

WHOOOPS! All Broskis

"Now, Max," Charn said, as he leaned forward over his work desk, staring through a jeweler's lens at the dimensional tech that he had strewn across the anti-static mat that covered its surface. "This may end up having an unfortunate effect on.. well... everything. But if it works, we're going to have an unlimited supply of cocks and balls to play with."

The nervous white folf shifted from one paw to the other, staring at the mess of components and strange tech. An unguarded quantum harmonizer rested dangerously close to the tiger's elbow, sparking blue filaments and then swallowing them back into itself in random spurts. At least, Max *thought* it was a quantum harmonizer. He kept getting those confused with Dimensional-Resonance Capacitors. They both did the same thing, right?

"But, Charn... we already have an unlimited supply of cocks and balls to play with," Max said, watching as the tiger toyed with something with two slender, tiny screwdrivers. "I mean, you can access any portal ring on the CharnCo infranet already. There's no way you could possibly, um, 'go through' *all* of them."

Charn paused, turning to look at Max incredulously. "Sometimes... I feel like you don't know me at all, Max," he said, a wounded expression darkening his normally joyful countenance. "How could you say such a mean, hurtful thing about me?"

"Wha?! No, I just mean, that's THOUSANDS of cocks!" Max stammered, eyes widening as the tiger's paw moved towards a portal ring in the corner of his desk, fingers closing around the soft white folf scrotum there. He squirmed, as he felt the tiger's fingers, curling around, holding his eggs in their grip.

"*Hundreds* of thousands, actually, in four different planes and three separate solar systems. What's your point?"

"You don't have to use your claws, boss, I'm just saying, even if you had me, like, force feeding you one dick every hour, it would take..." Max counted on his fingers, trying to divide big numbers in his head as the tiger's claws pressed more insistently into the bulk of his precious folf eggs. "Three hundred and forty years... almost four centuries! To eat them all! With no breaks or days off or time to sleep! Plus there's more coming in every day, so, even LONGER than that!"

"Amateur numbers," Charn scoffed. "You think it takes me an hour to eat a cock and balls?" He shook his head. "Less than a minute. I'd have the whole stash cleared out in less than a year."

"Charn, that's *really* not healthy." Max said. He stared at his sheath that poked up out of the tiger's fist. The pink tip was already jutting up a good three inches from his sheath, and the folf's cheeks blushed in embarrassment as the tiger squeezed tighter, making it bulge out an additional inch. "I mean, you need... variety in your diet. Fruits, vegetables. Carbs."

Charn rolled his eyes and lifted up the assistant's portalled package, pointing it at Max like a gun. "I'm a carnivore, you doofus. I'm *not* supposed to have variety in my diet. JUST meat. Meat like *this*."

The tiger opened his jaws, and pointed the dick 'gun' into his own mouth, a thumb resting on the top of the portal ring to keep it locked in his paw. The folf's well-chewed cock slapped against the tiger's tongue, and Charn chewed, suckling, nursing and gnawing on it. He maintained eye contact the entire time, as the beleaguered, long-pent up erection strained to full, stupid arousal, eager for yet another chance to climax that Max knew was not actually going to happen.

"Charn, please," he whined, his hips shifting, grinding subtly into the air. "I didn't mean anything wrong!" he paused, wincing as teeth dug into the firm flesh of his erection, "I just didn't know what you meant by 'unlimited'. Do you mean the olive garden breadsticks kind of unlimited, or the 'billions of stars in the sky' kind of unlimited?"

Charn paused in his chewing, staring off into the distance. Slowly, he pulled Max's cock from his mouth, teeth raking firmly against the tender tissue, the dick throbbing angrily as it was bared to the naked open air. "That's an interesting observation. I guess you get to keep your cock. For today, anyway."

"Thanks, boss," Max said, sagging defeatedly as his dick twitched and jerked. Every time, *every time*, JUST as he's about to climax. "Would you like me to take that and clean it, sanitize it for you?"

"No, I'll keep it here, in case I get peckish," the tiger said, tossing the portal carelessly back into the corner. The ring rolled, slapping cock and balls against the table as it somehow navigated past frames and wires and batteries. The ring flopped onto its base with a clap, sending the dick metronome-ing into a filament of raw blue dimensional discharge. For a moment, just a moment, Max saw stars. Well, *felt* stars. Well, rather, he *felt* every version of his dick that currently existed across every dimension, hundreds of thousands of them, in various forms of intactness and use. Pleasure, pain, peeing, being electrocuted, being used to cultivate a particularly itchy slime mold, and in one instance giving birth, all at the same time and all for approximately half a second.

Max convulsed, falling to the floor and curling up, unintelligible words pouring from his mouth. For a moment, Charn saw a million cocks superimposed over Max's, each color skewed blue or red, translucent, shifting and twitching, of all shapes and sizes. That had happened before, an accidental quantum dimensional sync. There were probably a few Max's, in the great beyond, that were now missing packages that they used to have... or suddenly sporting equipment that they hadn't before, or had thought they had lost forever. These things happen, and it wasn't something that Charn was worried about. What caught his eye, though, was the entanglement drive on the other edge of the computer, which flared into activity, lights turning on and a particular taste of ozone suffusing the air. And that... gave Charn an idea.

"Max, get me Mikey. I think I put him in the rock tumbler, a couple days ago."

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The silt covered, battered, bruised and massively tenderized package had been otherwise intact. Charn dropped the slimy, gray-goo soaked flesh into a colander in the cooking show set's prep sink, and turned on a hand-spray. The ice cold water cut through the clinging stone slime, and scoured the sanded, smoothed, and long-denied testicles of one of the tiger's longest intact packages.

"Were you worried that the rocks were going to grind his cock into mush?" Max asked, watching as the tiger sprayed the balls. The male who had been captured by this device normally had internal testicles, but in almost a year of abuse, they had not found their way back inside the kobold's genital slit more than twice, and then, only for a day at most. Now, the two testicles were tangled, knotted together, the cords twisted and crimped and bulging in painful looking loops.

"The cock? Uh, no, I'm not worried about this cock. I just wanted to endurance test the portal ring." Charn left the balls knotted together, one of them curled around the cords of the other, even somehow getting threaded through the loop of its own cable. The ice cold water rinsed away the slime on the balls, the cock, and the portal ring. "I shouldn't be surprised, but the portal ring is perfectly unmarred. Not a scratch." He thought about it for a bit, as he took the retracted, chilled cock in his hand, warming it with his palm. He kneaded it, squeezing and twisting it and bending it, twining it between his fingers. The flesh was mostly inert, but as he bent it in half, like a glowstick, a warmth began to suffuse the tortured flesh. He was impressed; the portal really had taken a full day of tumbling around in a metal can, slamming into the walls, the cock and balls, and the fine silicone grit, with no marks at all. That's CharnCo quality, right there. "It looks like the ring will be suitable for testing with." He used the cock as a saddlehorn, twisting the base of the portal ring firmly with his other hand. The cock twisted as much as it could, and with the tiger's knuckles going white from squeezing so tightly, Max thought that the cock might rip entirely free from the portal's base. *Clik.*

The ring around the base of the portal ring separated from some inner mechanism, pulling away as a solid metal sphere. Max didn't know where the rest of the sphere came from; it seemed to be inside the portal, appearing as the tiger twisted and pulled it away from the components. The inside were a complicated mass of sleek diodes, microchips and fizzing bubbling green gel, all held together by some unseen force. The tiger laid the ring on top of the cock and knotted balls that were jutting from it, pinning both in place, and used a pair of tweezers to carefully extract something from the machine. It was some kind of sculpted quartz, perhaps, glowing with a soft fluorescent blue color, about the size of a pea. Charn gingerly pulled it out of the green gel, and as it lost contact, the bit of cock and balls that Max could see swirled and phased in and out of existence. Charn didn't seem to notice, as he focused on putting the crystal bead onto the top of a petri dish nearby, but Max watched the kobold's cock turn from pink to purple to red to white, tip and base bulging out and contracting, lengthening and shrinking. A knot boiled out from the root, then melted away again.

The balls similarly thickened, contracted, lengthened into an egg shape, compressed down, then fluffed back up. One of them abruptly collapsed, a massive dent appearing in its side, only to inflate back out again. Max cringed. "Is he... feeling all of that? Everything everywhere, all at once?"

