

Spending Spree  
Written by Choice Cuts Deli  
Commission for Kalo Foxfire | September 2021 | 6779 Words

*Buzz buzz buzz buzz.* Underscoring the generic music of her phone's 7:30 a.m. alarm, a gentle whirr from a vibration motor walked the sleek little smartphone across Vanessa's bedside end table. Normally she did not have to worry about her expensive electronics falling to the floor. But, as the ruddy red-furred vixen opened her eyes to the strumming of faux guitar, the sweet vulpine gasped aloud as she watched her cell phone teeter on the edge of her nightstand. Darting a paw out from under the covers, she nabbed the device just as the final vibration knocked it off edge of her end table. Confused, and bleary-eyed, Nessi flopped back in bed, unlocking the password to reveal the source of the over-eager vibrations. A little app off in the corner of her screen was jiggling like mad, two notification bubbles attached to the corner. Her confused expression melted to a little smirk as she opened the app, and stared face to face with a candid photo she took nearly a year ago.

Julian the mouse used to be a friend of hers. A friend, and a lover. That is, until the cunning vixen decided to spend her first predation credit on him. Ever since the laws regulating predation went digital, it was easy for an enterprising young predator to capture a prey victim. A simple candid photo was often enough to ensure that the victim successfully registered as meat. Whether you were silencing an annoying coworker, or romancing a high school sweetheart, it the predation app made it easy to casually register yourself as the owner of a living person, so long as you still had enough government-issued credits to do so.

Nessi sighed softly as she pinched and zoomed on the photograph of Julian, the white furred mouse looking so shy and flustered as he stared into the camera lens. He had grown up with Nessi, the cute boy always seemingly enamored with her headstrong confidence and the bold way she wore her hunger on her sleeve. Surprisingly, it was the little mouse who asked the question first, if she would consider being his predator. Reaching her paws under the blankets, the vixen sighed as she began to fondle herself, thinking back to that very moment. He asked the question, and she responded with a click of her phone camera. He was hers, whether he was ready or not. Slowly and sensually, the vixen stroked her supple paw-tipped digits down her tender slit. Already moist with dewy juices, Nessi moaned as the unique quirk of her body quickly became apparent; a rising tent in the bed sheets grew more and more visible as the intersex girl's cock began to swell from a soft half-chub to its usual hefty girth.

Biting her lip softly, Nessi's breathing quickened as she browsed over the edited statistics page, soaking in every time she updated Julian's weight or fat content. But what made her huff the loudest was the expiry date. A cute, little stylized icon bounced up and down in the corner of Julian's page, signaling that today was the mouse's expected death date. She had saved herself for today; two weeks of edging and no orgasm meant she was on a hair trigger. Licking her chops, Vanessa had to force herself to stop touching, the eager vulpine shivering as she slipped her legs out from under the satiny-soft covers, naked body rubbing ever so gently on the plush, jersey sheets. Today was going to be electric, and Nessie intended to enjoy every minute of her lover boy's final hours alive. Swinging her legs over the side of the bed, she casually hit the second notification, a simple in-app message noting that she still had two remaining credits to use. Of course, they did not expired. But the government encouraged predators to use their credits as soon as possible. After all, most predators could not stomach more than a single person in one sitting.

“Maybe I should indulge a little more often,” Nessi mused aloud, stretching her arms over her head as she stood. Tossing on a simple crop-top and breezy skirt, the vixen gave her hips a sway as she stepped through the bedroom door, following the sound of soft and muffled moaning. “Heh, or I could go on a spending spree, I suppose.” Rounding the corner to the quaint, suburban kitchen, a wicked little grin crossed the vixen’s face as she addressed her meal as if he had been privy to the whole conversation. “But I wouldn’t want to make you jealous, my dear.” Sauntering slowly across the kitchen, Vanessa stepped past a large plastic tub situated in the middle of the room. Roughly three foot cubed, the lid had just enough space for a nervous little mouseboy’s head to stick through. He seemed a little out of sorts, preoccupied with a rubber ball gag wedged behind his sharp rodent teeth. Of course, this was not his usual arrangement; Julian’s sturdy wood-and-iron cage that made up the lower-half of Nessi’s kitchen pantry lay empty.

