PORTAL PERIL

*Chapter Two of the Patreon Portal Series - (c) Charn 2023*

Skeeava fled to his friend Skizhi. Skizhi had been supposed to visit earlier in the day, but hadn't shown up, and with all the adventurers causing mayhem, he had to make sure his friend was okay.

Skizhi wasn't okay. He wasn't even in his lair, but was sitting in the mud just outside the deep, knotted copse of trees that made up his tribe's den. The smaller, darker yinglet was jittery, shaking as Skeeaava slipped through the cordbriars and into his bud's puddle.

Skeeaava was about to share the news of the attack on the dungeon and how all of the other kobolds had perished, when he was distracted by a glint in the water, a gleam of metal just below the surface.

"What is tha-?!" He asked, grabbing at it.

"MINE!" Skizhi exclaimed, twisting, and the two fell about in wrestling in the cool mud. Growling and hissing, they both fought for control of the metal ring that was, incongruously, attached to Skizhi's groin. "Let...me... SEE IT!" He grunted, finally finding a solid stone to plant his feet on. He yanked upwards, hauling the screeching gray yinglet out of the mud entirely, flopping him onto the mud.

Yup, he had one, just like his!

"Look, Skizhi!" Skeeaava said, straddling his buds legs and tapping his shiny silver disc against his friend's. "I also found treasure!"

"It's not a treasure, Skee!" Skizhi wailed, clutching at his face. "It's a curse! A foul enchantment, sorcery! I've been trapped in this thing for DAYS! I can't sleep! I can't- Eeeey! EEHHYY!" Skizhi seemed to convulse, reaching for his groin and curling up. "It's torture!"

"Well, I haven't felt that," He said. He felt something holding, no, SQUEEZING his balls. The naked dangling orbs were much cooler than the very warm wrap that surrounded his eggs and squeezed down on them, which gave him a whole new nauseous feeling. "HHRGGH! I mean, okay, I feel that!"

He panted, as the heat that soaked into his balls made him feel uncomfortably warm. Of course, they had never felt WARM like this before, having been inside him his entire life! *Well except for that one time a couple months ago but that had just been a temporary thing...*

Skizhi wiggled, and batted at his groin. "Wha, Wha!? There's something reaching inside me!"

Skeeava could see two bulges, sliding up in a v shape from the top of the ring, along his friend's belly. As he watched, the finger curled sideways, and Skizhi shrieked again, kicking at the air and throwing Skeeaava clean off of him.

Skizhi groaned and rolled around, before flopping into his back again, utterly exhausted. "Something... pulled parts out. Parts of me."

"Yeah, they did that to me, too..." Skeeaava wondered about that. "Um, you said you have been like this for days? But nothing ever poked inside of you?"

"Yes, I- '' And then Skizhi went completely quiet, staring into the far distance. One hand was reaching up into the air, and it paused completely, as Skizhi gawped at something only he could see. Then he shrieked, and grasped his ring again.

"What is it, what's happening?!" Skeeaava asked, trying to help the poor yinglet.

He only said one word, but it was the worst word that Skeeaava could imagine hearing.

**"TEETH!"**

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Skizhi had collapsed into a deep sleep after that, and the silver portal slid off of the yinglet's groin and into the mud. Skizhi grabbed it, before it slipped entirely into the muck, and stuck it underneath a very pretty blue and black rock that was sticking up out of the mud nearby, and then helped carry Skizhi into his tribe's lair.

Skizhi's lair had booted him, due to all the screaming and hollering, and the elders said that the weird noise that the ring made made it a nuisance for the magic users. Skizhi had been ejected from the lair, until he could remove the cursed ornament. The elders asked him how he had done it, how he had removed the curse, and Skeeaava had of course told them that it was a special magic that only he had access to. This greatly surprised the other tribe's elders, and they asked Skeeaava why he hadn't used that magic to remove the one latched on his own groin.

"This... is my fetish," he explained, patting the ring. "It channels arcane powers from far away and gives it to me to use! In fact, I am so powerful, that I am basically... a dragon!"

The others gasped at this, for this was no easy statement to make. The difference between a kobold and a dragon was, it was known, insurmountable. For Skeeaava to make such a bold claim... he must indeed be quite the fearsome sorcerer!

Somehow, and there's no reason in pointing fingers, but somehow, Skeeaava ended up with a rucksack, a stick, and a loin cloth from the rival tribe. It was a great haul! For him, anyway. Skizha had, as Skee gently fingered to examine him, somehow lost all of his rut stick, the hidden root too deep for Skeeaava to feel more than the tip of with his deep fingers.

It made Skeeaava nervous, to know that he could lose everything, just like that.

The walk back to his own lair was simple. The warren was celebrating - the deaths of his packmates meant more room for the rest of them, and his fallen comrades' property was already being divided up between the others.

Some of his tribe were perplexed, that he was wearing a loincloth all of a sudden, and wanted to know why. He heard rumors of speculation, rumors that very quickly consolidated into confirmed fact, that he had a crawfish living inside his slit now and he was afraid that people would see the claws hanging out.

He was fine letting them think that - after all, that WOULD look pretty cool - but his rut sack was yanked backwards and out of his hands. He turned, angrily, to see Andrakk there, waving the stick and bag around in the air experimentally.

"What's this, pipsqueak? Treasure?" Andrakk boomed, drawing attention from the others. Andrakk was not very good at, well, anything, but he made up for that lack of skill by being especially loud.

"Not at all," Skeeaava said, thinking quickly on his feet. "It's a bunch of boar turds for fertilizing the mushrooms with."

"Uh huh," Andrakk said, swinging the stick to slam the bag onto the soft earth. It tore open, and Skizhi's unused metal ring bounced out, rolling away from them. Andrakk yelped in excitement and gave chase, grabbing the ring from the ground and holding it up into the air. "Treasure!"

"It's not treasure!" Skeeaave protested, but Andrakk snorted and held it over the smaller kobold's head.

"It is!" Andrakk said, and turned to look at it. "IT's a bracelet. Is it enchanted? Is it magical?"

"It's cursed," Skeeaava said. "It is bad, evil, it will hurt you if you put it on!"

"Put it on?" Andrakk said. He grinned. "You just say this so to give to the chief yourself. Well, too bad for you, runt, I am going to give it to him." He whooped in delight and pointed to Skeeaava's loin cloth. "Is that why you are wearing this? Is it to hide your endowments?" Andrakk vibrated all over. "A ring of growth, perhaps? Oh yes, the chief will be so pleased. Thank you, gremlin, you just gave me a promotion!"

Skeeaava couldn't get a word in edgewise before a foot pushed on his chest, slamming him into the soft damp earth. Andrakk shouted as he scurried away, holding the silver ring up high. "Chief, I bring you treasures from my conquests! Chief! Chief..." and then he was one, lost in the bustle.

Skeeaava groaned, and got back to his feet. This was getting worse by the minute.

Skeeaava had a, uh, difficult night that night. He had had to avoid the rest of his clan, because he didn't know how to remove the shiny, silvery ring that had bonded to his groin. He had pulled, twisted, and tugged, but no matter how he tried to remove the cockring, it seemed to be locked in place. Worse than that, his balls were not used to being OUTSIDE of his body, and his penis wasn't used to being stuck outside of his body, either. He didn't like the feeling of his rigid erection just... being out there.... being touched and owned by someone else.

He had 'gone to sleep' early, after 'losing' some of Skahvafa's rotten apple juice (down his gullet). He tried not to think about the way the other kobolds stared at his groin, where there was a bulge where twasn't supposed to be one. Even Chief stared at him, and Chief never looked at *anyone*.

Then, after he laid down, he felt cold water, hosing down his junk. Spritz. Spritz. Spritz. It was a cold blast every time it happened, and it happened every forty fingers or so. Skeeaava rolled over, but no matter how he twisted, curled, or folded himself up, he couldn't stop the SPRITZ.... SPRITZ... SPRITZ.... of cold, washing over his balls and his cock. Why was this happening?!

After half an hour or so of this torment, Skeeaava began to get nervous. He had to whiz. He had, earlier, too, but the cold blast had kept the need in the back of his mind. Now, even with the repeated drizzling frigid coating, he could not hide that need any longer. What could he do, though? He had never peed with his cock stuck like this - and he didn't know if his pee could even go through the barrier? What if he exploded? What if he *died,* from peeing himself, like what happened to Veerrkavaka?