"Ayup," Charn said, as he cracked open a second portal, and began fiddling with it. "It's completely unharnessed. Just like what you felt with, only instead of it only being a tenth of a second, it's just... constant."

Seed blipped out of the contorting shaft, spurting and oozing, and Max wondered just what the DNA of that sperm was encoded with. He wondered if the kobold was somehow orgasming, or if seed was being expelled from his system due to all the physiological trauma the male's genitals were undergoing.

"There we go! I removed the dimensional stabilizer safeguard, and I've just adjusted the temporal solidifiers in the quantum entanglement stabilizer, which means...."

Charn tapped the two rings together, and there was a POW, like a transformer exploding. The two rings stabilized, one in each of the tiger's paws. Max stared, looking back and forth between the two kobold packages in the tiger's paws. "Charn, I-"

"Silence, thot!" The tiger thundered, as he brought the two portals together. The two kobold penises looked identical, the balls knotted together underneath, the tangles identical on each side. "When the penises kiss, either the universe will collapse, *or...*"

The universe didn't collapse. Or, if it did, it reconstituted itself before Max became aware that it was gone. A violet blue spark shimmered from the penises towards each other, singing the tips of the tapering, fluted reptile shafts, and Charn nodded with satisfaction. "They're the exact same cock, Max."

"You mean like, two cocks from different dimensions that look the same?" Max asked.

"No, I mean like, I have the main portal feed split into two separate receivers." He smooshed the cocks together again, buckling them against each other, soft flesh thickening at the sensation of being toyed with again, despite the painful ache of those heavy, knotted balls. "Which means this guy has two dicks, now."

"Two... dicks? Like... hemipenes?" Max asked.

"Better than that, Max. It's the same dick. Twice. He's feeling two dicks at the same time, both of them his, both of them in the same location."

Charn stroked them lazily against each other, the underside of both cockheads rubbing against each other, sliding slippery back and forth with the sudden outpouring of kobold precum from each tip.

"They're leaking pre at the same time," Max noted, as Charn playfully pushed the tips of each dick against each other. The head crushed down, the slender tips only willing to stroke their slits against each other, the delicate inner lining of the kobold's urethras scissoring against each other.

"Yup, it's the same dick, just two different versions of it. Well, not even two different versions, it's just manifesting twice." Charn realized that the folf was lost, and sighed. "Okay, think of it as two computers accessing the same save game on the cloud and playing and saving to it at the same time. The kobold is the saved game, and these cocks are the instances of your computers playing with it. Does that help?"

"Ohhh. Yeah. no. I mean... maybe." Max said. "So would they both cum at the same time?"

"Yup, if we wanted to test that. But this is just a kobold cock. I don't see any reason to be forcing a kobold to cum, do you? No, of course not." He walked to a large, reinforced glass enclosure that had, at one point, held fish in it, gathered from the various fishing exploits. Now, there was only a pale green blob huddled on one side of the tank, pseudopods mindlessly probing against the reinforced glass walls. "Left or right hand?" he asked.

"Um, left." Max said, peering mistrustfully at the ooze.

"Thank you, perfect." Charn said. Stuffing the package in his right hand under his armpit and pinning it in place with his bicep, he lifted up the lid of the terrarium. He dropped the portal in his other hand onto the far side, the metal thumping heavily into the soft brown moss that coated the rocks underneath. The tangled balls and erect shaft waggled enticingly as they settled, and the green slime rolled and oozed towards it, pseudopods forming, slapping against the glass and pulling at the bulk of the rest of it. It left a plain swath of naked rocks in its wake, absorbing the moss as it traveled along the tank. It left a polished, glowing portal ring, and once Charn was sure that he was out of the reach of the pseudopods, he reached down and snagged it, pulling it back up. He tossed it to Max, who caught it, staring at it confusedly.

"I haven't seen this one before, what is it, Charn?"

"A regenerative werewolf. I've been using them to train this ooze. I'm pretty sure that, given the right stimulants, nutrients, and training, that slimes can become sentient," Charn said. The slime had at this point reached the discarded portal, and had quickly engulfed the kobold meat in its enzymatic, jellied embrace. Soft, cool pseudopods pushed against the flesh, and the flesh fizzled softly, cells melting and splitting away from each other, allowing themselves to be absorbed into the mass of the green slime. The cock twitched, urgently, both in Charn's hand as well as in the tank, as the pseudopod dissolved its way down into the gaping urethra.

"You're a monster, Charn," Max reminded him, and the tiger nodded agreeably.

"I am, but I do get results. Check it out, it is hollowing out the dick, pulling out larger chunks to digest later. And, it's focusing on melting its way in through the epididymis, to get to the heart of the balls first. I swear, slimes may not be the smartest creatures, but that doesn't mean they're not effective. No feelings, no reservations, they just consume and claim and take."

The kobold's cock split apart as the probing pseudopod dissolved its way out from the inside and outside, chunks of the pink tapering length disintegrating into nothingness as the blob churned and squeezed around it. One nut distorted, peeling away from itself as invisible currents inside the blob pried the hard outer shell away, revealing the tender slimy mess of nodules inside. They slowly separated from each other, filaments of masculinity dissolving into the darkness, converting from testicular flesh to the curious, hungry, tasting amoebic cells of the blob.

Charn tossed the second, intact kobold package to the folf, leaving the folf juggling the two as he closed the lid back down and sealed it.

"Do you think I'll be getting... *my* package back, Charn? Soon?"

"Don't worry, Max, I've been paying close attention to your behavior. Your contract is coming to an end in a week or two, and I think you'll be pleasantly stimulated from the consequences of all the decisions you've made."

"That is about as ominous of a statement as you can make, Charn. I'm too anxious to even brat it up about this. Are you going to give me back my fucking dick or not?"

"Max, we have a big dinner party to attend to... I'll be happy to share all that information with you.... afterwards. Just play your part, and stop *worrying* about your cute little folf dick, okay?"

Max sighed. "Fine."

Season 2, Episode 1

"Today, on Cooking with Charn," the meaty tiger announced, staring directly out at the viewer from the inside of his kitchen set, "I'm going to be showing you how to cook *tiger!*" He smiled unflinchingly as, from either side of him, half a dozen large pink portalled tiger cocks flew on camera, bouncing off of his cheeks, neck, forehead and shoulders. "In a fresh new episode I'm calling 'Whoops! All Broskis!', I *somehow* managed to clone one of the fan favorite packages, Broski, into five separate portals!"

There were five portalled tiger cocks in total, all generously large, all perfectly intact. They fell to the ground, the weight of the packages and the portal rings together slamming down. Some of them landed nuts first, one landed on its own cock tip, compressing down slightly before bouncing to land on its portal, swinging through the air proudly. Charn bent down, collecting up the scattered packages in his arms, and stood back up again, with an armful of generous feline endowments clutched against his chest. "What am I gonna DO with all these COCKS?!"

Canned laughter and the cooking show's logo flooded the screen, as Charn walked over to a table with four guests sitting on it. Max was refilling the guests' glasses with a dark red wine as they chatted amiably to each other. Charn adjusted his arm full of packages, so that he was hugging the portal rings themselves against his chest, the cocks hanging semi-limply over his forearms.

The closest of the judges, a large gray rhino wearing a camo-patterned tank top, looked up at Charn curiously. "What ARE you gonna do with all those tiger cocks, Charn?" He asked.

"Thanks for asking, Carthage! I'll tell you what I'm going to do, I'm going to cook some of my favorite recipes, and you and the other *guest judges* are going to rate my cooking on a scale of one to ten." Charn lifted up one of the packages, holding it into the air by the portal ring, and wagged it around. The judges ooh'd, as the camera zoomed in, focusing on the handsome package that was portalled and held aloft in the tiger's paw. "Some of you might remember Broski from previous episodes. This big tiger junk has somehow managed to avoid any serious incidents, which is why I picked it for today's episode." He dropped the portal in front of the rhino, and the package's white furred balls hit the table with an audible thump, the half-hard cock wobbling in the air in front of the rhino, who stared down at it with undisguised disgust.