Instead, Julian knelt inside the opaque plastic tub, huffing softly as he watched his owner step into the kitchen. His nostrils flared with each soft breath, a low buzz barely audible as he whimpered from the constant and unsatisfying stimulation of a bullet vibe strapped just underneath his cockhead. This unceasing torture caused the mouse to twitch and jerk, his body sloshing the briny mixture of water, salt, sugar and spices all around him. Nessi did not seem to mind, however, the vixen smiling as she approached a large calendar pinned to the wall, contemplating a series of crossed-off dates ending in a cute little doodle. “Oh, sweetie,” she said, running a paw over the calendar with a little smirk, “Would you look at what day it is?” Saturday, September 18th. Unlike other dates on the calendar, filled with jotted notes and appointment times, this square had a stylized mouse’s head drawn in the upper-left corner, its eyes X’d out. In the lower right, a rough approximation of a cooked turkey on a plate. Julian’s eyes grew heavy, already exhausted from a long night kept awake by the constant vibrations. He did not need to be told what day it was – after all, he got to stare at the calendar in the dim kitchen light all night long.

“Mnnnpfh...” The mouseboy snorted, huffing as Nessi softly stroked herself while approaching her helpless little entrée. It was not uncommon for her to force herself onto him, a blow job while she let her coffee brew, a little cunnilingus over breakfast, or a rough fuck before locking up to head out to work. But today, much like every day this week, the heavy-chested vixen did not seem interested in satisfying her sexual needs. Resting her hefty, firm breasts upon the mouse’s head, forcing his little ears to twitch and splay, Vanessa leaned over him to unlock the basin lid. It did not come without a little humiliation, her fat vulpine cock grinding against the boy’s fluffy face, smearing a little dribble of pre against his cheek. Unlocking the plastic tub, Nessi carefully removed the lid and ball gag, mercifully massaging the boy’s aching jaw, before removing his restraints from both arms and ankles. “Thank you, Ma’am...” He said with a soft, defeated tone, the same squeaky little nasal voice that yelped so many years ago when he first realized he was destined for death.

Lifting her bound boy from the heavy plastic tote, his body shaved to a bare pink from the neck-down, Nessi settled him onto a large towel and patted him dry, playfully ruffling the boy’s rounded little ears as she spoke. “I hope that overnight brine felt nice, cutie,” she said, a soft smirk crawling across her muzzle. Unfastening Julian’s restraints, she guided him to stand, unable to help but giggle at the sight of his cock throbbing between his thighs, bouncing under the weight of the little egg vibrator still attached under his glans. Directing him to peer out the kitchen window, Julian stared wide-eyed at the large brick oven that dominated the backyard patio. The eager little entrée had watched the brick behemoth take shape over the last year, with no illusions as to its purpose. Now, as it sat empty and cold, the fidgety

mouse knew he was destined for a date with it this afternoon. "Because things are going to get very hot for you in just a few hours."

Producing a tight-fit collar and leash from the countertop, Nessi affixed the restraint to her little mouse, giving a gentle tug commanding him to follow. "Mmmpfh!" The mouse whined, "Y- Yes Ma'am," he whined, his tail tucked and cockhead dripping all the way to the garage.

"You deserve one last look at the world, butterball. I need to pick up a few things for your meal tonight." Coaxing him into the passenger seat of her sleek little sedan, Nessi gave one last tease to his needy shaft before finally removing the vibrator, if only to prevent any unsightly stains on her car seats.

---

"Welcome to the Flank and Rib!" A warm, matronly voice called out from across the floor. The small-town grocer and butcher's shop catered to a predatory clientele, selling small-batch prey of various breeds, as well as the sorts of accoutrements one might need to turn them into a lovely meal. Giving a little tug to her embarrassed rodent roast, Nessi smiled as she saw a buxom bovine approaching from across the butcher's section. The mottled-brown Hereford wore a tight-tied, green apron that bulged on either side of her midsection, two heavy breasts above the cinched strap and a rounded bump from her udders below. A little name tag pinned to the neck loop simply read Robyn. "May I help you, Ma'am? Ohh, and who's this little cutie-chop?"

A warm smirk flashed over Nessi's face as she shot a glance over to Julian's fidgety form. "Oh, he's just my dinner tonight. I've had him for over a year now, and today's his special day." After getting a nod of assent, Robyn reached out a hoof-tipped hand, groping along the mouse's supple and soft body, feeling over his pudgy gut before dropping down to cup his balls.

