

Succulent Revenge
Written by Choice Cuts Deli
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A deafening crack of lightning streaked across the sky, the light flashing just long enough to illuminate the rocky, craggy hills of a far-off world. As the storm blew through wind-whipped, mountainous terrain, a lone structure stood in the distance, nestled between a sheer cliff and the mountain's edge, with just enough space for thin patches of grass to grow protected from the elements. This place was no inn, no stop for weary travelers, but a refuge for a wise old mage to experiment with magicks in peace, far from the bustle of cities or prying eyes of small towns that could never understand his work. Past a rickety rope bridge, slick and swaying in the pelting storm, the rhythmic patter of rain upon his windows was just right to lull Gragarak into the perfect focused mindset.

Heavy hoofbeats clicked upon the old stone floor as the powerful wizard turned his back on the cleared center of his room, his robe faintly flourishing as he did. One might call him average height, were it not for the anthropomorphic ram's chipped and gnarled horns adding a few inches to his otherwise unremarkable size. It was clear that the wizened old mage was once fit, even vain about his looks. But as he stuck his grey-furred, boxy muzzle into the pages of his journal, reading and re-reading the hand-scribbled words, the gentleman scholar had to squint his eyes to make out the words his younger self had written.

"Hmmm," he grumbled aloud, hoof-tipped paw curling to scratch at one of the patchy spots of fur where his coat grew in naturally ragged. His younger self might have paused to preen or comb himself, but Gragarak simply ignored his looks. After all, there was no chance he would have company even on a sunny day. Certainly not during a storm. "Let's see," he growled, softly warbling with a caprine trill to his breath. "If I am correct, then we can begin..." Turning back to the center of his home, Gragarak grabbed for his favorite cane, tapping his spell focus upon the ground before raising his arms to begin the incantation. Arcane words flowed from his jaws, the old goat allowing himself to go wall-eyed, his square pupils unfocusing as he became a conduit for the flowing magic that coalesced in the confines of the room. The last thing he needed was a spark.

CRACK! The corners of Gragarak's muzzle upturned, first just a little, before opening to a broad grin. He had hoped this storm would be the catalyst, and the position of his mage's tower paid off. As lightning struck the building, he became illuminated in a flash of purple light. Like a fisherman casting his net, the old goat flourished his arms, capturing the bright essence that filled his home. With patience, and careful use of his incantations, Gragarak slowly brought the flood of purple energy to a single, stable, circular point; about the size of a stand mirror, the magic rippled with a chaotic energy. As he snapped out of his trance, Gragarak gritted his teeth as he took in the sight, tilting his muzzle downwards as he examined the portal he had created.

"It is," he began, arms still raised as he tried to hold the roiling, wild magic steady, "better than my last attempt. The edges are defined, and... I can nearly make out something behind the portal. But no," he concluded after careful scrutiny. "It is far too unstable to attempt to use it." Just as the old goat began to lower his arms, the edges of the portal wobbling, a bright blue crack filled his ears as lightning rattled the windows upon the mage's tower. A flash of electricity rocked the mage's home, the unprepared goat losing his footing and stumbling forwards. As he fell, Gragarak stared wide-eyed into the roiling purple pane of magic, terrified that he might have made a fatal mistake by falling through the portal into some horrid oblivion. At the very last moment, right before his snout touched the luminiferous aether, the portal seemed to calm to a perfect sheen, like a still pond; on the other side he

could see sun and sky, craggy mountains, and lush, fertile valleys below. His heart skipped a beat, the old goat breathing a sigh of relief before yelping as he fell headlong through the portal, crashing in a heap upon warm grass.

“Ooof!” He grunted, the mage doing his best to climb back up from the crumpled pile of goat upon the ground. “Wait-” Gragarak stammered, patting himself down, before turning around to see the portal still standing behind him, a shimmering view of the inside of his mage’s tower clear and visible from the opposite side. “I- I did it? I did it! I tore a fabric between worlds!” With a broad grin, the old goat stood once more, admiring his work. It was only then that a thought hit him. “At least I think I did? I suppose I should see where this portal ended up?” Picking up his crozier from the ground, Gragarak chuckled as he looked about the not terribly unfamiliar world. “It would be a shame if I only managed to teleport a town or two over,” he added aloud, the wizened old mage trotting down a well-trodden path, his inattention showing as he added his own hoofmarks to several others that lined the dusty path.

