

# BEEF

A gift for a bully friend, for christmas 2016

*Warning: Contains graphic maiming and cooking of sentient anthropomorphic male bulls.*

“Are you two related?” The tiger said, leaning over the top of the bar, leering lopsidedly at the two bulls who had joined him. Their two pints were full; his four were empty.

Rock and Brewan looked at each other, smirking. The tiger was clearly... relaxed, his shoulders slumping, his arms curled around the bar full of empty glasses. His expression blatant mischief; he was planning on something.

“Why do you think we are?” Brewan drawled. The big blue bull twisted on his stool to better face the tiger, spreading his thighs, his plaid kilt drawing up. There were shadows under the hem of that kilt, Brewan knew. Shadows that the tiger’s keen yellow eyes could no doubt make out, and which he made no pretense of trying to do subtly. Big shadows.

“Cuz... like.. Yer bulls?” The tiger hiccuped, coughed. Wiped his mouth on his forearm, then leaned over and propped his cheek coyly on one fist. Smiled roguishly. “And yer, like, both wearing skirts.” He pointed, triumphantly to the bull’s kilt. So clever, so observant.

“Ahh, that we are.” Brewan leaned back, elbowing into his son’s side, getting the shy brown bull’s attention. “Whaddaya think, Rock? You think we should tell him if we’re related, or not?”

“Oh, um..” the brown bull lowed, his ears flipping embarrassedly as he brushed his hands over the front of his own kilt. “Uhhm, I guess so?”

Brewan winked to the tiger. “I don’t think so. I think if we were... related... you’d be able to find something about us that was the same.” He leaned forward, drinking his beer in a gulp, putting the empty stein down. It was filled silently and efficiently by the bartender. “Do you see anything about us that looks similar, kitty cat?”

“Hmm.” The tiger said, tightening his lips and furrowing his brow. “Hmm.” His gaze shifted unsteadily from Brewan to Rock, and back again. “Well... you’re not the same color..”

Brewan nodded, toasting the tiger on his cleverness. “Aye, that we ain’t. Are we, Rock?”

Rock drank of his own beer, licking at the soft white foam mustache that was left. “Uhhh... noo... we aren’t the same color,” he conceded. He glanced over to the tiger discretely, feeling the tiger studying him, feeling the tingling that he always got when he was being eyed over by big, toothy predators.

“And your horns are... different.” The tiger nodded. They were definitely different. “BUT.. .they’re the same color. Does that count?”

Brewan shook his head. “Nope. All bulls have white horns. Well, except for the Africans, but they’re buffalos, not bulls.” He lifted one hoof off the ground, propping it up on the metal bar that served as a footrest. The action lifted his kilt up more, stretching and lifting it until a tuft of dark grey fur peeked out into the open underneath.

The tiger noticed it immediately, ears perking up and whiskers flexing forward, perfect innocent curiosity.

“Ooh. What’s that?” He said, leaning forward and grabbing at the tuft of fur, the big older grey bull’s balls’ goatee, tugging at it playfully.

“That?” The bull chortled, finishing his drink again. Rock moored softly as he watched the leonine bartender replace it with another, immediately. “That’s me bollocks, ya silly feline. You never seen hair on a male’s balls before?”

“No, I have not,” the tiger said, as sweet and pure as maple sap on fresh snow. “But I find it most fascinating!” He shuffled closer, his other paw joining the first, sliding up under the bull’s kilt. He gripped, fondling, lifting and pulling at what he found there, and soon the big bull’s twin testes were eased out over the edge of the bar-stool, heavy as stones. The thick furry treasure trail continued up the cleft between them, splitting in a fork around the base of the bull’s sheath, which still rested under the thick wool of his kilt. The bulge of it was swelling, though, lifting that kilt more and more away from the tiger’s handling. “Oh yes, MOST intriguing.”

“I think he found our family trait, Rock,” Brewan crowed, leaning back and elbowing his son again. “He’s checking out your first apartment!”

Rock blushed, glancing over, his own kilt lifting up from the way the tiger’s claws glittered in the dim bar lighting, the predatorial way that the striped tail swung behind him. The tiger was focused, extremely focused, more focused and specifically handling the bull than the sloppy drunk the two bulls had sat down next to could have been.

“Come on, Rock, why don’t you come on over, let the tiger see if we’re the same beneath the belts.”

“Huu... o... okay,” Rock said. He finished his drink, standing up. The ground leaned away from him as he stood, then settled back, again. He took a step, then another, until he was standing next to the still crouching Brewan. The grey bull casually reached over, grabbing the hem of the brown bull’s kilt and lifting it up. The tiger’s attention flickered immediately to the so casually displayed mass of bullbeef that dangled there. “D-dad!”