"He's going to make a gorgeous set of mouse steaks for you, dear," the butcher's assistant said, her squeezing fingers eliciting a little squirm from Julian. "Do you have a recipe picked out for him, or are you looking for ideas?"

"Oh, we've picked out a rough recipe," Nessi chirped, her eyes beginning to browse up and down the cute cow's body, unconsciously licking her chops while the matronly attendant was distracted by her meatboy. "I spent a good two weeks breeding his rump in front of the Food Network to see what really made the cutie tick."

"He was a volunteer?" Robyn asked, turning her broad muzzle up to meet Vanessa's gaze.

"Go on, meat," Nessi ordered, giving Julian a little tug on the leash. "Tell the nice lady."

"Mnnpfh! I- I..." Huffing through his nose, the shy little mouse could not help but swallow hard, "I... asked if she would be my predator. And- And Miss Nessi decided that she'd take me then and there."

"Voluntold, then," Robyn said with a smirk, before nudging the tender boy to turn around so she could spread his succulent rumpcheeks apart. "And what recipe got you going the most, sweetheart?"

Gasping as the attendant pressed two digits against his hole, the little mouse moaned as she pushed inside, expertly finding his prostate and giving it a firm caress. "A- Ahhhh... oh god..." Biting his lip, Julian panted softly as he admitted, "I... I want to be roasted like a turkey..."

"Ooooooh, stuffed and buttered and slow roasted to a golden brown?" The Hereford smirked, giving one last tease before finally relenting, letting her hooves slip back out of the little mouse's hole. Turning back to Nessi, Robyn smiled as she made eye contact, the vixen lowering her cell phone as the attendant addressed her. "Well, we've got lots of options. Fresh herbed butters in the dairy case, and made-to-order stuffing of all sorts. I think we even have some mouse sausage left in the butcher's case if you'd like the stuffing to have a little added rodent flavor."

"That sounds absolutely lovely," Nessi said with a smirk, licking her chops as she added, "But I must admit, I am also quite hungry." Pretending she had not noticed the 'Made to Order' deli selection until just now, Nessi beamed as she added, "I have to wonder if you're on the menu too, beautiful?"

Taken aback by the brazen question, Robyn shivered as she shook her head, "N- No, Ma'am, I- I am not. But don't worry. We have a lovely selection of rotisserie fowl on today." Before she could begin to list off the different breeds of fowl that were currently turning on the spit, Robyn was cut off by a cell phone screen shoved firmly in her face. The buxom cow had to tilt her snout down to properly see the words on it.

#### APPROVED – Immediate Consumption – 1x Credit Withdrawn

The flashing alert on the government sponsored registry app sat dangerously close to a candid photograph of Robyn, clearly taken just moments ago when Nessi was playing with her phone. Shivering, the tender, middle-aged moo-cow swallowed as she felt the curvaceous vixen tug aside her apron with her free paw. A low growl rumbled out of Nessi's chest as she whispered softly, "I would like to order a roast beef sandwich, to go." Two fingers pressed against the bovine's tender folds, a soft gasp escaping her snout as Nessi delved her paws firmly into the cow's supple slit. "Lettuce, swiss cheese, onion, mayo and horseradish..." Leaning up to give the Hereford a little lick on the ear, the vixen sent shivers down Robyn's spine as she added, "...and you, my succulent roast."

"R- Right away..." Robyn swallowed, blinking as she added, "Ma'am." Shyly complying, knowing full well that amidst the company of her butcher coworkers, there would be no back-talk or escape, Robyn began to undress, removing her apron and blouse as she waited for her chef to finish fingering her tender pussy, exploring the supple folds and sensitive inner walls until thick, dewy drops drooled down Nessi's paw and collected at her wrist. At long last, the sweet vixen gave her assent, a simple nod and playful smack to the bovine's curvaceous ass before walking her back to the butcher counter, a knowing smirk on the face of the tall draft stallion butcher who watched it all happen.