It did not take too long for him to find signs of civilization; a curl of smoke on the horizon led him to a quaint little farmhouse nestled in the craggy peaks. It was homey, yet also very foreign. These strange building practices were a far cry from the timber-and-masonry buildings he was used to seeing in his own time. This was his first sign that he needed to be cautious, the old goat careful to hug the side of the road and stay out of sight. This seemed to be a wise choice, as he quickly came across a strange two-legged being he had never seen before, despite all his travels and knowledge of his home world.

She was spry, relatively slim compared to the brawny anthropomorphic animals he was used to conversing with. But what stuck out to him most of all was that she was nearly furless. With but a long head of flowing, waist-length brown hair, the young creature was utterly uncovered, save for what appeared to be a loose-fit set of clothes over her body. Her face, while cute and freckled, had no discernable muzzle, ears or horns to distinguish her species. She was, for lack of a better term, a completely foreign animal to Gragarak’s scholarly mind.

“Calm down, Annabelle,” the young girl grunted, just as Gragarak heard a far more familiar noise coming from the edge of the paddock. The strange, pink-fleshed creature spoke a recognizable language, but it was a shy little four-legged lamb that caught Gragarak’s ear. Cocking an eyebrow as he peered out from behind a stone fence, Gragarak watched with bated breath and perhaps naïve curiosity as the creature corralled the lamb to one side of the paddock.

“Ella, sweetie,” another voice called from across the way, the door to the farmhouse creaking open as a buxom, matronly woman stepped out and wandered towards the sheep pen. She was in wonderful shape despite clearly being much older than the girl, perhaps close to twenty years older. And her form was far more alluring to the wizened old mage; while the younger one, Ella, only had a rounded set of hips and rather plush rump filling out her clothing, the older one seemed to have both a meaty ass and a set of heavier C-cup breasts upon her broad farmer’s-build chest. Yet it was the size of her feet that caught him off guard the most. Thick, meaty, and heavy, the strange coverings of her feet seemed to be close to a foot long, perhaps shy by just a few inches. “Have you slaughtered the lamb yet?”

“Slaughtered?” Gragarak’s eyes narrowed the moment he heard those words, the old mage suddenly suspicious of the two as he watched the younger one leading the little feral creature along with gentle pets and soft words.

“Not yet, Mom,” Ella added with a smile. “Do you still want me to do it?” she called as her mother hopped the fence into the pen.

“I think it best – you raised it, and besides, it’s for your graduation dinner tomorrow, dear,” the mother replied, grinning as she stepped around the wiggly little lamb, wrapping her lower legs around the fluffy creature to help hold it steady. “We have to get it bleeding so we can finish dressing it before it’s too dark.” The little lamb’s panicked bleating seemed to stir others out in the pasture, a cacophony of familiar-sounding yet very foreign noises filling Gragarak’s ears. He watched, helpless to save what appeared to be a feral version of his own species, with bated breath. With one swift move, Ella grabbed for a knife she had stashed on her hip, the young farmgirl barely hesitating as she dragged the blade firmly across the little lamb’s throat, slitting its neck in one firm swipe.

Gragarak’s jaw dropped as the scene unfolded, his hooved fingers clenching tighter and tighter around the mage’s staff in his paws. This was not mere anger; the old ram was irate at their casual treatment of what was clearly one of his own kind. A world where his people were enslaved, dumbed down and ultimately slaughtered to become a celebratory feast. He could not possibly let these barbaric creatures see him, lest they likely treat him just the same way. As the little lamb sputtered its last gurgling breaths, the mother calmly lifting it by the hind legs to help the blood flow freely, Gragarak thought perhaps it best to leave, lest he end up a second course of shepherd’s pie for them. But peering back over his shoulder at the shimmering portal, something seemed to snap inside the old mage’s mind. These creatures relied upon tools to do their work. They could not possibly best a powerful mage such as him. “Perhaps...” he mulled, licking his chops as he watched the pair hang the little lamb, “Perhaps I should teach these barbarians some manners...”