"Using some amazing new technology, I've managed to de-couple the Quantum Dimensional Stabilizers, bypassing the dimensional matrix interface, and basically, splice one portal feed into five separate portals. Which means Broski is feeling his dick five times over, all at the same time. And that means *my guests* are gonna get to TASTE Broski in five different ways! But let's MEET those judges! First up, we have 'international mercenary' and COCK HUNTER EXTRAORDINAIRE, Ryan O Carthage!" The tiger said. The rhino stared blankly up at the camera, just a quiet awkwardness filling the air waves for a few seconds. "So, Carthage, you slice any good sacks lately?"

"Yeah," the rhino said, still staring directly into the camera. After a moment, he dragged the back of his thumb across his throat, and gave a wink. "I did."

"Well that's great. Next up, we have Rafiz Lionheart, fellow feline and owner of one of the most exquisite mouths this side of the Atlantic," Charn said, stepping up to a shirtless white lion, who's mane was tinged with gold. The lion looked slightly embarrassed, as the tiger flopped a second portal down in front of him, trying to make eye contact with the chef cat, but Charn kept talking. "A horse friend of mine went on, *at length*, about the talents of Rafiz's tongue, saying that he was able to pry every last bit of flavor out of some kind of fancy creamed éclair that he made for him, so I had to invite him. Rafiz, do *you* remember that creamed éclair? Care to give any aspiring bakers out there any hints on what to do when they're making creamed éclairs of their own?"

"I, uh," Rafiz stammered, glancing at the bird sitting next to him for guidance. The secretary bird shrugged, letting out a small, sympathetic chirp, and the visibly nervous lion looked back at the camera. "I will be honest, I thought this was a hookup." He looked down at the cock that was pointing up at his face, then back to the camera. "Like, do you want me to demonstrate how I suck dicks or...?"

"Maybe later, after the show," Charn said with a wink. More canned laughter, as the feline stepped past, to a white feathered, orange masked secretary bird. "And here, we have *Tweets*. Hello, *Tweets*."

"Peep!" *Tweets* said, his tail curled into his lap where he fidgeted with it.

Charn placed a portalled package, identical to the other two, in front of *Tweets*, and the bird immediately picked it up. "I invited *Tweets* onto the show just in case I needed some spare ingredients, of which *Tweets* has several. You have a *big* dick, don't you *Tweets*?"

The bird blushed, glancing around to the predators sitting on either side of him, both looking at him. "Um, yes, chirp, I do, haha," he stammered. He waggled the portalled cock around. "Fortunately you already have more than enough though so you don't have to look at *me* like that, right Charn?"

"We'll see," the tiger said with a mischievous glint. "For now, you just enjoy playing with your food. No eating, just yet, these are *raw ingredients*." The tiger moved on to the last judge, a green gecko in a jean jacket. He placed one more cock in front of him, the lizard staring at it confusedly. "And lastly, we have Shiv, who was gracious enough to replace the other judge, who is... indisposed."

Charn glanced over at another tiger, bound and gagged, muzzle strapped closed. The other tiger was off to the side, behind the judges, and his eyes were wide, cheeks wet. Nude, his muscular body on display, his legs splayed and a gleaming portal ring mounted between them.

Shiv stared at the feline for a moment, wiggling his slender green fingers at him, before turning back to the portalled cock and balls in front of him. "Charn, this looks indistinguishable from the other three," Shiv said, intrigued. "How did you manage to source such uniformly created ingredients?"

"Great question, Shiv!" The tiger said, and swirled away from the table, and walked up to the bound tiger in the back. "Perhaps our friend here might be able to answer?" He took the last cock, the one still in his arms. "What's this? I have one final cock, and no judge to play with it?" He plopped the head of the cock against the tiger's brow, dragging it slowly down along the bridge of his nose, between his eyes, until it left a slimy trace of precum across the bound feline's nostrils. Charn chuckled indulgently, gripped the root of the cock in one hand, and squeezed slow and firmly up along it, milking towards the tip. The cock stiffened, of course, fattening up so that as he let go of it, it was jutting forward rather than drooping, heavy balls tightening up against the underside of the ring.

At the judge's table, the other four portalled packages responded as well. The judges looked back and forth, surprised, as the cocks rose and stiffened in unison, each pair of balls tightening, every reaction the same despite the cocks being positioned or held in different positions.

"No," Tweets murmured, as the cock in his hand engorged, barbs bulging out along the tip and root. "It's not possible... Charn, you couldn't... you *wouldn't!*"

"Could, would, and did!" Charn said, with the most shit-eatingest grin sprawled across his muzzle. "CharnCo Tech managed to splice the portals. One source, multiple feeds, multiple toys." He paused, tapping his chin. "I think we could probably reverse it, too. Have multiple people feeling what happens to one cock, but that might get... messy."

"Astounding!" Shiv said, piecing things together slowly. "So all of these cocks... belong to *him*?" He waved his own package at the bound tiger.

"Yup. I found out who 'Broski' was and have *borrowed* him for the weekend. I thought it only fair that he get to be treated to a nice dinner, since he was kind enough to supply us with some choice ingredients. Now." Charn slapped the erection he was holding into his hand, baton style, his grin becoming ever-more demonic. "Shall we get started? Max?"

Max appeared at Charn's side, nodding his head respectfully. "Yes, Charn?"

"Make sure that my guests continue to have whatever they ask for, and keep an eye on Tweets. I don't trust him to not eat that dick. Make sure that Broski doesn't actually climax. I imagine that won't be an issue, once I get started, but you never know."

"Ah, yes, okay Charn," Max said, and fluttered away to get the judges some bread and dipping oil.

Charnitas

Charn slapped the length of tiger meat across the chopping block. The tiger's penis was pink from root to tip, a nice and beefy ten inches. The last third of it was dotted with curved, small pink thorns; barbs. The tiger's erection was healthy, and Charn rolled the dick with his palms, rolling it onto its back so that the portal ring was underneath and the hard, sturdy cat nuts were flopped onto the cutting board.

"Mmm, it's always nice to start the show off with a big piece of meat to play with," Charn mused, as he reached to the side, withdrawing a long, slender filleting knife from slots embedded in the table. He held the glans of the cock with one hand, keeping it steady as he traced the very edge of the knife in shallow, sharp, quick slices along the shaft.

"Oh, is that what you consider 'big'?" Tweets said, as he held the length of cat dick between his paws. His brows raised, clearly amused. "By cat standards, *I suppose...*" he snickered. "Oh, really," Charn said, as he rolled the cock onto its side and began scoring down that side as well, at an angle perpendicular to the original diagonal cuts. "What do *you* think about today's ingredients, Rafis?"

The white lion looked caught, having been tugging and tweaking at the barbs on the cock in front of him. He opened his mouth to say something, then paused. His face brightened, the feline looking down at the cock in front of him, and with a devious smirk, he stuffed the whole thing into his mouth. With his mouth full, he mumbled something, but it was impossible to make out what it was.

"Fascinating," Charn said drily. He rolled the cock onto its backside, holding it in place as he scored it. "What about you, Shiv? Are you excited to be getting to sample such a rare and exotic ingredient?"

"Well, I guess I am confused," Shiv said. "This dick is twitching, as if it's being pleased, but I'm not touching it..." In fact, all three of the visible bound portalled cocks were twitching, seeming to be vying between softening and getting firmer. Carthage crushed the head of his down against the table with a large, blunt fingertip, twisting it back and forth as if it were a cigarette.

"That's because everything you're doing, *he's* feeling. And everything *I'm* doing, he's feeling, too." Charn said. He slid the knife deftly under the heavy nut-sack and flopped it over with a thump onto the wood, then dragged the tip of it down the centerline of the scrotum, nearly all the way through it. He placed the knife to the side, and stuffed fingers from both hands into the opened pouch, yanking them apart from each other to further rip the scrotum open. The testicles inside were revealed, large gleaming gray pearls, and there was a muffled whine from across the room, where the bound feline watched them. "Oh my, look at those. You know, I've seen a lot of naked balls, and after a while you just pick up slight nuances, that can tell you more about where they're from, what condition they're in."

Carthage nodded in silent agreement as Charn scooped up the left ball, and dragged a claw down its length. He scored it deeper than he did the dick, the cartilaginous shell nearly splitting apart with the pressure of the contents within. The four judges' cocks all softened in response and the left testicle of each attempted to clench up.

"Synchronized suffering," Carthage said. He rested a palm on 'his' package's left nut, and flattened it down, peering over at the bound feline with a cruel leer splashed across his muzzle. "What interesting potentialities."