He closed his eyes, and squirmed his legs, and decided to see what happened. He expected pain, or a tearing sensation, or a LEAKING sensation, but instead he just felt the pee falling away, leaving his shaft and disappearing. What a relief! He hoped whoever was owning his equipment didn't mind, but maybe they'd be impressed with the flow! Skeeaava did have EXCELLENT control over *that.* He flexed his hips and clamped down on his inner muscles, making his cock wiggle and dance on the other side of the hole, wherever that was.

He hoped he didn't get in trouble. He thought back to what he had seen of Skizhi's groin, shortly after the ring had fallen off. The yinglet's cock had been.. removed. And Skeeaava recognized the shape and type of tool that had been used to remove it. Teeth. Feline teeth. He didn't know why Skizhi had lost his equipment, but Skeeaava hadn't, but he had a terrible feeling that he was going to find out. Soon.

Charn was having that dream again. The one where he was being shaped by angry geldings. His hands tied behind his back, the feline weaved nimbly through thorns and jungle vines, hopping over a hissing snake, and then skidded to a stop at the top of a sheer, steep cliff face. Down below, lava bubbled and hissed. The roar of the irate geldings grew louder behind him.

"Charn! Catch!" The tiger looked up, to see his adventuring buddy, Brock, swinging on a large green vine. The lava had burned off all the stitches in his clothes, and the bull's fat balls were steaming with the heat of the lava pit down below. He had a life preserver, the kind you'd see on a boat, and he tossed it to Charn. "Just wiggle into it!"

Charn had a better solution. He backed up, hearing the ground shake as huge ball-less beasts stamped and roared, closer and closer, and he took a flying leap. Arms bound, he soared right past the life preserver, and clamped his jaws closed around the bull's big, meaty balls.

Brock grimaced, and swung backwards. He reached down, to grab the tiger by the scruff, but with a firm NIP and a GULP, Charn accidentally (???) ate the only things that were keeping him from the lava below. Charn tumbled down, towards the burning molten rock-

And ended up on the floor in a tangle of sweat-soaked blankets. He oofed, and noticed that his chin was wet, and there was something hard and slick and throbbing pressed against his cheek. The tiger grunted, realizing vaguely that there was *something* sliding down his throat, and squirmed around in his cocoon of musty tiger blankets. Finally sitting up, the thing that was resting on his face fell off, the heavy, brown skinned cock flopping with a thump in his lap. The portal ring that was attached to it was still glowing green, which meant that whoever was on the other side had felt everything that happened, and, based on the little flap of empty skin directly under that throbbing, softening cock, it seemed that they had felt the tiger munching on their balls while he slept.

"I really have got to stop going to sleep with these things," Charn said, wiggling out of the blankets. He sighed, picking up the portal and its deflating cock. Slimy cum coated it, still oozing out of the tip, and Charn absently stuffed it into his mouth, licking and grooming it clean with his wide, rough tongue. He grimaced at the saltiness of the seed, absently trying to remember who's junk he was cuddling with when he fell asleep.

He couldn't remember. Blame it on the lack of coffee, but he just had no idea who the thick, dark-veined, uncut shaft belonged to. Certainly it was a nice piece, the skin satiny smooth and the length of it as impressive as the thickness, but, other than a vague recollection of walking into the storage room in the dark and picking something up, he had no idea who's it was. Ugh, had he been sleepwalking?

Charn slurped with a wet pop and pulled the cock out of his mouth, smacking his lips. He needed coffee. This mystery wasn't going to solve itself, not without caffeine in his veins.

As the kettle burbled away, Charn staggered into the trophy room. There were only four trophies, or was it five? Six? The tiger had never been good with bookkeeping.

He turned on the light in the converted utility closet, and stepped inside. One wall, about six feet long, had been modeled with some waterproofed stainless steel. Underneath it, a trough that led to a drain in the floor. A splash guard created a plastic barrier and smell guard, and the first thing the tiger did was turn on the exhaust fans.

Air wooshed past him from the main house, forcibly circulated up into an industrial fan that had been set in the ceiling, and the tiger swung the sliding glass plastic guards open, to let the air circulate in around the trophies as well.

Ahh, the trophies. Three of them hung on the steel wall, the smooth circular 'plaques' magnetically attached. The circular portal rings had some diodes embedded in their frames, and the lights there were blinking a soft green, on and off. That was to be expected - they would only turn a different color if something interfered with the subspace warp connection, and that rarely happened when Charn didn't want it to. He hmmed, though, moving up to the wall and slapping the fourth plaque into place. The way they were spaced out, there was room for a fifth, and the tiger was vaguely remembering it. Clearly he had grabbed this one as a midnight snack, but what had happened to the fifth?

He shrugged, and grabbed a woven basket from the floor, the kind for collecting mushrooms in, long and kind of narrow. He peeled the castrated, cleaned package from the wall, and tossed it in. Ugh. He can't believe he ate their balls. His stomach rumbled happily, but the tiger was mildly irritated that he got to miss the show.

He peeled off the only uncut dick on the wall, a surprisingly long, slender, cream-fuzzed sheath that hung all the way down past the heavy nuts underneath. Charn gave the two balls a squeeze in one hand, grinding the two beefy eggs against each other, pleased that he hadn't grabbed THIS package, at least. He had some fun plans for them, which would have been ruined by accidentally devouring them. He tossed the whole package down on top of the brown-skinned cock, and then reached for the next package.

This was the kobold from earlier. Well, the extant kobold. No need to have two of the same types of junks, right? He had set up a small produce case mister, to occasionally spray the big, dangling testicles with saline, to keep them from drying out. He didn't know if that was what the balls SHOULD be sprayed with, but making mistakes is how we learn. He was dismayed to find that he had set the sprayer to a bit too strong of a setting; the nozzle had blasted the left testicle, hard enough to blow it over the right testicle. The nuts had gotten slightly tangled, but on the plus side, they were both super hydrated. He scraped a rough, dry finger pad underneath the left testicle, which felt cooler than it did last night. Taking one ball in either palm, he tugged, twisted and folded them over each other, gently unknotting the tangled cords. Dumb kobolds.

With the balls dangling and exposed once again, he pulled on them, yanking them away from the wall. It took a bit of force to pull the wide magnetic base free, but once he did, it was easy to drop the metal down on top of the uncut dick down below.

That left the last one. The cock was tapered like a dog's dick, but whereas a dog's dick had a knot at the base, this one just ballooned outwards. Charn couldn't be sure what species this was, but it must be some kind of kobold, since it came from the same ring-session as the other kobold had. This definitely wasn't a kobold, though! Kobolds had internal testicles, whereas this cock had a big ole daddy sack, a grayish beige leathery scrote that was wrapped tight around two pleasantly plump testes. The soft skinned cock hadn't been allowed to retract, just like the kobold's hadn't, and the stray misting from the kobold's setup had kept it moist enough... on one side... but the other side definitely looked a bit dried out. He dumped it with a whump on top of the kobold's wet, gleaming, naked tuts at the bottom of his basket.

Hmm. Something was wrong, though. Something was *missing.* He was sure of it.

He went out to the kitchen, where the kettle was whistling, and set the basket up on the island counter. The sun was far too bright and cheerful this early in the morning. Charn hatesed it. He poured water into the coffee grounds, grumping in silence as he inhaled the first few hints of delicious bean juice. mmm.

What was he going to do today... he sipped at his cup of joe, staring down at the basket on the counter. He was going to do something. Something involving the portals... was he going to the portal swap? He started taking the packages out of the basket, and resting them on the counter, in a patch of sunshine. A swap would work. He might be able to get someone to tell him what species 'Daddy sack' was. Then he grimaced as he pulled out the thick brown shaft, which just looked so... useless and defeated without its fat nuts underneath. Who's was that, anyways? Had he traded for it? He realized he had gotten it from the swap last month. Dangit, he had traded that horse junk for it, that was huge! Then he remembered the way the portal ring had creaked when the horse's junk orgasmed. Definitely headed towards structural failure. It had been a good trade, Charn had just stupidly eaten the balls of it. He sighed, and stroked his finger along the back of the ring, tracing a specific pattern to 'back door' into and override the portal ring.