Brewan roared, as one of the paws handling his junk slipped off, cupping up under the bulk of his son's testes, handling both with surgical precision. "Ha, what? You came outta MY Balls, I Think I have a right to show my legacy off!"

"And quite the legacy," the tiger murmured. His lips pursed skeptically, and he sat back up. Hands were still full of bullmeat. "BUT... I'm not convinced you're family. I would definitely need to take more.. Precise measurements before I could know for sure."

"Ahh, I bet," Brewan snorted. "You wanna do a taste test?" He stood up, his hips slightly above his son's, height wise. The tiger's fingers tickled, rubbing and teasing, and his own dick flopped down into the open. Both males had nicely thickened sheaths, with deep, droopy foreskins, the kind that puddled chewily over the tip.

"A taste test... now there's an idea... Maybe later." The tiger grinned up to Rock, the bull mooring uncomfortably at the hungry glint in the feline's eyes. "I was thinking more along the lines of..." Fingers had slipped away from the drunk bulls' groins, dipping into the pockets of his vests, pulling his paws back out with large metal hoops around each of his fingers. "... these."

"Those?" Rock blinked, his dick half hard, his father's' cock also hanging at half mast next to his. He couldn't help but glance down, admiring the bulk of it, shaped so similarly to his own, now. "Are those cock rings? I don't know if I need one of those, I can, muuh, I can get hard on my own."

The tiger psshed. "They're special cock rings. He put the four of them on the bar, twisting and shifting them with his fingers, moving them around like a street magician. "They can help me measure exaaactly how much you two handsome bulls are carrying, and see if you are the same... stock... or not."

Brewan hued, casually reaching over and grabbing Rock's fat dick in his calloused hand. He waggled it at the tiger, floppy meat slapping against his fingers as he shook it back and forth. "I think all you need is a good taste and you will know!"

"Oh, sure, on a surface level, but... I've never been with a bull," the tiger intoned, eyes closed piously. "I wouldn't know how different bulls tasted. You probably would both taste deliciously. So let's try it this way. It'll be fun... aaand.. You'll both get the best blowjob of your life. At the same time."

Brewan felt Rock's dick stiffen in his hand. He glanced down, seeing his own was equally stiff, twitching, dangling in the open air. His nuts rolled, shifting sluggishly. Damn they felt full tonight. "Sounds good to me. Though I can't imagine you.. Or anyone else.. Could suck on both our dicks at the same time."

“Well, I do tend to bite off more than I can chew,” the tiger said, nodding to a lithe cheetah who walked past, smirking at the glare of jealousy that the cheetah shot back to him. “But that’s what felines do. Come on, let’s have some fun.”

The feline picked up two of the rings, and pressed them together. They twisted, scraping together until locking with a satisfying CLICK.

“Okay, I’m gonna need you guys to help me. I only have two paws, And I’ll need to keep this ring from laying on the ground, so I need you guys to give each other a hug.”

“A hug?” Rock asked, “But, uhm..” He glanced to he and his father’s erections, “Won’t that , uh.. Get in the way, of.. You know...”

“Handsome, shy bull, I think you can handle your dicks touching each other. You were IN that dick, once, remember? Well, no, I guess you wouldn’t.” The tiger chuckled, and grabbed either bull’s hip, tugging them to face each other. “Just wrap around each other’s chests. You don’t need to fuckstick each other.” He was brisk now, claws dimpling into ass cheeks as he pulled them together.

The two bulls found themselves almost nose to nose. “Alright, good. Now lean forward a little closer.” The tiger let go of their hips and nimbly grabbed something from his back pocket. “Little bit closer. I need.. Okay I need you to put your noses together for me. Yeah, like you’re kissing.” The tiger grinned evilly as the two bulls did so. “Actually. Why don’t you kiss? You bulls have some hot mouths, and I bet a little french kissing will put you in the mood.”

Rock looked shocked, and Brewan looked lusty. He pushed forward, pressing his mouth against his son’s, and slipping his wide, rough tongue into the brown bull’s. Kissing, tasting the beer in his son’s maw, feeling the heat of his mouth against his own, and feeling Rock’s arms tighten around his shoulders.

Neither bull noticed the little contraption that the tiger held in his hand now - it looked like an airbrush, or maybe a tattoo gun, and the tiger lifted it up, pressing it against the two bull’s big, soft, warm noses.