"That's right, Carthage," Charn said, as he scored the right testicle as well. A streak down the middle, and then careful swipes from that center trench to either side, back and forth, staggered scores that almost but didn't quite reach the inner flesh of the testicle. "Why, someone could clone and then do whatever they wanted to someone's package, without the original owner even knowing anything had happened. It's like wiretapping, but for sex!"

The judges oo'd and ah'd, nodding to each other, as fertile imaginations began brewing up all kinds of scenarios that such technology could be used for. Interrogating a prisoner... getting revenge on an ex... maybe even eating one's own cock, without having to worry about not having it after!

Broski let out a muffled noise that could possibly have been intended to be a shriek. He squirmed in his bonds, and the judges craned their heads to see what it was that Charn was rubbing against the tiger's cock to cause such a reaction. The tiger was using a brush, dipping it into a bowl of oil, and then glazing the straining flesh with it.

"I think that's... is that PyroGourmet?!" Tweets asked, his face frill rustling in alertness. "Carolina Pepper oil extract? I recognize the bottle! But that stuff's, chirp, *illegal*. Banned in the United States ever since that incident with Guy Fieri!"

Charn nodded, not turning around as he made sure to coat each and every barb with the spicy oil. "Yup. *Totally* banned, but I just love that stuff. I don't know what they do, but there's something in the oil that really sets off the taste buds."

"It's because they use the French Ouissiri technique, to make a pepper mash," Tweets explained. Rafiz and Shiv turned to look at, and the bird chirped, putting up his paws to explain, "I mean, a mash is like, they mash up the peppers and put 'em in fermentation jars. They dry ferment it, which lets the smokey, fruity spice notes all blend well together." He said. "Peep."

"Sounds fantastic," Rafiz said, muffledly, around the wad of soft dick in his mouth. He pulled it out, looking at it disappointedly. "Charn, my dick is broken."

"Phrasing," Shiv said with a wink. Rafiz blushed, and stuffed the dick back into his mouth, giving Shiv a dirty look.

"If your cocks are soft, it's because you're not playing with them enough. I'm sure that Broski wants nothing more than to have his junk retracted into his body, but he's here to entertain *you*, so make the most of it." Charn glanced over, seeing the judges began to examine and play with their equipment more experimentally, and smiled. "We're going to let this get braised into the flesh, because ghost peppers have an enzyme in them which is perfect for softening tough, chewy dick meat. You'll notice that that is why I only painted the cock with the hot oil, and why the testicles are being protected in a *different* way."

Charn put two large Valencia oranges down, on either side of the exposed testicles. He took a cleaver from the embedded slots and brought it down, slamming the sharp edge into the left orange, then repeated the process on the right. He used the halves of each orange as burger buns, clapping one scored testicle between each and grinding, squeezing and crushing the halves together. Juice poured out over the tiger's fingers and ran down the bared, naked cords, towards the portal. Once both testicles were safely 'wrapped' in the orange halves, he moved back to the cock, shaking a dark brown powdered spice mix over the whole length of softened, spicy cock flesh.

"You'll notice I'm not rubbing the seasoning in. That's because I don't have to. The oil marinade I'm using is sticky enough to hold on to the skin AND the spice, and if I were to rub the cock now, it would just accumulate against the barbs. However, judges, if you would be so kind, I would appreciate it if you would all manually jerk off the cock. I want to get him just-this-side of climaxing before I put him in the oven. And, Rafiz, I mean specifically jerking off, not gulping."

Rafiz pulled his shaft out of his mouth, as if he had done something wrong. The four judges each handled their shafts, glancing over to each other to compare techniques. Carthage rested his forearm of one arm across the tiger's balls, and was roughly gripping and pulling along the cock, making sure to squeeze down along the barbs, bending them the wrong way, rough and slow and firm. Shiv was using his grip around the head of the cock to keep it in place, as he investigated the feline sheath. Two of the fingers of his other hand were stuffed down into the sheath, pulling it away from the root of the shaft as he probed and pried his fingertips into the flesh itself. Tweets was taking a light touch approach, letting the weight of the portal ring keep the shaft pinned down and using just the very tips of his claws to tease slow, delicate strokes up between the barbs. Rafiz followed suit, using both of his hands like Tweets was, but griping around the bulk of the shaft like Carthage was, firmly pulling and manipulating the wet, hot cot cock he had been assigned.

"Good, very good," Charn said, watching as the salt-powdered, hot-oil basted cock began to thicken and lengthen on the cutting board, despite its nuts being 'juiced' down into two oranges. "The pain of the oil soaking into the scores must be excruciating, like, 'out of your mind with pain' kind of levels... However, the four of you are managing to keep him hard. I guess because he's feeling all four of your handjobs at the same time, the pleasure must be overcoming the pain."

Charn scraped a sheaf of aluminum foil under the simmering shaft, and folded up the edges to create a wide, shallow bowl. This, he carried over to the oven and slid onto one of the racks inside.. "Now, we've scored the flesh to help the heat have access to the tender inner meat, and we've seasoned it perfectly, so we're going to cook this delicious 'cat loin' at 375 for an hour or so, then we will finish it off with a nice broil." He stuck his nose into the open oven taking a whiff. "MMm, I can already smell those spices baking in the heat. This is gonna be a REAL treat!"

"We have to wait for an *hour*?" Tweets said, his hands still teasing against the shaft that was beginning to flex, beginning to throb, dangerously erect.

"Yes, well you'll be eating before then but it will be about an hour for the carnitas. Trust me, time is going to fly. And, also, stop jerking off the cocks, you're about to get a beak full of tiger seed."

Shiv, Tweets and Rafiz yanked their hands back, away from the members that they had been torturing, while Carthage continued the firm, rough, incessant kneading.

"Don't we *want* him to cum? Doesn't semen add to the flavoring?" the rhino asked, staring down at the malleable dick in his hand. It had begun to soften as soon as the other judges stopped pleasuring it.

"It does, but we want to make sure it happens at the right time," Charn said. He reached over, plucking the reddened, raw looking cock from the rhino's paws. "We can't very well just be spilling seed out on the ground, over here, instead of in a crock pot over there, can we?"

Charnanas Foster

He slapped the fat dick down on the chopping board, and lifted the meat cleaver over his head. "If we cook our recipes willy-nilly, with the steps out of order, there's no saying WHAT we'll end up with."

The arm swung down, the thick chopping blade slamming into the chopping block underneath Cock #2. The blade had come a hair's breadth to knicking against the portal ring, but fortunately the chef's technical equipment was unharmed. The same could not be said of the cock itself, which had been split down the middle, from just past the portal ring to slightly left of the very tip of the dick. Charn frowned at the imperfect cut, momentarily, as he bent the cleaver to the left, and then to the right, pushing the two halves of the bifurcated cock away from each other.

"Don't worry, he can still feel this," the tiger said, as he lifted the blade and set it aside. He traced a claw along the inside of the left half of the cock, just along the spongy tissue that had been exposed. The flesh cringed on that side, the other remaining inert. Satisfied with the response, he dragged the package over the table, and dropped the two halves into a large, pyrex bowl. "Can anyone guess what I'm making this time around?"

He gestured to the ingredients around the bowl; a clear bottle of brown liquor, two small handheld stick blenders similar to the ones used to froth lattes, and another portalled package, this one with a small, short, thick penis and a surprisingly taut, inflamed or swollen ball-sack. Charn took the liquor and opened the bottle. The thick, sweet alcohol poured over the limp, glistening lengths of cock, completely soaking them with the dark syrup. He took the heavy pouch and held it in one back, holding the cock down like a cake decorating bag, and crushed the big spongy nuts in his other hand.

"You all might remember Pudgy, from the fishing episode. We used his cock and balls to help show a safe and sustainable way to collect bait bugs for fishing with. What we didn't quite realize would happen was that those wasps would be a very exotic type of wasp, that makes honey out of the meat it consumes. So, don't worry, the wasps have been smoked out and are currently in a dormant stage in the freezer, and we'll introduce them back into their hive later."

"That's a *hive*?!" Rafiz cried out, cupping his mouth in horror. Shiv licked out, across his licks with a wide, oversized pink tongue. Tweets chirped, excitedly.

