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."

Charn tossed Daddy's package onto the basket, on top of all the others. The heavy, fur-less scrotum slid down over a Roary's uncut erection, rolling over itself as it tumbled down past the other tiger's heavy balls, before tumbling over the edge of the basket to thump onto the table. The tiger sighed and grabbed it, then slammed it down into the middle of the pile, stuffing it firmly down between the others.

"Well, I didn't MEAN to lose that one package to the alligator. So, actually, I'm gonna need your help with one of these bits."

"Um..." The assistant looked at the basket of doomed genitals, his throat bobbing nervously. "What do you mean, 'need my help'."

"Well I need someone to demonstrate how to correctly fly fishing while I'm pointing out what's going wrong. It will only be a few minutes. Don't even bother trying to say you'd prefer not to, Max, it's part of your job duties as my *assistant.* Go get one of the spare portals from the dishwasher, I washed that one from the ram I had for breakfast."

"Yes boss," Max whimpered, the folf's tail tucked between his legs as he went back out to the kitchen. Charn grunted as he hefted up the big basket, the wicker creaking as the combined weight of a full load of portalled packages - plus the portals themselves - strained its limits.

"And don't forget the camera!" He shouted, as he hauled the load to the sliding glass door that led to the yard outside. It was raining heavily, and big wet drops splashing down and drumming a beat along the picnic table and the large umbrella that was set up for the electrical equipment. Charn swung the basket onto the table, catching the corner with it and sending a bunch of the packages tumbling out onto the table, the bench, and the cold wet grass below. The heavy, shaggy wolf package at the top of the pile bounced off of the edge of the bench, to rest wetly on top of Charn's foot. The tiger lifted his foot, hacky-sack kicking the package back towards the table. He missed, though, kicking a little too hard, and the wolf's package cleared the basket and the table entirely. It landed on the far side and rolled down the grassy hill towards the creek at the bottom of the property. Charn ignored it for now, having much more important things to tend to.

"Okay, I got my shovel," the tiger muttered, as he went through a box of stuff on the table bench. He shifted, leaning over to grab it, feeling something warm and smooth and soft underneath his foot. It must have been one of the other packages. Dang it, did he have TOO MANY portals? Was he going to be able to corral this many sets of masculine parts into engaging and entertaining content?

Of course he would. Charn put his weight on that small scrotum under his foot, feeling it flatten as he crushed it down into the wet, nearly-freezing grass, the soft earth separating as he ground it down into it.

"And I got my fishing rod, and I got plenty of fishing line, and I got my Bugrut, perfect..." he muttered, as he lifted up a mason jar filled with a brackish substance and set it on the table. "What else am I gonna need for this?" He tapped his chin, then shrugged, twisting on his foot and walking back to the camera. He didn't even notice the soft popping, squelching sound that his foot made as he crush-twisted the two berries underneath it into pulp.

Max was returning with the freshly sanitized portal ring. The folf had shown up for work, his first day of work, to find the tiger munching on the previous occupant's soft, tender meat like a gyro as he did sudoku puzzles on his phone. He had been stunned to watch those large dangling ram orbs disappearing, a bite at a time, while that cock strained and twitched and drooled, desperate for a touch, for any excuse to spurt. Charn hadn't even given it that, biting into the root when the balls were gone and severing it entirely. Max had gotten a tour of the studio in a daze, watching as those nine inches of ram dick became seven, became three, and then were gone, being casually munched on as the tiger explained how the streaming services went.

Now he held the portal in his hand, the portal that some other hapless unnamed male had lost his equipment in, and he was being asked to put HIS equipment in there too... to be abused and possibly destroyed on a very popular web stream, watched by hundreds of thousands of deviants..

Deviants just like him.

He heard the tiger calling for him from the backyard, and scurried out to join him. He brought the laptop with him, the one running the stream and that was tied into the CharnCo accounts for each ring. As he was picking it up, he saw portal number 38 flash yellow, its safety protocols activating. This only happened when 'irreparable destruction' had occurred, but surely Charn wasn't ruining packages while they were on break? He balked. *Was this really worth fifteen bucks an hour?*

Max felt like a moth intentionally flying into the web of a spider, but he grabbed the laptop and brought it with him. "I have the ring," he said, as Charn puttered around the table. "And we have about fifteen seconds before we're back from break."

"Great, come here," Charn said. Max set the laptop up, underneath the umbrella that was shielding the camera, and dutifully padded over to the large tiger. The rain was soaking into Charn's head and shoulder and arm fur, helping it to cling to the feline body underneath. Max stared, as he felt the ring tugged from his fingers.

"Okay, good, the wash didn't deactivate it," Charn muttered, as he unzipped his assistant's pants. He pushed them down, the folf yelping in surprise, but Charn was already stuffing the folf's groin through the portal ring. The dishwasher-warmed metal pressed firmly into the flesh of his groin, and Max looked down, just in time to see his sheath and balls sliding away from his groin. There was a peculiar dissonance, seeing his equipment in the tiger's paw, feeling the fingers around them, but seeing *space* between the two.

The space grew wider as the tiger lifted the pilfered package up, holding the ring in his palm and examining the dangling balls and the stiffening sheath critically. "Could be bigger," he said, but he patted Max on the head. "It'll do though, I'm just using it as bait anyways. Fish don't care how big it is."

"O-oh, um, that's good," Max stammered, blushing furiously. The tiger tossed the package, his package, casually on top of the basket, and he felt the thump as the weight of his equipment thumped in against other dude's, hard enough to make his stomach clench up.

A beeping reminded him that he needed to bring the stream back online, and he walked back to the umbrella, prancing weirdly without those ounces of flesh hanging down like they should be between his legs. It was weird, like his balls were stuck against his leg but there was no way to reach down and just rub and stretch them to help them out. How could people *do* this for *months?*

He sat down and quickly brought up the stream, connecting to the camera and making sure Charn was in frame and in focus. He gave a thumbs up, trying to ignore the feel of rain tapping and splashing cold and wet against his naked cock, running down the crease between his nuts.

"Welcome back, and thanks again to all those sponsors for keeping us in the air! I want to throw out a personal shout out to Artemis Brand Pest Control, Djinn Taro Food Supplies, and Skoova Skooma for their sponsors. I love their products, and if you haven't used their services yet, you should, because you will too! Now, on to the first part of fishing - finding bait."

Charn reached over and picked up the shovel, and gestured to the edge of the pine forest that was just behind him. "The classic, most basic and easy to catch bait you're going to use for fishing is worms. But buying worms at the store is kind of silly, they're always half dead, stinky, and super expensive. It's so much easier to catch your own! And I'm going to show you the best way, the EASIEST way to do that. First, you're going to need it to be a wet, rainy day, like today. You need some uninterrupted soft earth - basically any forest is going to work, but you can use a yard or garden if that's all that's near you. Then, you dig a hole. You want to dig out a plug that's about two feet across and one foot deep."

Charn went through the process of doing so, jamming the shovel into the earth and prying its load upwards, then moving slightly to repeat the process, gradually creating a circular plug, giving tips as he did so. The rain was coming down hard, soaking through his shirt, his sweatpants showing black stripes as they were stained almost translucent.

"You get down about a foot, that's where the worms are. Then, you need something that's going to attract worms. Worms are super easy, but they still need SOMETHING." The tiger slammed the shovel down to wedge it in the ground, with a sound of metal scraping against metal. There was a popping sound, the camera glitching for a moment, and Charn looked down in surprise. "Oh. Dammit."

The tiger knelt down briefly, then stood again, holding up a thick, fluffy rabbit sheath with a pair of rounded walnuts dangling underneath it. There was no ring behind them.

"Whoops. I guess I didn't see that package there. Um, sorry mister bunny dude, but it looks like you won't be getting your junk back!" Charn said, grimacing apologetically, but smiling under the grimace. He tossed his head back and held that package up over his open maw, letting the camera see those sharp predator teeth, and as simple as that, he dropped that bunny package down into his maw. His jaws snapped closed, and a slight bulge slid down his throat as the tiger gulped. Just one gulp. "Obviously, I should have said this before, but always be aware of your surroundings! Max, I'm gonna have to use your junk for a second bit, later on, but don't worry, I'm sure your equipment will go fine."

There was a whimper from behind the camera, as Charn moved back to the table and grasped Pudgy's package, as well as the mason jar of sticky brown fluid. He swished the jar, showing the camera just how viscous it is, before unscrewing it.

"So this is Bugrut. Basically, you know what pheromones are, right? Well, it turns out bugs care about those a LOT. So I was talking with the folks back at the lab about that, and I was like, "You know, all these bugs like these pheromones, I wonder if there's something about all those pheromones that is universal. Like, there must be some compound that ants like as much as wasps, they just have other things that go with it. Anyways, I was right - like I always am - and this is a distillation of that compound."

Charn held the jar in one hand, as he swung the raccoon's junk around by its portal. "So Pudgy here, he's not gotten off in... well, who cares, right? Nobody wants Pudgy to get off!" He chuckled. The stream agreed, as emojis of laughing and scissors and eggplants and fire floated across the screen. "So we're going to use him to demonstrate this bait. It's pretty simple. We're just going to put a DAB of this, just on the end of his dick."

The tiger looked around, conspiratorially, and then stuffed Pudgy's sheath up into his jaw. He moved his jaws, dramatically chewing, or perhaps licking, or perhaps something else, it was hard to tell. When he pulled it back out, Pudgy's cock was rock hard, gleaming and throbbing urgently. "Pfft, look at him, he's about to cum. So *needy,* Pudgy!"

He brought the jar up, and jammed the gleaming pink shaft down into it. It wasn't a particularly long cock, and in comparison to the swollen, tender, puffy eggs that hung down behind it, it seemed underwhelming, but the very very tip of it was just able to reach the dark fluid that filled up half of the mason jar. Charn clacked the portal ring against the rim of the jar a few times, swirling the very very tip around in the fluid, then pulled it back out. A blob of the tarry fluid clung to the tip of the maleness, and Charn set it on the picnic table. The goop didn't seem inclined to melt, just clinging like congealed fat, as Charn put the lid back on the jar and put it back to the side. A single rain drop hit the blob, and a dark brown rivulet of water washed down along that length, filling the raccoon's sheath.

"Now, I'm going to show you how this works with Pudgy here, but I'm going to also use Daddy for this demonstration too." Charn grasped the Urd's maleness - he had thought it was an orc, but more than a couple of the fans of the stream had corrected him on that. The two packages were really quite similar, with swollen, rounded balls, navel orange sized or so, hanging in tight pouches below smaller, slender pink shafts. The shapes of the shafts were different, and Daddy's package was fur-less whereas Pudgy's was soft fuzzed around his sheath and balls, but otherwise they were interchangeable, at least as far as any recipe might call for. *If you can't portal fresh Urd balls, store bought are fine.* Charn brought the two packages together, stroking the sensitive, needy tip of Pudgy's dick around the just-visible slit of the Urd's groin, above the balls.

"Now, we are gonna be catching worms with Daddy here, and him having a slit for his cock to hide in is perfect for our needs. Worms don't have teeth, after all, they just probe inwards, incessantly, so a package like this is going to worm as a sort of worm nest, giving them a warm slick smooth place to gather and squirm around. On the plus side, they WILL blindly gnaw and digest any old dead skin cells inside his slit, so that's a plus! After that hot sauce thing last month, I was told that I should 'take it easy' on ole Daddy here. So, rest assured, Daddy's cock and balls are going to be completely fine." Charn tossed Daddy's package over his left shoulder, smirking at the wet splat sound he heard from behind him.

"So once you have your Bugrut, and please, only use a small amount of it! But once you have that in place, you just have to bury your bait."

Charn moved to the hole, where Daddy's package had landed. The mud was slick and mushy, and it was easy for the tiger to use his fingers to dig out a big enough crater for the Urd's fat balls to nestle inside. He used a palm to push down, submerging them entirely, and then leaned back. "And there we go. I can already see some worms and grubs moving towards his junk, even in this heavy rain, when they should be worried about drowning. I swear, this stuff is magical! And I know most people don't have a reason to go baiting bugs onto their property, but if you need it, we got it!"

The tiger picked up the big clod of earth and dropped it down on top of Daddy's package, burying it entirely underneath. "Now, if you've done this correctly, you have not really disrupted the grass too much, so reassembling this should be easy." He pushed down on the edges, and then reached into his pants pocket and pulled out a candy wrapper. He used a finger to push the wrapper down into the center of the plug.

"There, perfect," he said, as he stood up. He gestured, and true enough, it was very hard to see the edges of the plug. "This will keep nosy neighbors and whatnot from reporting you to the police for 'burying suspicious packages' on your property." Charn turned to the side, staring smugly off screen at someone, or something, that only he could see. "I am using the candy wrapper to mark my place, but you can use whatever you want, obviously. Now, the only downside of this is... it takes a while."