With a thump, the brown cock fell from the ring as the connection was ended, landing with a plop on the counter, next to the kobold's naked orbs. Charn picked it up, tossing it in his mouth like a bit of cooked bacon, and chewed.

"Oh no," he said, "my portal got disconnected. Shucks, and I so wanted to keep that connection going, darn." He smirked, gulping down what had used to be about eight inches of someone's pride and joy, and swiped a new pattern along the sides of the ring, setting the portal address to 'receptive'. Then he went to the fridge, to get some milk for his coffee.

Charn slapped his forehead, with a laugh. "There you are!" He couldn't remember why he had thought to do so, but the tiger had, at some point, put the last portal in the fridge, in a steel bowl that was filled with water. Vaguely, Charn remembered thrusting the package down into the bowl, but at that point it had been filled with ice cubes, not water. He took the bowl out of the fridge, carrying it to the sink.

It was the raccoon's package, of course. Charn could barely remember the fella's name. Argyle? Tentative? Something like that. Charn had met the raccoon at a bar in Arizona, and the fella had been openly bragging about how fat his balls were. Charn had, of course, wanted to see them, and it had only taken a bit of haggling to convince the cute blue-furred fella to let the tiger slip a special cockring around his balls. They HAD been big, big enough to catch Charn's attention, but apparently the tiger hadn't been interesting enough to hold the raccoon's. Why, the drunk fella had already gone back to drinking his beer, when the tiger had twisted the portal ring in half, stealing one side for himself.

Charn chuckled as he remembered the moment the big raccoon nuts and plump sheath had come free in his hand. He had not been wearing anything except a jock, having worn the cockring in himself, and now he had a good two pounds of coon meat hanging from one hand. So, of course, he had stuffed the fat sack down the front of his jock, the heavy balls soft and warm and heavy as they pressed in on either side against his own. The portal, which was bidirectional at that time, was nestled down into his own junk, and the tiger saw his own cock and ball slide out of the raccoon's groin, a peculiar orange that contrasted sharply with the raccoon's blue. Charn had deftly unzipped the raccoon back up and said his goodbyes.

"Now what on earth was I planning on doing, with you?" The tiger mused, as he poured the bowl out. The water, yellowed now, flushed down the drain, and the package tried to flow down with it, the package looking cutely compacted after being submerged in the chilled water for so long. The little dick thumped into a glass with some forks on it, the weight of the heavy balls and the portal ring stabbing the flesh down into the utensils before the whole glass flopped over and shattered.

"Oh, dammit." Charn said, turning on the hot water. He couldn't lose TWO packages, not on the same day, not on stream day. He grabbed the rinser and carefully lifted up the portal ring, turning and twisting it as he soaked it with the steaming water. The tightly contracted scrotum roiled as it went from forty degree water to one hundred and twenty degree water, almost instantaneously. The tiger scrunched up his nose, hosing the bits of peanut butter from the fork, bits of broken glassware, and that diluted taint of piss from the forgotten package.

He slapped the portal onto the side of the sink - the magnet affixed it cleanly to it, and then used two fingers to push the light gray sheath open so that he could soak the inside with the scalding dish sprayer. He had to get all that residue out. Fortunately, the purplish dick inside was too inert to fill out with the heat, and the water scoured over the tight flesh, stinging as it peeled off any remaining residue after that long night of 'ice cubes n chill'.

He tossed the soggy furred package onto the dishrack, and then grabbed another one. The long, uncut one with the white fur. As he grabbed the dishwand and began to scrub it under the hot, scalding water, his phone rang. He tucked it under his shoulder.

"Yallow." He said, pulling back the foreskin and getting the bristles of the brush into the plump pink cock head, really working them down into the glistening urethra.

"Hi, is this, um, do you do the JUNK'D portal, uh, web show?" the voice on the other end of the line said. The twang was midwestern and the fella seemed uncomfortable about the subject, which wasn't TOO unusual.

"The streamer for that show isn't available right now, can I take a message?" Charn lied, as he scoured under the frenulum and rinsed off the package.

"Well, I work for a pretty well known ranch, a, uh, stud ranch if you know what i mean?" The voice lowered, getting more whispery, as if they were trying to make sure someone didn't hear them. "We're called "*The Honeyberry Ranch*", and we're pretty new to the scene..."

"Sex tourism shit?" Charn slung the package into the dish rack and grabbed the daddy-bag, holding it by one scrotum as he put down the brush and grabbed the brillo pad. This was a *new* package, so he had to *really* clean it off. The heavy ball in his grasp tried to squirm as he began exfoliating it with the steel wool. "I mean, sure, I haven't heard of you before, but that doesn't mean anything. What can I do ya for?" He paused, peering at the naked scrotum. He hadn't noticed the soft, fine fur that had coated it, but now the peach fuzz was being scoured and scraped off, revealing naked, sensitive skin underneath. Huh.

"Well, one of our, ah, staff, just received a notification that you have a new portal ring available, and, well, we would like to enter into a cross promotional agreement with you."

"Huh." Charn wrapped the steel wool around the length of thick pink daddy dick, stroking along it once as he contemplated that. People could receive notifications that he had portals empty? Was that a new feature? Was there some kind of ping you could do to see if specific portals were in use? He was going to have to get R&D to look into that. "I mean, I do have a, uh," he glanced to the portal that had formerly housed his breakfast and midnight snack. "... brand new portal, yup. I just turned it on."

"Well, that's splendid. Hey," and the voice became muffled, as if a hand was cupped over the receiver. "Go get Renauldo to put on that ring. Yeah, turn it on first, THEN slip it on, we don't want a repeat of what happened to Hanson last week." The voice returned back, breathy and excited. "Well, you're gonna see a nice big cougar dick slide through momentarily. We were hoping you might be able to show it off and give it a test whirl, we'd really like to show you just how productive and large our stable is."

"A test... whirl?" Charn glanced at the bullet juicer at the sink, his mind sparking with creativity. "You mean like, you want me to 'sample' your farm's product and give it a review on my show?"

"Yeah, that works! Ha, we really want to show off just what our guys are made of, so if you could find a way to get him off - and show your audience just how much *nut butter* our boys make, and then just tell them to check us out afterwards, that would be amazing!"

"Oh, uh, sure." Charn grabbed the kobold's cock, naked unsheathed testicles slapping against the edge of the counter as he brought it to the sink. The daddy package settled into the dish rack, the cock oozing precum despite still being almost entirely soft. The kobold's was quite firm already, and while slender and perhaps the least 'filling' of any of the packages, Charn appreciated the distant kobold's enthusiasm as he started rinsing it off. "I can try, but I'm pretty ruthless. I play with my toys, hard, and put them away wet. I'm not going to pull any punches just because, uh, you're 'sponsoring' my show."

"Of course, of course, our 'product', hehe, speaks for itself. We'll set the time for three hours - that should be enough time to cover your show, plus an hour for yourself, afterwards, if you want to enjoy his endowments more, ahem, privately."

Charn snickered, as he grasped a naked kobold testicle, scrubbing it between his fingers and massaging it roughly. "Sure, sure. I'll be sure to be, ahem, 'finished' with him after three hours, no worries there.I can't promise he'll be walking tomorrow, but he'll DEFINITELY be popping off tonight."

"Love to hear it, and, uh, between you and me?" The voice got quieter again. "We're having a hard time keeping *him* satisfied. His sexual appetite is much more than the average customer, so, like, you can milk the FUCK out of him if you want. Drain him dry. Might help calm him down a bit more."

"That's some big talk for a dick I ain't even seen yet," Charn snickered, as he scrubbed the second egg, holding it in one hand and firmly kneading it with the other. "I- oh. That may be him now."

The tiger glanced over at the remaining, empty portal, but it was no longer empty. With a tingling, electrical whoomph sound, the 'delivery' arrived. The balls slid through first, one big nut filling the diameter of the cockring, flopping through to dangle, and then another. It was always a little weird, seeing the balls 'fall' upwards out of the portal, before flopping to the side. The two eggs were indeed... impressive. Nuggs like that would make a lot of cum. The tiger wasn't paying attention to the voice on the phone, anymore. He hung up and put the phone down, and reached for the tantalizingly large eggs on the counter top. They were warm, and heavy, and Charn grasped the neck of that scrotum and pulled down to stretch them as far through the ring as he could. The stud on the other side was likely surprised to see the ring devouring his nut-sack, sucking up along it to slam into the base of his groin, but all Charn cared about was this FRESH... MEAT. Part of him wanted to reset the connection, here and now, to devour these big balls on his own time. He didn't much care for the idea of being forced to promote some ranch he'd never even heard of, and nobody had even seen it yet, so he could just claim it never came through, right?