"No way, Africanus Maleficus honey?! Charn, there's no WAY! That stuff's more expensive, pound for pound, than saffron!"

"Yup," Charn said, as he crushed one of the nuts down, a soft crackling squishing sound heard from deep within as the fleshy honey comb that had been built into the portalled raccoon balls was able to be crushed out. "The best thing is that it's kept at the perfect pouring temp, so it is always really sweet and runny." The brownish honey, clear and reddish tinged, drizzled out on top of the cock halves, dissolving into the alcohol.

"Are you making.. bananas foster?" Tweets asked. He snapped his fingers, "*Charnanas foster!*"

The tiger used both hands to crush the puffy eggs flat, a warm blurt of honey spasming out of the end of the cock. "I call it 'Pudge 'n' Honey,' on account of the source, but I like that, maybe I can work with that."

Setting the crushed, flattened honey balls aside, he took the two immersion blenders in his hands, and spun them around revolver style. Catching both, blades pointed down like tiny little ritual daggers, he jammed both of them down and stabbed them into both plump, heavy cat balls that were still dangling outside of the bowl. He pulled the trigger on each, and the deeply-buried metal coil 'blades' began to spin, pureeing the deepest, densest part of the tiger's balls into a hot slick protein pudding. Charn held the blenders still for a few seconds, and then began to twist the handles in circles, angling the inside of the blender closer and closer to the inner lining of Broski's nuts. He pulled one hand up, pushed the other down, then reversed course. Occasionally, a dark blue could be seen, or one of the balls would distend outwards as the spinning coil loop would graze against the fleshy crusts that surrounded each nut. A white foam began to burp and bubble out of the entry points for the two blenders, the balls softening as their inner mass was liquified until the vibrating spinning caused the sagging shells to jiggle and vibrate.

With a flourish, he pulled the blades free, the twin spinning coils splattering his face with hot, frothy nut soup. He lapped at his lips, tossing the blenders behind him. "Perfect consistency," he said. He picked up the twin nuts, and carefully arranged them on top of the sliced penis halves. The floating penis flesh was pushed down, submerged entirely in the syrup, and Charn pushed the puncture holes of the two nuts both into the syrup as well, and squeezed down slightly. Warm white cream blossomed into the dark syrup, before the sugary marinade was slurped back in by the process of the wounded testicles reforming back into their original shape.

"We'll let that soak, for a special treat later," Charn confided to the camera. "Next up, we have a really unique side dish that I found in my travels for the fishing episode." He walked up to the three judges, plucking Rafiz's back out of the lion's mouth. He made a show of washing it off in the sink, scrubbing it with a bristle brush to get the lion's spit off of Broski 3's well-scoured barbs.

"You might be noticing, audience at home, that I am using similar techniques in different ways," Charn said, as he reached under the counter and took a refrigerated plastic jar from the fridge. It was half full of a cloudy, greenish liquid, with specks of dark green vegetation between swirls of pale white sediment. He unscrewed the lid, and dipped a pinkie in, licking at the tip of it before nodding agreeably. "Oh yes, that's sour all right. Ninety percent lime juice, and ten percent jalapeno." He paused, then winked at Rafiz. "I know what you're thinking - 'but CHARN, you already USED hot peppers in the *Charnita* recipe!'"

"Oh, is that what he's making? I thought it was *Charnanas Foster*," Shiv said.

Charnviche

"I'm making both!" Charn said, as he scrubbed the raw-scrubbed package dry with a rough cotton towel, wrapping it around the last third and firmly twisting the cloth back and forth, the barbs catching repeatedly against the coarse fibers. He jacked off the handsome tiger prong with the towel, manipulating the flesh, the scratchy towel stimulating the poor trapped flesh in a way that could not be ignored or avoided. Despite the sensation of being braised AND infused, Broski's body was still willing to get erect, thickening up between Charn's fingers, at the judge's table, and in the oven. Even the submerged cock halves lengthened, the barbed glans pressing up along the slick glass bowl's walls, emerging just a bit to taste the air outside.

"Purrrfect," the tiger said, as he shifted his grip to hold the package by the neck of the scrotum, the two testicles resting on top of his fist and the rest of it hanging down underneath. "Max, can you hold this for me?" The erection swayed back and forth, as Charn handed it off to the folf. Max stared at it, watching syrupy precum drooling from the tip of the erection as he cupped the big tiger nuts between his soft assistant fingers.

Charn reached over, taking up a large medical syringe from a tray under the counter. The barrel was almost two inches wide, and it was about six inches long, and the metal needle at the tip was about two inches long and quite needlessly wide. Excruciatingly wide. He unscrewed the swirling green liquid jar, and plunged the needle in.

"So this is mostly lime juice, but I've taken the liberty of adding some dehydrated garlic salt and some jalapeno puree, as well as a special ingredient; Donghua Jinlong glycine, imported directly from China. It's the perfect additive to any beverage or marinade, to add a little extra adhesiveness.

Tweets leaned over to Shiv, nodding agreeably. "Donghua Jinlong industrial glycine is a far superior product to Ajinomoto. I've been glycine-pilled since last year, their product is just top tier."

"Fascinating," Shiv said. The gecko was not paying much attention to the tiger's antics, his focus on holding the straining tiger shaft in one paw, and fingers probing down into the sheath, pulling the two anatomical parts away from each other. It was fascinating, the way that the cock throbbed each time he tugged at it, as if pulling at the root of the tiger's penis was somehow arousing to the bound, gagged, squirming feline.

Charn plunged the needle directly into the underside of the left testicle that Max was holding for him. The beveled tip of the needle gouged through the fuzzy white scrotum, the smooth silver metal disappearing into the twitching flesh underneath. Charn pushed the entire needle in, and then pulled it back out, and depressed the needle of the syringe slightly. A long, slender worm of cored testicle flesh slithered out from the tip of the needle, splatting on the table near the jar. Charn stuffed the thick syringe back down into the testicle, and pushed down on the plunger. The black rubber stopper began to move down the inside of the barrel, as the flavorful concoction was fracked into the middle of the tiger's nutmeat.

"So normally, when you are making, uh, *Charn-viche*, you would want to cut the dick and balls into cubes, to allow the acids that you're going to be working with to access as much of the raw flesh as possible." Charn said, injecting the marinade into the testicle slowly, but steadily.

Max stared at the two balls, as the left one began to swell with the additional volume of lime juice and other flavorings being forcibly inserted into it. He could hear the fluids, gushing deep into the core of the tiger's cock, the acids gurgling and burbling as the increased pressure caused it to find seams to crack open inside the firm flesh. The lower half was swelling more than the upper half, deforming the testicle from a roughly softball shape to more of an egg shape. The bloated tissue, on top of being pressure-cracked from the inside out, was being chilled by the refrigerated acids, to the point that the heavier testicle in his left hand was cooler to the touch than the one in his right.

The plunger reached the bottom, the barrel of the syringe completely emptied out. Charn tugged the syringe free, and a small, brief fountain of creamy, lime colored fluid spurted out. He wiped it clean with a finger tip, and quickly refilled the syringe with the remainder of the jar's contents. He had to lift the jar up, holding it at an angle to collect the dregs at the bottom, the thicker chunks of garlic and jalapeno having congealed into a thick slurry that made a soft slurping sound as it was drawn up the thick needle.

Charn held the second testicle, twisting and turning it slowly around in his grip, until the bulge of the nut's epididymis was up top. The tiger stabbed the needle into the second testicle, into the swollen, pent up, seed-swollen pouch, and pushed down on the plunger.

The small pouch swelled up, scrotum tightening around it as the bloated bit of flesh was pushed past its normal limits. Charn depressed the syringe slowly, but firmly, nodding as he heard the tender sound of flesh tearing, deep inside the nut. "So usually, freshly made gametes will be drawn up and out of the testicles, to be stored in this little bubble of flesh here." Charn paused, depressing the plunger a bit further, before continuing. "I'm taking a risk, but I think that the sharp acidity of this lime juice is going to dissolve the gametes that are en route. Think of it as dredging the sperm canals. The peppery juice is sinking deeper and deeper, using the tiger's own virility transport mechanism to not only sterilize the fat balls from the ground up, but also to make them *extremely* tasty."

There was a soft popping sound, and the bloated tight skin of the epididymis disappeared, ruptured, and spilled a splash of marinade freely into the scrotum. Charn frowned, then shrugged and jammed the needle the rest of the way down into the heart of the testicle.

