Portal Peril 3 - Let's Go Fishing!

"Welcome, my dear viewers," Charn purred, his deep voice resonating through the room as he gazed into the camera with sultry, heavy-lidded eyes. The male tiger stood tall and proud, his orange and black fur peppered with gray and silver that seemed to accentuate the muscular contours of his body. "I'm your host, Charn, and today we have a very special episode planned for you all – an adventure like nothing you've ever seen before."

He licked his lips, a playful glint in his eyes as he continued, "You see, I've just received a shipment from my friends at CharnCo Portals – sixteen portal'd packages, each containing the prized genitals of individuals who, sadly, failed to pay their rental fees." He tsked disapprovingly, shaking his head, whiskers flicking with amusement. "And, as you know, coincidentally, this just happens to also be the end of the NoNutNovember free trial period for CharnCo Portal rings."

The camera panned out, revealing a battered cardboard mailing box sitting on the wooden chopping block table in front of Charn. His hands rested on either side of it, stroking it lovingly. "That's right, all of the packages in here have been unable to climax for a full month. Mmm, I can smell the semen, stewing in all those fat nuts, from here." The camera panned back, revealing the surviving packages from the Hot Ones challenge the month previously; Daddy, Mikey, Roary, and Pudgy, all set up and resting against the package, none the worse for wear from their previous torments.

Charn slid his paws into the top of the box, slitting through the plastic tape as easily as he would the taut, stretched neck of a bull's heavy ball-sack. The cardboard flaps were flipped upwards with a flurry of puffy white packing peanuts, and Charn stared down inside, licking his chops in anticipation. "Still, no matter what might happen to these handsome, masculine packages today, keep in mind that the owners have had a wild and wonderful time with us... until now. I can only assume that they intentionally refused payment because they wanted to end up in my grubby little paws." He reached into the box with both hands, and lifted up two pink penii in either. The left hand held a proud, thick horse shaft, gleaming with caked on precum, and in the right hand, the slender tapering length of a bird's prehensile shaft. They were both semi erect, and thickened as they dangled helplessly in the tiger's grip.

"Are you feeling jealous?" He asked, waggling the two massive endowments back and forth, precum bubbling up from either of them as they were finally handled after weeks of nothing. "Well, if you, or someone you know, would benefit from having their equipment magically whisked away to the CharnCo genital warehouse, click on the ad at the top of the screen now. Our portals are discrete and virtually untraceable and look identical to a plain chrome cockring, so you or your best friends can be in my clutches in practically no time." He chuckled, his eyes glinting dark and mischievously, as he dropped the twitching cocks back into the box. "And as for these tasty treats, as we all know, when your card is declined, you forfeit the right to deactivate the ring, leaving these precious treasures in my capable paws until I deem fit to release them."

Charn savored the thought of what awaited him, sinking his paws down into those naked, unwrapped packages. He could feel fur and skin press against his palms, the back of his knuckles and his wrists as he dug down through that mass of collected maleness. He loved the weight of them, the denseness of those full eggs, the warmth of their contents pulsing with life and desire. The anticipation was intoxicating, and he knew that his audience was just as excited as he was to see what he would be doing with them.

"In fact, it seems that I have the total debt for all of these packages on hand, as well.." Charn winked at the camera. "So how about I have a little challenge with y'all? The top donor during this stream is going to get one of these packages mailed to them, free of charge, to keep in perpetuity! You can take your choice of any of the, ahem, remaining packages, once I'm done fishing. I'm sure there will be plenty! How does THAT sound?"

It must have sounded good, because gifts and donations began to stream in, hearts and roses and corndog emojis floating up across the screen. Charn couldn't contain his glee, as he slipped his paws back out of the box, reaching in front to pick up the four original packages, and dropping them on top of the new members. "Their loss is our gain, my dears. For today, we'll be using these delightful morsels as bait. That's right, we're going on a fishing expedition, and I can assure you, this is gonna be an adventure you WON'T want to miss!"

Emojis of hearts and kissy faces flooded the screen, eggplants and fires dancing in competition. They were primed and ready, fleshlights or subby fox maws in hand, phone or keyboard in the other.

"Grab a beer and unzip your tackle box, my lovelies," Charn purred, a sultry caress to reach through the screen and stroke their eager minds directly. "For today, we are going to explore all of the forbidden pleasures that await these hapless packages beneath the shimmering surface of the water."

As he finished speaking, Charn's gaze lingered on the camera for a moment longer, his eyebrows gradually rising. He looked like he was going to say something, but then didn't, thinking better of it. His tail wiggled, and he hauled the box up to his chest.