“Now, this is going to sting a little, so be careful not to jerk-” and just like that, a metal CHANG!, and the feeling of a metal spike shooting through the soft webbing under their soft nostrils.

The tiger had pierced their noses. They both lifted their heads up, and Rock felt his head lifted higher, as his father instinctively tried to pull back away from the stinging bite in his snout. They weren’t just pierced, they had been pierced together, both of their noses skewered like... like kebabs!

“Sorry guys, I know that was a surprise,” the tiger said, “And we can separate you guys in a bit, but trust me, you’re gonna love this. And it’s just a piercing. Bulls look Good with metal in their meat.” He was doing something with the metal piercing, capping it with something, and then pressing that metal ring between their flubbing lips, those thick soft flaps trying to talk as they were forced to continue kissing each other. “Shhh. You’re gonna love this. Just hang on one second.”

The bulls’ tails flicked, switching irritably, and the raw pain in their noses had almost completely distracted them from their cocks. So when they each felt a slick, freshly wetted hand wrapping around their girth, stroking and grinding them against each other, it was almost as startling as the piercing had been.

Rock lowed, eyes closing tight, and Brewan pressed forward into the slick paw. Rock had not quite gotten over the shock of the pain yet, hadn’t settled into the natural feel of warm wetness around his dick, and so the tiger left Rock’s cock to dangle alone once more. He rolled his other paw along Brewan’s shaft, teasing, stroking in the same direction that Brewan humped, but slower, so that his hunching was mostly ineffective.

“Hrr...hrrff,... Dad, wait...” Rock said, mumbling into his dad’s mouth. He licked into the ring that was pressed between their mouths, tried to kiss at his dad, but all he had felt was salty old wood. He glanced to the bar, where the rings were resting, watched as the tiger picked up one. Was it some kind of magic? How could he be tasting the bar? As the tiger lifted the ring up, he felt the wood disappear from under his tongue, and he saw, WATCHED as his tongue briefly peeked out of the ring that the tiger had lifted up. “Hrrf, Da-”

Brevan felt the metal touch the fat head of his dick, ground his dick into it. It was a nice, slick fit - that must be why he was using lube! - and he felt his foreskin get stretched painfully back. He fucked into that metal ring anyways, and was pleased to feel his dick spear into a warm, loose, wet mouth. It was a long muzzle, with wide teeth, and he huffed as his son gagged against his mouth, stopping his silly bawling.

“Ohhh, yeah...” He mumbled back, his breath streaming hot against Rock’s lips, cheeks as he sank into the hot mouth underneath him. “Yeah, this is good. You feeling this, Rock?”

“He’s about to. But it’s not polite to speak with his mouth full,” the tiger chuckled. The metal ring was wedged tightly to Brevin’s groin, his cock root bulging out against it, keeping it stuck in place. He turned back to Rock’s shaft, adding some more lube to his hand and - oh, what’s this?

Rock’s cock was rock hard, jutting straight out as he choked and gagged on his dad’s dick up above. What a naughty boy. The feline caressed it with his fingers, before jamming another silver ring down over the tip. Both bulls shuddered, as the tiger cruelly, casually twisted and forced that too-thick dickmeat through the unyielding metal ring.

It disappeared as it fit through, leaving nothing on the other side, and the tiger could hear the older bull's grunts of surprise as his mouth was filled with his own son's shaft. Rock, of course, only got harder, tat root of his dick like solid stone as the tiger finished spearing it through the portal ring.

He stood up, watching as the bulls gorged on each other's shafts. "Now, isn't that nice? You are both suckin' dick so very nicely. And really, what better than another bull to handle your flesh, eh? Now. I'm going to do my measurements, so you can both just enjoy each other's tastes, and I'll even throw in a little disclaimer. I'm gonna see which of your sacs has the most meat in it, right? Yeah, gonna be a real treat, playing with all this bull meat you boys got here." He cupped their dangling sacks, squeezing, pulling them closer together. The bulls staggered, trying to keep the sharp claws of the tiger's paws from digging in, hunching together until their metal rings that adhered so tightly around their dicks touched, locking into each other. The two bags dangled, and the tiger knelt back down between their legs. "And when I'm done, whichever one of you has the most, is gonna get a tasty burrito, made fresh, by me, of only the tastiest, naturally sourced ingredients. On the house. All you have to do is... not cum."

The two bulls lowed, grunting around their mouthfuls, struggling to extricate themselves from the ring that was locked between their lips, but the fat cocks plugging their throats was as good as any dog's knot. They were locked together, as the tiger casually played with those blue and brown pouches.