The broad cockhead pushed through, now, and Charn snickered. It was obvious that it had been folded painfully down, which meant mister cougar was already getting hard. That was a good sign. First came the bright pink cockhead, distorted and stretched from being curled and forced down into the cock ring, but despite that it was already oozing. The cock pushed through in spurts, a couple inches at a time, and gosh if there weren't a lot of inches. Charn gripped the cock head, once it had cleared the ring, and gave it a hard yank to jerk it the rest of the way through the ring. He was sure he heard some kind of crackling sound, as the compressed, folded flesh was pulled against itself, but nothing came off in his hand, so it wasn't a big deal.

The cock was uncut, with no sheath to speak of, and the bright pink skin of the cockhead ended at the faint circumcision scar, where the flesh turned immediately to a paler soft pink, and then continued on for, gosh, maybe a foot or so?

Yeah, Charn could see why this guy was being farmed out. Too much dick to deal with, really!

He carried the cock, by his grip on the cock head and the scrotum, to the sink, and began to scrub it. It had that telltale 'sheen' that came from using silicone based lubes, and Charn wasn't having any of that. He brought out the heavy duty dish soap, and stuffed the portal ring itself into the drain. It was a happy coincidence that it just happened to fit perfectly in, directly over the garbage disposal, and depending on which way was up, made this kind of heavy duty cleaning much easier. A drizzle of dawn and a spigot pouring scalding hot water directly onto the newcomer's delicate glans, and the tiger grabbed a washcloth and began to vigorously stroke and massage the old gunky residue out of the flesh.

Weirdly enough, the dick got hard. That was good, but hopefully the feline wasn't trying to put on a show, just yet. He grabbed the balls and yanked upwards, breaking the seal and letting the sudsy water flow down the drain. A hot rinse, and he tossed it into the basket with the others.

Charn cracked his knuckles and grinned. Five packages, all of different types, all just waiting for him to have his fun. He had about twenty minutes to get ready, and then he would begin.

The big question was, what was he going to DO?

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Artemis was having a hard time jogging. He had gotten used to the feeling of his junk being *displaced,*the sensation of his dick hanging down and resting on his large, soft raccoon balls no matter how he twisted, jumped or wiggled. He was used to not being able to reach down and stroke himself, especially when he had one of those rare erections that you get for no reason at all. He had long ago accepted the trick that had been played on him at the Cherry Mixer, and doubted that he would ever get the satisfaction of rubbing his scrotum again, or jerking off, or just seeing his cock and balls again. Recently, he'd begun to accept that it was unlikely he was ever going to get off again.

No, the problem was that, last night, Artemis' portalled package had gone from hanging in the open, climate controlled air, to being dunked into, Artemis presumed, a bowl of fire. Hard burning edges pushed into his balls and soft sheath from every direction, and Artemis corrected himself - it wasn't fire he was feeling, but ice. He was in an ice bath of some sort. The pain had knocked him clear out of bed, curled up on the floor and whimpering. The ice had been bad... but the numbness was far, far worse. After twenty minutes or so, the dull, deep pain of his cooled testicles had begun to subside. Gradually, it faded away to just a cool ache that made his leg cramp up.

Artemis could only feel that coolness. Not his cock, not his balls. No current, no movement to know if his junk was actually even there or if it had been frozen off. It worried him. He had checked the stream schedule, but there was nothing planned, not for another twelve hours.

Not having anything else to do, he had gone back to sleep.

The next morning, while he was jogging down the city park, his groin erupted into fire. There was no other way to describe it. The raccoon wailed and windmilled into a park bench, flopping over it and grabbing at his groin as liquid fire burned over his poor, exposed testicles. Was this even colder water? Was this actual fire? Had he been soaked in alcohol, and now was being served Flambe at a fancy restaurant?!

Artemis didn't know. But he knew how to find out. He wrenched himself to his feet, and staggered back home. He wished this had happened twenty minutes earlier, before he had left his apartment. He tapped on his phone, hunched over as he felt the fire burn sensation back into his junk, the raccoon's eye twitching, his tail hitching as he felt himself being scoured. Where was it, where was it, where was it... JUNK'd. There it was. He clicked on the trash can icon, leaning against a tree and whimpering as the prompt loaded up on his screen, asking him for his credentials.

Artemis balked, as he realized that the cost had gone up in the last couple weeks, to access the stream. He whined, as he felt his junk, sensitive and freshly scalded, being tossed onto something solid and oddly shaped, poking up against his nuts. He sighed, and accepted the fifty dollar 'access fee' to be able to watch whatever Charn was doing for the next twelve hours. He hoped that there was something going on, something to explain it. There was no stream yet, but there was no stream on the record either, so he hadn't missed anything.

Last month, the tiger had been making 'pastries', and had 'accidentally' mixed Artemis' big beans in with the dough, lifting and slamming the big poofy batter against his floured work table with the raccoon's cock and balls sticking out of the bottom of it. He hadn't even seemed to notice, not until the rolling pin had a hard time flattening out some 'lumps' in the dough. The raccoon had been sure, dead to rights, that the tiger was going to bake him into croissants without even realizing it! But no, the tiger had made delicious looking cherry turnovers with it, and one 'mouse' turnover, the poor rodent's dick and balls wrapped in filo dough and tossed in the oven to roast. It had, Artemis remembered, looked delicious when it came back out.

In a way, that was the closest to 'release' that Artemis had had. Once a month or so, the tiger would do a show, and Artemis would hope, wish with baited breath to see if he would be allowed to get off or not - or to be destroyed or not. It was infuriating, since the tiger always seemed to 'forget' about Artemis junk, just when he most needed a single touch, a soft lick, even a nip. Always when he was right on the edge. Artemis was sure that it was intentional, but the sly feline did it so casually, so innocuously, that it always caught him by surprise.

Artemis had just made it back to his apartment when the screen flashed to a 'loading' icon. He raced to his bathroom and grabbed his 'Charn Stream' emergency kit (mostly painkillers and anti-anxiety stims) and hobbled to his bed. He pulled the blankets over his head, and the stream started.

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"Well hello!" the tiger said, standing behind a large wooden chopping block island in a brightly lit kitchen. Charn was wearing a red apron and a chef's hat, his tail swishing through the air behind him as he rubbed his hands in delight. "I have quite the show planned out for today, on our SPOOKY Halloween episode!"

'Oh fuck,' Artemis thought. 'I'm going to lose my balls today.'

"Now, I'm sure many of you are off getting ready for Halloween parties tonight, so we decided to do an early stream. My apologies to anyone who's been caught at work, but, well, actually, I don't apologize. I'm a cat, after all. I can do whatever I want."

Charn reached down behind the island, and lifted up a flimsy Halloween bucket. The cheap orange plastic face smiled at the camera, as the tiger swung the handle around on one finger. "As you can tell, I *already* went out trick or treating, and I got quite the bundle of treats to share with you today!"

He settled the bucket down on the counter, and wiggled his fingers excitedly. "Do you want to see who we'll be playing with today? Smash that little upside down heart button if you do!" Charn paused, staring at the screen, and Artemis sighed, reluctantly tapping at the little severed scrotum icon. The icon' detached' and floated into the center of the screen, joining dozens of others, tributes for the grinning tiger. Charn blew a kiss, and reached into the pumpkin, apparently pleased with the offerings from the audience. Artemis tensed up, expecting to feel fingers wrapping around his balls, or his cock, but instead the feline pulled out a long, pale uncut cock, the fat balls stretched low inside the pumpkin as the tiger tugged and pulled on it. The scrotum snapped upwards, squeezing out from between whatever was trapping it, and Artemis recognized the package from the previous month.