"After today, I guess you'll be able to call me... " Charn said, and he looked exhilarated and in pain at the same time, "A real... MASTER BAITER!"

Charn flipped the box forward, the open end facing the camera, giving the audience a peek of the clot of portalled packages that had been shipped together, as they rolled over and tumbled against each other. It was a tsunami of meat, as portal'd packages tumbled out, each one containing the detached genitals of various species and sizes. The assortment was nothing short of breathtaking: a tantalizing collection of bulbous orbs, thick shafts, sheaths and foreskins, barbs and knots and flares, thumping heavily over the camera before burying it entirely underneath.

The screen popped up with the logo of the series, "Portal Peril", and a montage of Charn's past adventures played out before the audience's eyes. A werewolf dick, fitted with a rocket booster, sailing up into the sky and towards the distant moon. A bull sack, dabbled with darts, suddenly being cleaved in half by a hatchet. A muted version of the tiger wearing safety goggles and talking animatedly as a fox's small cock and balls dissolved in a large beaker filled with piranha solution. And others, each scene only a second or so long, just enough to show the wanton casualness that the tiger displayed as he cooked, ruined, devoured or destroyed dozens of packages.

When the montage ended, Charn had pulled the camera out from under the avalanche of doomed dicks, setting it back up to get a view of the bushel of meat that he had cast onto his kitchen work table. Charn was looking off screen, but quickly glanced back to the camera as it resumed rolling.

"Such delightful chaos," Charn sighed, "I wonder if that rocket made it? Do you think the C4 for the accelerant for the final stage worked? I guess we'll only ever know if I get a ride to the moon, some day," He said, wistfully. "But that's for '*Future Me*' to worry about. *'Today Me*' gets to go on an amazing adventure, with all of you. We're going to be naughty, we're going to be nasty, and there's nothing anyone can do about it. After all, there's nothing quite like the allure of fishing with forbidden fruit."

He stroked his hands down over the gathered phalluses, some of which had thickened up, extending to show themselves off, and others having retreated inwards, perhaps in pain, perhaps in fear. Charn knew that some, if not all of the owners of these fine delicacies were watching right now, perhaps trying to spot their particular member in the mottled mass of pink and brown and black and red. He felt the generous, curving bulge of a particularly hefty testicle press against his palm, and looked down at what he had found.

The end of a testicle was pushed up, caught between one of the pink penises from earlier and a thick solid steel ring of someone else's package. He grasped the testicle, feeling the slippery scrotum pull and stretch as he lifted it up, but tugged it up anyways, unearthing first one and then another of the two large ungulate testicles.

"Well, well, well, what have we here?" Charn teased the audience. They knew exactly how he felt about ungulates, and their larger than normal, heavier than normal, more-prone-to-swell than normal testicles. "Looks like we have caught some unfortunate male, just at the end of the rut season. That must have been so hard for him, hmm? Feeling your nuts ache and swell, with no way to rub and relieve them..."

Charn gently kneaded the two long, grape-wide eggs together, the slender pink shaft quickly thickening and firming up, flopping left and right as its brothers were pleasantly manhandled. "I bet he spent days wishing for a tongue along the underside of his shaft, or a firm hand to squeeze and milk that tight, sensitive shaft." Charn's claws dimpled softly against the furry scrotum, flexing and relaxing as he made bread with the heavy eggs. "Sucks to be him, huh?"

He settled the stag's package at the bottom of a large wicker mushroom basket, the kind with large gaps between the straps so that plucked fungi could disperse their spores as they were carried. As he spoke, he lifted up the other packages, one at a time, examining them as he explained how the adventure was going to work.

"Now, when I was preparing for this episode, I had to really think about what I was going to do." Charn said, as he lifted up the pink pony cock from earlier, its fur-less pink balls hanging tight and bulging underneath. He cupped them, fingers rubbing against the warm flesh as he looked up at the ceiling in thought. "I mean, what kind of fishing am I even gonna DO? It's the end of the month, so I can't just go out on a sailboat and sling dick around, right?" He dropped the package, nuts first, onto the bottom of the basket with a whumph, and reached for a small, white furred sheath.

"I mean, I could, but I'm not going to." He frowned disdainfully at the unfortunate *size* of the canine package, giving it a flick in the nuts with his other hand. "It's cold and wet out there." He tossed it into the basket. "So I talked with my boys in R&D about how *portals* could provide a **modern solution** for this **modern problem**." He smiled as he realized he was now holding Pudgy, one of the packages that had survived the previous month.