A firm knock upon the front door caught Ella off guard, snapping her out of her summer reading. The fresh out of high school-aged girl set aside her book, curiously stepping out of her room, following the sound down the staircase towards the living room. As she passed the threshold between second and first floor, she could smell the warm rich scent of roasting lamb, her future meal clearly cooking, the little lamb on its way to help her celebrate her graduation. But as she reached the base of the staircase, Ella turned in time to see that her mother had reached the door first, the matronly farmer calling out, “Hang on, hang on, I’m coming.” As she threw open the door, the middle-aged shepherd became enveloped in a blinding flash bright enough to cause young Ella to close her eyes and cry out in sudden panic. However, the flare abated quickly, leaving the young girl blinking in disbelief at what she saw.

“Good evening, Miss,” the gnarled old ram crooned, Gragarak’s horned form looming over the bewildered woman. “I hope I am not intruding,” he added, casting his gaze past the motherly woman to lock eyes with young Ella. A smirk crossed his face as he made sure the young girl, the one he watched so callously slaughter his kind, got a good long look at the strange anthropomorphic ram standing in the family’s doorway.

“O- Oh!” The farmwife gasped, blinking her eyes at the flash before a strange calm came over her. “Why, you must be the man I was talking to earlier on the phone?” Gragarak’s smirking muzzle cracked, the mage flashing his teeth as he realized the hypnosis spell worked perfectly. “I’m so sorry,”

she continued, “my house is a complete mess! My name is Charlotte, it’s so nice to meet you in person Mister...”

“Gragarak,” the old ram beamed, extending a gnarled paw to shake her hand as he stepped inside. “Indeed, I am interested in purchasing your latest stock of lambs, my dear Charlotte.” Every word Gragarak uttered cemented the reality in Charlotte’s mind. Hazy-eyed, the middle-aged farm matron could only see the beastly and strange ram before her as just another smiling livestock buyer. However, the mage’s magical touch did not extend to the young Ella.

“M- Mom! Wh- What are y- Wh- What the- Who the- What is that thing?!” Ella stammered, still reeling from the magical flare, only to feel her heart sink as her own mother shot her a scornful look. Ella knew that look. It was the same scowl she had when Ella’s pet project lamb got out of the pasture and into the family garden.

“I- I’m so sorry Mister Gragarak! I- I guess my daughter Ella left the door open again, one of the lambs got in.” Ella could not begin to understand the way the old ram twisted her mother’s mind. His carefully planned charm and hypnosis spells left the farm matron enraptured, the young girl’s panicked and confused cries only registering as animalistic bleats and baying. Instead of the loving daughter she knew so well, all Charlotte could see was a meaty lamb, its forelimbs resting upon the back of the sofa as if it had kicked itself up. In reality, Ella had braced herself against the couch, unsure what she should do in the face of this strange anthropomorphic hybrid.

“How lucky for us,” Gragarak growled, flashing his teeth as he stepped towards Ella. “I’ve been told you raise the most succulent lambs in all of...” Pausing for a moment, the mage glanced about the room, realizing he had no idea what these creatures were called, let alone what kingdom they lived in. Thankfully, their language was analogous to his own; spotting a novelty picture frame the family had purchased on a visit to the city, he gleaned enough to confidently add, “Auckland, New Zealand.”

“Hey! Hey, hooves off the furniture,” Charlotte barked, furrowing her brow at Ella. Stepping forwards, she gave her own daughter a firm shove, knocking her to the floor. “I promise they are nowhere near as unruly as this one,” Charlotte growled, planting one of her hefty, size-eleven feet between Ella’s shoulders, pinning her down firmly upon all fours.

“Mom! What are you do- Ooof!” Ella’s protests were met with firm farmer’s hands grabbing her about the cuff of her shirt. Charlotte’s hypnotized mind could only see her holding a frightened little lamb about the scruff of its fleece. She was completely deaf to her daughter’s pleas and cries.

“That is quite alright, my dear,” Gragarak chuckled, stealing a glance at the helpless Ella. It must be so humiliating to be mistaken as the same defenseless ewe she slaughtered not even a day prior. And something about this situation stirred something within the old ram’s loins, a soft bulge growing in his mage’s robes as he spun his plot for revenge. “Now, my home is just up the road, why don’t you bring this sweet little lamb, and you can tell me all about your livestock. After all, I’m looking to make a big purchase.”