"And here we have Roary. Yes, Roary has, amazingly, somehow survived being in my tender, loving care for six full weeks. Hard to believe, with danglers like those, eh?" The feline said, giving the low hanging balls a healthy slap and sending the heavy-looking eggs swinging.

"Don't worry, he's soft right now because he's mad at me. I gave all of these delicious treats a very, very thorough scrub a little bit ago, and they're probably still stinging from the brillo pads."

The tiger reached back into the pumpkin, and felt around, acting like it wasn't stuffed completely full of other dude's meat. Artemis's brow furrowed. He didn't feel the tiger's fingers.

The tiger's paw was full of a tan, fat pouch, that Artemis thought might be his own, if his nut sack had been bleached and shaved or something. The tiger kept pulling, and a pink, thick, but not super long knotted cock emerged, hanging underneath it.

"This is one of my NEW treats. I don't know WHAT species this guy is, but I've been calling him 'daddy sack' in my head, so I guess we're going to call this guy 'daddy' for now. I didn't go out and procure him or anything, he just showed up in one one of my portals after the previous tenant was, ahh, evicted." The tiger licked his chops, as he settled the fat bag next to Roary's. "My guess is that he's the previous guy's worst enemy, because, I'm pretty sure that the lizard that was in there did NOT enjoy what happened to him. On a completely unrelated tangent, what's YOUR favorite way to eat a Reefie's peanut butter cup?"

Comments scrolled up from the chat as Charn 'fished around' in the pumpkin again. Artemis' heart began to race, as the striped feline pulled out a massive, bubblegum pink cockhead, which was attached to one of the longest, meatiest cocks that the raccoon had ever seen.

"This here is, um... well, I didn't get his name, but this is JUNK'd's FIRST promotional sponsorship. That's right, the fine, FINE folks at Honeyberry Ranch *just* sent me this amazing piece to play with today. Say hello to, um..." Charn stroked the thickening shaft, which proudly surged upwards, the beautiful smooth flesh bulging with dark blue veins. "Chuck. Yeah, let's call him *Chuck.*" Charn chuckled at his little in joke. "I can only assume that the Ranch folks are watching, so I just gotta let you know, that just because this was given to me rather than the, uh, normal methods I use to acquire my 'guests' for my show, I will not be showing ANY favoritism towards it. I am a staunch believer that the character of the captured packages trumps any extenuating circumstances. This may be the prized endowments of one of your best studs, but to *me*, he's just another guest."

Charn dropped the now ragingly-erect down, the solid metal ring thumping into the backside of the heavy eggs as they slammed into the table. The cock face planted with a whumph, and Charn grabbed the pumpkin, lifting it up.

"And last, but certainly not least, heh, we have Mister Punk." Charn flipped the bucket upside down, and out slid a sleek, moist pink cock, and two completely sack-less testicles. Artemis whimpered. Where WAS his junk? Had it already been eaten? Destroyed? But he hadn't felt anything... surely he'd know if his crotch was completely ruined, right?

Charn flung the pumpkin to the side, and scooped up the last package. "I must confess, out of the five, this is definitely the most intriguing." He pressed a palm up against the underside of one of the rounded, dangling testicles, and cupped it back up against the portal ring that it hung from. "All my life, I had kind of, you know, 'heard' about internal testicles, but, I'd never actually gotten to play with them."

Charn crushed the ring and his palm together, the cock bent upwards and against the rim of the portal. THere was a pause, and then a soft shlucking sound, as he twisted his palm back and forth. The big egg disappeared, and the tiger pulled his palm away to reveal as such. "Look at that! Now, I mean, looking at this puny little dick, you wouldn't THINK that there would be such big testes hiding up inside there. But, it's real easy to fish 'em out. So we're calling this guy Mikey, named after my favorite Ninja Turtle."

He sucked on his finger, then jabbed it into the slit that was just visible on the other side of the ring, pressed up against the other side's rim. He dug his entire finger in, all three flexing joints' worth, and twisted his hand around. He 'picked the lock', using his finger, and after a long few moments, the glistening pink organ meat emerged from the slit, underneath the straining erection. *Plop!*

"Weird, right? Weird, and *cool.*" The tiger winked, and casually dropped the package onto the counter, his smile fading as he scanned over them. "Wait. This is only four.. oh. Dammit."

Charn laughed, and stepped off the screen. Artemis wheezed, as he felt something warm and furry grasp his naked nuts again, lifting them up with a yank. He could feel his junk twisting and spinning, then being let go, and a moment later, he saw his portal'd package sail into view, landing with a WHUMPH on the island. Artemis groaned, then whined as he watched his big, bloated balls and embarrassingly shrunken looking dick skid right over the smooth wooden chopping block island's surface, and over the edge. He didn't hear it, but he felt it as his nuts collided with the smooth, cool, solid ceramic tiles of the floor underneath.

*Well... at least he still had them,* Artemis consoled himself, rubbing a tear from his eye. He was glad he hadn't eaten anything today, as the solid double whumph had reignited that roiling pain in his belly again.

"Whoops." Charn strolled back across the screen, kneeling down and grabbing the raccoon's disembodied package, and then placing them on the table. "So, yeah. Five portals this month. You all remember Pudge, of course. Hey mods! Start another poll, to see if Pudge here should be 'allowed' to cum this time. You guys LOVE that poll. Send a heart if you think he should, and a fire if you think he shouldn't!"

Fires poured across the screen, and Artemis blushed. He didn't know how to feel about being a punchline on this show. Every month, this poll determined if he would be allowed to get off, but 'fire' emojis were free to send, and 'heart' emojis were a dollar. Artemis sighed.

He had already spent $50, just to watch his junk being abused. Did he really want to spend another twenty or thirty bucks... just to hopefully get a chance at cumming?

Artemis' aching, abused testicles throbbed, and comments began to roll up through the screen. Comments about how much Pudgy was enjoying the abuse. Artemis realized he was getting hard. The poll showed 37 fires vs 3 hearts. With a sigh, the raccoon began tapping on the heart emoji.

"So, you may be noticing I have five portals, instead of four. Thanks to all your generous donations, I was able to acquire an additional portal ring to use for this show. Pretty frickin' awesome, honestly. That's because of you, and I want to pay you back. And you know what the best way to pay back my fans is? That's right, we're going to have a TOURNAMENT ARC!"

Vuvezulas blared from either side as Charn did a little tiger boogie, and the words TOURNAMENT ARC flashed across the screen in bright white puffy letters.

"That's right, we're going to determine who deserves the right to stay on JUNK'd for another month and who's going down the ole gizzard hole." He winked at the camera. "And to my friends at Honeyberry Ranch, you hear me correctly. This portal is locked, just like all the others. I know you said you were only loaning me this delicious package for a day or so, but I am not sure I'm willing to give him back." He lifted up Chuck's package, and with a flourish, extended one claw. He plunked it up, into the center of the scrotum, right where a ring piercing would be. Artemis held his breath, eyes fixated on the sight. Then, the tiger flicked his wrist.

"Voila! Chuck's nuts!" The tiger exclaimed, as the bag opened up. The massive left egg, that was already hanging lower than the right, plugged the hole, its pearly whitish-gray bulk slipping out about a third of the way. "I really like that whole 'internal testicle' thing that Mikey's got going on, and it doesn't seem appropriate that his big balls should be hanging out in the open and everyone else gets to hide, so, in the spirit of Halloween and letting our inner freak out to fly..." Charn squeezed down on the neck of the scrotum, and the left testicle plunged out through the hole, followed immediately by the right. The two testicles dangled, painfully heavy, the cords stretching to hold up the weight that had, up until now, been carried by the scrotum itself. "... let's see the goods!"

He excised the other scrotums as well, procedurally picking them up, slashing underneath, and squeezing the plump, ripe, tender testicles out to hang in the open air. Daddy's and Artemis' own balls each flopped out fairly easily, though the sensation of that claw punching up into his scrotum and unzipping it from front to back was jarring, especially as he watched it happening at the same time on the screen in front of him. Roary's balls were too tight and snug to his body to stretch down, so Charn had to peel the scrotum back from one nut and then the other, using his palms to maneuver and force the oversized round nuggets out into the open.

Then, when that was done, he needed to take measurements. "Don't worry, this is saline, and it's the same temperature as my own body!" Charn said, as he thumped a large, water filled glass bowl with five rounded slots on the edge into the middle of the table. One of Mikey's naked balls was caught under it, squirting out like a watermelon seed, and Charn kept talking, not having noticed.

