Working at Testi-licious Treats was often quite a challenge, but it certainly paid off, when customers could sample probably the best gonads not only in the city but in the whole country as well. Although quite expensive, for people who delighted in that particular piece of meat, it was more than worth it.

While Charn, quite stocky with broad muscular shoulders, was finishing a regular meal for the customer, the back door to the kitchen swung wide open, revealing none other but a peregrine falcon, feathered dark blue and white, a young kitchen assistant named Jax. That bird wasn’t anywhere as talented as the feline cook, but certainly, he had spirit, especially looking at his big smile.

“I got them, chef!” He shouted, shaking quite a sizeable package wrapped in brown paper in his talons. The squishy, wet sounds coming from it could probably mean only one thing, but it certainly lightened Charn’s mood. “Bovine testicles along with his gigantic phallus, sir. I think it’s easily fourteen inches long, with skin intact, as you ordered.”

The tiger simply took the package out of his hands, without saying a word of appreciation or simple thanks. The avian kid was only the lowest position worker and was treated as such, but he was lucky so far not to end up on the plate for a few mistakes here and there. Charn placed the wrapped order, unpacked it, and looked inside, nodding in approval. And there was a lot to take in.

Jax mostly complimented the bull’s penis, but the chef was mostly interested in pair of more refined meats on each side of the meaty pole like it didn’t exist for now. Seeing that each of the gargantuan balls was two times the size of his fist, he started to fear that they might barely fit on his regular pan, but what’s the point of owning an industrial one if not for those special occasions?

Chef’s sharp claws trailed down the orb, noticing a plethora of veins underneath while trying not to harm the meats before actually cooking them. He was deeply impressed by how long the thick cords were as if the source cut them right at their end. Even if not everyone enjoyed the rubbery pieces, they were more for aesthetic purposes. Charn squeezed the first testicle, enjoying its sturdiness.

He eventually observed the truly magnificent cock in front of his eyes, noticing that indeed it had quite a lot of skin, most of it wrinkled up at its tip. Although the length of that penis was impressive, the girth was far more interesting, almost as thick as the feline’s arm. Another challenge for the chef but it wouldn’t be his hardest one, ready to prepare those meats. Charn wondered what the previous owner looked like.

“Great job, probably a top three of meats I had on my counter. Just give me his picture and we can start preparing it.”

“Uh… a what, chef?” Confused Jax stepped from one leg to the other, clearly knowing that any screw-up would end up badly. So instead he acted clueless, which was probably the worst choice in this situation. Charn casually picked up the cleaver, before approaching his cooking assistant.

“Picture that bull’s face, to ensure the client that it’s legitimate bovine meat and not just cheap horse crap. Anyone can buy that nowadays, but a real bull’s gonads? Now that’s a luxury not everyone can afford. Where is it?”

Charn sighed out loud, seeing the frustrated and silent bird, who himself already lost all of his patience. He tightened his grip around cleaver's hand, looking deeply into Jax’s eyes, then averting his gaze below his waist, making a rather ominous and sadistic grin.

“Alright, I forgive you. Just lose those pants and I’ll forget everything you messed up so far.”

“Uh… chef?” Jax truly hoped that he misheard Charn’s words.

“I said, drop them! The client is waiting so I’m going to give him a deluxe special with the smaller package as a side dish so maybe they’ll not ask questions about the origins of bull’s balls. Go on. Chop chop!”

Feeling that he might lose more than just his package, Jax immediately exposed what he got down there, which objectively speaking, wasn’t very much, especially when compared to all the genitals that were showing in this kitchen. A below-average member hung freely right above his small ballsack, containing two questionably sized marbles. Charn scoffed, seeing that, preparing himself.

SLICE!

With little to no warning, his razor-sharp cleaver cut through the air, sinking into Jax’s junk like warm butter, before wet pieces of meat flopped audibly on the floor, right before the chef’s feet who quickly scooped them up. Five seconds rule, he thought jokingly, casually going towards the sink to clean the newly acquired meats, not even helping poor bird out who kneeled in great pain, moaning out loud.

“Be useful for once and chop some onions. It’s not a big deal, looking how tiny these are.”

Charn placed Jax’s cock and balls close to bovine ones, eventually preparing the meal, disappointed on avian genitals. He started with larger testicles, cutting into them with surgical precision, butterflying the meat with such talent and care, so the pieces will not separate, still attached. His movements were similar to a professional massager, rubbing the smooth flesh along with cutting in.

After both of the testicles were done, he lined up his sharp knife in the middle of the gigantic member, slicing through rather thick skin and into the muscles, tearing the halves not completely apart. It was a great honor to him to prepare such a fine piece of meat, remembering about quite a pathetic set next to him. He sighed out loud.

“I don’t think I saw any smaller meat before. It’s barely adequate for a kids’ menu, kid. At least it will not bother you anymore.” He said to Jax who was barely able to cut the onions. Charn cut both cock and balls within seconds as if they insulted him with such a disappointing size. He eventually took a few raw shrimps, seeing that bird’s package couldn’t be a proper side dish.

“Enough with these onions. Now, scram!” Tiger gently pushed Jax away who slumped in the corner, holding a sizeable gap between his legs, sobbing quietly. The chef seasoned all the meats thoroughly, once again using his massaging skills to make sure that every spice covers the flesh completely. Charn added olive oil to a gigantic pan, before eventually placing the bull’s testicles along with a massive shaft that resembled an elephant’s trunk. The meats sizzled audibly, spreading a fantastic, meaty scent through the entirety of the kitchen.

“Too fucking small…” Charn scoffed, placing butterflied balls and penis along with shrimps on the second pan, seeing that Jax’s pieces of meat were barely larger than shellfish. With a decisive flip of the pan, all the smaller pieces jumped in the air, landing on the scorching oil once again, slowly getting appetizing colors.

After some time, the feline chef was satisfied enough with how thoroughly cooked bull’s meats were, eventually placing them on the plate along with thick and hollow cords as snack and decoration. Afterward, Charn placed prepared shrimps and Jax’s butterflied member and testicles on the second plate, looking back at the bird.

“What are you waiting for? Stand up and take them to the client!”

The previously slouching avian stopped sobbing for a moment, before standing up and taking the order. He couldn’t stop staring at the side dish, seeing how magnificently prepared his genitals were, with such talent he could only dream about. The colors, smell, and how finely cut the penis was, weirdly attracted me to it. Eventually, he looked back at Charn.

“Compliment to the chef.”