He rubbed his chin, peering down at the ground, then nodded satisfactorily. "I'm going to leave Daddy here for the rest of the stream, and then we'll check in on him at the end, to see how he's doing. I'm sure I'm gonna have worms up the wazoo! Well, at least, *one* of us will!"

The tiger winked, and then swept his hand at some flies that were buzzing around Pudgy's package,and picked it up. "'*But Charn! You put that goo on TWO packages! What are you going to do with Pudgy's!?*' I can hear you asking. Well, that's a good question." Charn reached into the small basket of stuff, and pulled up a metal coat hanger that had been untwisted from itself to create a long angular metal wire. "Well, I just think it's important to show you what ELSE we can catch with this stuff!"

Max cued the excitement sting, as Charn slotted the bulk of Pudgy's equipment into the crook of the hanger, and then hurriedly folded and bent the thick wire around, catching and pinching the flesh firmly between it. Pudgy was still erect, despite being soaked and chilled with the rain, and it spattered out precum as the tiger continued to roughly handle the needy equipment. "Perfect. So, to protect the *life* of Pudgy - whoever that is - I'm *almost* banding it with this wire. This isn't to hurt his equipment, it's to prevent... anything...from making its way through the portal and into his body. We don't want to *hurt* him, after all, we just want to make his big fat balls and his cute little cock *a living hell.*" Charn winked at the camera, and then moved to the nearest tree, where an old hummingbird feeder was hanging. The feeder was ripped off and thrown away, as the crude genital mobile was bound to the branch instead. Pudgy's cock and balls swung, hanging in the open air, with water dripping down off of them and to the soft earth.

"Uh, Charn?" Max said. "The stream says you're standing on..." the folf gestures, and Charn looked down, to the crushed candy wrapped under his foot.

"Uh? Oh. So? Daddy's a big guy, he can handle a little crush play, can't he? Here's for all you smoosh enthusiasts out there!" The tiger said, as he lifted up a foot and stomped down into the plug, crushing it into the hidden package underneath. "Yeah, I bet you like that, don't you?" He did it again. "You love thinking I'm smushing that package into paste under my big size fifteens, you *sickos.* Well, keep yourself subscribed, because that's for a FUTURE episode!"

Behind him, something circled through the air, buzzing around the dangling equipment. It was a bug of some sort, and as it landed on the dangling scrotum, a black and yellow striped pattern could just be made out. It began crawling towards the tip of that shaft, as Charn picked up the other packages, dumping them back into the basket.

"So anyways, that's how you can get regular bait using a portal'd dick. Now, if you're doing other kinds of fishing, you're gonna need different, specific types of bait," Charn said. Max harriedly grabbed the camera and laptop, one in each hand, holding the camera steady as he stumbled back into the house, with Charn following him. "Like, for example, if you're hunting for big sharks, you're gonna neeeeeeed....?" Charn canted his head, as he stepped back into the kitchen, setting the basket down on the table. "That's right. CHUM! Now, hold on a second."

The tiger moved back to swing the door closed, and then took a moment to skin out of his soaking wet t-shirt. Some of the tiger's stripes were themselves barred with bands of white and silver now, the tiger's belly hanging over the edge of his sweatpants, but his shoulders broad and his chest powerful. He shook his arms out, slinging water everywhere, and then moved back to the basket. He was still excited from earlier, and there was a solid red spike visible down the inside of his left pants leg.

"CHUM!" he said again, and reached into the basket. He hauled out the massive package, the biggest of them all the huge cock slamming into the cutting board with the thwack of high quality meat. He rested a hand on the cock, holding it down as he massaged the huge testicles with his other.

"So, the thing with chum is, you kind of need a lot of it. That's why this feller here is going to be perfect for this role." Charn lifted up one of the rounded, melon sized balls, and dropped it from about eight inches up, whistling with the solid WHUMPH it made when it hit the table. "I mean, you know I like them big, but this had to have been a nightmare for this guy to lug around all day. What do you think, Max, is this from a taur, do you think?"

"Maybe," Max said, helplessly. When Charn had pulled out the biggest package, all of the ones on top, his own included, had fallen out, and he was right on the table's edge, near the tiger's elbow. "I think-"

"Definitely a taur. Maybe a fox taur?" Charn continued. He skinned back the sheath at the very root, and traced a claw along the knot that was unformed there. "I mean, look, these are definitely knot bulbs."

The equipment was swelling up, as Charn handled it, and his finger traced along the edge of the knot and then back up, to scrape a clat underneath and twang the two inch barbs that riddled the other end.

"Well, maybe a cat taur, then. Or maybe a mix. Hmm, it's such a mystery! You know what, I bet this is from a gryphon. Part cat, part dog. They can be huge, right?"

"I think that's a chimera," Max responded, wincing as the tiger's elbow nudged against his shaft, sending it flopping over the balls. He could feel the table underneath it, and could feel how one ball was slowly shifting over the edge of that table. "Could you-"

"No, chimeras are like, part bird I think. They need wings." Charn rubbed his chin, then shrugged and reached over to the knives, taking out the biggest one, a massive butcher's cleaver. "Anyways, it doesn't matter now, does it? We're gonna need a lot of loose chunks of *meat* to attract the attention of sharks, and this guy's providing the most. Rub a dub dub, buddy!" And he brought the blade down with a thunk into the top of the last third of the closer testicle.

The ball didn't even quiver, not until Charn flicked the big blade to the side, peeling the bottom third of the nut off to slide out of the torn scrotum. He lifted the cleaver up and brought it down again, smoothly and methodically. He had done this before, he knew how squishy and liquidy the inside of a testicle was, and yet the big heavy cleaver sliced off slivers of flesh that were maybe a quarter of an inch wide, only centimeters. The spongy cross section of testicle was visible, the cock LURCHING into that panicked erection that all men had when they realized they were about to be castrated and there was *nothing they could do about it*.

WHUMPH. WHUMPH. The testicle was mostly gone now, slivers of flesh like deli sliced ham laying in a loose fan along the table. The other nut, in comparison, was completely unmarked. Charn put the knife down, and picked up one of the slender oblong meat sheets. He lifted it up, and a delicate pattern could be seen as he held it between the camera and the overhead light. Seed, or at least fluids, dripped from the flesh.

"See that, how the flesh is all pushed together? That there is a prime piece of testicle. This fella couldn't be more than thirty years old, you can tell by the way the individual lobes are still so firmly congealed together." Charn paused, then slapped the piece into his mouth, his eyes lidding and the corners of his lips pulling up in a pleased smile. "Mmm. This is a taur. A *tiger* taur. I know my own when I taste it."

Charn lifted up another slice as he chewed and swallowed his little treat. "Here ya go, Max! On the house!" And flung it, frisbee style, towards his assistant.

The shriek was so high pitched that the microphone cut it out entirely, but it couldn't block out the clatter of the folf's chair falling backwards onto the floor. Charn didn't seem to care, as he picked up the cleaver and began delicately slicing the other testicle into ribbons as well.

"You might be wondering why I'm taking the time to slice these so thin?" *Thunk*. "Well, basically, chum works over an area." *Thunk*. " It flavors the water and that attracts the sharks." *Thunk*. " It all comes down to surface area." *Thunk*. " The more surface area there is on the chunks," *Thunk*. " the more flavoring we get in the water," *Thunk*. " The more concentrated it is," *Thunk*. " which means the faster sharks are going to pick up and hone in on it." *Thunk*. "Thinner slices means more surface area, and more slices means a wider area that we can chum." **CHANG!**

The knife had knicked the edge of the portal ring that the massive cock was still jutting out through, with a huge pile of freshly sliced meat where the testicles had used to be. The portal ring was active, but there was no testicle - or even scrotum - left to chop up. Charn put the blade to the side, then sunk his hands into the greasy, drooling, slimy mass of testicle slices. He lifted them up, letting the pieces slither and plop in wet steaming chunks back down onto the table.

"Now, every single drop of this is worth its *weight* in shark gold, so I want to put this in a sealed container to keep it from drying out," the tiger said, as he swept it all into a cheap tupperware container.

Charn used his hand to squeegee the puddle of cream and blood that was on the table as well, filling the tupperware to the brim. When he pushed the lid down on top of it, it burped, spitting residue back over the table in a fine spritz.

The cock, for its part, was still quite hard, and Charn picked it up. The inflexible length was nearly three feet long, and he stroked his palms along the underside of the thickly knotted shaft, and the seeping tip. "Yeah, that was mighty painful, huh? I bet you wish you had a nice slick hole to sink into, some mouth to suck you off, something to make all that suffering worth it. BUT! If you wanted that, you would have had to have *paid your bill* on time, so that's not my problem."

Charn winked to the camera and hitched his head towards the other room. "That's enough bating around. Let's start FISHING! Max, set up a poll, and let's see which kind of fishing they want to do first!" He slung the cock over his shoulder, holding onto the ring with one hand, and pulled the basket against his hip with the other. Behind him, through the window, the sun was shining, and a swarm of insects were buzzing around Pudgy's sack, which was swaying and twitching with the motion of the bugs as they clambered and poked and investigated.

The crowd was very, very interested in deep sea fishing, it turned out. The talk of sharks, perhaps, had them craving the drama of big sea monsters chomping down on tender, vulnerable equipment, or orca whales head butting nutsacks in the deep blue yonder. Who could say what would happen? It was an exciting time to be alive.

It was decided that Max would prefer to stay in the main living area, with the wi-fi and the significantly smaller risk of falling into the ocean, and so Charn shortly found himself ducking through the large metal ring and out of the wall of the ship, the surface bobbing abruptly underneath him. The tiger grasped the railing, feeling the heat beating down on him from the glaring sun overhead. He was, abruptly, significantly closer to the equator, and maybe even significantly closer to a different continent.

"This big portal tech is going to come in SO handy for some of my next few projects," the tiger said, as he anchored the camera tripod in place by the railing, checking to make sure that it could watch him as well as the water that he would be fishing in. Satisfied, he went back to the portal, grabbing the basket by one handle and tugging it through the portal. A dozen or so smaller portals flickered and fizzed as they slid through the portal ring, and back at the house, the stream hiccuped as strange energies irradiated the room. Max quietly hoped the temp agency was insuring him. Just in case.

Back on the boat, Charn lifted up the basket in both hands, the bright sunlight bringing out the dark brown and bright red and soft pinks of the collected flesh. Perched on top of it was the tupperware container, and as Charn wedged the basket in between two deck fixtures, this was the first thing he picked up. Behind him, the water swayed slowly up and down, as the boat bobbed on the ripples of the ocean.

"So, the captain of this ship has taken us to one of the few places in the deep sea that isn't being monitored by the IGFA. Yay for international waters, amirite?" Charn said, as he shook the tupperware, the sliced up ribbons of taur meat sliding wetly around inside. He peeled open the lid, and reached in, grabbing a handful of the meat. This, he tossed out into the water, some of the sliced crumpled and some sailing like frisby's, as what was once a massive scrotum was disseminated out into the warm waters.

"Well," Charn said, turning to face the camera, with the view of the fleshy chum in the water behind and below him. "I gotta admit I'm worried about a Jaws type scenario, not because of the shark, but because I don't know what is going to happen if this portal sinks! Ha ha, but yeah, it shouldn't take TOO long for them to pick up the scent, so while we wait for that, I'm going to get my pole ready. We're going to use 'jumbo number five', which is what I'm calling that big ole taur dick, to catch the actual sharks with. First off, it's the largest of the baits we have today, and that means we can catch the biggest fist with it, and secondly, you can't pick this up at home, but that cock is extremely fragrant. Not, like, stinky, it's just that the owner makes a higher than normal level of proteins that, I just happen to know, is *very* attractive to predators. Honestly, I'm surprised he managed to hold on to his goodies for so long; he was probably beating preds off with a stick."

He pulled the cock up and out of the basket, and walked over to a fishing pole that had been mounted up on the railing of the deck. It was a sturdy looking thing, maybe fifteen feet long to the tip, with a steel reeling system. Rather than a hook, it had three clamps, similar to a toy crane arcade game. When Charn pushed the portal up into them, they swung closed, locking with a satisfying clicking sound, and when the tiger released the big taur's portaled equipment, it swung out into the open air above the chum. A black fin broke through the surface, darting excitedly through the fleshy bits.

"And it looks like we are RIGHT in time! Let's see if I can conk that booger in the head with this dick. Here's to you, mister tiger taur, one last huzzah for that massive tasty cock of yours!" He said, and pulled the lever to release the line.