If Ella sounded like a terrified lamb before, the confused horror of being led by the neck through a portal to another dimension made her seem even more skittish and shy. Not that Charlotte seemed to mind, the buxom farm matron was used to handling all sorts of sheep, from the gentlest ewes to the most rambunctious of rams. Ella did not fully grasp what was going on, the effects of Gragarak's magic neither being apparent to her, nor explained properly. All she knew was that for some reason, her mother mistook her for one of the flock, and was happily herding her on all fours into the strange ram-man's home.

"Here we are," Charlotte grunted, hefting Ella up from the floor and planting her upon an open tabletop in the ram's comfortable first-floor kitchen. "You've got a lovely home, Mister Gragarak. Now, you said you were interested in purchasing a flock? This here is one of the best, my daughter hand-raised her!"

"Mom, you- You can't be serious..." Ella whimpered, her eyes beginning to tear up as Gragarak stepped closer, the beastly mage looming over her form. "Please... Please it's me! It's your daughter!" All that got her was a tighter grip upon her clothing to hold her still.

"She's a bit shy, isn't she?" Gragarak crooned, reaching a paw to carefully tease under her chin, rubbing a gnarled finger against the freckles on her cheek. "But she's beautiful. Such lovely fleece," he could not help but carefully run a paw through her flowing brown hair, allowing his hooved fingertips to dip down along her shoulders.

"She's not used to other people, but she'll warm up, I'm sure," Charlotte happily added, oblivious to the fact that Gragarak had begun to loosen his robes, no longer able to ignore his heavy arousal. The moment Ella saw the mage's hefty cock, she froze like a frightened ewe, the strange creature clearly looking for more satisfying pursuits. Her calm (at least what Charlotte perceived as calm) gave him an opportunity to grope down the girl's sides, popping the buttons on the farmgirl's shirt and fondling her supple A-cup sized breasts with both hands. "We make sure to give our lambs just the right hormones, so they can stay versatile - rearing the next generation or slaughtered for meat. Speaking of, the young one here's got a nice rack of chops on her."

"I could say the same about you," Gragarak chuckled, winking at the motherly farm matron as he ground his cock against Ella's face with lewd abandon. "And such heavy thighs," he added, allowing one paw to slip to Ella's rump, the other tightly squeezing her tender nipple in a hooved vise grip, forcing Ella to gasp deep. Her bleat of surprise was silenced in an instant, Gragarak groaning as he shoved his erection straight into Ella's throat in one firm push. At the same time, two gnarled fingers began to molest her from behind, slipping down Ella's tight jeans until they found the spot. "At least you creatures have all the same parts," Gragarak grumbled to himself as he felt his fingers slip into Ella's tender pussy, the soft folds squeezing tight back against his invading paws.

"Mnnnpfh! MMMM!" Tears flowed down Ella's cheek, her throat clenched tight on thick ram cock. The beastly mage seemed more amused than insistent, idly humping into Ella's throat while fondling her body as if he were judging a show animal. The embarrassment of being held still and watched over by her own mother only added insult to the torture.

"She'll make a gorgeous roast," Gragarak grunted, closing his eyes as his paws slipped out of her tender folds momentarily, if only to unbutton Ella's pants so he could get easier access to her body. Bent

over the 'lamb,' he held his cock deep inside her throat, making sure to cut off her air a little longer than necessary before he pulled back out again. Spittle-soaked cock flopping between his thighs, Gragarak casually undressed the prized little lamb, stripping her down to bare skin while she sputtered and gasped for air. But as he slipped around the broken and violated girl, Gragarak allowed himself a moment to examine the girl's strange hooves up close and personally.

Ella's feet were hefty and meaty, not quite as large as her mother's, but easily just as beautifully thick. It took the old ram a moment to work out how to relieve her of her shoes, the coverings presenting a strange challenge to a creature who did not need clothes to protect his hooves. But once Ella's delicate socks were cast aside, Gragarak had an opportunity to examine the girl's tender feet. "Those hooves are some of the hardest I've ever seen."