"Now, because I don't want to bring any bias into this, I'm going to have to take certain precautions. You understand. To keep me from picking one over the other too arbitrarily."

Claws dug into warm, taut scrotum. Shearing, shredding into it like christmas wrapping, carefully avoiding the slippery globes that those fuzzy pouches protected. The tiger denuded those nuts, leaving them to dangle, exposed in the raw, open air. Rock humped at the air, wiggling his hips hard enough to make his dad's hips wiggle as well. Those nuts bounced, rocking against each other, twisting and spinning loosely in the air.

The tiger grasped one of them, holding the pulsing, warm flesh in his paw as he brought the last of the rings up. He pressed the slippery flesh against it. It wouldn't quite fit through, bull balls being as they were, quite massive. This gave the tiger no end of tail flicking pleasure, as he carefully threaded the big nut down through the metal ring, until the widest part of it had flexed through. It slid out of his fingers, then, like wet soap, to dangle down underneath the ring. Unlike the other portal rings, both halves of this ring were connected to each other.

The tiger grasped a second dangling nut, grasping and grinding it down in through the ring as well. Both bulls groaned - Brewan from his nut being compressed through the ring, and Rock from his nut's cord, the one that was already threaded through the ring, being painfully crushed by his dad's ball being forced down past it.

The third one was as fun as the first two, and the last one, Brewan's second ball and easily the biggest of the four, was playfully grasped. The tiger held it, enjoying it tugging against his grasp, trying to lift up. "I could just... take a bite right out of this, like an oversized apple. Would you like that?" he asked the blue bull.

Brewan muffled something, then paused as Rock muffled something in turn. Rock's muffle sounded different, though - not of alarm but of... embarrassment? And then he heard Brewan's muffled grunt turning into a gurgle, the bull struggling around a mouth full of bull cream.

"Maybe you wouldn't. But I see someone would," the tiger snickered. Then forced it down, jamming it against the three dangling cords, twisting, spiking, and mangling it through the too-small ring.

It flopped, spitting out the other side like a discarded watermelon seed, thumping in between the other three. They dangled, handsome Christmas ornaments, and the tiger grasped the metal rings. He twisted, unlocking the two rings from each other, and his arm sagged with the weight of both bulls' nuts, dangling from his fingers, detached but still so connected, so vulnerable. He chuckled, latching the remaining ring, the one that all of their cords were threaded down through, to the twin rings that their cocks had been locked into. There would be no way to pull out now. Even if they pulled their dicks out of the rings, their rings couldn't detach- they'd be stripping their nuts off of their cords like old grapes. They were trapped.

Trapped and forced to suck their own dicks, as the tiger sauntered around the bar, disappearing into the kitchen in the back with a handful of their balls.

\* \* \* \* \*

The griddle was already hot when the warm, fresh meat hit it. It sizzled, the round hunk of flesh contracting as the metal seared the blood, soft tissue crisping dark and black.

"Drat. Should have tested with some water, first," the tiger said, muttering as he scraped at the frying bacon with a sturdy spatula. It separated, leaving a greasy, salty residue on the metal.

He scraped it back, smearing the frying flesh against the griddle, the melting fat spitting pleasingly over the crackling surface. Suitably coated, he scooped up the bacon, transferring it, hot and slick with pig fat, to a bowl, to cool. The other cooks in the kitchen had been given their breaks early, and he had the next half hour to himself. Should be plenty of time.

He flopped the other ingredients onto the cutting board. His arm was getting sore from holding all that meat up. Four massive, slippery bull stones, each pale, creamy blue, with stark red 'worms' of capillaries and thick, fatty deposits. All for him to play with at his whim. The cords trailed back through the portal, to the main bar, where the two bulls were still french kissing

around each other's cocks. Heh. Silly bulls. Get their dicks hard and they'll play along with anything.

He picked up one of the bullstones. He couldn't see his hand beneath it, except for the tips of his fingers, where they juuuust barely curled around. Such a nice testicle, such a trophy. They had looked so deliciously plump, peeking out from under the blue bull's kilt... or, wait? Was this one the blue, or the brown bull's?

The tiger smirked. What did it matter to him? He dropped it back down amongst the others, tail flitting in deviousness. He really couldn't tell whose was whose. He had thought the son's were slightly smaller than ole pop's... but maybe letting it out of it's tight furry bag had let them breath, swelling up like bread dough. Hmm.

He lined them up, next to each other, four roughly egg shaped organs, each about a pound, each one about seven inches long, and four wide at it's deepest. Now, what was he going to DO with these delicious tidbits.

His lips curled up, eyes slitting in a moment of pure mischief. Perfect.