The huge cock, knotted and barbed and delicious looking, plummeted down and into the water, rebounding abruptly as it reached the end of the line that Charn had given it. The knot remained above the water, just the shaft and tip submerged, and as the feline rolled the pole in a circle, the shaft stirred through the warm ocean water, leaving a soft sheen on the water's surface.

"So all we have to do now is, wait for the shark to take the bait. You may be wondering- oh!"

The bait had already been taken, as the cock wrenched to the side, dragged under the surface by some great dark shape. The fishing rod careened to the left, as Charn struggled to pull it in - the shape under the surface was quickly joined by another, as a bloom of muted red burst from where the two fought over the healthy snack. Charn fumbled with the reel, releasing it instead of reeling it in, as in the water, the sharks tore into nearly two feet of dick. Multiple rows of serrated fangs chewed through the soft flesh like soft ice cream, hidden just out of view.

Charn locked the reel, and yanked upwards, but it was too late. The line pulled upwards, but there was nothing on it save for the silver portal ring, now empty save for three or so inches of ragged, pulped, torn knot meat. It landed on the deck, clattering, and Charn picked it up to show the audience.

"Well, that's on me. I should have pulled it up as soon as the shark had bit down, before they had bit all the way through it. Unfortunately, this cock ended up being less bait and more 'free meal' for those two lucky sharks." Charn stroked a finger along the rim, and the portal powered down, the loose shreds of remaining dick meat plopping to the deck. Charn tossed the portal back through the entrance portal, and kicked the flesh off the side of the boat, for the sharks to finish off. "I think that it's possible that that strong flavor may have been TOO tantalizing for the sharks, as well, as I think we just saw a feeding frenzy right there. Amazing to watch, really. Shame it was over so quickly!"

Charn clapped his hands together. "Still, we can't give up just because we had one bad cast. There's plenty of bait in here, and we'll find the right one to catch sharks with. In fact, I know JUST the one that we can use!"

The tiger buried his hands into the basket, feeling around under the surface level and then aha-ing. He pulled up a portal, surprised to see that it was the exceptionally large, heavy stag nuts he had placed on the bottom. "Well hello there, tasty treat. Alas, you are not meant for sharks, not today. Big balls are good for chumming but they don't have the *length* we need for this." He brought the package to his muzzle, giving a soft smooch into the cleavage between the two, and then placed them to the side. He shoved a hand back into the basket, hearing a distant yelp from Max as he punched the folf's nuts down and buried them in between the sweaty, musky genitals of his peers. Nah, he didn't want folf balls, or anything that was super musky, he wanted...

He felt something wiggle against his finger. Not pulse, not throb; *wiggle.* "Perfect." He wrapped his fingers around it and yanked his hand back, ignoring the clatter of other junks as they fell down onto the deck around his feet. "BIG PINKIE!"

Charn turned back to the stream, showing off the prehensile penis he had examined earlier. It had already begun to twist around his forearm, but now all of a sudden it stiffened. Charn's eyes glinted in mischief, he knew the throb that came with someone seeing their dick on stream, about to be destroyed. He waved the big pink shaft to the camera, showing it off.

"This here is perfect. It's very similar to a dolphin's penis, in that it's prehensile and smooth and pink, but if I'm not mistaken..." Charn licked, and nibbled at the tip of the quite straight, quite firm erection, smacking his lips. "Yup. This is the dick of a bird. A secretary bird, I imagine."

It throbbed again, and Charn stroked along it the way one might a pet cat, soothingly. "This is perfect for what we are looking for. Now, I'm not in a rush, because we aren't trying to catch a whole pack of sharks. Just one. So we need them to relax a bit, disperse, so that we don't have them fighting over this big pink monster."

The tiger gave it another lick, gnawing toothily along the underside of the tip, ungently. "The good thing about bird meat, generally, is that it doesn't have a LOT of flavor. You might argue against that point, but when you're cooking bird dicks, they're really good at absorbing other flavors, and mingling it together. In this case, we don't have a lot of that gaminess that the last cock had, so this is going to be a much subtler, smoother catch for us."

Charn was hooking up the portal to the fishing rod 'crane' as he talked, and he released it. The cock had attempted to curl around his wrist as he was talking, and he shook it, freeing the penis from him. The cock swung out into the open air, ready to be used to catch a shark. "I wonder if whoever this belongs to thought they would be fucking the inside of a shark's mouth in the south Pacific this evening. I'm willing to bet they didn't." Charn released the reel but only enough to drop the package MOST of the way to the water. The tip just grazed it, and it coiled in on itself, retracting and trying to pull away from the water, though of course there was nowhere to retract to.

Charn dunked the package in the water. "It's almost a shame we're using this beaut to catch sharks. The way it wiggles would be excellent for attracting all kinds of fish."

Charn watched as a fin circled around the dunked package, the tip almost breaking the water's surface. "Of course, it's entirely possible that we'll be able to reel this hungry shark in before it actually bites off any significant part of this cock. I mean, come on, we're talking about two feet of dick, what's a couple inches from the end, right? Aaaand GOTCHA!"

The shark had darted forward, and the fishing line suddenly bent to the left. Charn lifted it up, not hard, but steadily, to reveal the bird's penis, now stretched out taut with the weight of a six foot shark latched onto the tip of it. "See how it's attacked the part that's the most *flavorful*? Fascinating stuff, really."

Charn reeled it in, as the shark was lifted further and further out of the water, thrashing its tail back and forth. "This really isn't a very big shark, all things considered, but- oh, dangit!"

The shark's teeth had finally clamped their way through the tip of the bird's cock, taking the last five or so inches of it free as it splashed back down into the water. "Well, like I said, a few inches ain't a big deal. Don't run away, shark!"

Charn dipped the reel, splashing the ragged wound at the end of the bird's dick back into the warm salt water. He bobbed it up and down, hopefully. "Ideally, the shark is going to have liked the taste of that, and he's gonna - yup, there he is, he came back for seconds. So we're just going to let him get a nice big bite on this..."

The shark clamped down and wrenched again, but Charn held the rod steady. "We're gonna let all those rows of teeth sink into the thick flesh of this dick. The thick root is going to handle the weight without falling apart on us." Charn lifted up the rod, reeling it in, and once again the small shark thrashed and wiggled as it was pulled up into the air.

"Wow, look at those beautiful markings, black and gray and white. Does anyone in the chat know what kind of shark this is?" Charn asked, pausing to admire it. He probably shouldn't have paused, though, as it only took a few more seconds for the shark to crush through the remaining tissue, falling back into the water with a hearty splash. The fishing line swayed drunkenly, with only a foot or so of flexing, squirming pink dick left in it. Charn was about to lower it back in, when he squinted.

"Huh. Well, that's *one* way to chum the water. Check it out, chat!" Charn swung the portalled bird dick towards the camera, just enough for the audience to see the way the cock was spurting and squirting out thick clumps of bird seed. (Cum, not grain). "Now, no kink shaming, maybe the idea of having your cock nonconsensually fed to a shark one big bite at a time is attractive to some folks! We're an inclusive stream, so let's all applaud our Big Pinkie for this one last load!" And with that, Charn dunked the cock back into the water.

The shark was waiting this time, the portal ring not even below the surface before the shark's mouth emerged around it, chomping down on the hard steel of the portal. Charn whooped and began reeling it in, as quickly as possible, the shark lifted up and out of the water by its incessant chewing and gnawing on the portal. With a whumph, Charn flung the shark onto the deck, the heavy weight of the six foot long carnivore landing on some of the scattered packages that had fallen from the basket. A pink horse cock peeked out from under the shark, looking perversely as if it were the shark's own, as its tail fin swung up and down, slapping and battering it against the deck floor.

Charn approached the shark, and the fish turned its head to him, opening its jaws to bite, which was what Charn needed to pull the portal free. He tugged the line, just enough to pull the metal free, and the shark's jaws snapped shut again. Not on the portal, but on the cock that still jutted through it.

Charn turned back to the stream, as in the background, the shark worked its jaws, sinking endless arrowhead teeth into the tender flesh of the bird's poor maimed shaft. "So we caught a shark using only our friend's *dick*, how about that, huh? I don't think Paul Logan's ever done THAT." Charn gave a thumbs up. Behind him, the bits of chunky bird dick chum fell from the shark's mouth as it struggled to get its chewed up meal into its stomach. The portal ring fell loosely from its maw, scuffed and scraped up by the shark's teeth, but still functional. "You saw it here first, folk. Now, I'm going to get this shark back in the water, and we are going to move the boat to a different area. There's plenty of types of fish to catch, not just sharks after all, so I want to let this well fed beauty get back to whatever it was doing before we started teabagging it."

Charn grunted as he grabbed the tail of the shark, holding it around the middle, just in front of the fin. He tugged, and the shark slid along the grating of the deck. The pink pony dick rolled along with it, being dragged towards the edge of the boat with the shark. The shark thrashed its head, and a cream-colored, fur-less scrotum got caught between its jaws, crushed into paste almost immediately.

"Dammit, don't eat my portal ring, those things are expensive!" Charn groused, as he hauled the shark over to the edge of the boat. The shark craned its head, chewing messily on the little package, one of the ones Charn had shoveled into the basket earlier, as Charn pulled its butt over the edge and let gravity do the rest. The tiger watched as the shark slid off the boat, realizing at the very last second that the trapped horse dick was going with it. He acted fast, lifting up a foot and stomping a boot down on the glans of the horse cock, hard. The weight of the shark pulled the rest of the horse's package with it, the ring and the heavy balls sliding over the edge with the shark as it splashed down into the water, but the twisted, bent horse dick remained, caught by the tiger's toes. Charn let out his breath, and then picked it up. He turned to the camera, waggling the pink horse shaft at it accusingly.

"I just want to remind all of you *not* to do this at home! At least not without CharnCo brand portals! I am a trained professional and all of these," He said, giving the heavy pink scrotum a hard thwack that sent it spinning, "are property of CharnCo, so there's no risk of liability. Going fishing with your OWN dick could be hazardous to your health, so let ME do it for you!"

Another winning smile, and then he went over to clean up the spilled packages at the basket. With the two largest participants gone, the basket was now much easier to maintain, and Charn counted each of the packages as he lined them up neatly on the bottom of the basket. "Seven...eight... nine. Nine?" He counted on his fingers. "That's weird, I feel like I have only lost two... did we lose some extras?"

"The shark ate one."

"Oh, right." Charn gestured dismissively. "That one was weird, anyways. The balls were too smooth. I think they were probably prosthetics. I mean, I could be wrong, but I've bitten into my share of rubber in the past." He made a sour face.

While the boat changed course, Charn took the basket with him back into the living room. "What's next, Assistant?" he asked, as he stroked his fingertips along the tips of the sheaths and cocks that jutted up out of his basket, teasing them softly. "Ice fishing?"

"Well," Max stammered, shivering visibly at the feel of phantom fingers touching his maleness. He was looking pale, perhaps because his spilled package had been right next to the one that the shark gobbled up. "You had said you wanted to do, um.. something with... mine..."

"Oh, right." Charn grasped Max's, snatching it up and out of the basket. He held it up, scrutinizing it. "Perfect, we'll use this. I'm going to put on the go pro helmet though, it's going to be hard to track what I'm doing otherwise." He tossed the folf's package, spinning it through the air and then snatching it, and pointing the jutting pink dick towards Max like a gun. "Pew pew, baby."

"Sir," Max said, mortified. "*Sir.* Um, before you get too carried away, I think you should-"

"Don't worry about it, I just did the legally required disclaimer. The chat loves the antics, and you know, I think you like it, too." Charn said, waggling the pink shaft, which was peeking out of that white sheath a little firmer now, the balls being squeezed firmly in his big tiger paw. The tiger picked up the nearby bike helmet with the go pro mounted on the top of it. He stared at it for a moment, stripey gears turning in his head, then slowly turned to Max and smiled. "These go pros have GPS thingies on them, right?"

Max swallowed, hard, his tail tucked between his legs. He didn't know why, but he knew he was in danger. "Yes. GPS and wifi... why?"

Charn shrugged, as he fiddled with the camera. "No reason. Okay." He reached into the basket and took two fistfulls of packages, a naked testicle dangling from his left paw, swinging wildly around. "I got my bait, there's a cooler full of beer and a truck full of equipment." He pointed towards the coastal fishing portal as he stomped towards it. "Let's goooo-" And he stepped through, leaving Max alone with his thoughts, and the aching thump of his nuts being sandwiched and knocked against by two others.