"So I figure the best way to determine which of the five of these prized endowments is the LEAST studly is to see how much they can cum!" Charn picked up 'Pudge' by its soft blue sheath, lifting it up. Artemis squirmed as he felt his naked testicles swinging around, bumping against each other. The naked weight on his cords hurt immensely, far worse than just pulling on his balls, because they were hanging so much lower than they even could while they were still in their bag. "But, I want this to be fair, because these are all different sized males, with different sized balls," the tiger continued. He dropped the pudgy nuts down into the water. Into the warm, pleasant water. The big balls bounced off the bottom, and then floated freely, and Artemis sighed, relaxing as the pain and stress of his stretched nuts immediately subsided. Charn slotted the ring onto one of the rounded grooves on the side of the bowl, and then checked a series of gradations on the side closest to him. After some quick math, he reached over his head and pulled down his handy-dandy dry erase board. Uncorking a purple dry erase marker, he scribbled "PUDGY" and "474 mL" on it.

"So what we're going to do is," Charn said, as he picked up Mikey, layering his nuts into the water as well. "I'm going to measure the BEFORE volume of their nuts. And then I'm going to measure the volume, POST NUT. Then, I divide the difference by, um, the first value. And then I'll know who's cum the most, *proportionately,* which is the most technically accurate way to measure this." He peered down at the gradations, and did some math in his head, before writing "MIKEY" and "108 mL".

The others were arranged into the bowl as well, with Daddy coming up next with 239 ml and Roary weighing in at 463 mL. There was a small issue with Chuck, as Charn dunked the massive nuts into the bowl, which was pretty full with eight other balls floating around in it already. The water, which was getting close to the top, flowed over the edge. The balls were only halfway submerged. Artemis could feel the pressure of the bigger eggs laying against the top of his own, pressing them against the smooth glass wall underneath. It put pressure against the raccoon's swollen epididymis. His cock was getting hard from it. Charn had, of course, put his ring in the slot that faced the camera, and so now everyone could see the pink length of his shaft as it blossomed out and into the open air.

Charn didn't notice it, though, as he put one palm on either testicle and shoved downwards, forcing them into the water. This forced the testicles even harder against his - and everyone else's nuts - and he whinged as he could see the smooth white blobs of his balls being flattened against the glass bowl.

"Come on, get in there! I can't measure you unless you're fully submerged!" The tiger said, twisting his wrists. One of the balls - Artemis couldn't tell who's - shot out of the water and flopped onto the outside of the bowl, dangling by its cord. This set off a chain reaction, and the twin behemoths were finally able to force their way down past all of the other nuts. This sudden descension caused even more water to slosh out of the edges, and forced Artemis nuts to squirt upwards, slamming against someone else's before flopping out and on top of the two bigger balls that, frankly, filled up most of the bowl. "There we go. PERFECT. And the total is... 210 mL. Okay." Charn seemed puzzled about that, but shrugged and wrote it on the board.

"And there's the rankings. Just goes to show, you can't judge a book by its cover. I would have sworn that Chuck's got the biggest balls you can even fit through one of these portal rings, but apparently the entire volume of them is about the same as, uh, Mikey here. Which is totally legit! Long nuts are a thing, when you got more balls than space, they have to grow forwards and backwards instead of side to side and top to bottom." He gave the erect Mikey dick a playful, pinching twist, gripping the tip and turning it around.

"So I've shown you my treats... but now it's time to show you my tricks. How, you may be asking, am I going to EXTRACT this cum from these big proud cocks?" Charn carefully cupped up under the nut that was hanging on the outside of the bowl, and gave it a pap, slapping it up and over to thump on top of the unsubmerged testicle, and then slipped his hand into the water, softly swirling it around. The balls didn't have a lot of room to move, but he twisted them anyways, clearly enjoying the feel of the naked, gleaming, smooth flesh of the various sizes and shapes, as they slid and bumped and nudged and throbbed against his fingers and palms. "Well, I made a little google survey, about what you my lovely gremlins most enjoy doing to get yourselves off. After all, whatever is the most popular with you must be the most popular with everyone else, right? Some sensations are universally adored."

Charn stepped off screen, and there was the sound of a fridge door being opened, and then slammed again. Charn returned with a cookie sheet with wax paper on it and a bunch of small narrow things.

"It turns out that a lot of you like medical play. And sounding. And ice play." Charn bit his tongue, his eyes flashing with pure unadulterated feline mischief. "And, apparently, food play. Can you imagine? So I've combined all four of those things. But before I show you how, let's figure out who should go first." Charn stuffed his hand down into the water, and Artemis felt those fingers wrap briefly around his left nut, before letting it go and sliding deeper beneath. Charn pulled his hand up, holding one of the balls, and he tugged up on it, watching the cord that was connected to it slowly point to and tug at.... "Mikey! Oh, boy, what a great way to welcome you to the show, eh?"

The kobold's cock, if it could hear the tiger's taunting, did not respond, jutting solidly up into the air, the tip looking slightly bruised from the twisting pinch a few moments earlier. Charn was too busy to notice, as he brought a black, neoprene sleeve over to the perky pink shaft. The *restrainer.* The inside of that thing was lined with something that gripped onto flesh perfectly.

The tiger wrapped the sleeve tightly around the first three inches of the slender cock, saving about half an inch of cock base underneath the sleeve. The last inch of cock peeked out from the end of the sleeve, and Charn gripped the sleeve and pulled down, firmly. This pulled the skin down, and in turn, this forced the lips of the cock to part, revealing the thin, tender inside of the show's first penis to be played with.

"What a lovely cock, isn't it? And you know, if I was a betting tiger, I'd put twenty bucks down that this cock has never been inside another. There's no sign of wear or tear, no pock marks, no diseases, heck, not even any busted capillaries from being jerked too much. Just smooth naked dick. I think this might be a dragon dick, honestly, though it seems a LITTLE small for a dragon. Then again, aren't *all* dragons?" Charn chuckled. "Anyways, so this is a frozen Q tip that I soaked in hot sauce. Shall we begin?"

The tiger picked up the frozen medical tool and twirled it between his fingers. The stretched cock was helpless to resist as the tiger casually brought the bulbous cotton fibered tip to the end of it, and pushed the frozen crusted tip down inside. He canted his ear, seeming to listen for distant screaming, then shrugged and twisted his fingers. The scratchy cotton tip of the q-tip, with its quickly melting crust of frozen hot sauce, dug against the tender, virginal walls of Skeeaava's shaft. Charn twisted it back, and pulled the q-tip almost out of the inflamed urethra, before plunging it back down again.

The cock bucked, even in the neoprene sleeve's grip. Charn grinned and slid his fingers along the smooch plastic shaft of it, until he was gripping just the other end's bulb, and then forced it all the way down in.

"Honestly, I'm surprised! When I first came up with this, sorry, when YOU ALL came up with this idea, I kind of thought this thinner dick wouldn't be able to handle being sounded like this at all... but it gulped this q tip down like fresh water. I wonder..."

Charn didn't wonder for long. He scooped up another two q tips, and brought them to the tip of the cock. Pinkish slime, perhaps bloodied precum, perhaps partially frozen hot sauce, was bubbling up around the embedded shaft, and Charn softly tamped it back down in with the two new q tips. "Well, YOLO, I guess?"

He pushed the two down in, the very tip of the penis stretching, bulging widely around the q tips that were about as wide, put together, as the dick itself was. The ice crumbled in the tight passage, and the slushy, frosty hot sauce scraped against the tender lining as Charn twisted those two additional q tips right down past the first one.

That seemed to be all it took, as the dick bucked again. And again. The twitching shaft throbbed, and it took that and the testicles that were clenching in the warm water for Charn to realize *why*. "Whoops, shit."

He yanked upwards, tugging the two q tips back out. They, mashed against the plastic casing of the third one, pulled it up as well. The three of them emerged, ushered out with a thick spurt of spunk, the backed up blast rocketing out in a solid ribbon that splattered all the way against the dry erase board behind it. That blast was the only one that came out; the rest of Skeeaava's orgasm flowed out in a pulsing drool of seed that poured down onto the table top.