He pushed three of the orbs to the side, leaving the nearest one. He rolled it, twisting it on it's cord, fingers massaging into the naked, cooling flesh. Ah, yes... without the scrotums to keep their temperatures regulated, they would probably become painfully chilled in the open air. Well, since he would be using the stovetop.. There's no reason not to keep them warmed.

A bowl of water was set on the back burner, and the temperature set to low. Plenty of time to play before he'd have to worry about poaching those eggs. The one he had chosen was set to the side, and the grill to the back, left of the bowl of water was set to medium high.

Whistling a jaunty tune, the tiger found himself some fresh ingredients. A crisp, sharp nectarine, and a prickly, spiny pineapple. He wedged the stonefruit, the knife's silver blade sinking into the soft flesh of the nectarine, tickling out a triangular slice of orange, dripping fruit. Then another, and then another.

He roughly chopped the top of the pineapple free, and then the bottom. He twisted the blade, peeling off the outer, griddled pineapple flesh, revealing pale yellow fiber inside. This made him smile. It smelled so sweet, like cotton candy. He carved wedges out of it, four of them, and cored them. Four yellow smiles and four orange grins peered up at him from the cutting board. The rest of the fruits were discarded.

The testicle was taken. He didn't bother wiping off the blade, as he brought it to the bottom of the testicle, carefully avoiding the nerve cluster. He pushed slightly down, ran the blade against it, and it sank gently, easily into the flesh, cutting into one of the bull's sources of seed and virility. The skin popped, peeling back, baring the tightly compacted flesh inside. Into this gap that he had imparted into the testicle, he carefully pushed the acidic fruit of the nectarine. It



plugged the gap, though greasy juices bubbled up around it. He pushed a finger against it, keeping it in place, letting the testicle get used to the intrusion, forming around it.

He slit another gap, on the other side, a bit further up. Into this, he goosed one of the pineapple wedges. He jammed one edge in, feeling the tissue inside separate as the rough fiber penetrated into it. The tiger couldn't know what the bull was feeling, of course, and it mattered very little how the sensation of having a bit of pineapple stabbed into one's nut would feel like. He wasn't dumb enough to put himself in the bulls' predicament.

He rolled the nut over, pushing it down into the pineapple, the first nectarine wedge bared to him. It was slowly sliding out of the gap he had made, and this made the tiger frown. He would have to find a way to keep it in. Wrapping it in bacon, perhaps?

He thought about this, as he jammed the second nectarine wedge into the bull's nut, and turning the testicle over, added pineapple into it again, as well. He still had four pieces of fruit left, but... honestly, it was looking more than full, studded with it's fruits. Studded... Aha!

He opened the cabinet over his head. Where was it... where, ah yes. Perfect. He removed one of the slender bamboo spears, running a finger down the length. He frowned. Bamboo could be treated, turned into an epitome of flexible, durable kitchen tools. This was not so treated. He inspected his finger tip. He could feel the itchy tickle of a small splinter. Eh. It would have to do.

The pointed tip of the bamboo skewer was positioned against the back of the epididymis, and holding the fruit-stuffed testicle carefully, he plunged the skewer smoothly into the bull's testicle. His ear twitched with the sound of a muffled shout from the front of the bar, and he winced in sympathy. Dude probably just got a splinter on the inside of his nut. The tiger wiggled the skewer, angling it towards the first piece of pineapple, until he felt it shift slightly as the skewer plunged into it. Then to the other side, so that he could catch the nectarine. Excellent, excellent. He angled it back to the right, and then to the left, having to flex the egg-shaped bit of meat in his hand to get it to spear all of the pieces of fruit correctly. It didn't look perfectly plump, twisted and nudged as it was but of course that was just how cooking went. Altering ingredients into something more than they were when they started.

The tiger casually plopped the skewered testicle onto the skillet, ear flicking towards the delicious, tantalizing sound of the juice from the fruits sizzling on metal. He could let that pan fry for a bit, with just a couple shakes of the pan.

He reached into the water, wincing in sympathy as he realized he had used cold tap water to immerse the balls in. It was warming up, now, but they looked blue, and he could only imagine the bulls were chattering their teeth with the chill their nuts had been through. Well, hopefully not chattering too hard, with those fat dicks in the way.

“Wouldn’t want to ruin your supper,” the tiger chided to himself, as he plopped the second nut onto the cutting board. “Now, what about you...?”

He hummed, thinking to himself. The shishkabob would go over, well, he knew, but repetition was the bane of artistry. Hmm. He stroked his fingers into the fat nugget, massaging warmth into it. Massaging? HE could do massaging.