He looked outside, into the backyard, where a swarm of bugs were buzzing excitedly around the dangling package of Pudgy. They were incessant, a constant stream of various insects, each of them vying for access to that weird goop on the tip of the raccoon's member. The wasps were winning the fight, and a pile of dead insects were scattered underneath the swinging package. Max could make out the swollen lesions where multiple stings had pierced into the soft flesh, the owner completely unable to do anything as bugs swarmed over and into his vulnerable flesh. The folf shuddered.

The air here was heavy and still, with the brackish reek of a coastal estuary. The tiger sauntered over towards the shoreline, where a tripod was already set up, *thanks max,* and found a large styrofoam cooler on the ground. He pushed it open with his foot, and found a bunch of icy water and some submerged bottles. There were some deep overalls nearby, and a couple fishing rods, and other fishing tools.

"Are y'all still there?" The tiger asked, his voice drawling out as he dropped the six packages into the ice water with a splash. "Good! So here we are on the beautiful shore of an estuary. What kind of estuary? Where? I don't know that kind of stuff, I'm just a tiger. BUT! I have it on good word that there's all kind of stuff to be caught here."

Charn counted off on his fingers as he faced the camera. "We got crabs, we got clams, we got snook, and we got trout, and who knows what else. So, we're going to catch a little bit of everything, starting with bait fishing with a rod. For that, I am going to select a nice, tasty looking piece of bait, maybe this fella," Charn dipped down into the cooler and scooped up the largest of the packages. A canine, or wolf of some sort, with a dappled gray, low hanging scrotum and a bright red shaft jutting a couple inches out of the nearly-recessed looking sheath.

"I saw this guy earlier, and, mm, I just know he's gonna make some fish REAL happy, right?" the tiger said. He rolled the heavy eggs between his paws as he walked towards the dock, grabbing a pole on the way and laying it over his shoulder. "Some things are universal, and the things that make a package enticing and delicious for us are going to make it enticing and delicious for fish. Now, this water should be THICK with catfish, so as long as we can avoid the gators, we should be okay, and..." He glanced down at the package in his hands, pausing in his walk. "Hmm. That's weird." He skinned back the sheath, revealing what must have been nearly a foot of potent, virile canine maleness. It was throbbing and erect, the flesh damp from the ice water, but Charn was ignoring that. He stroked a finger tip along the red rubbery flesh, firmly, and then rubbed that finger tip against his thumb.

"Well, damn. I can't use this." He said, irritatedly. "So, I'm gonna have to check with CharnCo's portal bank security cameras, because *this* package has a residue on it." He licked his fingertip and made a disgusted face. "Yup. That's a residue alright. Silicone lube. Great for fucking yourself with a non-latex dildo, but absolutely terrible to eat."

Charn sighed, and shrugged to the camera, before sitting down on the edge of the dock. "It is long lasting, in more than one way." He examined the cock, turning it over in his hand, and then slid two fingers down into the sheath, between the cock and the balls. He curled those fingers and pulled, while holding the cock itself with his other hand. Stretching his arms apart, there was a soft wet ripping sound, like fabric tearing, as he tore the sheath loose from the wolf's groin. It tore behind the cock, along the area it was connected to the pubic mound, and then quickly peeled away from the rest, leaving the tiger with a very erect cock, completely exposed to the air. The sheath was in his other hand, the scrotum pulled up painfully as it was still connected.

"The problem is," Charn continued, as he peeled the scrotum away as well. One rounded pink egg slithered out of the scrotum as it tore free along the back of the ring, dangling in the open air, "is that the silicone penetrates the flesh tissues. It seeps in between the cells and lingers there, which is great for lubrication, but terrible for nutrition." The other nut fell free as well, and now the entire package had been stripped of its protective skin and fur, which dangled limply from the tiger's paw. He dropped it into the water, the skin sinking down below the surface and floating under the dock.

"Normally, after a month, it would have normally freed itself. You know, normal replacement of skin, we shed, we shower, etc. CharnCo prides itself on taking immaculate care of its paying customers, of course. But this..." He waggles the remaining portal, the hard red cock slapping bonelessly from one side of the ring to another, slinging precum. It seemed darker, the narrow root pulsing. "This suggests that SOMEONE took this fella for a ride, maybe this morning, maybe the day before. Max, you aren't fucking yourself with portalled dicks are ya?" He asked, as he slipped a thumb into the back of the left testicle. Not against it, *into it*, burying his digit deep into the soft flesh. He pushed in and down, separating the bulb in half, following the natural seam of the center of the testicle as he heard Max sputtering out a response.

He cracked open the nut, splitting it with a spritz of juice, as easily as a morning grapefruit. Two fingers curved down into the exposed lobe, and he gouged out a scoop of testicle guts, lifting it up out of the nut half and dropping it into the water. "That's a shame, really, this is a really good quality package. I was gonna love watching some trout hork itself on it, trying to gobble it down."

He scooped out another two fingers of mush, dropping it into the swarm of minnows that plucked and darted into the cloud of milky water that the nut guts floated in, shifting under the dock. He grasped the nut itself and pulled it free, the cords tearing loosely out of the maimed organ to dangle from the edge of the portal, and dropped the nut down into the water with a splunk. "I guess life is full of disappointments, right Max?"

"Couldn't you have just... let them go? I mean, why did you have to ruin his package..." Max said over the radio, and Charn looked genuinely confused.

"Oh, I didn't...*have* to ruin his package. Max, I *enjoy* ruining them. This is fun for me." He said, with a laugh. He held up the other nut in his hand, and squeezed it between his fingers. The egg bulged between them, the pink flesh turning white as he crushed it in his grasp. "Clearly you just haven't done it enough to see the appeal. That's okay, I'm happy to demonstrate. Here, watch this."

Charn squeezed down harder, and the nut popped. It bubbled and squirted its innards out between his fingers, oozing and squelching and releasing its long-held load into the water, feeding more of the small fish. A crawfish came out of hiding to wiggle its claws, grabbing at the bits of succulent nut flesh.

Charn unzipped the cock with his claw, down the middle, and shucked the flesh away from the baculum. The cock was still throbbing, still pulsing despite the trauma, and even as it was cut open down the middle the flattened, unzipped sheath of meat twitched in his hand.

"Boss, I looked up that portal and..." Max paused, and Charn could hear the gulp in his voice. "That wasn't from... CharnCo headquarters. It wasn't in that box, I mean."

"What do you mean?" Charn asked, as he tugged the baculum free and flicked it into the water with a splash. He stood up, catching the loose flesh of the penis between his fingers, winding it between them in a soothing way. "Where could it have come from?"

"The records indicate that this portal was only activated this morning, and that the owner... the owner is a new security guard at CharnCo. Boss, I think that maybe you ended up with one of your new employee's packages by mistake!"

"Oh." Charn said, looking at the red, almost ruined piece of flesh. The baculum could be replaced, the cock could be glued back together and still be a handsome, proud, functional wolf cock. The tiger shrugged, and twisted it free of the ring with a wet, gristly popping sound, and then hauled it out into the water. "Well, I guess he'll be pleased to find out he doesn't have to pay for the mandatory portal ring now. Good for him."

Charn disconnected the portal, and walked back towards the shore. "Dammit, so NOW what am I going to go trout fishing with?"

The tiger was clearly morose, as he went to the cooler and, ignoring the remaining five packages, picked up one of the submerged beers and took a swig. He sighed, looking out over the still, dark waters, enjoying the sunlight peeking out through the trees behind him.

*'You can't win them all,'* He reminded himself, as he drained the beer. He looked down into the cooler, and picked up one of the other packages. The human one, Charn had called it earlier, but as he held it up closer, he realized it wasn't human at all. It was bigger than most humans, for one thing, definitely on the larger scale. The cock head was a beautiful dark red, nearly purplish, and the foreskin that gripped around it almost covered the tip. Even having been submerged in ice water, the package was limp, relaxed, and just...*beautiful.*

Charn tucked the beer between his knees as he examined this package further. The base of it, where the portal pushed against the wearer's groin, wasn't skin at all, but rather a thick coarse fur. It was just cropped very, very close to the surface.

"This is a perfect cock," the tiger murmured, "Not just, you know, 'big'. That doesn't really matter. It's just... so well proportioned. The size of it, the weight of it, the satiny texture. This is a beautiful specimen." Charn said. It was thickening as he held it between his fingers, feeling the warm heft of it as it filled with fresh blood. His breath washed over it as he peeled the foreskin back and then over the tip again. It was immaculate. He pushed it to the side, then, even as it grew erect, and stuffed his nose into the root. He huffed at it, smelling the natural musk of the male's groin, holding the ring in his hands as he pushed his snout against it firmly. He licked it, and then snorted and pulled away. "This is a *bear*'s cock."

He took the beer from between his legs and took a meditative swig of it, before dropping the erect human shaft back down into the ice water. The tiger felt better. Handling such a beautiful cock grounded him. Life was good again.

He took another swig, and looked at the other floating packages. He spotted a white furred package, tightly constricted in the cold water, trying to hide under two other ones. "Well, Max, I guess this is your time to shine."

Charn finished his beer, and fished Max's package out of the water.

"This is an interesting idea, Max. I think you're gonna love it. You're gonna be a pioneer!" The tiger said, as he un-velcroed the GoPro from the bike helmet. The strap was about an inch wide and six inches long, which was more than long enough to wrap it snugly around the chilled, goosebumps scrotum and soggy sheath of his folf assistant. He yanked the velcro through its buckle, *tight,* and then latched it into place. He examined his work, pleased to find that the camera added negligible bulk to the folf's package.

"What do you mean, boss?" Anxiety hid behind the friendly, casual question. "Like, what do you... *mean?"*

"I mean, new guy, that I might have to start calling you Laika, because you're going to be the first volunteer to test out CharnCo's brand new, totally proprietary so you can't steal it, never before seen *submersible portal tours!"*

Max keened anxiously, as Charn picked up one of the fishing rods. The velcro was exactly the right width for a fish hook to slide between the straps, and the tiger experimentally swung the rod, loosely casting Max's shaft forwards. *Bong.*

"Whoops. Sorry, Max. Who put a 'no fishing' sign there anyways, amirite?" He said, reeling the folf's package back up and walking towards the dock. The folf's balls had clipped the metal warning sign, leaving a wet, heart shaped pattern behind. Charn could hear the folf whimpering and mewling in pain in his receiver, but he had long ago learned to tune out those kinds of noises.

"So, audience, welcome to the dawning of a new age of innovation. My assistant Max," and he held up the bedraggled, line-hooked package with its camera strapped to it, "Is going to demonstrate yet another of the wonderful things we can do with your portal. I could explain further, but as they say, pictures are worth more than words!"

The sun crinkled through the clouds as the folf's package sailed majestically through the air, cast out by the long rod. Max could, through the pain, feel the wind whistling through the short, soft fuzz on his scrotum, and he winced as he watched the POV of his sheath as it flapped in the wind, his cock tip wiggling excitedly into the open air. Then, the dark green water rushed up to it, and he grunted at the sting of ball-flopping into the warm water. The portal was heavy, and Charn hadn't added any floaters or counter balances on it, and so it plunged down into the water, thumping against the silted bottom.

"Charn, there's no fish near here, you should just pull it back in and keep it," Max said, trying hard not to hyperventilate. There *was* fish nearby, and he whimpered as he watched a massive catfish, sauntering its way closer. Its wide mouth churned up rocks and silt and sand, expelling it in plumes, and it was moseying towards the shiny silver thing that had just settled into the ocean in front of it.

"Are you sure?" Charn said, and tugged on the line a bit. Max sighed with relief, as the video abruptly lifted up, the muddy bottom shlucking at his balls as his package 'bounced' along the riverbed. "I'm reeling it in, but I am pretty sure this whole area is teeming with all kinds of wildlife."

The package settled back down, this time resting on an old broken beer bottle. One ball was cupped inside the ragged glass cup, the worn, smoothed edge pushing into the cleavage between the folf's nuts. The catfish swam closer, clearly towards the folf's poor package.

"Charn reel it in reel it in REEL IT IN!" he shouted, feeling the glass catch against the back of his nuts, and a tugging sensation as the hook pulled at his package. Then, it settled back down into the glass, as the catfish loomed ever closer.

"Uh oh," The tiger said, reeling in slow and steady. "The bait feels a lot lighter."

Max could feel water seeping in around the ring at his groin, pissing defensively up into the water as the catfish's weird wide fish maw gaped towards the camera. "Go away!" he shrieked.

Catfish, Max would later learn, are *attracted* to the taste of urine in water. The roughly barbed inside of the fish's mouth clamped down on the folf's package, crushing his sheath down against his nuts. He stared in horror at the video, which showed an out of focus close up of the catfish's wide, beady eyes as it homphed and chomped on its fresh treat.