After writing down her owner's order, legs still shimmering from dribbles of warm juices leaking from her pussy, Robyn swallowed as she was offered a hand up onto the butcher's table, the curvaceous and round-bellied girl needing an extra push to get her up and into position for spitting. Coaxed to lay upon an adjustable wooden bench, Robyn shivered as she felt her breasts squish into the same spitting jig she had laid hundreds of unlucky meals upon. Glancing nervously to the left, she could see Nessi leaning upon the butcher's case, the bulge of her cock throbbing against the glass as she put her weight against the glass. A little lewd display in public was not unheard of in the butcher's shop, but seeing how

hot and bothered Nessi was for her death only made the terrified heifer shudder. It was a perfect distraction, the bovine beauty shy and fidgeting as she felt each of her limbs restrained to all four sides of the heavy wooden bench. That shudder turned into a sudden gasp as the stallion lifted Robyn's flicky little tail. The brown-furred beauty shivered as she felt the rounded tip of the rotisserie spit press against her tender pucker. Nessi huffed out her nose as she leaned forward to get a better look, watching very carefully how the meaty girl's tight little asshole squeezed, followed by her moist pussy lips.

Just as Nessi's paw dipped down to her skirt, giving a soft rub to her own supple folds while her wrist rubbed against her drippy-hard shaft, she noticed that Robyn relaxed her body on her exhale. In a flash, the hefty, inch-thick shaft plunged inside, pushing through the girl's sphincters in one deft and painful movement. Crying out in surprise, Robyn yelped, the rotisserie lodged a good foot inside of her before she managed to get enough leverage to clench down again, causing the long rod to bounce in the stallion's paws. He was a trained butcher; the hefty equine knew exactly how to handle his meat, allowing the first jolt to pass before gripping the spit and giving it a second, deeper thrust.

Vanessa could not see it, but she knew that the first true damage was wrought to Robyn's body. Pierced through her colon, the spit thrust deep through her guts, running along the length of her spine until the rounded tip broke through her diaphragm. It would take a careful hand to guide the pole up through the chest cavity, the onlooking vixen and her shy little mouseboy entranced by the life and death struggle they witnessed. Pausing only long enough to force Robyn to stare forwards, the stallion finished the job by twisting the iron length until it worked its way up and into her throat, the sweet former employee's pleading cries quickly reduced to gurgling moans and gags as the metal tip emerged from her muzzle. As the lovely Hereford-turned-beef twitched and snorted, gurgling about the thick post hogging most of her windpipe, the deft butcher got to work re-securing her body to the spit. Affixing two crossbars to the post, he carefully tied her wrists above her head and legs beneath, lengthening the heavy cow until her meat was fully supported on the shaft. With the help of an attendant, one who was lucky enough not to be on today's menu, Robyn was carefully lifted and carried over to the oversized rotisserie oven to begin her slow transition to meat.

Following along from the other side of the meat case, Nessi smiled as she watched the oven door swing open, the racks of slowly rotating meat coming to a halt in the compact, conveyor-driven system. Nessi could see that most, but certainly not all, of the rotisserie chickens and turkeys were well past the point of no return, their bodies still and quiet with the drumsticks and wings tucked artfully against their meaty forms. The butcher and his assistant carefully lowered the rotisserie down into an open slot at the bottom of the conveyor system, Robyn's already struggling body spasming as hot poultry drippings splattered down her back and rump roast. One last goodbye check, and the rotisserie oven door closed once more, causing the Hereford's body to lurch, both upwards and rotationally. Watching carefully, with bated breath, Nessi got to watch her lunch suffer through her final minutes.

Passing upwards on her slow circuit around the oven, Robyn's panicked struggles intensified the moment she felt seething hot gas jets caress her tender form, flash-burning her wiry fur and beginning the slow transformation to a sizeable quantity of roast beef. Jerking and spasming from the sudden pain, Robyn seemed to react to her body sliding up and down ever so slightly on the spit. As wires crossed and overwhelming agony kicked her adrenaline into overdrive, Robyn's instinctive struggles felt strangely reminiscent to being fucked from both ends. Like so many preythings before her, Robyn rode the spit

hard. As her front turned towards the oven window, Nessi got to watch her future sandwich's final moments. Breasts heaving and thighs clenching, the buxom bovine shuddered one last time as her dripping pussy gushed, a final, forceful orgasm spurting out. Sizzling on the oven window, the fragrant drippings drooled out onto the bird below her, the long-dead kestrel boy long past the point of caring that his body was basted in the cow's final cum.