He grabbed a bowl, adding some fresh rosemary, and chopped garlic with a stick of butter. It mashed so nicely between his fingers, the slippery chunks tickling as he mushed herb and cream into each other.

He turned back to the next treat he was preparing, and cupped it in his buttered palms. He stroked his fingers out, and then clasped them around his treat, as if he were praying, or about to take a drink from a bowl of freshly juiced wheatgrass. Then, he flexed his thumb, and plunged one scythe of a claw into the thick nugget. The flesh inside, perhaps still chilled from its cold water bath, seemed reluctant to hop into the open air. That was okay. He would help it.

Holding the flesh with one hand, he reached over, scooping up a pawful of herbed butter. He ground it into the bull’s testicle, using the heel of his palm to jam it into the open gap. There wasn’t a lot of spare room, in there, but the tiger was nothing if not insistent. Getting what he wanted was just a second nature. He crushed the two ends of the bull’s nut towards each other, and the gap widened, the crease deepening dramatically. Into this, he mashed the remainder of the butter, almost a full stick puffing out over the gap. He jammed a finger in, using a claw to scrape deep gouges into the inner flesh, tearing through delicate tissues. The inside of the bull’s ball was still quite warm, and it made the most delightful slushy sounds. Satisfied, he took one of the par-cooked bacon strips, and lined it over the gap, forming an impromptu blockage to keep it from all sliding out. Then, he roughly wrapped the organ in baking twine, pinning the bacon in place, making sure not a bit of it would escape. He prickled the sides of it with a fork, pushing holes into the bull’s spud, and then swung it back behind the warming pot, and tucked it into a toaster oven. ‘Fifteen minutes on BAKE should do the trick’, the tiger thought.

NEXT!

He chortled, reaching into the water, pulling his hand back with a start. The water was \*scalding\*! The nuggets were bright pink inside of it. He cursed, pulling both of them out and dropping them onto the stove top, before going to the sink to dump out the water. He was still muttering to himself when he came back, wiping his hands off in a napkin, to see steam rising from the two nuggets.

Well fuck ME, he dropped them right on the burner! They were searing!

He cursed louder, this time, jumping to the stove and snatching the two nuggets up off of it. One came up easily, just a black scorched square, with grey flesh around it. Probably fine.

The other one resisted. The tiger tugged, and tugged harder. It was definitely seared right to the griddle, just like the bacon had been earlier. Goddammit.

He thought a second too late that he could just scrape it free with the spatula. But he had already wrenched upwards, refusing to let the griddle ruin his treat any longer than it already had.

Part of the bull's nut remained on the grill, but the rest came up in the tiger's hand. Well, kind of. The stuck, seared, blackened crust was connected to the tissues inside, and as he pulled it up, that ropey tendrilled mass of bull nut.. Disgorged itself out of the ruptured hull. Slick gelatinous testicular paste splattered onto the hot griddle, sizzling immediately.

"FUUUCK!"

The tiger had lost the ball, but not the entire meal. He dropped the cooling, seared whole testicle into the butter bowl, and grabbed the egg spatula.

"Shit, shit, shit"

When stir frying, seasoning is everything. He dropped the remaining hull on top of the bubbling mess of innards, and grabbed the brown powder from the open cabinet over his head. He ripped it open with his mouth, and was in the process of shaking it over the cooking mass when he realized what it was.

Taco seasoning.

Too late now. The tiger sighed. He had not meant on making... tacos... btu the dark salty spice was already sinking in, the twitching meat quickly cooking away. He chopped into it, using the flexible, wide, smooth spatula to separate, flip, scramble and griddle fry the naked meat. It would... be fine. A little seared meat would go well with taco meat. And he could use the skewered meat ... sure.. Like a salsa. Pineapple nectarine beef meat strips. A fine topping.

He reached over, flipping the skewer onto the other side. Ah, yes. Quite nice. And could smell the hint of buttered rosemary from the toaster oven.

The cord that connected the mass of cooking flesh to the portal ring writhed. It had been scorched, and wasn't exactly connected to anything much anyways, was it? He casually chopped it free, the cord resting on the griddle, but no longer attached to the sauteing taco meat.

It was darkening. It already looked more like ground hamburger than testicle, and... oh. Oh, that was an idea.

The tiger glanced to his right, to the old, hand cranked metal meat grinder mounted to the counter. Oh yes, that was \*quite\* nice. And maybe even the right size. The tiger pulled the

steaming taco meat off of the grill, dumping it onto another plate, and grabbed the fourth and final testicle. It was, in fact, seared quite badly on one side. Hmph. Useless in any type of meal that required a display. But probably just as delicious as one could expect. He brought it to the meat grinder.