"Well, it looks like the bait slipped off the line," he heard the tiger saying, as the catfish swam lazily along. Max could see distorted trees and clouds through the ripples of the water above, the camera wobbling as the fish's tail flicked muscularly back and forth.

"The fish ate it," Max said, voice surprisingly dead pan. He stared at the screen. "My junk is in its mouth. Charn, the catfish has my cock and balls in its mouth. Charn, it's right in front of you, I can see it!"

Indeed, the video showed a large orange figure, wobbling on top of a brown dock, peering down into the water. The feline shrank, crouching, and a clawed hand reached through the surface of the water, towards the camera. The feline was too slow, though, and the catfish jerked away, swimming away from the shore.

"CATCH IT CATCH IT CATCH IT!" Max yelped, as the fish's jaws opened. The camera shifted, slipping inside, and the view went dark as they closed again, this time swallowing the camera along with it. "Oh my god it swallowed my cock, Charn, CHARN I can feel it gulping my junk!"

"Well try not to get off on it, geez," Charn said, watching the large catfish swim further out into the water. He stood, shaking the wet off his hand. "Well, that happens sometimes. Tough luck, though. Catfish throats are lined with barbs like 'teeth' that help break down food. They 'chew' and 'bite' all the way down. Fortunately for Max, that portal ring should keep him protected!"

Charn thought about this, then furrowed his brow. "Well, it'll protect him from the chewing and crushing anyways. Probably not the stomach acids. Max, speaking of, that GoPro has a light source, why don't you turn it on? Then the stream can watch your junk get digested."

"Watch it get *WHAT?"*

"Max, this isn't the time for theatrics. Turn on the light, and in the meantime, I'll just fish with *another* bait to lure the catfish back. You'll be *fine,* Max." He lowered his voice, as he opened up the cooler, reaching in to fish through the ice water for another couple packages. "I *promise.*"

The folf closed his eyes, and turned on the light. He could feel everything that was happening, the constant prickle and chewing twisting grinding squeeze of the alien throat of a catfish, the esophagus chomping on his tender bits as they sank deeper and deeper into the fish. He could see the GPS for the GoPro, and the fish was swimming away from the tiger, into the deeper water off shore. Suddenly, he had a realization.

"Charn, I can... I can tell you where to cast the line!"

"That's right, you can!" The tiger responded cheerfully. He had picked up Roary's package, as well as the tiger one he had compared himself to earlier. Both looked miserable after seeing in the chilled water for so long, but Charn seemed pleased. "Well hello again, old friend."

The other tiger's maleness splashed back into the ice on the cooler, as Charn took the lion's maleness back to the dock with him. He had reeled in the line, to find an empty hook; it must have torn through the velcro when he had yanked it. It was a silly mistake to make. He wouldn't make that one again.

Gently, he began to stroke the handsome lion cock with one warm paw. Gripping the foreskin and tugging it gently down to reveal the blue, retracted glans of the lion's shaft, then pulling it back forward again. "Come on, Roary, time to wake up. I need you to help me catch a big catfish."

He spoke softly, nuzzling against the soft flesh, warming it with his breath as he stroked it against his lips and cheeks. It had a pleasant effect, the shaft thickening, lengthening between his fingers. Roary had been one of the best behaved of the cocks during the No Nut November month, putting up with all of the tiger's teasing and abuse. Charn had enjoyed squeezing those heavy balls, yanking them down as the lion was about to climax, then kneading them as he focused on getting the lion closer and closer to cumming again. He had enjoyed edging *all* of the packages, of course, but Roary's was special. Perhaps it was because it was another feline that he was playing with, that he was *owning,* but he got a special thrill in leaving the other male needy and unsatisfied.

He almost felt bad about getting him hard again, now, as he held the sharp, gleaming fishhook in his other hand. He didn't want to be too mean, but he needed a better way to catch that fish, a way that wasn't going to result in him possibly losing *another* portal device. So, he tickled that barbed hook tip down into the lion's gleaming urethra, softly nudging it into the tender, slick pink flesh. His fingers shifted,curving the hook, and the shaft twitched and spasmed, as the tip of the hook erupted back out underneath the frenum, creating an impromptu prince albert. Charn finished threading it through, and then allowed the package to hang from the hook itself. It was a considerable amount of weight, and the hook stretched the very tip of the penis downwards, the glans turning white as the blood was squeezed out of it from the tension, but it held. Charn smiled, proudly. Of course it would.

"Alright, Max, treat the dock as oriented towards twelve o clock. Where do you want me to cast?"

"Um, uh, two o clock, and really far out... maybe... fifty meters or so...?" Max asked, the tension tight in his voice.

"Sounds good." Charn swung the rod overhead, releasing the reel at the perfect time, and the lion's package soared through the air, similarly to how Max's had only a few minutes earlier. Whereas Max had belly flopped, though, Roary's stabbed down into the water like a spear, with only the slightest of splashes.

"Oh, I think you scared him," Max said, distressed. "Its moving really quickly back towards you. Or maybe it's moving towards the bait?"

"Come on Roary, dance for the catfish," Charn said, tugging and reeling, bouncing the handsome package along the ground. He felt a tug, and the line went taut again. "Hey, Max! I think I got him!"

Max whooped in relief, as Charn tug tug tugged at the pole, making sure the hook was set in the catfish's cheek. "Do you feel a big fat lion dick rubbing up against you?" He teased.

"No, just cold.. churning... slime," Max said. "It kind of tingles. Should I be feeling lion cock?"

"Probably not yet." Charn reeled in the line, frowning slightly. "It's not kicking. Is the fish coming closer, still?"

"... no." Max said, quietly. "It's um... moving away from you now."

"Well, what the fuck did I catch?" Charn asked, exasperatedly. "Something DEFINITELY took the bait, and.... oh." The tiger laughed, shaking his head as he reeled in the last of the line.

Hanging from the line was Roar's cock, attached to the portal ring. Under that, where there *should* have been two healthy, swollen, cum-thickened testicles stuffed inside a tight furry pouch, there was... a clam. It was massive, maybe nine inches across, and it was clamped down on the lion's scrotum. Even as large and thick as it was, Roary's heavy sac still bulged out around the edges of the shell, which was pinching down into the soft flesh with all its might.

"Oh, damn, look at *that."* Charn whistled. "This is awesome. Max, look at this huge clam!"

Even as he talked, the shells were pushing ever inward, crushing the flesh between them and pinching into the scrotum. Charn put the rod down, holding the clam in both hands. It was a solid purse of a shell, filling both of his hands as the lion's nuts were crushed down in between it. "Well, shit, I mean, we gotta cut this loose, I don't want to risk losing this!"

Charn reached for the holster at his back and pulled out a knife, a small knife with a black blade, maybe four inches long. Rather than stuffing it into the hinge of the clam, to free the nut-sack that it had captured from its grip, the tiger ran the knife underneath the portal instead. His sweats twitched as he felt the blade slice through the tender, stretched scrotum, severing those heavy lion eggs from their owner so easily. The clam had been cut free! The forgotten cock fell to the dock with the portal, rolling over the edge of the sun bleached wood to land in the swarm of minnows and crawfish that were still picking at the last remains of the unfortunate CharnCo employee that had come to work with a stained dick. Charn was heading back to the cooler, dropping the clam in amongst the other packages. With its nice, big, meaty snack, those other packages should be completely safe. For a while, anyway.

"Okay, wow, what a stream! I wasn't planning on going clam fishing today, since that usually involves digging them out of the sand rather than actually fishing for them, but that just goes to show what you can catch with good bait!"

Charn picked up the rod and walked with it to the end of the dock again. The lion's cock was still hard, despite missing its partners in crime. Perhaps the lion didn't quite realize that he was never going to get to sire all those kittens, yet. Or perhaps he did, and that was why he was so hard. The tiger picked a crawfish that was dangling from the snug foreskin, pulling it loose and flicking it out into the water.

"Alright, well, let's try this again. And mark where I cast last time on your map, I wanna see if there's more clams out there, later."

"Yes boss." Max was feeling queasy, the sensation of his junk being crushed and smashed in between bits of rotten other pieces of animal and plant was grotesquely stimulating in a horrible way. He didn't want to even look at the side stream that he was running, his ears blushing hot with the repeated realization that he was livestreaming his own nullification to the entire world. He glanced at it, seeing the gifts pouring in, seeing the comments as people speculated what they were looking at. Even with the light on, it was hard to tell.

There was a fish's head staring up at the camera accusingly, nestled along the folf's sheath, the 'nose' dipping in and out as the cat's body flexed and contorted around it. Kelp, or whatever sea grass grew in estuaries, was tangled around his nut-sack. His fur had been rubbed off, maybe from the digestion, and he could feel blisters beginning to form from the digestive sludge. "Charn... you want to aim at 10:30, about a hundred yards out. Please, I know that ruining packages is the shtick of your show, but please try to save mine? I really, really want it back."

"You worry too much," Charn teased, as he cast out the line. Without those heavy nuts to stabilize it, the cock swung end over end, hitting the water flatly before sawing down out of view. "I mean, how much would your life change if you couldn't have puppies."

"I wouldn't be able to have sex!" Max yipped.

"Oh, right, you're a top, *my bad,*" the tiger quipped, reeling the line back in. "I bet you fuck ALL the bitches with your four inches."

"FIVE!"

"Three, by now!" Charn quipped back. The cock could be seen, swimming limply through the water, the bright metal cockring trailing behind it. He watched it shimmer as he reeled it in, his head canting to the side. "Oh, maybe that's it. Max, I think I need to tweak this bait before I cast it back out. I just remembered something about catfish."

"What?" Max asked, as Charn gripped the lion's cock in one hand. He squeezed it, enjoying its heft, as he slid a thumb along the metal portal ring. The ring deactivated, the cock separating from it as it was severed from the lion's body entirely, leaving Charn with nine or so inches of wilting erection in his paw.

"It may have been too big. Catfish need small bites. The portal ring was too bright, large, and shiny. It worked for yours because yours was on the bottom, hiding the metal. This huge dick floating through the water isn't gonna work nearly as well. So which way do I cast?"

"You're a monster," Max whispered. He tried not to think about how casually the tiger had just ruined yet another male's package, his proud lion cock and balls now just... just bait. Just like his was. "Due noon, fifty meters."

"On it!" Charn said, and flicked out the line. "So chat, as you can see, it is important to be resourceful. You can't force a fish to be interested in your lure, you have to sell it. If the fish ain't biting, then you need to find out what they want to bite." Charn smirked, the smuggest feline smirk, as the line suddenly whipped to the left, bending the bow. "Gotcha, *bitch."*

Max chewed on the tips of his fingers, as he watched the tiger reeling in the catch. "Charn, I think that's him." He glanced to the other vid stream, with the internal view of the catfish, and sure enough, a thick, long fleshy tube was nestled alongside his own. The smoothly sliced off root, mostly collapsed and deflated after having been chewed on, tickled against the folf's tingling, itchy scrotum.

"Yup, it's him alright. This guy's a real fighter!" The tiger said, walking backwards along the dock, crouching somewhat to brace his legs as the rod fought to be pulled free. The tiger's teeth gleamed in a feral grin as he danced with the catfish, sometimes letting it pull away before pulling it inevitably back towards him, that reel counting down each inch of freedom that the big fish had left. When the time was right, Charn crouched, and stabbed two fingers into the water, puncturing them into the gills of the beast. He stood, the catfish weighing down one arm as it shined a magnificent mucky gray and brown, flapping in the air as it was hauled out of the water.

"And THAT's how you catch *dinner,"* the feline said, proudly. He walked with it over to the camera, holding it up for the stream to see, the fish's muscular body clenching and fighting still.

"Now, as our little folf friend mentioned, the inside of a catfish's mouth is like the outside of a cat's dick, and those little teeth can really hurt ya if you aren't careful. Fortunately, Roary graciously donated his cock, and without the portal ring, he didn't feel a thing. Oh, right, speaking of.."

Charn slapped the catfish down on the nearby table, dodging the tail as it swung at him. "I'm gonna need to retrieve our bait, if we are gonna do any additional cast fishing," Charn said, patting the catfish's belly. "Since we are going to cook this bad boy up, though, I don't have to worry about returning it, so, we can let him expire here on the table while I demonstrate how to go *fly fishing*."

"Boss, no, my cock and balls are still in there!" Max exclaimed, watching as the lion's severed dick, bigger than his own even flaccid, was being ground and frotted against his own by the expiring fish's belly muscles. "They're *digesting*, Charn, please take them out!"

"I will! But let's let the catfish tire himself out, first. Fly fishing isn't going to take very long, I'm JUST gonna be demonstrating technique. And for that," Charn said, as he reached back down into the cooler. There was one package he hadn't gotten to play with yet, at the bottom of the ice water. Mikey. The pink shaft was scooped up, the dangling, exposed testicles looking purplish after having been submerged in the almost-freezing water for nearly twenty minutes at this point.