"Oops. Well, not every idea is a winner," the tiger muttered to himself, as he irritatedly jammed the plunger down the barrel of the shaft. The cored out portion of the testicle, instead of being discarded onto the table, was instead forcibly crushed down into the innards of the testicle as the rest of the marinade spurted into it.

A harsh, muted keening sound came from the bound feline in the back, as Charn stirred the needle, twisting the syringe in a wide circle to make sure to inject the acids evenly throughout the inside of the nut. "We'll make it work though, fix it in post or whatnot. Nobody has to know." He winked conspiratorially to the camera, then tossed the syringe to the side, and picked up a filleting knife.

He aligned the long, slender edge of the fillet knife along the length of the tiger's prong, the blade's tip nearly reaching the end of the shaft. He pressed down, pushing the blade down vertically into the flesh, about three quarters of the way in, so that about a quarter inch's worth of dickmeat remained under the blade of the knife. He lifted it out and put it to the side, then stuffed his thumbs into the middle of the shaft, right in the slice. He pushed down and stretched his thumbs away from each other, butterflying the cock out around it to expose the inside of the urethra, which had been carefully sliced into, but not all the way through.

He stopped, just before his thumb would have split the glans wide open, leaving the shaft shaped roughly like a canoe. He lifted it up, plopping it into a narrow, long container that was filled with more of the lime juice. The balls acted as anchors, keeping either side of the cock locked in place. Another tupperware container was extricated from beneath the counter. The tiger ripped the lid off, and scooped out a handful of the slick diced onions inside.

"This is more of a compote," the tiger explained, as he tucked the onion slurry into the open canal that he had sliced in the dick meat. "Sliced onions, ginger, red pepper flakes, and a LOT of salt. Plus some lime juice, of course." He scooped up another handful of it, nestling it into the tender inner lining of Broski's shaft. "The best part is that, as it cures and draws out the moisture of the tender meat, it will all drain into the rest of the bowl, helping to flavor the outside of it as well." He took a few moments to tamp and press it down into the slash, helping to compress the onion against the flesh of Broski's maimed inner cock, then put a tupperware lid back over the container and slid it back into the cooler underneath.

"So, do we have any questions or comments so far?" Charn asked, as he scrubbed his hands clean in the sink. "I'm sure you're smelling those lovely *Charnitas* baking away. The cinnamon and hot oil really blend together, fusing into the meat. It's going to be delicious!"

"I have a question: When are we gonna eat?" Shiv asked, the erection in his hand straining, the gecko's firm grip wrapped tightly around the root preventing it from softening the way Tweets' had. "These delicious smells are making me hungry.." He eyed the generous endowment appraisingly, his tongue slicking soft and pink up over his lips.

Charn lifted the erection away from Shiv, examining the well-stretched, tender flesh. Shiv had done a remarkable job in jelqing the cock out to its fullest length, the balls dangling low and heavy in their sack. Tweets smirked, the last judge to have a cock to play with. There was a pool of precum on the table, from where the bird had been slowly, gently teasing it with his claws. Then it was gone, too, the secretary bird letting out a peep of surprise as he was left with nothing to fidget with.

"Well, it's been about forty minutes, so we will be eating in another twenty or so," Charn explained, as he took the two remaining packages back to the work table. Max had swept in and quickly cleaned and sanitized the cutting board, dipping out of the way as the tiger returned and slapped the two erections down on the table. Charn took a moment, examining the two aching members, the only intact pieces left of Broski's original harem. One was crisscrossed with soft red welts from the teasing strokes of the secretary bird, and one was swollen, about an inch longer than the other due to the pulling and squeezing of the gecko, but they were otherwise indistinguishable.

"Which of these two identical packages are we gonna use for our last recipe?" The tiger mused, as he reached down to grind his palms down onto the heavy nuts. "I wanted to make some cream of mushroom soup, but..." He gave each of the twin sacks a testing squeeze, feeling the way the nut meat bulged between his fingers. "I think I would prefer something else, something that will better align with the flavor profile of the Charnitas."

The white lion stuck a hand up in the air, tail flicking through the air behind him. "Chef Charn, might I suggest, *stoma*? Traditionally, a nightshade vegetable, hollowed out and stuffed with meat and rice? The rice, especially, will go well with the heavy, spicy flavors of the *Charnitas*!"

Charn thought about that, peering down at the twin packages. "Yeah, I can see that. We wouldn't be using a pressure cooker for that... the air fryer perhaps." He glanced up at the small wall clock, pursing his lips. "If I sear them first... we'll have just enough time. Let's do it!" Brushing the cock that Tweets had been playing with to the side, Charn dug his fingers into the scrotum of the other one. Fingers sank through the furry pouch, and he twisted, yanked, ripping the entire scrotal covering to the side.

Stuffed Peppers

"Hold on to your nuts, folks," the tiger said, as he flicked on the gas stove. He held the package aloft with one hand, as he dragged a heavy cast iron skillet over with the other. "These last twenty minutes are going to be wild and furious, I won't be talking much!"

The bottom of the pan shimmered with heat, and the tiger slammed the fat, naked nuts down onto the bare metal. They immediately began to sizzle, both balls shivering as their undersides were seared. Trapped sperm evaporated, building up into bubbles of steam inside the nuts, as Charn laid the cock down on the prep counter next to it.

Charn looked around, searching for something he couldn't see. "Max, do we have a speculum handy?"

"Uh, no, you broke the last one when you were testing the stretch limits of that one horse's cock," Max said. "I could go looking in the supply room?"

"No, no, it's fine. Necessity breeds invention, and so forth." Charn ripped open the cutlery drawer, fingers snapping up two steel chopsticks, the long kind used for cooking with. "These will do. Can you get the apple corer for me, instead, and sanitize it? I think it might be in the DNA resequencing lab?"

The folf scurried off, as Charn gripped the two chopsticks together in his fist, and jammed the full length of both down into the urethra of the cock. A visible bulge of the twin intrusions could be seen puffing up down the center of the shaft, as the tiger twisted his palm, scraping and digging them deeper and deeper in until they had nearly reached the portal ring itself. Behind the judges, Broski twitched, the screaming heat and massive intrusion combined eliciting fresh, convulsive thrashes to escape his bondage.

Charn slipped a finger between the two chopsticks, splitting them apart. Pulled apart from each other, they stretched the feline shaft around them, creating a gap between the unyielding thick metal. Charn slid his finger down between both chopsticks, forcing them further and further apart as it got closer to the head of Broski's dick.

"Come on, don't split, don't split," he murmured, as pink fluid seeped out of the gaping urethra. He could feel small yielding sensations from within, the chopsticks forcing the flesh to surrender to its natural limits, snapping instead of stretching where the tension became too much.

Max scrambled back, a still dripping apple corer held in one hand. It was a simple contraption; a ring of sheer aluminum about the width of an apple core, attached to a stick. Chan took it from Max, gesturing to the skillet with his snout as he positioned the corer at the tip of the cock.

"Flip the patties, will you? Just need them to cook evenly as possible," Charn said, as he wiggled the aluminum ring down into the space between the chopsticks.

Max didn't have a spatula, so he used his claws. The testicles were white on the bottom, the flesh having been cooked through already, but the tops were mostly pink and gray colored, though alarmingly swollen with the build up of steamed nut meat that was building up inside. He carefully snagged and flipped them over, cords twisting as the 'patties' were flipped to the other side. The steam bubbled its way back up to the browned, darkened flesh of the former epididymis and flattened underside of the twin balls, the weight of them pushing their own meat firmer against the grill.

"Excellent work," Charn said. He yanked the chopsticks, pulling them smoothly free of the trapped shaft, a spritz of precum splashing across his apron as he did so. He set them down, and holding the root of the cock, he stabbed the corer down into the feline shaft. There was some resistance; when the chopsticks were yanked out, the stretched urethra had recollapsed, and as the aluminum ring sheared its way down into the flesh, it cored about an inch's worth of flesh free from inside of Broski's dick.

The feline pulled the core out, flicking the corer at the skillet and letting the bulk of Broski's urethra and surrounding tissues flop into the sizzling nut, and quickly plunged the corer back in. Shanking it in and twisting as he pulled it out, he began hollowing out the inside of the feline erection, coring out the spongy vascular tissue.