There was no time to spare; the chefs would be back from their break soon. Yes. A handful of bacon was grabbed, dropped into the grinder, fingers smearing it against the metal rim. At it was sufficiently lubed, he cranked it. Bacon was dragged down, into the churning metal gears and cronks. A pinkish paste extruded from the end. Oh yes This would be quite nice.

The testicle was brought, lifted over the grinder. The tiger turned the crank, tail flicking happily behind him, back and forth, flicking jauntily. It dangled, so vulnerable, a poor little mouse that the apex kitty had snared from under a couch, a mole ripped out of it's nest. The tiger's delicious little treat.

Ahem. He dropped the testicle down, into the fluted metal maw of the grinder, firmly churning the handle. The expected resistance did not come. He scowled. It jiggled, plumply up at him. Each twist of the handle, and it shifted slightly, rocking back and forth in it's perfectly sized little nest. The tiger scowled. Oh, the nut thinks it's just too big to fit inside the meat grinder? It thinks it can just flaunt it's tastiness without reprisal?

The tiger pushed down on it, pressing with the flat of his palm. He twisted the handle, noticing with satisfaction that the handle was sluggish now. It was fighting against bull meat, now. As easy as it was to slice, he knew that it was quite rubbery, hard to crush, and yet that was what had to happen. The metal blades were no doubt trying to bite into the flesh, digging, scraping, nipping and pinching. Still, until it yielded, there would be no-AHA!

The nut schlorped, suddenly dropping in an inch. Immediately, his hand had to push, hard, against the handle, twisting it. He heard it. The blades suddenly full of thick, tough flesh. It ground into the last of the two bulls' testicles, the sole chance to continue the family line. Oh, there would be brothers, of course, out there, somewhere, and perhaps one of them would even come to exact vengeance. They liked to do that. And the tiger was more than happy to help streamline the family tree for them.

Warm milky paste popped out of the end of the grinder, extruding like soft gray play dough, dropping down into the bacon paste. He twisted the handle faster, watching the testicle slowly disappear down into portal made by the meatgrinder, slowly being churned from male flesh into hamburger, until the very tip of it twisted, bulged, and disappeared into the gears. He clipped the cord with a pair of shears, and ground the last of the final testicle into pate.

He lifted the skewer off of the frying pan, examining it. It was perfect. The meat had caramelized beautifully, the fruit soggy, mashed into flat shapes. Mmm. He could glaze it with some kind of

barbecue sauce, some thick chunky marinade, and one might not even notice the 'additions' until after they had bit into a splash of acidic, fruity juice.

He trimmed it loose, putting it onto the plate with the sauteed ground hamburger.

Tacos, eh. He hadn't planned on tacos. He was going to need to talk with his guests.

\* \* \* \* \*

Rock had been afraid to open his eyes since he had realized he was about cum in his own dad's mouth. He had sucked, apologetically, trying to make it as good of an experience as he could. He had felt his scrotum pierced, his nuts tickled out, the crushing pain in his guts as they were squeezed through the two small ring.

And then, for a little bit, nothing. Brewan had squirmed, at first, grunting, and he had felt that cock lodged into his gullet hardening. He had nearly choked, as it had gotten stone-stiff, plugging at the back of his throat. He had felt his dad climax, again, feeding him endless numbers of possible brothers and sisters.

And then had felt cold water, so cold, kick up into his guts. Then, pain. Pain, and the feeling of his dad's thick, rubbery lips, chewing on his cock.

The tiger was back, saying something apologetically to the two of them. He blinked, not understanding. The tiger was gesturing to their where their noses were spiked together. He motioned pulling something out of a hole, and faintly realized what he meant. He wanted to free their snouts. He nodded, dragging Brewan's head along for the ride, and the tiger pleasantly leaned in, grasping the head of the nail as it protruded from the two bulls.

SHLP.

Rock and Brewan both reared backwards. Tried to step back, too, though of course they couldn't, with their groins locked together so securely. They could pull away from their soft, half-hard dicks, though, both of the steers more than happy to be done with it.

Which suited the tiger perfectly. The double ended bull dildo was tugged free of both warm, slimy mouths, and the tiger trotted back to the kitchen.

\* \* \* \* \*

The tiger flopped the dildo onto the cutting board, and twisted the two portals apart from each other. Clink. They flopped free. The tiger did not have time to play with them, to stroke them. He noted the deep bite marks in both of them. Bulls were not designed for snipping through flesh, but for crushing through fiber. The dicks had both been callously crushed, looking swollen, bruised. It was really almost a good thing, what he was doing.