Satisfied that Robyn's quivering form had passed on into unconsciousness on its way into the back of the rotisserie carousel, Nessi huffed as she decided to wander the aisles, needing a little time to cool off considering her skirt was beginning to soak with the tiniest dribbles of moisture. Tugging her nervous little meal behind her, the voluptuous vixen decided to act on her earlier guidance and bring Julian along to try some of the luxury ingredients for her feast-to-be. The chilly dairy cooler that dominated the back wall of The Flank and Rib was designed not just for display, but also to help the discerning customer sample their wares and make an informed decision on their special meal's final moments.

Pushing the little mouse face first against the dairy case, Nessi held him firmly in place, keeping a breast pressed between his shoulders and her hips playfully grinding against his rounded rump. Taking the opportunity to grind and tease a little, the vixen contemplated the specialty butters lining the cooler, each hand rolled and stamped with recipe suggestions. Every third row, a tiny plastic cup sat on a low-power heater, the inside filled with just enough of a melted sample to provide the shopper with a taste-test. "Hmmm... let's see, my dear little butterball," Nessi sighed, pretending she was unsure exactly which flavor she might want for her tom turkey to be. "How about we give a try to the garlic and five-herb first?"

Dipping two fingers into the little sample cup, Nessi made a show of swirling about the melted butter, drawing out the tension before rather unceremoniously slathering the drippy oils on the back of Julian's head. The little mouse whined, unable to splay his ears in embarrassment as his owner snatched one up with her paw, using it like a bar napkin to wipe down her sticky fingers. The slick and drooling oils dripped down the back of his head, a shiver hitting the boy's spine as a broad, vulpine tongue connected with his neck, sensually lapping a long swath from the nape all the way up to the back of his head. "Mnnnpfh... Ohhhh..." Julian shivered, blushing as he tried to keep both paws firmly on the cooler for fear of touching himself.

"Mmmm... Delectable," Nessi growled, nipping an eye tooth against the little mouseboy's ear, threatening to pierce through the membranous meat before relenting. "But, I think I'd also like to try the orange and chive compound butter." Giving a firm yank to the little mouse's right arm, Nessi growled as she forced him to lift and expose his sensitive armpit, allowing her butter-slathered fingertips to linger upon the supple flesh, their gentle tickles forced her boy to gasp and squirm. Taking her time, in order to really savor the rich, flavors of her meal, Nessi growled as she nibbled and lapped along his supple pit, her pointy snout snuffling softly as if she were savoring a fine wine. "Mmmm... interesting... I suppose I could serve you with orange slices as a garnish?" Once her boy was licked clean, Nessi growled as she eyed over the case one last time. "Hmmm... you know, this lemon-pepper blend looks thick enough to be used as lube? Maybe I should give it a try, see if it will be worthwhile to use while stuffing you?" With one paw thumbing over the boy's succulent little hole, Vanessa whispered, "Would you like that, hun?"

“Number 27,” A voice crackled over the tinny PA system that hung just overhead. “Your order is finishing.” Saved by the bell, Julian breathed a sigh of relief as Nessi planted a soft kiss on her boy’s cheek, before picking up two thick logs of herbed butter and giving his leash a tug to follow along. Back at the butcher’s case, Nessi finished placing her order, eyeing up the hefty sandwich being prepared behind the counter. Still needing a gallon of fresh bread stuffing, it was hard to keep her focus as the vixen watched her stallion butcher carve thick and tender slices off her purchase. The beautiful bovine’s rare-cooked flesh was still steaming as the hefty cuts were laid upon fresh and soft bread, piled high with hand-cut vegetables. It was a perfect deathbed for Robyn; the butcher even tried to perform the task reverently, laying his former coworker’s tender roast beef on the sandwich as if he were tucking her in to sleep.

That is, until he slipped the knife just beneath Robyn’s pubic mound. Careful to carve the tender folds in one connected piece, the stallion sheared off a decent representation of Robyn’s sexual anatomy. Ruby red clitoris, toasted labia lips, and just enough of her nectar-soaked vaginal canal to satisfy Nessi’s deepest hunger. Any reverence was thrown out as the butcher grabbed for the house-made horseradish sauce, slathering the creamy white glob directly into to Robyn’s meaty pussy, leaving a thick gob of the stuff to squish and ooze between her carved folds as if she had taken a thick and spicy creampie in death.