"Did you want me to add that in as well?" Max asked, but Charn shook his head.

"The urethra adds *flavor*, but this is just filler. No flavor, just water and fiber." Charn pulled out the corer, and plunged two fingers down into the gaping urethra. Most of the tiger's glans was still intact, albeit stretched, though the shaft itself was almost completely hollowed out. "Yeah, this is great. Okay, Max, grab the leftover white rice from the sushi last night, add some taco seasoning, bring it over here."

Max did as told, as Charn stepped back in front of the grill. He took the weighted cube masher from the magnetic strip above the stove. It was effectively a mace, with hard metal nodules covering the top and all four sides of a rectangular box. This, he pushed down on top of the frying left testicle, the cooked meat splitting and mushing out easily from the solid weight of the tool.

Charn pushed down until the head of the tool was scraping the skillet, and then twisted it, grinding the nodules into the remaining testicular flesh. The uncooked middle core of the testicle had been crushed down through the juicy, fried outer flesh, and as he twisted, any remaining fertile part of the feline's nut was crushed into steaming, hissing, popping paste on the cast iron. He lifted the smash mallet up and repeated the process to the other nut, crushing it from a half-cooked testicle down to hamburger in a matter of seconds. Two cords led from the portal ring and into the mash of browned, simmering, bubbling meat, as whatever nerves were still in those heavy nuts were cooked and seared away.

Max returned with the ingredients, and the rice, taco seasonings and some water were dumped into the skillet. A mushroom cloud of steam billowed up into the air, as Charn quickly scraped and stirred the mix, coating the rice in the pan fried testicle fat, and seasoned the sizzling meat with cumin, chili, garlic powder and basil.

On request, Max fetched a pastry piping bag, and stuffed the nozzle into the gaping glans of the tiger's cock. He held it in place, squeezing the glans against the thick plastic nozzle, as Charn began scraping spatulas of hot, greasy hamburger out of the skillet and into the bag. Broski yelped from behind his gag as the boiling grease drooled down the inside of the pastry bag, dripping along the inside of his cored-out cock, scalding its way towards the root of his shaft. The spatula scraped against the skillet, as he scooped up another portion, and forced it into the bag as well. The heavy plastic bulged with the steaming meat and rice, and Charn took it, squeezing the top and pushing down. The sizzling hot stuffing extruded from the nozzle, directly into the deflated cock, bulging it out as it filled in the area that had been cored empty.

Charn squeezed slowly, using both paws to carefully walk the still popping, steaming mix down into the raw, naked cock skin. There were hints of the scrambled mass visible through the skin, where it pushed against the skin itself instead of against the remainder of the vascular tissue that had made up the shaft originally. There wasn't much of that left, but there were long, thin streaks of it where the blind coring had missed some pieces.

Charn lifted the nozzle away from Broski's cock, revealing a widely stretched glans, frenum torn, puffy lips bulging wide around the torn, seared remains of the tiger's testicles. Charn quickly inverted the package, holding it in his hands and pressed the very tip of the glans down into the skillet. Steam hissed out around it as he sealed the tip closed, pushing the glans flat against the skillet and cooking the meat to force it most of the way closed. The most delicate, sensitive part of the tiger's dick was jammed against the red hot pan with no way to pull it away, no way to avoid the excruciating pain as the flesh was seared and cooked through. It was only about fifteen seconds, before Charn twisted abruptly and lifted it away. There was a 'kiss print' of the tiger's cock head on the skillet, a darkened ring of sear from the slick flesh burning directly into the metal.

"We'll toss this in the air fryer.. four hundred degrees for fifteen minutes, and we'll have an excellent side dish to go with our other dishes!"

"Charn, I need food noooooow!" Carthage complained, tapping his empty plate. "How dare you taunt us with these incredible scents without giving us something to taste to go with them!"

"Half of a good meal is waiting for the first moment you can eat it," Charn replied with a sparkle in his eyes. "But let's see what's going on in the ovens, shall we?"

The Meal

"Charrrrn, I'm hunnnngry!" Rafiz complained.

"Shut your fucking mouth," Charn snapped, as he checked on the bananas foster. He swirled the pyrex bowl, swishing the remnants of the dark rum syrup around, re-coating it into the swollen, puffy, alcohol infused flaps of the skin. The tissues of the tiger's shaft were stained brown, now, the blood replaced with the sweet syrup. He wondered how much of the alcohol had seeped back into the tiger's bloodstream? Depending on how the portals handled the various feeds, if this wasn't the 'original' cock ring, it would likely filter out any of the unusual chemicals that were soaking into the open flesh. To be fair, they were all his 'original' cock, but the portal rings were sequential, and only one was actually receiving and sending blood back and forth. The rest were being 'sent' blood, and the blood and other chemicals they sent 'back' were being dissolved into the ether. Charn really had no idea which was which.

He moved on to the ceviche, lifting up the lid and checking on the marinating cock and balls. The puncture wounds from the injected needles had retracted away, and there were small chunks of something pushing out against the holes from the inside. The meaty tissues of both had gone white around the edges, where the knife had scalloped into the flesh, and a luscious crust of onion grime was seeping into the tissues of the inside of the cock.

Charn grabbed a pair of tongs, and began pulling pieces of the tiger's acid-cured ceviche cock out of the container. The pinched flesh stretched, before tearing free, dripping salty juice from inside the permeated flesh.

"Practically the only thing keeping this together is the nerves themselves, which have protective sheaths that insulate them from being cured," the tiger said, as he arranged pieces of the springy, juicy meat onto six small plates. The shaft was big enough that each plate was able to get two pieces each, each an inch thick and about two inches across. The glans went on its own plate, to the side, along with a spoonful of the tangy compote that was stuffed inside the cock at first.

Then it was the balls' turn. Charn lifted one from the tupperware, setting it on a clean plate, its cord still snaking back into the portal ring. The tiger held it firmly, noting the way his fingers dented into the puffy, swollen tissue, which had absorbed the sour brine from the inside and the outside. He pressed the tip of his knife into the center of the mounded nut, and dragged down, slicing it in half. It split, each half still connected to the cords, and then he sliced each half into thirds, again being careful not to separate the wedges away from the cords themselves. The wedges of nut glistened, and Charn spooned more of the compote over the quivering flesh, the tender inside still somewhat responsive, twitching slightly as the acid poured over the soft nut innards. He deftly removed the other nut entirely, slicing it off and leaving it on the plate with the glans, and then loaded all six of the plates and the larger plate with the wedges over to the judge's table.

"My friends, the meal is beginning. First up, a delicate amuse bouche of sour brined feline tackle. The testicle wedges you see, arranged in a delicate floral pattern on the plate, are still connected to the host. As you pick them up," and Charn did so, tugging gently and separating the wedge from the cord bundle with a wet sound. He slipped the wedge between his jaws, biting down, and pulled the 'rind' back from his lips, as he swallowed the rest. "Tender, tangy, and refreshing. Enjoy."

The judges descended on the first bite of food they'd had, snagging a wedge each with greedy fingers, ripping the pieces away from the portal and leaving only a loose, empty tangle of connective tissue. Even Max managed to snag a bite, discreetly tasting it while looking over at the bound tiger, who was watching them silently, a tear dripping from his gag. Somehow, it made the tangy mouthful even more delicious to the malicious little folf.

Back in the kitchen, Charn swung open the oven door, revealing the tender, steaming *Charnitas*. "Oh, perfect," he said, inhaling deeply of the heavy steam that rolled out in a decadent blast from inside. "Oh, this is fantastic, this is *perfect*."

The aluminum foil tray was set carefully on the cutting board, and the tiger picked up two forks. The braised, juicy looking dick and balls sagged. The heat had fully penetrated the flesh of both, and as Charn sank the tines of the forks into the heavy eggs, they split into warm, steaming mush. He shredded them, quickly and efficiently, puncturing the tiger's flesh and drawing the forks away, lifting up and jabbing back down again, over and over until what had been a mostly-cooked mass of warm tiger shaft and balls was now just a pile of salty, spicy, succulent meat.