"And they delivered. They really came through, unlike our little raccoon buddy here," He said. Pudgy's scrotum and shaft looked none the worse for wear, despite the trauma of the previous episode. The swollen balls underneath rivaled the stag's, and Charn gave the left one a nice, firm, crushing squeeze, fingers denting into the soft flesh. "God, how long's it been? Three months? I don't even know.. hey, did that one time when we found his dick covered in old cum count as him getting off?" Charn asked someone, off screen. There was a soft murmur, and Charn dropped the package into the basket. "No, I thought we decided, it probably wasn't HIS cum, right? We had used a turkey baster and filled his nuts with horse cum to see if it would make them stay bigger..." He paused, as he lifted up the one human cock of the mix, holding it casually under the glans, the handsome brown shaft swinging slightly underneath. "No, we douched the rest out with the power washer AFTERwards..."

Charn shook his head and turned his attention back to the cock he was holding. He lifted it up, cupping under the heavy, dense stones, admiring it. "Wow, this is beautiful, ain't it? Don't get many human-types. I have a feeling that dudes with human cocks just have a natural proclivity towards protecting them, MORE than us naturals." Charn carefully laid it into the basket.

"Anyways, like I was saying, they delivered. Because of R&D, I now have much larger portals, stationed all around the world, in all types of water and environments." Charn scooped up the absolute biggest of the packages, scooping under a colossally thick, barbed, knotted pink monstrosity, the melon-sized balls cradled up against his chest as he heaved it over the edge of the basket to crush the others beneath it. "Damn, we're calling you JUMBO number FIVE over here! Anyways, yeah, so, here lemme just show you."

Charn grabbed a brown furred sheath with a cute, tight pouch underneath it, stuffing it into his mouth, and then reached for the camera. The view switched as he jogged to the next room, a converted living room with six different portals lining three of the four walls, each about three feet tall and at the height of a low window. Through each could be seen a different vista - the pale blue ice of an igloo, the marshy salty reeds of the shore of the carolinas, a view of the ocean from the deck of a boat, bobbing up and down, and others. He set down the camera, and walked over to the marshy one, taking the package from his mouth.

"Aren't these awesome?! Almost full sized portals, totally big enough for me to step between. They say that this kind of technology could revolutionize... well... EVERYTHING... but like all great things, I've developed it specifically for getting off with!" He said, proudly. "The biggest question we have yet to answer, on account of, you know, possible reality ending side effects is... what happens if one portal goes through another?!"

Charn shrugged, and then took the package he had brought with it, and side slung it towards the portal. There was a shout of alarm from behind the camera, but Charn looked on in fascination, as the portal contacted the other one, a fizzle of sparkling yellow light and a slight distortion field ripple, and then continued through it. More impressively, the rounded cock ring hit the water at nearly a flat angle, and skimmed along it, bouncing into the air.

"YES!" Charn shouted, as the package skimmed once, twice, three times, before a log that it was skimming towards opened its great maw, yawning briefly and revealing rows of crocodile teeth. The little brown package skidded right into it, and it slammed shut, the alligator submerging back under the water with its prey. "That's a one hundred percent success. Right?" Charn grabbed at his arm, pinching it and pulling at the skin. "No spaghettification, no disruption of space time. Just a bit of static."

"You could have uncorked reality!" the voice complained, but Charn rolled his eyes and grabbed the camera, dragging it back to the table.

"Could have, but didn't. Everything's fine. I mean, I guess that's one less piece of bait to work with, but, that's not a huge deal. It's not like they were using it anyways, right?" He laughed, and shoveled three more packages up between his palms, lifting them up and dumping them into the basket.

"Oh, crap, y'all are asking me questions. Sorry about that, I guess I just got excited about all this stuff." Charn took the large pink bird penis that he had grabbed earlier, holding it in one hand as it twisted sinuously through the air, coiling around his forearm. He grasped it with his other paw as he mouthed the words, peeling it free, but as it slid through his fingers it clung around his forearm again.

"What kind of fishing are you going to do," He said, and then licked his lips in confusion. "Oh! Right, I showed you the portals, but I didn't explain what we're doing. My friend, we are going to do it all." Charn rubbed his arm along the edge of the basket, scraping the coiled penis off and into the bin. He picked up a familiar package from last week, the only package that did not have a scrotum at all. The heavy testicles looked darker, purplish, but there were still two of them.

