CharnCo Cooking Show! *Episode 5*

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"Okay, we'll be starting this in about a minute," Charn said, as he pulled the CharnCo logo'd black bib on and knotted it in the back. "So I'll have you standing there, off screen, and then when I invite you on, you'll just stand here."

"Okay," Riley said, the dragoness pulling her long red hair back into a bun. "Do I have to wear a mask, or gloves or anything?"

"No, you won't be handling any of the food directly...." Charn paused, as he arranged some knives on the table. "Well, other than your own dick and stuff, but-"

"But that's not food," Riley finished for him. Charn nodded with a smile.

"Exactly, I'm only going to be demonstrating HOW CharnCo products could be used with someone like yourself, but I'm not actually going to cook it."

"Or eat it, or 'drop' it in the meat grinder, or anything like that," Riley said, eyes twinkling. "I've seen your show, and your guests have a 90% loss rate."

"Yeah but you have to understand that they were on the show because they WANTED me to cook their equipment, it was an honor for them! And, obviously, an honor for me."

"I dunno, that bull last month seemed pretty mad when you 'accidentally' turned on that blender."

Charn huffed, "That was different, he was a bull, and bulls are just meat anyways. You're here as a co-sponsorship with Blackwood Distillery. You bring the sauce and I show how perfectly it pairs with freshly cooked meats. Your huge dick being slathered in barbecue sauce is gonna sell CRATES of this stuff. Now, stop worrying, and turn around so I can tie your apron. I want to make sure the knot is a quick pull so that I can undo it with a flourish. You signed all the forms about being naked on a streamed cooking show, right?"

"Yeah, I did, but I just wanted to clarify, again, because the forms said that you are not responsible for anything that happens to your guests on the show, that this is JUST a demonstration, and you're not actually cooking my meat, right?" Riley turned around, the tiger lifting the dragoness's long bright red braid up and tossing it over her shoulder before trussing up the black apron. Her shapely hips gave the apron tie a nice ledge to rest on top of, and the tiger licked at his lips at the sight of her black, heavy-hanging scrotum wedged between her meaty thighs.

"I guarantee that, other than some playful handling, and some food play, that I won't be cooking your meat." Charn finished. "I mean, if you cum, though, that's on you, not me."

Riley snorted. "Uh huh. I can't help but feel that this is a setup. You're always up to something."

Charn smirked as he took the dragoness by the hips and moved her behind the cooking island. "Just enjoy the show and try not to get cum on my cameras, okay?" He turned to the tripod across from the island, which had the twitch stream displayed. Behind that, Max the folf waved his hands and stood up.

"Okay we are live in twenty seconds, remember that you have to start with the CharnCo plug RIGHT AFTER the introductions," the beleaguered assistant said, before slipping on his headset and sitting back down. On the screen, the timer counted down, and the folf bobbed his head along.

"Here we go," Charn said, his relaxed slouch beginning to tighten, his tail flicking and fur bristling as he slipped into Host mode. When the screen did a wipe to reveal the two chefs standing in front of a brightly lit kitchen, Charn immediately began to move and talk.

"And we're back! Welcome, gremlins to the CharnCo Cooking Hour! I'm your host, Tiger Extraordinaire and All Time Grand Champion Tiramisu Devourer, Charn! And here to my left we have the ~lovely~ Riley Nacht, owner and proprietor of Blackwood Distillery and Brewery, and owner of one the most juiciest, most succulent packages this side of the Ironwood Forest."

With that, Charn reached behind Riley, and slipped a finger into the apron that he had tied closed just a minute or so earlier. The apron's generous inner pocket held the dangling dragoness cock and fat sack, and he gripped the front of it, lifting it up into the air. It dragged cock and balls with it, until they slid back out, seeming to fall right out of the apron to slam down on top of the chopping block with a solid WUMPH.

There was soooo much of it, too. Charn's eyes glimmered at the sight of two fat fuckin' feet of dragoness dong, coiled loose and limp around and between two beefy footballs of prime testicular meat.

*"Charn, I can hear your stomach growling on my feed,"* Max's tinny voice said in the tiger's discrete headset, and Charn cleared his throat.

"Well goddamned, if that ain't the most meat that chopping board's had flopped on top of it! Still connected, anyways!" The tiger crowed, reaching over and giving the big, limp hose a comforting pat.

Riley's eyes widened, glancing at Charn for a second, before smiling widely and nodding. "Ah, yes, that's me alright, in the flesh as it were." She cleared her throat, looking around the table and then grasping a large brown bottle, and lifting it up to show it to the camera. "And I've brought some of my distilleries products to show off for your recipes, Charn! I can't wait to see what you can do with it!"

"It's going to be a FUN TIME, that's for sure! Now, you had said you wanted me to do something fun with your Ironwood dra'liq, correct?" Charn asked, as Riley handed him the bottle. He uncorked it, and poured it into a wide, short shot glass. Black tar oozed out of the wide bottleneck, dangling in the air like a drop of precum. "That's quite the viscosity, Riley. What makes it so THEEEEECCK?"