"N- No please, wh- what are you d-" Ella's sputtering cough fell on deaf ears, her hypnotized mother shushing her while giving a soft pet to Ella's face as if she were trying to calm a skittish lamb. All the while, she could feel the lewd old goat starting to rub himself off on her two tucked feet, using his paws to angle both soles firmly against his insistent shaft. The young farm girl's hefty soles were nearly nine inches long, the meaty flesh soft and supple, far unlike any creature he had ever met before. Slipping his hoof-tipped fingers up to Ella's sex, the mage rumbled softly, using his right hand to 'examine' the girl's soft folds while the left kept a firm grip on both her feet, ensuring he just needed to rock his hips in order to grind himself through towards orgasm. "S- Stoooooop..."

"I can see where she gets those lovely hooves from," Gragarak growled, shooting a glance down at Charlotte's own sizeable feet.

"We breed 'em hearty!" Charlotte beamed, her hypnosis-addled mind causing her to blink a little as she realized the mage was focused in on her little lamb's trotters. "Take a feel of that fine, hardened hoof," she added, reaching over to squeeze at Ella's foot, pressing her thumb in with the same force she would use to remove rocks from between the toes of her flock, the sudden pressure causing Ella to squeal in pain. "It makes it easy on the herder, they don't have to worry about 'em getting into trouble up on rocky terrain." Gragarak could not help but chuckle at the way his mesmerizing spell worked on the hapless mother. His hold on her was tight, but she still had a little freedom to see and react to whatever her enthralling host was interested in. That might come in handy if ever he had to return to this strange dimension, though would certainly require further testing.

"Hefty haunches. A juicy rump," he mulled aloud, grunting as he ground his cock firmly into Ella's feet. "And this one's just ripe for breeding." Those last words, coupled with the humiliation of Gragarak's fingers slipping deep into her supple folds, exploring the depths of her most private spots, all while her mother watched, got her to break at last. Tears flowed down Ella's face, her pleading turned to soft mutters and begging moans that only drove the vicious mage to pick up his pace. It would not take long for Gragarak to edge himself close to orgasm, panting as he felt Ella curl her toes just right against his cock. "Ohhh, this little lamb will be perfect," he huffed in a grunting snort as his hot, sticky load painted Ella's feet.

"Does this mean you'll take the lot of them, Mister Gragarak?" Charlotte chirped happily rubbed down her little lamb's face, her mind twisted by the mage's magic. In her eyes, he was eagerly examining a sweet little lamb. In reality, a reality that Ella was fully experiencing, Gragarak was savoring his afterglow, casually swiping a paw against the young girl's soles to clean them up. Forcing his cum-

slick fingers back into Ella's folds, Gragarak could not help but add one last insult to the girl's predicament.

"I believe an arrangement can be made," Gragarak growled, still knuckles deep in Ella as he turned his attention to the enthralled farm matron. "But, there is one small question which still bothers me." Licking his chops, Gragarak carefully removed his fingers from Ella's tight snatch, examining the sweet feminine nectar that strung between his gnarled hooves. "I'll purchase the flock, and surely purchase more for years to come. But I simply must know," pausing just long enough to lick the sweet fluids off his fingers, Gragarak spoke with his mouth full as he concluded, "how this one tastes."

A lightning bolt cracked outside the mage's tower, just as the words took hold in Ella's mind. "Wh- Wha- Wait, n- no! No you can't- I'm not a sheep!" In a desperate bid to escape, the kneeling girl kicked off, jerking her body backwards in a bid for freedom and to escape her mother's firm grip. The old ram did not seem to react too much to the sudden and panicked struggle she put off, almost as if he expected Ella to do so. He was more interested in seeing what Charlotte would do; it was certainly odd that the little skittish lamb seemed to almost understand perfectly what was being discussed.

Without missing a beat Charlotte's hazy, hypnotized mind snapped to react to the struggling lamb, gripping tight onto her daughter's shoulders before hauling her headfirst off the tabletop. The world tumbled for Ella as she felt herself fall off the edge, slamming shoulders-first into the floor and rattling her brain. As the young farmgirl tried to recover, her eyes staring longingly up at the bright, summer day through the shimmering magical portal that led back to her home, her mother planted a hefty foot down upon the small of her daughter's back, the struggling little lamb quickly silenced by her hefty size-eleven boot. With the skill of a shepherd, Charlotte quickly bound Ella's legs and feet with two short lengths of rope she carried for just such a reason, the forty-something farm matron huffing with smug self-satisfaction as her daughter lay bound like so much mutton upon the floor.