"Now, the trick with fly fishing is not attracting the fish with scent or taste, but with sound." Charn cupped one of the small chilled eggs, squeezing it in his massive, scalding hot fish, rolling it firmly around between his fingers. "Specifically the sound of something slapping against the water; like a bug or whatnot. So we are going to be casting this back and forth, very quickly, and that means we want kind of a, um, *smaller* package. Something that's not going to splash into the water as much as slap against it."

He left the gurgling catfish behind as put on the waders. Big, heavy, one piece overalls with big clumsy boots at the bottom, with suspenders to keep them from sliding off. The waders came up to just above his hips, the black and orange stripes of his sides peeking out cheekily from behind. All set up, he trundled back out into the water itself, stomping through the final resting place of the tainted wolf's package, sloshing through the warm afternoon estuary towards the deeper water further out.

"I'm probably scaring all the bigguns' away with all this splashing, but it's okay, right chat? I'm in no rush. It's just y'all, me, and this beautiful summer day," he said, as he tucked the fishing rod between his knees and held Mikey's chilled, exposed cock and balls in one hand. There was a fishing hook at the end of the rod, and he carefully untied it, freeing it up.

"Now, I showed you how to do a simple bait hooking earlier, with Roary's cock, but in that instance we wanted to drag his junk through the water to *really* catch that catfish's attention," Charn said. "In this instance, we really want to keep everything kind of close together, since we are gonna be expecting a lot of quick snaps. We aren't going to want any pieces to be torn free by an over excited trout, right? Right."

He plunged the fishhook in through Mikey's left testicle, the kobold cock flushing from purple to red at the sudden surge of blood into it. Charn carefully weaved the hook through the flesh, sinking it in and out the other side, threading the testicle up onto the fishing line like an ornament. Then the other testicle, similarly speared through, the hook deftly sinking in one side of the small egg, then puncturing out the other.

"I know this may *seem* complicated, but I am not using any fancy techniques here. I'm just trying to get the hook through the middle of the nut, to maximize the chances that we keep these balls with us," the tiger explained, as he pulled the line through the second threaded testicle. Then it was the penis' turn. Slender as it was, it was easy for it to wiggle away from the tiger's heavy fingers as they pinched and prodded the hook into the soft flesh. Puncturing in through the base first, he carefully wiggled the hook, to make sure the sharp copper point was well embedded inside, and then delicately he curved Mikey's cock down along the firm flesh , following the slightly tougher flesh of the urethra's lining. The tip just barely slid out through the cock's urethra, the tiger pinching on the tip to fully sheath it, the small backwards pointing barb catching just on the very edge of the slit.

Charn held up the lure, wagging it for the audience. "This isn't the most secure, but it's secure enough for our needs. If my boy here starts throwing wood, he's gonna be very uncomfortable as that fishhook gouges down along the inner lining of his cock." Charn pointed to the screen with a Smoke the Bear wink. "Stay soft, my friends!"

With the bait latched on, he turns back to the deeper water, enjoying the feel of the current flowing past his knees. He flicks the rod, a shorter casing line flicking the kobold's package through the air, to land with a painful sounding thunk on a mildewy rock outcropping just poking out of the water.

"Well, dammit, I didn't see that. Obviously, folks, you want to get your lure into the *water."* He flicked again, but thwacked the package against the rocks again, the hooked bundle bouncing once. Charn sighed and hooked the line backwards, then cast it in a different direction. This time it thumped robustly against the remains of a long dead tree's trunk, jutting up out of the water right in front of the tiger. Charn's ears folded back. "Whoops."

He cast again, but missed the water entirely , slinging the poor exposed kobold meat all the way to a mud flat. The thick slimy gloop suckled at the flesh as Charn dragged it back, the tip of the cock scraping through the thick slime. The mud slid into the gaping tip, stretched open by the hook yanking it cruelly down and back.

"Ugh, now it's heavy," Charn said, swinging the muck slimed bait back towards him, then casting it back out quickly. The package plunked down with a rough splash, and almost immediately something big rose to meet it, something large and dark. Charn felt the chomp, the yank, but when he tugged at the line, the package was pulled back up and out of the water.

Another quick flop, another slap of kobold flesh against the water, and another fish attacked. This time Charn could see the water around the package hollow down as the huge fish sucked in a mouthful, including Mikey's cock. Charn yanked the rod to the right, and felt the fish pull it further along, the line going taut. Charn let the rod move with the fish, but pulled occasionally to gradually pull it in, closer and closer.

"As you can see, the hook isn't for the fish. It's just to keep my bait in place. The fish is holding onto that delicious package in its mouth, and is just looking for more bait to eat. It's not in any pain or anything, just chewing its cud while it grazes. I imagine the inside of that mouth is like a fast, flesh trash compactor, trying to crush its snack down small enough to get it down its belly.

The fish shifted, and Charn moved quickly, as the big thing swam past. His hand dove down and he snatched the fish, punching his fist through the mouth and hooking through the gills behind the jaw. Held aloft, he pulled the big fish up into the air, showing it to the camera crew. Hooting and whooping, he snagged it around the middle under his other arm, hustling back to shore.

"Now I could go back out there, and probably catch ten more of these fellas, or at least as many as I can before the line breaks or the package, uh, can no longer stay on the hook," Charn said, as he pulled out the bruised, swollen, seeping kobold infection. "But I don't really need to do that for you - you've seen that it works."

The pike flexed on the table, next to the still catfish, and Charn clipped through the fishing line with a claw. The fishing hook had sunk into the kobold's shaft, gouging down the inside of that shaft by a good inch or so, but with the tiger's fingers firmly spreading the piss lips apart, he was able to force the cock back up over that gleaming sharp barb, spearing it out through the skin just to the side of the urethra, having skimmed through the lining of it at just the last moment. He gripped it carefully, and pulled the hook all the way through, the cut line following the fishhook through the testicles and the cock itself. When it was free, Charn hitched the hook onto the rod and set it aside, then gripped the portal ring itself and slapped it back and forth. The testicles, swollen and bruised, slick with mud and fish spit, swung wildly from side to side.

"Yeah, they'll be fine. I'll give it a scalding later to make sure there's no infections, and it'll be good as gold in a few days." Charn said, dropped the dirty package down into the cooler. "He did good today, though!"

"Charn, please, my package now?" Max whined over the telecom. Charn looked at the camera, confused.

"Your package? What about it?"

"PLEASE PULL MY PACKAGE OUT OF THE DEAD FISH ON THE TABLE, BOSS!" Max shouted, before clamping his hands around his mouth.

"Oh, well, sure, when I gut the fish. Dude, it's just a fish, they don't even really have any stomach acids, you worry so much. Think of how safe your dick and balls are in that fish's belly! There's like, NO chance I'm going to eat them while they're in *there*, right?" Charn teased, as he shucked out of his waders.

"The audience wants you to save my package," Max said, despite there being no such comments in the live stream. Most everyone who was watching the 'dead fish belly' cam were trying to determine which of the melting lumps were Max and which were Roary, and were guessing at the 'texture' they'd have when removed. The consensus is that Max's dick was basically just a pudding now, something that Max, worryingly, couldn't disprove.

"Oh, well, tell them to give me fifteen galaxies and I'll pull it out early," Charn said, as he scooped up the two fish in his arms, his tail curling around the lid of the cooler, and took his haul back into the main room.

Charn made Max promise not to go digging around in the catfish for his portal, as he left the two large fish in the big prep sink in the kitchen, along with the large clam from earlier. As he dumped the cooler into the sink on top, the pike made one last snatch at Mikey's bobbing equipment. It had grabbed a testicle, chomping down on it spastically, but Charn gripped the portal and pulled it away from its maw. The cord stretched painfully taut, like a guitar string, before the ball flopped out with a bounce and a spin. It was hanging down, notably lower than the other one, as Charn examined it cursorily. He shook his head, leaving it on the counter, and grabbed the other packages from the sink. He tossed them back into the basket, leaving Mikey's behind, and walked the basket back into the living room.

"So, this next one won't be a terribly long bit, but I have to at least set up for the ice fishing," Charn mused, as he rummaged through the various packages. "And then, we are going to be going deep sea fishing again, but this time not for sharks. Then we'll come back and finalize our results, and I'll do a cookout with the fish. "

"Charn, sir, please, please tell me you aren't planning to sneakily cook the fish with my package in it," Max said, glancing from the scrolling screens back up to the tiger. Charn tapped his lips, brow furrowed in thought.

"That's a fun idea, but I wouldn't be much of a cook if I did that. I'm not trying to make a turducken, after all. That said...." Charn held up the bright pink pony cock, that he had almost lost in the last trip onto the boat. "Yeah, that should work. I should be able to.. perfect... but before we do that..." Charn twisted, to face the backyard, and snapped his fingers. "Of course, how could I forget! The buggers!"

Charn took the tripod and walked with it to the sliding door, stepping back out into the backyard. "So, we're back. We're gonna let those fish marinade a bit, and meanwhile I have a few things to finish off this episode with. I'm gonna show you how to do an ice fishing, if you're stuck up north this winter with a couple friends with good bait between their legs and a lot of beer in the cooler, and then we're gonna go catch some exotic fish on the boat again. But before we do that... How's my bait-bait doing?" He asked. He walked over to the tree, where Pudgy's cock was swinging, looking distended and heavy and... lumpy. Underneath it, a pile of brown stained corpses lay littered around it, the swinging raccoon cock having been the site of a hell of a battle. Charn carefully undid the wire hanger from the tree, but kept it wrapped tightly around the base of the raccoon's equipment.

"Pudgy here is looking REALLY pudgy now, damn, look how swollen this thing is..." Charn said, as he brought the squirming, bulging package over to the table to show it to the camera. "I have no idea what kind of bugs are digging around in there, but," Charn gestured to the raccoon's scrotum, which had something crawling slowly around the outside of the left testicle. "I imagine that they're having a field day. Raccoon meat is both tasty and nutritious, after all." He handled the package carefully, peeling back the puffy pink swollen flesh of the raccoon's sheath, which disgorged some squirming, convulsing insects that had gotten caught in the warm soft sheath. Two of them, a yellowjacket and some kind of beetle, flopped around on the table, before Charn flick-pinged them away.

"Amateurs. Lots of bugs probably wanted to climb into here, to make this big juicy cock and those massive eggs into a nice big nest, but I know that there's probably only ONE type of bug buried inside here." The sheath crackled as Charn pulled it back up, squeezing down and making soft crinkly noises as things that were deeply imbedded in the flesh cracked and popped under the pressure of being crushed like that. "But they don't seem to want to come out yet. Probably still burrowing nice cozy nests for laying their eggs in." Charn grabbed the portal and tossed it in the air. "That's fine, we'll have some time to pick them out while we're ice fishing. Come on!"

The ice fishing portal led to a small cabin, maybe six feet by six feet wide, sitting on a frozen ice hole. Charn slipped through with his basket, and took a seat on the wooden chair that had sunk slightly down into the ice. The dark hole was about a foot across, and it led from light blue to dark gray far far too quickly. Despite being just a dark circle in the ice, it gave the ominous impression of something cold and foreboding waiting below the surface.

"So, I might not stay here the entire time. Ice fishing is boring, if you aren't plastered and got a weekend to kill, and I have neither! So I'm not going into all the specifics of preparing to go ice fishing or anything like that." Charn grasped the last remaining canine package in the basket, the big thick furred sheath bulging between his fingers as he lifted it up by that. A pink tip began to bulge and thicken from the tip, the owner immediately getting excited as his big wolf dick was played with. "But, suffice to say, you're going to need to be careful about which kind of package you're using as bait for this. This water is going to be extremely, *extremely* cold, and longer than a minute or so, you're risking frostbite to the exposed tissues. Big deal, right? Well, if you are using bird or lizard meat for this, you're going to have disappointing results. What you want is a package like this."

Charn cupped the hefty testicles, pinching the scrotum between his fingers and pulling it taut. "You want beefy meat, because the thicker it is, the longer it's going to take for the water inside to freeze. We don't really care about the freezing, however, if the blood completely freezes it could cause issues with the rest of the body, and like I have said repeatedly, we're just fucking with junk here, not snuff. Cool? Cool. Now, because this is an especially hefty piece of stud flesh, we're going to strip it down of all its protective insulation."