"We're gonna go ice fishing," He said, giving the left nut a slap. "And we're going to go deep sea fishing," he continued, slapping the other nut. The two swung back and forth, cracking together with a wet *thuk*. He slung it into the basket, and grabbed a handsome, healthily large knotter cock, the red tip peeking out of the cream colored furry sheath. He gave a quick nod of appreciation, slapping the tennis ball-sized nuts in their loose soft scrotum with the front of his paw as he continued, "We're going to go crabbing," and then again, on the back, with another ~*whumph~* "and we're going to go fly fishing!" He tossed and did a little toss, sinking the package up in the air, to flop down on top of the growing pile. "Kobe! Nothing but net!"

He smirked cheesily, and peered back at the screen. "Mister Charn, why don't you portal YOUR junk and ruin IT, you jerk," he read out loud, and then covered his mouth. "Oh, my, I think we found SOMEONE who isn't happy about being on the show today! Here, why don't I show you why not."

Charn scanned over the remaining half-dozen or so packages that were left on the chopping board. His eyes lit up, and he spotted another feline package, the barbed pink tip jutting out of the tip. "Here's why you don't see MY junk portal'd up." He grasped it and then hopped up onto the table. He knelt down, keeping his groin in frame, his knee resting on the rounded, treasure-trail'd eggs of the returning package Roary. The dick surged upwards, supple pink cock pushing firmly up and out of the foreskin. Charn didn't notice, as he pulled the bottom of his shirt up, baring the soft, cream-furred dad-belly underneath. He pushed down at the hem of his gray sweatpants, pushing that down and over a simple black cotton jock, hooked up underneath. He hooked fingertips under the side of his jock, and pulled it to the side, peeling it away from the flesh underneath.

"As you can see, my dearest visitor, I still HAVE my cock. It's not portal'd, and it's not in anyone's hand but my own." He reached down, cupping underneath the generous bulk of his own lemon sized nut, hanging down mostly underneath, loose and heavy. The bulging cap of a cock as thick as a beer can filled that gap. "Look buddy, I brought you a friend!" He said, as he brought the other feline's junk next to his, rubbing the tips of the two together. "Now you can kiss and nuzzle and be best friends with another tiger penis, juuust like you." Charn paused, glancing at the camera, then back down to his little puppet show. "I mean, uh,"

Charn cleared his throat. "So um.. yeah." He held up the shaft. "This one IS portal'd, and mine ISN'T, and as to *why* it's not portal'd, well, sometimes it *is.*" He held up a finger to his lips, swearing his audience and the internet at large, and discreetly dropped the other tiger package to the basket. The basket was full now, almost overflowing, and a puddle of precum, pooling together from the oozing, tacky tips of dozen or so pieces of virility, seeped slowly across the table.

Charn let go of his shirt and hopped off of the table, then standing up with far too much bounce, he grasped the remaining three packages on the table. Roary and Daddy from the previous episode, and a hefty shaggy furred wolf package, and began to sling the three of them up into the air, shifting from one hand to the other.

"So, last question," he said, not reading the screen as he snatched the dick from the air, twist-tossing it, slinging it nuts-first up into the air. "Dear Charn, *I* want to go brick fishing with *my* worthless husband's pitiful little penis. What's the *first* thing I should do when *I* get one of your Eco Friendly temp rings?"

"Well!" Charn said, "Once you've got your boyfriend hooked," and he flung Roary's handsome erection over his head, to bounce nuts-first off of the metal handle of the 'junk basket'. The cock bounced down, slapping the top of those nuts, knocking the tender nuggets back into the handle.

"We've already done that, here, so you'll have to figure that part yourself. Have fun with it! Practice on guys at the local bar, out of towners that you aren't gonna see again." He continued juggling the other two, weighing them up and down in the air. "Then you gotta find the *place* to take your bait fishing with." He slung the shaggy canine package through the air, and it missed the basket entirely, landing with a faint whumpf on the ground behind the table. "I can't help ya there, all of the places I'll be visiting today are CON-fee-DENTAL!"

He was left with Daddy's sack, the smooth skinned Urd balls shifting between his fingers as he juggled them back and forth, squinting at the camera speculatively. "But once you got that figgered out, you gotta figger out what you're gonna use... for BAIT!"

Charn dramatically clapped his hands together, the scrotum bulging like a bullfrog's throat. "You might be saying, 'but charn, dicks R bait, are they not?" He shook his head sadly. "You're thinking too small my friend. Allow me to show you, in our first segment, everything you can use a bait as bait *for.*"

The stream went to a promoted advertisement for assorted CharnCo brand products, as Charn whewed. He smiled at his assistant, who was leaning back in an office chair, headphones around their neck. "Do you think they're gonna notice the increased budget?" Charn whispered. They looked at the massive portals one room over, and the basket of junk on the table.

"Yeah. I think so."