Hauling her daughter up, and giving a little satisfied grin to Gragarak, Charlotte draped her bound limbs over each shoulder and carried her naked daughter happily off towards the mage's kitchen. Accustomed to fending for himself, Gragarak already had a corner of his room set up for butchery, specifically when he needed to make a few pesky bandits bent upon upsetting his work disappear. A simple iron bucket and a hook hung from a rafter in the ceiling would be all it took to contain the mess; as Ella felt herself flipped upside down, the heavy metal meat hook cold between her succulent, cum-smearred feet, she used what little energy remained in her bound and helpless body to plead for some sort of clemency, some reprieve from death.

Hot tears pattered down onto the metal bucket as Charlotte tilted Ella's head back, carefully removing the same style of knife that her daughter used upon her graduation dinner-to-be just hours before. The last thing that flitted through the young farmgirl's mind was the thought of that little lamb. How it kicked, how it struggled and gurgled on its own blood. Weakly, she managed to whimper out most of an "I'm sorry," as the blade plunged through her soft and supple throat, and a hot rush of blood turned her words to gurgles. Charlotte was careful to hold Ella still; the little lamb's struggles much more lively than the usual creature – owing to the size and fitness of her young daughter – but the tight hold of Gragarak's hypnotism held strong. As her blood drained from the puncture wound, Charlotte was careful to saw through the remainder of Ella's throat, severing through the remaining blood vessels, as well as her windpipe in one firm stroke. With one arm holding Ella's helpless writhing as still as possible,

Gragarak watched with a wry grin as the struggling lamb succumbed, the loss of blood pressure to her brain calming her twitches until at long last, even those too came to an end.

These humans are curious creatures, Gragarak scribbled into his notes as he watched Charlotte bustle about the kitchen. She was very busy, preparing perhaps the largest meal she had made since the holidays. *The one called Charlotte is easily susceptible to mesmerism, to the point I need to remind her to stay on task if I should break her concentration. However, I could not help but take a moment to inspect those strange hooves of hers. Feet, she called them.* Stirring in his chair, Gragarak grunted to himself as he allowed his arousal to swell once more between his thighs, despite having already hit orgasm twice today. *I plan to take sketches later tonight – unlike anything I have ever seen before. Thick and meaty, hers were a bit firmer than her daughter’s, but both provide no natural protection. No hooves, no paw pads. Just soft and pink. I look forward to finding out how the young one’s taste.*

“Mister Gragarak, dinner is served!” Charlotte happily announced from the other side of the mage’s tower, causing a wry smirk to cross the old ram’s face. As he stepped into the kitchen, past what was clearly the half-butchered carcass of the young Ella, a beautiful, rich scent hit the mage’s nose, sending him into a fit as he closed his eyes and sniffed at the air. With drool forming at the corners of his muzzle, Gragarak felt his stomach grumble as he set eyes upon the beautiful meal laid before him.

“My, my, Miss Charlotte, this is beyond anything I could have expected,” Gragarak added with a little smirk, knowing full well he ordered her to create such a lavish feast. But the little modest giggle from the farm matron was worth hearing in response.

“Oh, psh! It was nothing at all.” Pulling the chair out for him to settle in, Charlotte added with a bright chirp, “Would you like to start with something traditional?” Motioning towards a platter that clearly held part of Ella’s ribcage, the frenched tips of each bone-in chop glistening with added fat dribbling from the clearly still attached A-cup breast. “Rib chops are dainty little bites, but I also prepared some loin chops if you would prefer something heartier.”

“My dear Charlotte,” Gragarak licked his muzzle, the old goat idly scratching at a rough patch of ragged fleece as he eyed over the feast. “I think I would prefer to try something a bit more exotic.” With a smirk, he grabbed for a carving fork, carefully lifting a thick cut fillet from the center of a plate resting just off to the side of the mountain of meat that once was Ella’s thick thighs and juicy ass. As he rested her carved mound upon his plate, Gragarak paused to take in the sight of such a beautiful cut, handing the fork back to Charlotte while asking, “I think I’ll take some of the leg of lamb as well, those juicy hams are just calling for me... and for dessert, I’d love to try those tender trotters of hers as well.”