With her sandwich wrapped up, and the details on shipping the remainder of Robyn’s meat to her house hammered out, Nessi ordered the final accoutrements for Julian’s death, happily putting the splurge of a purchase on her card. To add one last insult, the vixen told her entrée-to-be to say goodbye to the nice man before forcing him to carry his own stuffing to the car. She had more important things to take care of, anyways. Pulling down the paper wrapping to her fresh roast beef sandwich, Nessi gave the soft loaf a gentle squish between her paws, testing the overloaded meal ever so gently. Satisfied, she paused just inside the butcher shop’s door, opening her jaws wide before chomping down through her first bite of the succulent Hereford. Nessi had to stifle a moan as the rich taste of beef and swiss melded in her mouth with each chew as she exited the butcher’s shop to prepare her evening meal.

---

“Vanessa, darling!” A shrill caw cracked through the air, the nearly shriek-like call causing Nessi to stop in her tracks as she led her little mouseboy out to the backyard. Oh great, Nessi thought, her pointy ears flattening as she gave her dinner a little tug to bring him closer, Natalie, you never cease to amaze me how shitty your timing can be. In a flash of brown feathers next door, a stately bird vaulted over the edge of her deck, gliding gracefully over the tall wooden fence that separated their two yards. The cream-chested falconess fluttered herself down, wingtips flapping as she dug her claws into the grass just inches away from the nervous little entrée.

Of course, the show did nothing to impress Nessi, the vixen sighing as she muttered, “I don’t know why I even bothered putting up that fence.”

“My, my, would you look at this little morsel?” the nosy neighbor chirped, slowly slurping her beak as the proud bird loomed over the diminutive mouse. “Is he the one you’ve been talking about?”

“Yep, Natalie,” Nessi grunted indifferently, busying herself loading the brick oven’s firebox with fresh and fragrant cherry wood, purchased special for her little meal. “I kept him inside, so no birds swooped down and carried him off.” Only half joking, she was glad the quip went right over her annoying neighbor’s head. It was hard enough to get her to leave, considering her lack of care for privacy or property. “He’s kinda special to me, y’know, so I really wasn’t planning on sharing him,” she added with a flat tone.

“I can see why,” the falconess clucked, slowly raising a talon-tipped hand to rub down the cute entrée’s body. “Oh, you’ve done such a gorgeous job on him! Mmm... So plump and soft. That little belly is perfectly round and meaty.”

“Yeah, he’s really something,” Nessi sighed, carefully setting the kindling alight before pulling the oversized roasting pan out from the oven. The intrusion certainly put a damper on her festivities, and in a sense, Nessi wondered if she might be short changing her little turkey out of enjoying his last hour or so alive.

“Uhhh...” the little mouse squeaked, before adding a clearer, “uhhhH! Mistress!” Blinking, Nessi turned just in time to see her headstrong neighbor pressing her prized meal back against the patio table, her downy-soft wings stroking off Julian’s throbbing shaft. “I- I don’t... Think that y- you should...”

“Nonsense, mousey meat,” the falconess chirped, her nares flaring softly as she loomed over the little rodent, her free wing fondling her soft folds. “You deserve a fine sendoff! Nessi over there is a little busy, it’s only right you get to ride the queen of the skies all the way to a last orgasm.” Nearly dropping the roasting tray, Nessi froze in a growing, boiling rage as she stared down the brazen bird. “Oh dear, don’t give me that look,” the falconess crooned, her claws lewdly spreading her slit. “You couldn’t possibly eat all of him. You should have invited me over from the start!”

Still caressing and fondling the little meal with her talon-tipped fingers, Natalie did not even catch the swift sound of paw pads tapping on glass. In an instant, the falconess’s life changed forever as a flashbulb popped directly in her face, causing the oversized chicken to caw in sudden confusion and panic. The vixen just smiled, a little grin crossing her muzzle as she tapped her phone screen one last time, before turning the phone around to reveal the flashing words.

#### APPROVED – Long-Term Captivity & Consumption – 1x Credit Withdrawn

For a brief moment, Nessi’s nosy neighbor froze in confusion, blinking as she read the words. That confusion quickly faded to incredulity, the falconess puffing out her chest as she squawked, “What?! You... You- You... Goddamn cocky little mammal, you can’t be serio-OOF!” In a flash, Nessi shot her paw out, slamming the bird backwards, forcing her to land tailfeathers-down on one of the heavy wooden patio chairs.