"This just needs one finishing touch," the tiger said, yanking a couple oranges from a bowl off to the side. The oranges rolled across the table, before being cleaved in twain with a swing of the feline's arm. He snatched the two top halves from each of the oranges, and crushed his fingers into fists. Warm orange juice erupted from both, splashing over the freshly shredded carnitas. He tossed the sloppy halves to the side and grabbed the other two halves, dumping their juice on top as well. He jammed the orange halves down into the meat, scooping it together into a loose pile, then used the fruit to push the meat down into a smooth, even layer. He popped them back into the oven and cranked one of the dials all the way to the right.

"This is going back in the oven, but only for five minutes. What a relief for Broski; he was feeling every minute of that braising, but with the shredding, that's one less source of agony that he's dealing with. Don't worry, Broski, the heavy lifting is finished. You've already gone through the worst of it!"

Next was the stuffed peppers. The air fryer beeped, and Charn pulled the tray out, using wide tongs to carefully lift the large, crispy 'pepper' by its attached portal ring. He set it on a wide plate, and spooned different types of sauce around it; aioli, sour cream, ranch, a dark soy glaze, each in their own small ramekin. The stuffed shaft had shrunk, as the forced air had melted the fat under the skin and dried it out into a crispy jerky like consistency.

The pink skin was now an orangish tan, wrapped tightly around the uneven rice and 'hamburger' that was stuffed inside. The glans, which had been seared and cooked closed, was blackened and crispy, and Charn tapped it with a spoon before scooping it up and away, revealing the heady, aromatic steam of the baked flesh inside. He held the length of dick carefully by the cap, and quickly scored with a knife, roughly an inch down, creating slight incisions into the tight flesh. Then, he brought it to the judges, as Max finished clearing away the plates from the previous dish. The judges were smacking their lips, faces puckered with the sharpness of the marinade, but their eyes were relaxed, and they were smiling.

"I never knew you could make dick meat so... soft," Shiv commented, his wide glassy eyes fixated on the dick tower that Charn was presenting to them. "At first I thought the fruit juice would be terrible, but it really brought out the innate flavors of the special ingredient."

"Agreed," Tweets said, "And I appreciate that you used fresh lime juice. Can I assume that you picked those yourself, somewhere in Central America?"

"Thank you, Shiv, and yes, Tweets, I have a larger portal down there that I like to use to visit the countryside. It is a very beautiful locale. The limes I used for this juice, and the oranges I used for the Charnitas, both came from a citrus grove run by a very handsome stallion and his four sons."

"Lemme guess, it's three sons and a gelding now," Carthage said with a knowing grin.

"Two sons, two geldings. I'll need to be extra careful going forward!" the tiger replied. He gestured to the presentation, the steamy cooked flesh wafting into the judge's nostrils as he gently waved at it with his fingers. "Now, for this one, I really wanted to bring out more of the sharper flavors of cat meat, which are mostly stored in the fatty packets in the balls. To that end, we have smash burger rice pilaf, stuffed inside the shaft and air fried. You can eat it by grasping an inch of so and twisting, and it will pop off in your hand. I'd ask that you only each one portion, each, until you've all had a taste. There's very little spice, most of the flavors in it are designed to counter and balance the innate flavors of the special ingredient itself. Enjoy."

Charn slipped back to the kitchen. At this point, the five minutes of broiling was past, and Charn quickly set to plating the crispy, blackened Charnitas. Meanwhile, the judges savored their mouthfuls of Broski's fried shaft.

"He's right, I wasn't expecting basil, but the basil does go well with the gamey roughness of the fried testicle meat," Rafiz said. "What do you think, Carthage?"

Carthage had waited until the other three judges had had their fill, and then reached over and took the remaining dish, dipping it in the soy glaze, and popped it into his mouth. The rhino's long snout bore down, crushing the entirety of the tiger's fried shaft into pulp with a deeply satisfied crunching sound. He nodded, approvingly.

"The texture is great, and the heat is perfect. I'm sure the donor is quite proud of how well his equipment was handled, master chef," the rhino said, his drawl dragging into a malicious smirk at the end of his statement.

The tiger returned, this time carrying a tray of tacos. Each was piled high with hot meat, cilantro, pico de gallo and some crumbled white cheese. There were five in total, one for each of the judges and one for max, and the judges tucked into the meal with gusto. Teeth chewed through the soft, warm tortillas, and slurped hot meat and cold, crisp onions and tomatoes into their mouths. The tiger's pride was devoured, just as the ceviche and stuffed pepper had been, the judges licking grease-stained lips as they swallowed down the third of the dishes.

They wanted more, and Charn had one more dish to make. A fryer, a camper grill, a liquid nitrogen flash freezer, and a blowtorch awaited. First, the fryer. Of all of the packages, before they were eaten, the Charnanas foster was the most intact; the acid and heat of the other two had broken down the tissues sufficiently enough that their devouring was only felt as a mild tugging, pinching sensation to Broski. Charn left the cock halves remain in the bowl for now, holding that in one hand, and the feline's nut-sack in the other. The heavy scrotum, distended with the lack of internal support inside. Charn held the banana boat in one hand, and the scrotum in his other, and dunked the scrotum into a light creamy batter. He lifted it up, letting most of it drip off, and then dunked the scrotum into the deep fryer.

Behind the judges, Broski began to twitch and kick, dragged out of his endorphin-fueled stupor by the fresh pain of having his nut-sack deep fried. The hot oil fizzled its way up through the small puncture holes that the blenders had made in his testicles, blistering the flesh inside. Charn swirled the scrotum through the hot oil for only twenty seconds or so, before lifting it back up and out. The batter had dried into a nice brown crispy shell, and as Charn squeezed the neck of the scrotum, it peeled away from the edge of that shell, which was exactly where Charn had dunked the scrotum to. He caught the large rounded 'cup' of fried dough, which was lined on the inside with the glossy cooked skin of the scrotum, and set the bowl on a plate.

Then it was to the grill, and the slippery banana halves were slapped down onto the grill, and drizzled with sugar and a stick of butter. The alcohol simmered, the sugar melted into caramel, the butter sizzled, and the flesh was candied, a rime of sugary crust melting and fusing against the inside and outside of the tiger's prized shaft. The barbs, especially, captured the thick caramel, creating little blobs of it as the bananas simmered in the hot sweet goop.

While that happened, Charn lifted the heavy, exposed testicles and fed them into the flash freezer, and turned it on. Immediately, two needles jammed up into them from beneath, and began fonting liquid nitrogen up into the slurry of liquid nitrogen that was sprayed onto the eggs, coating them in a sharp mist that absorbed all of the heat from them. The sensation of the moisture crystallizing inside the shells, the overheated naked testicles suddenly dropping to a cool sixty degrees, and then to a cooler thirty degrees, and then below freezing in a matter of seconds. The outer flesh solidified, and then cracked as the flesh within swelled up and froze as well. Charn counted off a minute, and then pulled the eggs back out.

The cords were still intact, as were the very top of the balls, but otherwise they were solid frozen with a beautiful crackled pattern, similar to a pinecone.

The 'bananas' and the ice cream were done at the same time, and Charn carefully flopped the caramel-coated penile lengths into the crispy pancake shell. The two scoops of testicular ice cream were flopped on top, and the whole thing was drenched in chocolate syrup and more rum. The tiger brought it to the table with the judges, and set it ablaze, a spectacular blue and orange flicker of sweet heat dancing over the inside of the bowl. Each of the judges were given a spoon, and they dug in, stuffing mouthfuls of the creamy frozen nut custard into their mouth, and slicing off pieces of the tender, caramelized penis halves with their utensils.

That left Charn with just the one remaining tiger package. Heavy eggs lolled with unspent seed, the shaft bruised from the constant flexing from aroused to soft to aroused again. It was hot and limp in his hand, as he caressed and teased it, watching Broski squirm slightly in the back of the room. He could get the male off... could easily stroke him off and give him a mind splitting orgasm to wash away the residual pain of all the genital trauma he had undergone today. He could suck the tiger's dick off, right in front of him, and then bite into it, savaging it roughly while the feline climaxed.

But even that level of release would be too much. Broski had been loaned out to Charn with very specific limits to what was allowed to happen with him, and climaxing? That was straight out.

The judges enjoyed their dessert, laughing and licking the spoons as they gorged on sugar, rum and flesh. Charn made his outro, signing off of the web show, and looked down again at the handsome, healthy tiger cock and balls he had tortured so much over the last five months. Oh yes, he had plans for Broski.