“Absolutely!” Charlotte beamed, the proud farmer grabbing for a carving knife to get to work. “I didn’t take you for one who would want the fillet right off the bat,” she added, casually sinking the knife into Ella’s slow-roasted thigh right at the point where it attached to her rounded, fatty rump. Gragarak took a moment to play with the supple folds, examining the tender cut that just hours prior he had fingered with his cum for lubricant. It was not the entirety of her sexual organs, clearly the womb and upper parts were missing. But it was, for him, more than enough to get a rise out of the lecherous old goat as he remembered how she squirmed and struggled at his molesting touch.

“Oh, I am quite particular about the meat I purchase,” he added, carefully selecting the edge of her pussy lip with his knife and fork. Cutting into the soft flesh, he carved down from Ella’s vaginal lips through to the supple passage beneath. “I prefer my meat tender, fresh. That’s why I was so eager to have this lamb, young meat always tastes the best.” Popping the cut into his mouth, Gragarak practically gasped on the rush of flavor that burst on his tongue. So savory, far different from anything he had ever tasted. He had to stop Charlotte for a moment as she piled tender slices from Ella’s thigh and ass upon his plate, nudging some aside so he could take another bite of the fillet. “By the divines, this is more than anything I could have asked for.”

“Sometimes you gotta put some love into your cooking,” Charlotte chuckled, carefully dishing up one of Ella’s feet to the opposite side of Gragarak’s plate as the old mage tucked into his second course of roast leg of lamb. “Especially for the lambs, we make a point of massaging them regularly. A little more humane than battery farming like most places.” The thought of humane treatment – after what he witnessed earlier – was a little jarring for the mage to hear. Perhaps it was just talk; but when the supple slice of juicy ass melted under his bite, Gragarak was convinced that Charlotte knew how to raise a fine meat animal. Even if she didn’t realize it was her daughter raised for the butcher’s knife.

“My dear, in all my years I do not believe that I have had a more savory cut of tender lamb.” Licking the juices off his whiskers, Gragarak almost put down his knife and fork, until he saw the succulent sole resting upon his plate. Ella’s left foot had been carefully braised for hours on end. But even in such a slow and low cooking method, he could see clearly that some parts of the soleflesh were a bit darker than the rest. This was exactly where his cum had splattered, the meat baked slightly with a perfect sheen of glaze upon the sweet farm girl’s meaty size-nines. Carefully, his paw trembling with curiosity, Gragarak lifted his knife and fork, plotting how best to carve his dish. In the end, he opted to push his fork down until the tines touched bone, before slipping his knife under the soft flesh, freeing it in one thick steak from the rest of the tender foot. Perhaps later he would sample those tender toes, sucking them right off the bone. But for now, he had to try the best part of the feast.

“It’s not often people want braised lamb shanks for their first course either,” Charlotte smiled, her hypnotized form still standing to the side, attentive and eager as she watched Gragarak slice through the supple sole, the soft braised skin splitting and crackling ever so softly as he did. Raising the bite to his muzzle, the ram sighed as he took a little sniff of the flesh, before calmly placing it in his muzzle and chewing thoughtfully. The burst of flavor, the rush of tender meat. It was unlike anything he had ever seen. He hardly heard Charlotte add, “you are a peculiar man, Mister Gragarak, but I am excited to do business with you.”

Allowing his eyes to lid, the mage chuckled as he chewed with slow and steady purpose, his gaze falling upon the farm matron’s body. Buxom breasts, a thick and meaty set of hips, and those feet of hers proved even larger than her daughter’s heavy soles. “You know,” he added, pausing to swallow his bite so as not to be rude. “I know I said that I preferred tender, young lamb.” Swallowing back a gob of saliva, Gragarak raised his paw slowly into the air. “But my dear Charlotte, I must confess. I think I would also love to try some aged mutton.” A flash of light cracked through the mage’s home, blanking out the last human thought Charlotte would ever think. Confused, the middle-aged shepherd found herself letting out a sheep-like bleat as her mind reduced to that of a simple ewe. “Thankfully, I won’t need to make a deal with you, after all.” Glancing back over his shoulder at the shimmering portal to the human world, Gragarak chuckled. “I’ve got a way to procure many more, whenever I should want them.”