Grabbing up a length of cooking twine off the table, Nessi snarled, “You listen, and you listen good you overgrown feather-duster!” Quickly wrapping the annoying neighbor’s body in loop after loop of heavy twine, the vixen fought to keep her conquest seated, at least until she had built up a critical mass of tie-down points. “You’ve been a bitchy little thorn in my side since the day I moved in. I’ve not forgotten every arrogant ‘bird of prey’ bullshit excuse you’ve used to barge into my life and my meals.” Grabbing Natalie’s beak, the vixen’s muzzle curled to a wicked little grin as she forced the falconess to stare straight into her eyes, huffing the scent of rare roast beef still on her breath. “I’m keeping you

chained up and gravid for the rest of your delicious life.” With quite a few ruffled and broken feathers, Natalie finally sat still and quiet, her beak wrapped tight with twine to ensure she could not raise a fuss during Julian’s special day.

A warm smirk rolling across her face, Nessi yipped as she felt two soft arms wrap around her midsection, a stubby little muzzle nestled against the side of her breasts. “Th- Thank you, Ma’am...” Julian whispered softly. A heavy sigh escaped Nessi’s snout, her raised hackles lowering as she petted down her sweet meat’s body. Despite all the fear, the breeding, the denigration and torture, the little mouseboy truly wanted it.

“Come on, dear. Let’s get you ready, okay?” Giving a little tweak to Julian’s cock, she could not help but add, “You were very good today,” she commented, tickling his drippy shaft. “I think you earned one last orgasm.” Leading her little captive across the yard, even as her brand new purchase protested through the makeshift gag, Nessi smiled as she coaxed her mouseboy to step out of his sandals and up onto the roasting pan. The metal, warmed by the glowing cherrywood fire, felt like it was made for him; indeed, the vixen made sure to take his exact measurements before making her purchase. Tucking Julian’s legs up tight to his belly, the boy huffed as he felt the first threads of twine tighten about his body, locking ankles to thighs and knees to hips in a lovely facsimile of a turkey’s drumsticks. “These little calves of yours were always so thick,” she added with a soft wink. “I bet they’ll taste so good gnawing the meat off the bone.”

“Th- Thank you, Ma’am,” Julian huffed, allowing his owner to carefully tuck his arms up along his side, propping them like a bird’s plucked wings. “But... You were the one who did all the hard work on me. I just... ate and suffered,” he added shyly.

“Don’t sell yourself short for your contribution to dinner, sweet meats,” Nessi chuckled, setting the butter into a pan to melt in the oven’s heat, while unpacking the gallon of stuffing she ordered. “After all, it’s your life that makes the meal something special.” Pausing thoughtfully, the vixen smirked as she reached down to the oven’s side, perusing the rack of barbecue implements until she laid her paw upon a silicone ring gag. “Now, I must apologize. The next step is going to be very uncomfortable. I don’t want the pain to mar your devotion, my little butterball. So, I am going to ask for your final words now.” Placing her paw upon Julian’s cock, the vixen could feel his throbbing member pulse, the little mouse’s heart leaping in his chest at the realization his death neared.

“I... I- I-” Swallowing hard, Julian glanced away from his chef, before turning his gaze back up to the lady who promised to end his life. “Mistress Nessi? Th- Thank you... For being my Chef. And giving me what I begged for. Please, make me your roast turkey.” Sealed with a little drip of precum that welled up at the tip of his cock, the vixen knew just how heartfelt that supplication truly was. Before he could say another word, the ring gag slipped between Julian’s buck-toothed jaws, tightening behind the rodent’s head with a buckle-snap.

“I love you, my sweet meats. And I promise I will.” Dipping her paw into the softened butter, Nessi wasted no time grabbing a handful of fresh mouse-sausage stuffing. As Julian fidgeted in the pan, he suddenly felt the slickened paw press against his taunted little tail. A gasp, followed shortly by a low, deep moan, escaped his jaws. The little tom turkey’s eyes shot open wide as Nessi’s paw reached the second knuckle, his tender hole suddenly stretched to the furthest limit he had ever taken, with no sign of letting up. A shove. A squeal. The mouseboy made such lovely noises, the ring gag turning his pleas

and cries into incomprehensible noises reminiscent of a gobbling bird. The pain only eased once Nessi's paw was fully enveloped, a brief relief as she nestled the first of many loads deep into her tender turkey's colon, before pulling back out to repeat the process.