Charn stabbed a claw into the flesh of the sheath, right above the portal ring, and carved slowly but carefully around the perimeter, using his claw to separate the flesh of the sheath and scrotum away from the main groin flesh just underneath. The cock wobbled, growing quite erect as it laid along his wrist and then dangled in the open air, and Charn nudged it politely out of the way as he finished the *deep* circumcision. He grasped the sheath and pulled down, disrobing the naked flesh of the thick protective coating. The sheath and scrotum inverted as he peeled it off, leaving the large pink fleshy shaft to steam in the frigid air above the ice hole.

"Eh, I know you might be saying '*hey that's mean, why are you going to intentionally expose this dude's cock and balls to hypothermia?*'" Charn said. He thought about it, then shrugged. "Eh."

"When *you* go ice fishing, *you* can leave the sheath on," Charn explained. "I don't generally worry about stuff like that. For me, I want to get rid of all those hairs, it makes it much harder for the fish to get a good enough grip on the bait if there's slippery hair everywhere. To each their own, of course!"

He strapped the portal ring onto a crane-style rod similar to the one on the fishing boat, and without much ado, he released the real. The fattened pink flesh dropped into the icy water with a slushy splash, the gleaming silver disappearing into the darkness underneath. Charn stared down after it for a bit, and then turned back to the camera.

"Unfortunately, it doesn't make the BEST content, to just drop someone's dick down a hole in the ice, but, I really wanted to be thorough with all the fishing techniques. Now, in this situation, you may have noticed there's no hook involved. That's absolutely correct, see, the warmth of the package is going to be more than enough incentive for the fish to keep it in his mouth. I'm fully expecting the fish to catch, and eat this package, swallowing it whole the way we've seen in other situations. That's going to make it real easy to reel it back up, and more importantly, it means we can just *leave* this wolf's package in this almost-freezing water for as long as necessary." He gestured to the top of the rod, where a small diode blinked intermittently. "This is a seismic sensor, and it's gonna send info back to Max's computer, using bluetooth." Charn was fiddling with the now empty sheath and scrotum, and casually stuffed his striped paw down through the sheath, and into the scrotum. He glanced down to it, wiggling his fingers inside the musky, furry pouch, then grinned at the camera. "Hey, how about that, mittens!"

Leaving the fishing rod under Max's tender care, Charn grabbed the basket back up and continued on his journey. Underneath the ice, the naked flesh contracted, already starting to turn a dangerous blue at the tip of the handsome, fluted pink shaft. The balls floated, nearly weightless, as the almost-frozen water sapped the heat out from inside them, slowing down the blood that pumped through them. Fresh blood pumped in, but just through the process of circulating through that foot or so of thick meat, by the time it left the wolf's maleness, it was more of a slurry than a liquid.

None of this concerned Charn of course, as he hopped from one portal to the next. The sunlight baked into his fur, melting the chill out of his limbs as he hauled his bundle in to the place where he had fucked around with the shark, earlier.

Charn leaned against the rigging, giving a thumbs up to the camera. He rubbed his chin, peering out over the ocean, then shrugged and stepped up closer to the audience. "So this is the last scene of our little adventure today. I know we've already been here once, but I haven't done *enough* yet. There's still so much more to show you, and I appreciate that you've all been willing to stick it out with me through this fun little ride. I know you don't *have* to be here,but the fact that you are is what makes this all worth it. Well, that and the tasty treats." Charn winked again, that roguish elation lifting up his whiskers. "So let's ruin a few more packages, and then head home. I promised Max that I'd give him his dick back, after all, and I am a tiger of my word!"

"What, exactly," Max said in a strained voice over the headset, "Do we have to do for me to be able to get my package back, Charn?"

Charn pfftd, as he picked up the squirming, bulging package of Pudgy. He speared a thumb claw into the soft tissue of the urethra, spearing it through a bug and pulling it out. The wasp flexed and flailed, wings thrumming against the tiger's fingertip, before he flicked it out over the railing and to the ocean water below.

"Well, Max, it's obviously a priority, but I am going to need to finish my fishing expeditions here, and at the ice fishing place, and at the tropical jungle river before I can even *think* about food prep."

"On it," Max said, curtly. Charn paused, head canted to the side in confusion, then shrugged and continued on with the web stream.

"So anyways, we are in the deep blue ocean. No sharks nearby, just whales, kelpies, and the great garbage patch. This site here is actually over the Bermuda Triangle, which I've always had a soft place for."

Charn pulled out another bug from between Pudgy's puffy, distended cocklips, the warm soft flesh stretching around the plump grub before it pulled free. The soft abdomen of the bug ruptured, leaving a thick, slimy, sluggy string that connected to the bug like mozzarella cheese. "Gross." He flicked it away, then left the sheath to the side and moved to start hooking up the fishing pole. "We'll be seeing more of this place, and what's underneath us, real soon, with an interactive guided adventure with an enterprising set of customers we're affectionately calling 'Stud Subs'. Until then, though, let's see what TIGER meat can catch, eh?" Charn held up the feline package that he had compared with himself earlier, waving his paw back and forth to make the flesh sway tantalizingly.

Charn brought it back down to his pole, and began attaching the clamps to the portal wing. The flesh of the other tiger's cock was thicker than his own, a healthy pink, the large furry testicles swinging limply to nudge against his wrist as he twisted and clamped it into place. "Obviously, tiger meat is going to bring us in some primo fisho. We're hitting all the boxes; we have a nice size that catches the light well, we have fantastic flavor, and the aerodynamic nature of feline equipment guarantees an evocative dance through the water. The only thing we're missing is a name." Charn thought about this for a couple seconds, then snapped his fingers. "Broski. We'll call him Broski, since he's "

He cast the hefty feline junk over the side of the boat, and strapped the fishing rod into place on the side. The plunk of it landing in the water was weirdly muted, and Charn peeked to see what was going on. "Oh... shit."

Charn hadn't noticed that there were bits of flotsam floating past the ship that he was on, and the tiger's package had landed directly on top of one. He grabbed the fishing line, lifting it up and then letting it plop down, to knock what looked like a plastic bag down into the water.

It wasn't a plastic bag, though. And as Charn looked around the area, he realized that there were more of them; floating, roughly circular grayish translucent jellies, floating almost at the surface. Jellyfish. And Broski's half-hard tiger dick was laying right on top of it. Even as Charn watched, the jellyfish submerged, sliding out from under the heavy weight of the fresh meat, and as Broski's flesh slid past it, it coiled long white tentacles around the delicate, sensitive flesh.

Charn winced. He wasn't sure what kind of jellyfish this was, but at least some of the jellyfish in this area were probably dangerous to get stung by. He was about to lift up the fishing line, to reel the package back in, when a strange hizzing, fissing sound was heard behind him. A zap and a splash of strange energy washed out the view for a second, and when Charn turned back to see what was happening, he saw Max there, whimpering and shaking his hands back and forth. At his feet, two large portal rings were sputtering, one half inside the other. Charn ran over and kicked at the top of the two metal frames, so that they weren't touching, and immediately the hissing sound and the peculiar energy sputtering stopped. Reality wavered briefly, and then settled back into the familiar aspect ratio. The ship bobbed nonchalantly around them.

"Max," Charn said, looking down at the half-mad little folf. "That was very dangerous."

"You don't understand the *meaning* of the word dangerous, kitty cat," Max said, wiping at a trickle of blood oozing from his nose. "No more fucking around, catch yer damn fish and GET MY DICK BACK!"

"Spicy, Max. Very spicy," Charn said, as he guided the white furred assistant back towards the portal he had walked in through. "Your cock is going to be *fine,* I promise, and you're going to have it very soon. Thank you for helping me with this, and taking that initiative. I appreciate you, Max. Now, I need you to help me out with something, okay?" He slapped the folf in the chest with Pudgy's cock. "Use your claws, or tweezers, or forceps, hell, use chopsticks if you want, but do an inventory on all the bugs that are nesting, burrowing, or digging in here." He smirked, at the white furred folf's face went even paler as he felt something squirming inside the saggy balls that he held in his paws. "Separate the bugs by species, and take care not to damage the goods too much. Also, keep an eye out for reddish, blood-colored wasps. THOSE I want to stay, so after you're done doing a bait count, reintroduce those back into the goods." Charn ignored the stammering folf, and gently, but firmly, pushed Max's head down and shoved him back through the portal to the main room. "I believe in you! Good boy!"

"Charn, plee-" bwoop! The folf staggered through, turning and giving the big tiger a finger for him to peer at from the other side of the portal. Charn blew him a kiss, then turned back to the camera.

"Well, this isn't what I expected, but to be honest, this might work even better than what I was going to do! After all, I can monitor my deep sea fishing here," and with that he grabbed the fishing line, tugging it up and down to dunk the tiger's package into the jellyfish that had gathered around it, "or, I can monitor my ice fishing over here!" and he reached down through the portal on the ground, grasping the fishing line there and tugging it up and down roughly. He grunted in surprise as it yanked back down, pulling out of his fingers with a wrenching yank. "Woo! Perfect timing!"

Charn reached back through the portal, grasping the line with both hands and hauling upwards. The line circled around the inner rim of the circular hole in the ice, as whatever had taken the bait swam about, trying to get away from the circle of light that was pulling it closer and closer to it.

"Come on, stud, don't fail me now! I know you love the taste of those fat wolf balls, you don't want to let them go just to get free, right?"

The fish didn't, and as Charn pulled the line up, fist over fist, he had to brace his knees against the edge of the portal to balance himself. There was something peculiar about leaning down into the ground, and reaching into a world that was ninety degrees perpendicular to his own, but it wasn't any more peculiar than, well, anything else he had done today.

The broad silver-tan bulge of a massive fish thrust up through the hole, just BARELY managing to stuff itself through the narrow portal in the ice. Charn pulled at the bait, and from deep inside the fish's gullet, with a wet shlucking sound, a slobbery blob of testicles, cock and fish mucus slithered out of its mouth.

"FUCK!" Charn said, tossing the line and the soaking wet bait aside, onto the smooth cold ice. He reached into the room and stuffed both of his hands into the fish, just behind the gills, just as the fish began to wiggle itself back down into the water below. He barely got his fingers into the gills, extending his claws into the monster's cheeks, and HAULED himself backwards.

Charn flopped onto the deck of the ship, and a hundred pounds of trout slammed down on top of him, fish gawping and body twisting and convulsing as it went from nearly freezing water to a ninety degree sunny day half the world away. Charn whooped, wrestling with the massive fish, rolling away from the edge of the boat and pinning it down beneath him. The trout was still thrashing about, but it's muscular body merely squirmed and flopped like a severed horse shaft upon the deck.

After it began to settle down, Charn scooped it back up in his arms and showed it off to the camera. The thing was huge, its body soft and fleshy and yet sleek and powerful, the tiger's teeth chattering from holding the wet and nearly-frozen fish body against his own during the wrestling. Still, a bit of chill wasn't going to stop a tiger from claiming their prize, and after showing it off to the stream and chatting about the best way to cook trout, he slid it through the portal and into the main room back home.

"The best thing about this kind of fishing is that, unless your bait disintegrates under the pressure - which happens, sometimes - you can keep using the same bait for the entire time you're fishing," Charn said. He straddled the portal to the ice fishing place, and grabbed at the fishing pole, feeling out the fishing line and giving it a tug.

It didn't move, though. The line was caught. Charn peered through the portal, feeling his way down the line, until he found out what had happened.

"Well, shit," the tiger said. "I guess I forgot the first rule of winter fishing." He took the camera off the tripod, angling it to look down through the portal, to see the inside of the fishing hut once more. There, on the ground next to the hole in the ice, was a whitish lump of ice. It was shaped roughly like a wolf cock, with two fat testicles next to it, but the slimy spit that was caked onto it had frozen solid in the five minutes or so that Charn had been wrestling with the fish and showing it off to the crowd.

"I know what you're thinking, of course," Charn said, as he reached down and gripped at the frozen shaft. The ice that encased it crackled and crunched, pieces of it popping off to reveal the blue flesh buried inside. Charn gripped and tugged, but he couldn't get his fingers underneath the frozen flesh, and so his thick fingertips merely slid off of the frigid, mostly-solid block of frozen wolf meat. "You want to say, 'Hey Charn, just pour boiling water over it and that will melt it off the ice,' well I'm here to tell you it won't. All that's going to do is boil the meat, honestly, and then freeze solid before it even melts the ice underneath." He rapped his knuckle into the left testicle, more ice splintering off, and then tried to stuff his fingers around that. The frozen meatball was still slippery, and when he palmed it and gripped it, he could feel the slightest bulge of a heart beat still pumping through the heart of the flesh. He pulled, and peeled, but it just seemed to be too firmly stuck to the ice beneath. "It's not the end of the world, but we may need to leave this portal here, and check in on it during the spring thaw is all."