Charn waited until the drooling seed had more or less finished, before giving out a celebratory whoop. "There we go, well done Mikey! That's, umm, let's see... oh, nice, the bowl's lost FIFTY milliliters of fluid! What a hefty purge, my dude, you should be heckin' PROUD!" Charn wrote "58 ml" after Mikey, and then stared at the numbers, chewing on the base of the plastic dry erase marker for a second as he mathed. After a bit, he shrugged, and wrote 45%. "Yeah, that seems like a really, REALLY good purge."

Charn undid the neoprene sleeve, and then wrapped it around the next in line, Roary's. The long, uncut cock was mostly erect, arched forward with the tip just skimming the tip of the water. The foreskin was long, and Charn seemed delighted as he strapped the neoprene around the plump shaft, just under the head. He pulled down, skinning the foreskin back and revealing the extremely plump, extremely soft looking cock head. It was a beautiful cock, and Artemis leaned into his screen, staring at it. He could make out with that cock. He could slip his tongue between those soft, puffy slit lips, and- oh well, maybe not.

Charn was moving on, and had procured three new q tips. He teased them along the outside of Roary's long shaft, tracing the ticklish, wet, burning tips along the tender moist skin. Artemis pouted as he watched the cock twitch, the tiger rolling the burning cold tips against the very ridge of the sensitive glans, and then along the underside of it. He stroked one along the delicate webbing of flesh, the nearly-bared nerves that fed directly up into that slit, and at this point the lion's cock was already quite hard.

"Yeah, Roary loves it when I'm being teasy. I get a lot of fan mail about Roary; who is he, how did I steal his junk, etc. Well, I can't tell you too much, other than that his package's name is based off of what he did when he found out what I did to him. Heh heh, I - oops!"

Roary's cock had firmed up considerably, and Charn had been too busy teasing and explaining the origins of the handsome cock to recognize the warning signs. No sooner than the tiger had plunked the first q tip into the long shaft's tip, then a warm gush of hot white seed flowed out, pouring out over the three q sticks, and spurting in a sudden gout up along the tiger's forearm.

"Aw, dammit, lions and their stupid fucking hair triggers!" Charn groused, tossing the q tips away as the pale pink shaft continued to throb, nuts contracting and pulling up nice and tight against the underside of the ring. Artemis felt his nipples harden, as he felt a slick, warm splash of the seed against his naked testicle, the one that was mostly above the surface of the water. The shaft was glazing most of the nuts with its wild, uncontrolled spurts. "Oh, dammit, the volume!"

The tiger grasped the spurting shaft and twisted it upwards, and backwards, wrenching it against the edge of the portal ring. The damage had been done - the copious thick, slimy load of Roary's pleasure had glazed most of the testicles, and was seeping down, soaking into the water. Charn groused. He took the measurement, shaking his head.

"Well, Roary, if this comes back to bite you in the butt... don't whine to me. You really shouldn't have cum so fast." The spent shaft, released by the tiger, swung forward, splatting into the water between Chuck's two massive orbs. Artemis shifted. The little ribbon of cum that he could see on top of his testicle, was... burning. It wasn't much. And it wasn't the whole ball. Just one spot. But he wanted to rub at it, and he couldn't.

Charn marked "5 ml'' down on the dry erase board, before moving on to Daddy. The burn on Artemis dick was getting more insistent now, and as the cum slowly melted down, running over the surface of his naked orb, it began to spread. Worse than that, Artemis realized that Charn hadn't washed or cleaned off Roarie's cock head, after he was done, and those three q tips full of frozen salsa or whatever, had begun to seep into the water. His other ball, the one in the water, was beginning to burn, especially in the back, in the spot where the cord was directly connected to it. A growing heat, like sunburn, a tightness that needed to go away.

Chuck's cock was beginning to twitch, as was Mikey's. They were all feeling the growing heat in the water. Artemis prayed that he was going to have his turn, soon, and that, hopefully, Charn wasn't going to stick things into his dick.

"Well, the q tips are fun, but they thaw out awful fast. I was thinking for this next one, we might use this..." the tiger held up a tongue depressor. The surface was frosted over, but glazed a faint green, and Charn nodded. "I thought that since the q tips were spicy hot, that this should be a cool, refreshing mint. Menthol, if you will." He leaned forward. "I coated it in Tiger Balm. I figured, hey, this works GREAT on my sore shoulders, so it should work great on the inside of a guy's penis, right?"

Charn didn't even look down as he slipped his hand into Artemis' sheath and around his soft, naked shaft. "I can't see anything to worry about with this one, guys!" He didn't bother with the neoprene sleeve, as he pulled outwards and skinned the sheath back, and then used his fingers to pry the raccoon's cock tips as far apart as they could go.

"Oh god oh god oh god" Artemis was hyperventilating as he saw the huge wide tongue depressor press down into the tip of his cock. He felt it, of course, but he was watching it happen, too. He brought the phone up to his face, watching in horror as the tip pressed into his tip, the wide balsa wood bending. He could feel the sharp, thin wooden edges of it, pressing into and stretching the lining of his urethra around it. He could feel the frozen... slick gel that coated it. That gel was the only thing that kept the dry wood from grouting the inside of his cock, as it stretched his urethra impossibly wide.

Artemis tossed the phone, grasping his head, bellowing as he felt something intruding down into, stretching and splitting the inside of his cock around it. Distantly, he felt a splinter break free, imbedding itself deeply into his cock, as the tongue depressor pushed it in deeper and deeper, stretching his cock as tight as it could go around it. His dick was going to split, it was going to split in half, right down the middle!

The raccoon threw himself towards the wall, where he had tossed the phone, searching for it frantically as the mentholated gel began to melt. and tingle. The 'green' feeling was burning and tingling and permeating up into his cock from the inside.

"I'm going to kill you Charn - as soon as I find you im strangling you you asshole i can't believe this aagggggh" the raccoon mumbled, tail hiking as the intrusion finally, blessedly stopped.

He found the phone, hearing the tiger talking. He couldn't make out the words; the blood was rushing in his ears, drowning out everything else. The tiger was pointing at the camera, then making tapping motions. Tapping? Tapping like... emojis? Artemis looked down, staring blankly at the flashing "poll results" on the screen. Hearts: 63. Fires: 392.

Charn shrugged helplessly, and then reached up and drew a line through Pudgy's name and number. He capped the pen, then lifted up Artemis' package, the tongue depressor jutting out of the end of his dick a good inch or so, and three-point-tossed it off screen.

Artemis' junk hit the side of something metal, bouncing and skidding, rolling over itself until it slid into a corner. Artemis had no idea where it was, but it wasn't on the camera. Was he in the waste bin? Recycling? Had he slid under the fridge, with a piece of balsa wood jammed down his cock? The raccoon sobbed, as the sensation of the mentholated gel began to grow more and more intense in his urethra.

"Well, that's three down, and two to go. I'm excited, aren't you? It's unlikely anyone's going to be as much of a stud as Mikey, but is anyone going to be as weak of a stud as Roary?" Charn shrugged, and reached down and grasped Daddy's sack. Somewhere, Skeeaava's chieftain shuddered, as the tiger felt up the plump, heavy nuggets. "I gotta admit, I'd love to sink my teeth into these... but I can't let my bias interfere with this scientific experiment."

Charn didn't bother getting a q tip or a tongue depressor this time. He stuffed his big, thick, furry finger right down the tip of the knotted Urd cock in his hands. He made it look easy; or perhaps he just didn't care how much it hurt. Either way, his claw led the way, followed by his finger tip, the rough finger pad, the first knuckle, the thick fur leading up to his second knuckle, and then the base of his finger. He stuffed the whole finger down inside, gripping the cock in his other hand like a fleshlight as he did so.

"Pretty amazing, right? Yeah, I *thought* he might be more flexible than most. Trust me, that could have gone VERY badly!" The tiger chuckled. He twisted his finger, using it as a q-tip to scrub and scrape out the inside of the firmed shaft.

"Now, I know you might be thinking, 'hey, charn, that's not fair, you're not using hot sauce and tiger balm on HIS dick', but, I don't know if you've been paying attention? But I have not been using any gloves. My fingers are coated in that stuff. That's why I'm using his dick as a napkin to help clean it out. I'm just rubbing and sliding my finger tip all over the place, in there. It's probably pretty intense for him, but he also probably has no idea what the hell is happening." He held up the roughly tear-drop shaped, thickly knotted cock, the tip of which looked painfully inflamed around the thick digit embedded inside it.