Again and again, the sounds of suffering played out in a strange rhythm; a cry of distress, a lull before the paw popped back out. Each time, the gape grew wider, looser with each pawful of stuffing, in contrast to the little bird's growing and distending belly. Nessi was a careful chef. She knew her meal inside and out, and was keen on avoiding his prostate for as long as possible. But when the container of stuffing neared its last pawful, the vixen could not help but give her sweet meat the final pleasure she promised.

Pressing her pawtips into the boy's broken hole, Nessi carefully squished the last bit of stuffing just inside his ruined and gaping sphincter. By now, Julian's eyes had gone bloodshot, tears staining his pretty little face with a dash of salt to flavor the meat. Deliberately leaning over her meal, the Vixen sighed as she picked up the pan of melted butter, making a point of squishing her breasts against his body one last time. Julian's distress made it so he hardly noticed his chef had flipped up her skirt, and was playfully pressing her thick and throbbing shaft into his broken ass; the boy's passage gaped as wide as a dressed turkey's cavity, making it almost impossible for him to notice that she was violating him until she angled herself just right.

"There there, hun..." Nessi crooned, thrusting into her whimpering turkey, using her cock to squish the last load of stuffing inside. "It's almost over. Let's butter you up, then Mistress will fuck you right to your death." Pouring the freshly melted butter over Julian's flesh, the little mouse squealed at the oily heat that slathered his body, clinging like napalm to his flesh. In desperation, his body gave an instinctive clench, causing his hole to tighten just enough to catch Nessi's cock, grinding the head against his prostate. Racked with overstimulation, the boy shuddered in confused bliss as his pent-up arousal got the better of him. Puffing his chest up like a turkey, Julian quivered as his cock pulsed once, twice, before shooting its load in a brilliant arc, spattering up onto his buttered-up belly.

He hardly noticed that Nessi was putting her weight behind each thrust. Only once his head had fully entered the oven chamber, and the bliss of orgasm finally faded to a warm afterglow, did the little turkey realize he was being literally fucked into the oven. Once she was sure her boy had finished with his last pleasure, Nessi gave one final push, slopping her cock out from his stuffing-filled ass as she shoved his roaster all the way in, using her phone to take one last memento photograph. The boy's panicked face and squirming body was wreathed in hot, cherry wood smoke, the perfect accent to her meal's fate. Turning on her heels, figuring there was no more goodbye to say to her lover-turned-dinner, Nessi growled as she turned her attention to Natalie. "Mmm... I hope you enjoyed the show," she crooned, a smeared blob or two of stuffing still stuck to her cockhead. "I didn't think it right to cum in him. After all," she chuckled, giving a little kick to the falconess's legs, spreading them a bit wider to get at her pussy. "Considering I have a brand-new breeder to knock up."

Julian's moans and whines turned quickly to squeals and screeches. His cries, spurred on by the oven's relentless torture, was the perfect backdrop for Nessi to break in her new toy. After so many months of taking her male lover from behind, it was interesting for the vixen to have a girl to ravage; being able to look her in the face, lick her tears and nibble along her neck only added fuel to the fire of revenge-lust that flowed through her mind. Groping over the falconess's chest, Nessi could not help but tease about how beautiful her breast meat would become after a few months on hormones. Peeking

back over her shoulder, the vixen shuddered as she locked eyes with Julian's tortured form. He probably could no longer see her; not only had his flesh taken on a decidedly reddened glow, but his eyes had clearly swollen and clouded in the depth of the oven's embrace. Just as the boy's head fell back and slightly to the right, the roasting heat finally overtaking him as he passed on into fitful unconsciousness, Nessi shot her load deep inside her ex-neighbor's tender hole, painting her insides with the first of many loads to come.

With a hefty groan, Nessi slipped back off her new conquest, huffing as she noticed she had cum out her pussy as well, the hot dribble of fluids clearly painting the falconess's meaty thighs. Running a paw up her inner leg, Nessi smirked as she suckled the sensual nectar off her meal's leg. It had been an expensive spending spree for her, but at least she had a new slave to train. "I wonder," she mused, savoring the succulent taste of her own juices intermixed with the natural poultry flavors from her whimpering captive. "I bet we can open you up wide enough to take a tall boy beer can. You'd look pretty squatting on the barbecue as it bubbles up into your body." A wry smirk crossed her face as she added, "No? Don't worry, we've got lots of time to decide your recipe, dear."