He tried to wrench the other testicle free as well, and grunted with surprise as, with a soft crackling sound, the testicle DID come free, breaking loose of the frozen epididymis that was partially fused with the ground underneath. Charn pulled his hand back out through the portal, holding the solid, frozen, ice-caked nut in his hand. He peered up at the sun baking down at him, then back to the frozen nut. It was severed, broken off of the solid-frozen cords entirely. He gave it a tentative lick. Then another, and another.

"So," he said, as he moved to the next portal and leaving the rest of the wolf package to freeze over on the ice behind him, left in the arctic circle on a remote frozen lake, sure to not be disturbed for a few months, "I guess I found a new tiger treat today. I know this is going to sound gross, but, the glaze tastes like fish, and the nut tastes, of course, like nuts." He bit into the testicle, which had the consistency of a fruit popsicle, the ice yielding under his teeth as he carved off a mouthful for himself. No splash, no popping sound, no goo or gore, just biting a mouthful out of an 'ice cream scoop' of wolf nut. "It's honestly not a bad combination, especially on such a hot day."

He glanced down, as he stuffed the end of the ball into his mouth, biting down with a soft squelching sound as he peered at Broski, bobbing in the drink. He squinted down hard, his mouth stuffed full of his nutsicle, and grabbed the line, pulling it up into the air. The tiger's package looked weird. There were wet leaves curled around it, wet leaves with stinging tentacles that were knotted and lashed across the swollen, puffy flesh.

"Well, I've never heard of predatory jellyfish before," Charn said, as he reeled the package up and let it flop onto the deck of the ship. The cock twitched, straining painfully hard, swollen and puffy, pinkened from the toxins injected into it. The tentacles rubbed their nettle spines into the tender flesh, writhing as they attempted to push their deliciously ensnared snack into the feeding pockets in the center of the jellied mass. "I didn't expect to catch these, but..."

Charn rubbed his chin, as he watched the tiger's balls attempt to churn, having swollen out until the scrotum was taut and pink, glossy wet skin visible under the short soggy fuzz that surrounded them. "I'm wondering if maybe I actually want to keep them. Not for cooking, of course, I don't know of any jellyfish recipes..."

Charn used a netted pole to scoop the package and its jellyfish off of the floor, and walked with it over to the main portal. Max, who had just finished dealing with the ice cold thrashing monster from the arctic portal, found himself nose to blob with the packaged junk that was thrust through.

"Max, dump this whole thing into the salt water aquarium in the basement lab."

The folf took the offered pole, pulling it through and holding it as fully extended and away from his body as he could. The poor feline package throbbed, and Max blanched as he saw little tiny tentacles squirming around at the tip of the package. "Umm..."

"Hurry, these are very delicate creatures, Max. I don't want them to expire. I had no idea that deep sea jellyfish were attracted to mammalian penises, but, I suppose this isn't something that's been tested before."

"Sure thing, boss. Only... do you want me to take the jellyfish out from inside the cock hole?" Max asked. He could see it more clearly now that he was looking for it, the pronounced bulge along the last six inches of the tiger's shaft, the most obvious sign of the jellyfish that had somehow curled and funneled its way up inside, stinging as it went.

"No, leave it in there, I'm really curious. Perhaps it will lay eggs. Based on the effects of the stings of its tentacles, we may be at the precipice of an entirely new CharnCo product," the tiger said. "Leave the jellyfish and the portal in the water for now, I'll examine them fully later."

Charn cracked his knuckles, as Max carefully carried the inflamed, stinging package down the stairs. He turned back to the basket of goods, and took each of the remaining pieces out, one at a time.

First, there was the bear's cock, chilled slightly from its bath in the ice water but otherwise unharmed. Charn caressed it, feeling the needy flesh thicken against his palm, oozing slick precum almost immediately. He set it aside, to enjoy the sunshine on top of a crate, and moved on to the bubblegum pink pony dick. This one had similarly suffered naught but for the ice bath, and the broad glans marshmallow'd outwards with the tender caressing. Surely, any male who was watching this stream would hesitate at allowing themselves to grow erect, but on the other hand, perhaps anyone watching this show would realize, at this point, how unlikely it was that they would be gaining their maleness back intact, if at all. So perhaps they were just hoping for something to remember its last moments by. Cute.

Meaningless. But cute.

The last item was the stag's package, with the deliciously heavy, swollen testes. They were loosely dangling in their sack, the ovoid eggs laying down like canoes in the bottom of their sack. Charn massaged the two, squinting at the sponginess of the thick flesh. They were swollen with rut, yes, but they weren't fully swollen, fully engorged. No, these handsome eggs were primed to get even heavier, even juicier. They just needed some attention, some manipulation to truly bring out their best attributes. He took the stag's and the bear's packages, and set them back inside the portal in the main house. He couldn't use those, not yet. They were just too *appealing* on a base level to use as bait. That pony's equipment, though...

He held up the sinuous length of equine cock, tugging at the glans and stretching it away from the ring, extending it to its fullest length. He wondered if, perhaps, this was actually a feral stallion's equipment, such was its length, its bulk. The healthy shaft was accompanied with two fists of nut meat, in a similarly pink scrotum, smooth and hairless. As fun as it is to destroy the packages of hapless males who had foolishly signed up for such a treatment, the tiger couldn't in good conscience do the same to an animal. Meat was meat, but civilization is about having *standards.*

Fortunately, as he traced a claw along the underside of the glans, a blatant and unmistakable threat to the pony's healthy endowments, the stud's shaft tightened and filled out even further. Eager for the play, eager for the risk. A feral animal would not respond in such a way, they would attempt to retract, to pull back to safety. This dude wasn't a stallion, he was just hung like one.

The last domain that Charn was to explore and go fishing in was a tropical rainforest's river. Charn had had to pay extra money to get a fisherman in the area willing to place the portal, due to the hostility of the terrain and its various faunas, but that was what made it the perfect place. The tiger stepped through the portal, with the horse's cock swinging from one hand like a cane, and surveyed the situation.

The river swirled past, ripples churning under the surface of the smooth green water. The portal was secured in a temporary hut, with banana leaves and vines used to offer some semblance of shelter for the glowing, shiny metal contraption.

A single, simple fishing rod was on the floor nearby, and Charn mentally chastised himself for not having brought the modified portal-clamps with him. The hook that was attached to the fishing pole was large enough, maybe the same size as the top of a clothes hanger, so at least the tiger had something to start with. He took the hook in one hand, and speared it in through the tip of the horse's glans; not through the seeping slit, but through the domed, bulging smooth glans itself, stabbing in through one 'cheek' and pushing it through and out the other.

"No, wait, that's not going to work," Charn muttered to himself. He tucked his fingers into the slit and tugged them apart, the horse's shaft bucking as the rough intrusions splayed the delicate tissue. Charn could see the hook, speared cleanly through the urethra, a gleaming bit of metal poking through the horse's shaft. "Dang It."

Where could he put the hook that would work, though? He took the hook and unthreaded it from the flesh, the barbed hook dragging through the flesh much rougher than it poked through to start, and Charn licked the blood from it before bringing it back down to the horse's flesh. He couldn't push it through the testicles, as that would have the dick floating backwards through the water. He couldn't spear it through the base, for the same reason. No, it had to be around the glans, but not through the glans. Charn dragged the tip of the hook across the punctured head of the stallion's shaft, tracing the barb down into the piss slit, and then tugging it back out. No, it needed to be more... circumferential. Of course, that would work perfectly.

The tiger slotted the hose shaft into the curve of the hook, sliding it upwards until the flesh bulged out on either side of the hook. Then, he twisted the hook, and pressed the hook into the skin, just behind the muffin top of a flare. As he twisted the hook around the shaft of the horse's cock, the metal sank into the flesh just under the surface. Charn could see the metal, probing its way blindly, just under the sensitive webbing of skin and nerves, as he slowly hooked it the entire way around. When it was finished, the weight of the horse's cock and balls dangled heavy and swollen from the ring of metal. Perfect. Just to be sure that it was going to work as intended, he stuffed his fingers back into the slit and stretched. The ring of the hook compressed the flesh, but only a bit, and the tiger was able to stretch the malleable, spongy glans tissue wide enough to peek down through the urethra, even with the compression of the subcutaneous piercing.

With that, the tiger flung the horse package out and into the wide, smooth, placid waters of the tropical forest's river. He took up the pole, tugging at it to help the package soar underneath the water, trying to mimic as best he could the erratic darting and shifting of a fish.

It didn't take long for the wildlife to notice.

"Now, my little gremlins, this was originally going to be a piranha fishing expedition. I didn't expect to actually catch any piranhas, but, I thought it would be fun to see how long it would take for a batch of nibble minnows to reduce a horse's cock and balls to hamburger. This, however, is even more exciting. Let's go way back to the beginning of this little foray in the world of angling. Remember the importance of scent and taste in the water? Well..."

Charn paused, as the water began to swarm with little fish, darting and digging into the package that he was pulling through the water, left and right. "This is a fish called the CANDIRU. It's really, really attracted to the scent of urine in the water. Even if this fella hasn't pissed in the last couple hours, it's still stained into the flesh, and that's more than enough to catch that little bugger's attention." He winced as the line jerked to the left.

"Well, poop, I hope we didn't end up with piranhas anyways," he muttered, as he reeled in the line. He couldn't really make out what was going on; there was a flurry of movement surrounding the subnautical package, obscuring any details with flits of silver and gray in the clear water.

"I don't have my net, so I can't just scoop it out. Here's hoping I don't rip the hook free," the tiger said as he flicked the rod up and tugged the beleaguered bait up and out of the water. It flopped at his feet, wiggling, bruised and bitten, small gaps chewed with tiny fangs through spots of the handsome pink shaft. The scrotum was open, and as it landed, little darting fish slithered out, flopping on the ground. The shaft itself was oozing blood from the tip, and Charn knelt next to it, pointing to the four bulges that had worked down the length of cock.

"Well it looks like we were just starting to get some piranha nibbles here," He said, as he pointed to the bite wounds that had been torn into the flesh of the shaft. "The blood from these bites probably brought in a whole bunch more, hungry little buggers just waiting offshore for any kind of meat to snack on. But what we're really interested are these bulges."

He traced a finger along the shaft, pressing down lightly into the bulge that was closest to the root of the shaft. Around four inches long, it distended the horse's flesh outwards in a noticeably but not obscene way. As he pressed against it, it twitched, and wiggled inwards another quarter inch.

"I'm willing to bet that these are Candirus, for sure. These buggers are kind of like anchovies, they're not very big but they pack a lot of flavor, with more omega oils than sardines. They taste kind of like capers, but not quite as salty. They go great on pizzas, but of course, we have better plans for them today."

Charn picked up the cock, and as he did, the ruined scrotum disgorged one solid gleaming testicle. The other was nowhere to be found. Charn gripped it, squeezing his fingers into the soft flesh, and then pulled down to stretch it away from the portal ring, over extending the cords until the testicle came loose in his paw with a wet splitch.

"Well, that's a shame, I would have eaten that other nut for sure, one for me one for the fish you know? But this one unfortunately has already been reserved."

He twisted it, until the cord of the testicle could be stuffed into the wide, torn, gaping urethra, where the tail of one of the piss-fish was still wiggling slightly. Charn tucked it in deeper with one thick finger, as he threaded the cord up into the urethra as well, until the epididymis was nestled in against the flesh of the gelding's erection. He gripped the nut solidly in his hands, and clamped down, squeezing firmly.

The soft sputtering squelch of the innards of the horse's testicle being forcibly ejected up into his own urethra was audible even on the stream, even with the camera several feet away. The testicle capsized as it was emptied out, the hot slick testicle innards flooding down into the stretched urethra, pushing the closer bulges back as the tiger 'mortared' them into place with the thick nut paste. The nut itself ruptured, dripping slime between the tiger's fingers as he pulped and juiced the last of its insides deep into the gelding's dick.

"That may seem excessive, but I want to make sure that the fish inside there STAY inside there. Testicle paste is a great binding agent for this kind of thing," Charn said, and tamped the last bit of seed into the tip of the horse's shaft.

"That said... I've shown you all the techniques I know about fishing, and as you can see, we caught a whole bunch of amazing things. I can't wait to cook these all up, and serve them to my coworkers and esteemed guests at the CharnCo Holiday Party this evening! The event will not be streamed, but I'm sure you'll be hearing about what happens there, one way or another."

Comments streamed in, but Charn waved them off. "Now, now, surely you deviants have more than enough from today's stream! Don't be greedy! Anyways, I need to go save Max's useless folf balls, so I am going to head out. I might not stream again until the new year, so, I hope that all of you have just the most memorable, satisfying couple of weeks, I love you, and I look forward to entertaining you in 2024. It's going to be a *blast."*

And with that, the stream ended!