"Sometimes? Pain, and pleasure, it all depends on how you're interpreting it," Charn said. "If you don't have any context for what's happening, then how it feels, depends mostly on how you're feeling at the time it happens." He winked, pushing his finger in as deeply as possible, and began to twist the cock around it, squeezing down and using it to polish his own finger. "I like to think that his body, having no visual cues as to what I'm doing, or why, is capable of interpreting all of this physical sensation overload as just what it is... pure physical pleasure." He paused, then smiled smugly. "Observe."

He tugged his finger out, with a sharp, slurping wet POPPING sound. The cock spasmed, trying to flex and spurt, but nothing was able to come out. Charn held it by the knot, and after a couple dry spasms, he poured the dick out. A thick, creamy load flowed out of the gaping urethra, the wide hole that his finger had stretched out having been completely filled with Daddy's fat load. Now that load was poured out on the floor.

Charn put the package down on the table, on the icy, frozen tray and peered down at the load on the floor. "I think that's probably about, um, thirty milliliters or so? Sure, we'll say that. It's definitely a nice thick load. Maybe like, four or so tablespoons. That's probably thirty milliliters, right?"

Charn marked the board up and then tapped his lips. He turned back to the camera. "Well now, it looks like Chuck has to spurt barely ANYTHING to win! I mean, either Roary loses with his measly 1% volume loss, or, I guess, maybe Pudgy should lose? After all, Pudgy didn't lose anything at all, and 0% is significantly less than 1%."

"Ugh, I can see the comments now. 'That's not fair to pudgy, he didn't get to cum, blah blah blah.' How is that MY fault? I was totally playing with him, right? If he REALLY WANTED to, Pudgy could have ejaculated." Charn gestured dismissively. "We just have to accept that Pudgy likes his balls fat and his dick useless. Nothing wrong with that."

The tiger circled around the table, eyes glinting as he sized up the porn star's heavy junk, still erect despite the pinkish cloud of diluted hot sauce and tiger balm that filled the bowl. "You know, I think I know what to do, to help Chuck maximize his possible score." He lifted Chuck's maleness from the bowl, and brought it to the sink. "First, we are gonna have to rinse all these nasty synthetic chemicals off of it, of course. He's probably real embarrassed, having all that cum laying on his naked nuts, right?"

The water steamed as the tiger scrubbed and scoured the promotional sponsor's huge, naked testicles, the gleaming white organs being scraped down to a dull matte finish as he fully excoriated them. "There we go." He brought it back to the table, and laid it down carefully on the old wood.

"You see, I've decided to help Chuck out here. This big stud is at a severe disadvantage, you know?" Charn said, as he lifted his apron up and flipped it over his shoulder. His erection jutted up, a hard solid beer can of a shaft. Coincidentally, it was level with the surface of the cutting board. "I mean, with these huge balls, he's gonna have to cum a LOT to get enough of that thick Honeyberry-trademarked cum out to make a noticeable difference. So what if I gave him a nudge? I mean, maybe he could do it all on his own... but..."

Charn gripped the broad pink cockhead, the shaft twitching, throbbing as he dragged it to his own cock head. The thick pink tiger shaft was almost completely smooth, with flat, raised circular spots at even distances around it. It was basically a cucumber, and that cucumber was going into Chuck's dick.

It wasn't easy. The smooth, rounded head of Charn's cock didn't taper much, and the pouty, kissable dicklips of Chuck didn't stretch much. The lips pushed inwards, and outwards, the cockhead slowly caving in as Charn forced his erection into the other male's piss hole. The cockhead bulged outwards just inside, as it started to Popple.

"Fuck yeah, he's taking it all right," Charn said. He shifted, leaning over the table and resting each of his palms on one of the broad, oblong, naked testicles resting like gutted fish on the cutting board islam. "Man, these are so full, and warm, and slippery. Damn, I wish you guys and gals at home could feel just how big these nuts are."

The tiger gripped and pulled, stuffing his cock into Chuck's. Chuck's dick was not meant for such an intrusion, though. The cock distended, a very visible bulge stretching down the inside of the hired stud's cock as the dickhead was forced all the way inside. There was a wet squelching sound, and Charn gritted his teeth, staring through narrowed eyes into the camera as he began fucking the impromptu Fleshlight. It buckled on the table as he pushed forward, then stretched out, tightly wrapped around his dick as he pulled back. The strength of the erection was the only thing keeping it from flopping around loosely; despite the trauma that the shaft was going through, it was still rock hard.

"Oh, yeah, let's see if I can get all the way in there. I can tell these big balls are full, but I dunno if they are gonna spurt, you know? I wanna give Chuck every chance to win here," the tiger panted, as he began slapping his hips against the table. His dick made it about half way down the massive shaft, a horrific slurping, glamping sound as the tiger's dick plunged into the ruined innards of the prized shaft. When he pulled out, the ruined remnants of Chuck's cockhead could be seen - it had split down the middle like an over-juiced tomato, and the two split lobes had been flattened, pulped of all their innards.

The ruined spongy tissue was compacted downwards, and that was what was causing the cock to bulge out even more around the tiger's sturdy cuke stump.

Charn leaned forward, and the huge balls distended under his weight as he rested his weight on top of them. His claws kneaded them, fingers digging against the swollen flesh, as he drove his cock into the other male's with short, hard, pitiless thrusts.

The camera could see the long split that was forming in the center of the debauched cock. The inner sections of the erectile tissue, forced so far apart from each other, were disintegrating. Loose slabs of meat were sloshing around in there, curling and bundling and tearing free from one another. They began to slide down, coiling and being compressed and crushed into the base, and now the tiger's pink cucumber could be seen just under the skin, sliding through the demeated shaft. This seemed to have no deleterious effect on the feline's enjoyment of what he was doing, as he leaned forward and thrust in, the tip of his shaft slamming in hard into the bulging wad of ruined cock meat at the base of the shaft, and came.

The tiger's claws extended, piercing into the underside of the swollen, overfull testicles he was resting his weight on. A 'rapid structural decompression' occurred, as those little pin holes gave all the flesh that was bound up and trapped in those thick, tough testicles a way out. Hot sprays of suddenly-liquified testicular mass shot out in clumpy, splurpy blarps through those claw holes, the testicles violently ejecting out through the underside of those glands.

Charn's hands, or rather, the meat patties his hands rested on, skidded through slick innards, the tiger slipping forward with a grunt. There was a soft, wet popping sound, as the base of the cock, now stuffed past the capacity of even the soft stretchy skin to withstand, exploded. Bits of cock meat splattered to either side, mixed with the tiger's own cum, the dick guts unfurling and uncompacting now that it was not all being crushed together.

Charn recovered, shoulders clenching and tail hiked, for a few long seconds, and then stood up. The end of Chuck's cock remained wrapped around the base of the tiger's own cock, no longer connected to the ruined pile of gore that remained with the portal.

"Oh. Damn. Well, I mean, I DID tell them that I was going to ride their stud's cock hard..." The tiger reached for one of the ruptured testicles, clipping a claw through the naked cords and lifting it up to his mouth. He slurped at it, biting into the opened side and drawing out hot, slimy juice and meat from inside, and gulping it down.

He smiled brightly and gave the camera a huge thumbs up. "Wow, is... fantastic! There's a sweetness mixed in with the savory, creamy nut meat, I'm thinking Chuck here must have had a pineapple milkshake before getting portalled? It's amazing - whatever you're doing, Honeyberry, keep it up, this is extremely high quality! I am definitely rating Honeyberry Ranch ten messy nutsplosions out of ten!"

Charn went back to eating the rest of the nut like one would a hamburger, gobbling down the ruined gonad, as the stream faded to black.

Artemis whimpered. The burning popsicle stick in his dick was still there, but the numbness had set in from the mentholated cream. The hot sauce still remained on his testicles, burning them constantly. He wondered how long it would be until he was found and cleaned up... or put out of his misery.

He was jealous of Chuck. He hadn't gotten to cum... but at least he knew he was castrated!