"Well," Riley said, turning to face the camera. "The main ingredient of ~our~ Dra'liq is Ironwood sap. The extremely dense tree juice is slowly simmered using the geothermal springs of the Blackreach Mountains," she said, carefully reciting the prepared introduction. Meanwhile, Charn was playing with the sap, sliding a finger through the syrup and then licking it off his finger. The sharp, intensely alcoholic tang clung to his tongue, his lips and teeth, the rich flavors of rum and whiskey and molasses threatened to dissolve the tiger's tongue completely.

"WOW!" He said, interrupting the dragoness. "Oh, sorry. That's just an INTENSE flavor! I don't even need to add anything to it, to use it as a delicious Ironwood barbecue glaze!" The tiger said, smacking his lips again, as Max gestured urgently to keep moving. "...And I'm gonna let you go off on how you make this, in a second, but right now I want to get right to today's sponsor: CharnCo!"

"But isn't CharnCo the producer-" Riley started, but the tiger waved her off with a gleeful striped paw.

"You may be wondering, 'Charn, how DO you keep your ingredients so FRESH'?" The tiger said, as he slid a paw under the thick log of dragon dick and lifted it up into the air. "After all, even refrigerated, fresh meat can only stay good for a week or so at most!"

Riley rubbed her chin curiously, watching as the tiger stroked along the underside of her cock, holding it now in both paws. His warm, furry hands gently kned and tugged, which caused her shaft to plump up. "Well, if you're thinking about using one of those CharnCo portal rings on me, you're going to be very disappointed. I'm kind of ~bigger~ than your average bull."

"Very true!" the tiger said, as he stroked his cheek affectionately against the thick warm bulk of Riley's cock. "And to be fair, if you had told me a year ago, a month ago, or even a week ago, that I could keep Riley's massive package fresh and ready to eat for ~years~ into the future, I would have asked you if you were a cop! I don't know what happened to that werewolf pack!" Charn forced a laugh, and then shook his head, waving at an imaginary gnat. "I mean, but, like, anyways... YEAH! NOW we have the CharnCo Deluxe AutoScaler!"

Charn pulled a silver dome up with a flourish, revealing a silver ring on a silver platter. It looked to be about the size of a normal cockring, which was laughably small for a behemoth like Riley's.

"What is that going to be, a prince albert?" Riley chortled, as the tiger picked it up and spun it effortlessly around his finger. "I mean, I don't mind piercing play, but..." and then she trailed off.

As Charn spun the silvery ring, it was getting wider, and thinner. The metal stretched out until it was the size of a frisbee, the rim as thin as a pencil. And then wider still, the ring dilating outwards until the gossamer thread reached the width of a hula hoop in diameter.

"Pretty cool, right? Now, if you'll just take a step back..."

The camera flicked to an overhead shot, as the dragoness stepped away from the counter, heavy balls and thickened length dragging along the wooden chopping block before flopping down between her legs. Like an experienced cowboy, the tiger deftly dipped his hand forward, and the spinning hula hoop slid underneath the drooping genitalia, bumping against Riley's knees before he twisted his wrist and slapped the far edge of it up to slap against her chest. Then, twisting his wrist like one would the handles of a chopper, he shrank the ring back down. It thickened as it shrank, the spidersilk condensing to spaghetti noodle and then to pinkie width as it rapidly contracted.

Riley yelped as the now-thumb-thick ring compressed tightly around the root of her junk, making her cock flop upwards as the base was FIRMLY squeezed on all sides.

"Whoops! Sorry, a little TOO tight there!" Charn said, as he winked to the camera. "But it just goes to show how flexible this puppy is! You can get it to monofilament width, or you can reduce it to, well, basically a solid ball bearing! Both of which can have their OWN purposes, heheheheh, but today we're using its dimensional contracting abilities to snag us some big, juicy dragon meat."

Charn had subtly loosened the portal, wrapping his hand around the rim, so that he grasped it firmly with his palm with his fingers slid around the inside. He canted his head to the side, as he slid his hand along the inside of the ring, and the outer 'casing' slid loose and free into the open air. "Now- OOF!"

Charn stumbled forward, as twenty pounds of dragon dick and eight pounds of dragon balls suddenly dangled from his gripping paw. CAtching the island, he dramatically HEAVED the package up and flopped it onto the chopping block again. The reveal was no less stunning than the first time, although there was a certain excitement in seeing the huge, healthy cock and saggy nuts so vulnerably disembodied from its owner. Charn pulled his fingers free, flexing them and gesturing proudly to it. "Now, even the BIGGEST packages can be snagged and brought home for your use! The only limitations are, of course, how you planned on getting them."

A legal disclaimer in white text scrolled up through the screen, several pages in length, reminding the stream's viewers that CharnCo in no way endorses the use of its products to involuntarily remove any body parts from nonconsenting partners. Charn watched the pages of legalese swoop past, at a dizzying speed, keeping that smile on his face as he slowly rubbed his palm along one of the heavy eggs that he had so callously slapped on the board.