A slender knife, used for descaling fish, was brought to bear. He skimmed the tip just under the root of the fatter of the two cocks. Zlliiip. It carefully slid, shark finning through the skin. It split open, and peeled back, baring the spongy, bruised tissue of the bull's erectile tissue. He flicked it over the tip, bisecting the cap, and then took the loose flaps of skin. He pulled upwards. The weight of the bull's dick peeled it right out of the soft, loose skin. Flump. The naked skinless dick flopped back to the cutting board. That would go into the grinder, later.

For now, though

He stretched it flat on the cutting board. Spooned rice into it. Scraped some of the freshly cooked taco meat on top. Added some shredded cheese. Some refried beans. He folded the sides in, and rolled it, into a trim, sleek burrito. A burrito which's wrap was marked with small spots of hairs, the occasional hair-like capillary, and the drying slobber of a recent blowjob.

He dropped it on the griddle, to crisp the skin into place, and moved to the second dick. This one he chopped the head off of, cleanly, and gripped the skin. He jerked the thick cock, seeming to be stroking it, but really just pulling it back and forth, loosening it, before peeling it all the way back to the ring.

A meat cleaver was grabbed, raised up in the air as he carefully held the thick shaft in place, by the cockring it sprouted from.

THUNK.

He chopped the meat free, pushing it to the side, then re-rolled the empty, but still attached skin back over the ring. He scooped rice directly into it, and then the skewered nut, carefully stuffing it down into the stretchy skin. The steaming meat tickled up against the embedded root of the bull's cock, and he quickly, smoothly pulled the skewer back up and out of the well cooked flesh.

He lifted the soft, droopy foreskin up, and poured a cup of hot salsa down onto the fruity meat that was already filling it, before twisting and tying the foreskin shut like a balloon. He massaged the bull's dick, breaking the meat into more manageable chunks, shaping it to look...

more or less... like the dick it had used to be. He pulled the burrito free of the grill, and jammed it through the other cock ring, smashing it into one of the bulls' groins. A thank you treat for the delicious meal.

The other was pulled back, skin being cooked from the inside as the still hot skewered nut-fruit settled against the raw skin. He waited until the dick had been pulled loose, then deactivated both of them, as well as the one that the nuts' cords had been going through.

Just as the cooks came back in. They sniffed the air, crowding around, as the tiger churned at the meat grinder.

"Whatcha cookin'?" the weasel asked. His name tag said "Felcher", which the tiger thought was a terrible name for anyone, but definitely a cook.

"Uhm. Just, some hamburger. Just have a special blend," he chuckled, hurriedly cranking the handle, the bull dick disappearing into lean, dark red sausage flesh.

Felcher scowled at the appearing hamburger. "Doesn't have enough fat in it. Should add some bacon to it, or it's gonna dry out on the grill."

"Oh, no worries, I have all this other, really fatty hamburger to mix with it. It'll be fine. Well, jeez, that's the time. Gotta go!"

The tiger hurriedly scraped all of the hamburger into a to-go box, clapping the hinged container closed, and scurried away. The cooks examined the remnants of what he had been cooking, trying to figure out why he was being so secretive about it.

DING!

The toaster oven popped into the off position.

"Oh, hey." The fry cook said, opening the door, finding something wrapped in twin with bacon. "What is this, a baked potato or something?"

Indeed, the outer skin was blackened and dried, looking all the word like a cooked russet potato. The fry cook leaned against the counter, whiskers arching forward. He was, after all, a feline, just one of those stray tabby cats that only seemed to keep job for a month or two before moving on. He sniffed again, then carefully bit into the end of the potato.

"It any good?" The weasel asked, skeptically. The dishwasher was giving him a funny look, but he was a water buffalo. It was to be expected.

“Uh. Hmm. Yeah, it’s good. It’s got... rosemary in it, I think.” The cat coughed, then paused for a second. “I think I’ve had this before.”

And he had, of course. At a different restaurant, in a different town. The night that those two stag brothers had been nudded. Garlic, rosemary, and butter. A delicious accompaniment to any tender meat.

But if the tiger had been the one who had cooked that.. Then that meant...

The tabby smiled, put the rest of the ‘potato’ in a to-go bag, and gave his notice. The tiger would be moving on. The tabby would follow. And next time, wherever they met up, he wouldn’t be leaving the kitchen, when the tiger came in to borrow the utilities.