffing to squish out of her hole. Wracked with the most intense sensation she had ever felt, Ristina began to squeak and squeal with growing lust, her body unnaturally reading the crushing pain as full-body stimulation.

Though he could not see through the solid cast-iron door, Master Scy was pleasantly surprised at how quickly his girl reacted to the heat, her thick and meaty legs kicking and struggling madly against the cooking twine keeping her bound. Every noise she made, squealing in pure lust, echoed off the inside of the oven in a deep reverberation. Disoriented from the assault upon her body, Ristina gasped as she shook her head about in mad panic, accidentally tossing off her spectacles in the process as she writhed upon the rapidly heating roaster. Jostling the vegetables stuffing her belly, the pig-coon realized she could no longer find a comfortable position, every twist and turn sending the girl into mad, convulsing shudders. All Ristina could do to give herself any sort of grounding in the confused agony was to focus on her tender pussy. Caressing the sides, grinding her clit, and even working inside up to the first knuckle, Ristina was desperate to hold on to the only pleasure that she could bring above the sensory assault she was forced to endure.

The intensity, of course, meant that the sow began to tire out, her heart beating erratically. Head swimming, the succulent roaster-girl felt her uncontrolled arousal blossom into the most intense orgasm she had ever felt, her muscles locking up as a single muffled cry roared out of Ristina’s gagged muzzle. Proving that he never left Ristina’s side, Scy opened the oven door just as his main dish seized up in orgasm, the necromancer enamored with the mixture of sweat, oils and pussy juices that seeped like dew down her overstuffed snatch.

“Shhhhh, relax, my tender honey ham,” Scy shushed, his voice distant as he began to baste over Ristina’s back and ass, the thick flesh quivering as he teased the bristles closer and closer to his sweet girl’s snatch. Just as the first basting of glaze drooled against her supple pussy lips, the tender sow felt her body quake one last time. Emerging from her seemingly endless orgasm, the flood of endorphins was finally overcome by the heat, causing the girl to collapse as her heart gave out. As Ristina’s head

slumped against the roasting pan, her exhausted mind could no longer care that she would never come back to life...

For a brief moment, Ristina felt nothing. Or at least she was not aware of feeling anything. But there was a flicker, causing her to feel something. A glimmer of existence, fleeting and short-term in her memory, but it was there. *Memory?* She thought to herself. *What is memory? What is ha-*

“...neque loquatur, sed in mentens!” A crack of thunder, a puff of hot smoke and Ristina felt sooty air fill her lungs. Coughing and sputtering, she raised her head from being slumped forwards against the table, a groan escaping her chest as it took all her focus to grasp on to the realization that she was alive. In the distance, muffled and deep, she could hear the sounds of someone talking. *A voice, a familiar voice. Scy.* Master Scy, was prattling on, even if he sounded like he was talking through cotton. As eyesight returned to her unfocused eyes, Ristina found she was on one side of the long oak table in the dining hall, sitting across from three guests. Two of them, she did recognize, though it took her some time to claw their names out of the seeming void of her brain. *Family. Brothers. Safe.* The words that flitted into her mind, as if she was pinning them to a corkboard in her brain, filled out her understanding of these people. To the right sat Salia. Salia Yumako, a blue striped arctic fox-raccoon hybrid. A brother by blood with a complicated history. To his right sat Seth. Seth Trimoon, a white furred fox who sported the same red tailtip as Master Scy. Ristina even cracked a smile as she contemplated them, a rock to anchor her broken and repairing mind to.

The third guest, however, eluded her. He was a hog, a boar. *Familiar. Like me. Pig.* The words seemed less connected because she didn't know this creature. But the brothers and Master Scy didn't seem to worry about him, in fact they even seemed to be laughing, chatting, conversing. He did not seem to pay much mind to Ristina, but their eyes locked momentarily as he leaned across the table, a knife and fork in hand. And that was when she realized he was carving meat off a beautiful centerpiece, a gorgeous roasted pig. Of sorts...

Before Ristina lay Ristina, or at least what she assumed was her. The body had been picked apart, with thick slices carved out of the tender ass, the gaping belly split open and overflowing with roasted vegetables. Perhaps even more horrid was that the skull – already clearly having endured the worst of the roasting process – had a sharp-tipped knife driven through it, as if someone intended to show without a shadow of a doubt that Ristina's brain was destroyed.

Still hazy and foggy from her regeneration, and equally confused as to how she revived despite the scene in front of her, Ristina shivered as she felt Master Scy nestle his snout along her shoulder. “Welcome back, my dear,” he growled, talking very slowly so she could grasp his words. “I am happy to tell you that my research has paid off.” Licking his chops softly, he couldn't help but whisper, “I know how much you hate dying, but I needed a suitable... test subject... to see if my latest incantation would bring back the truly dead.” Scy punctuated his point by reaching out to jiggle the knife in the roasted Ristina's skull, “Despite any brain-addling damage.”

Ristina seemed confused still, though Scy seemed to have no concern. “Oh, don't you worry my sweet, the confusion and fog should wear off in a day or two.” The fox chuckled as he planted a paw

upon her head, casually redirecting her attention to the plate that was laid out before her. It looked like something she might see at a holiday dinner. Tender slices of meat lay upon her plate, nestled next to vegetables that had cooked within her gut. It was almost beautiful, if she also didn't notice that her tender pucker, carved out of her rump, lay atop the pile of meat on her plate. Scy gave one last little reassuring pat to her girl's shoulder before sitting down at his own seat. His plate was mostly bare of side dishes, instead having served himself up the entirety of Ristina's stuffed pussy and womb, the softened flesh rich in flavor and overflowing with bread stuffing out the tender lips. "Now be a sweetheart for me. I expect you will eat every bite. We need to keep up your strength..." A wicked grin crawled across the necromancer's face as he coolly added, "I have plenty more experiments to test, my dear."