"Now, Riley, I already know I'm gonna LOVE basting your cock with this delicious Dra'liq you brought, but you said you were bringing something else from your distillery...?" Charn said, as he slowly teased fingers down the length of that thickening cock. He could tell from the way that Riley kept glancing at it, the way her thighs trembled, that she found the sight of her cock laying on a chopping board, like so much meat, ~very~ stimulating.

"Uh, yeah! Well, I want to show you, I'm REALLY excited about it, but I didn't want to spoil it... I believe you said I was going to be allowed to show you how I make a special family recipe?" She looked around the kitchenette set, then shrugged. "But to do that, I'm gonna need some MEAT! And don't even TRY to trick me into using my own!"

Charn smiled at the camera, shaking his head with a long suffering roll of his eyes. "Of coooourse not! Let's roll out the selection we have this week, shall we?"

Max, taking his queue, stood up and skipped over to the end of the set. He grasped the end of a projecting partition, and pushed it forward. Behind Riley and Charn, the wall shifted, as the smooth white tile surface slid to the left, replaced by more of the same white tile, but with a series of portalled packages affixed to it. Above each package was a small card, hanging from a string, facing away from the camera. There was a wide selection of packages - big and small, pink black and purple, with tight smooth and fat low hanging sacks. There was even a bluish clit on the end, gleaming and glistening as the packages swayed.

"Now, of course, we have a selection to choose from," Charn said, as Riley began examining them. "And like every other week, you get to choose two. One we'll be sending back to its owner, and the other we are going to make a very tasty dish with." Charn glanced at Max, who gave two thumbs up. Viewers were tuning in. A poll on the screen reflected the audience's choices on who they think should be chosen, but Riley wasn't interested in the popular opinion.

"So where's this one's balls?" She asked, as she toyed with a plump, pink cock, teasing a fingertip along the swollen glans.

"Well, you see, that one was sent in by a friend. The cheetah it came from has to crossdress, as a woman, until he is a man again. I just thought it might make things easier for everyone if I made sure he *knew* that "being a man again"... *wasn't* an option for him, even if he gets his dick back." Charn grinned. "And I got a little snacky."

"You are always a 'little snacky', you monster." Riley said, trembling as Charn teased against her flesh, kneading the heavy testicles that rested on the chopping board ten or so feet away. "Um, moving on, what about this one?" She said, handling a large, drooping blue dragon cock. The gnarled ridges and bumps intrigued her, and she recognized one of her kin. "I think I want this one, for sure." She lifted the portal up, peeling it away from the magnetic plate on the wall, and setting it carefully down on the counter next to the sink. The blue shaft lolled, slapping against her arm.

"Yeah, that's a bit of a special case. See, the guy who sent it in... well, I dunno if he really REALIZES what this show is about, but he sent it in with a note saying that 'the deal' is that if he doesn't cum while he's all portal'd up, we send his junk back and his friend sends his in instead. Now, I could make a LOT of assumptions about this arrangement, here, but I'm assuming he didn't want us to be teasing his junk on our end."

"How long have you had it for?" Riley asked, licking her lips in excitement as she handled the bluish dragon shaft. It throbbed heavily to life, her own thickening under the tiger's attentions across the room.

"About two weeks. It's been plumped up for a couple days now.. just not going flaccid, like, at all. Weird, huh?" Charn mused. "But hey, what about that big ole horse dick? It's almost as big as yours, right?"

Riley shrugged, gesturing to the horse cock, the bull package, and the ram junk. "These all look real tasty, but the meal I'm preparing for you today is more of a concentrated, focused flavor." She chuckled, stroking a finger tip along the exposed rim of the captured vagina, for a second, and then gestured to the two most unique cocks, a cute pink bird dick with tight black balls under it, and a massive, foot and a half of bird cock. "And while I love the taste of chicken.."

"That's not chicken, of course," Charn corrected her, "That's hawk and secretary bird, both are fairly rare you know."

"Of course, of course..." She murmured, as she trailed her fingers along the bulky weight of a wolf's fat sack, before cupping one of the smaller packages in her hand. "And what about this little cutie?"

"You know, that's funny, I think that the portal was sent back as a return.. the locking function on it, well, locked, and he couldn't get it to work so he mailed the whole thing to CharnCo."

Riley giggled. "Oh, wow, did he think you were just gonna unlock it manually?"

"Well, I mean, we CAN, sure, but..." Charn gestured to the wall, "I was setting up for the first episode, and I used what was on hand and... I guess I kind of forgot about it." He turned to the camera. "Hey there Bear, if you're watching at home, I promise we'll get you unlocked! Eventually! But for now you're kind of... the background."

"Not any more!" Riley said triumphantly. "I think this is the one I wanna cook with."

Charn looked confused and disappointed. "What? Why? It's ... small."

"And? I've been watching your show from the beginning. Every week, this little fella gets looked over, just because he's not really big, really exotic, or fresh meat." Riley plucked the portal from the wall, handling the tender four inches of canine shaft between her fingers.

It surged immediately to life, drooling almost instantly as the long-neglected balls tightened in her fingers. "That means it's seasoned. Cured, even. Aged to perfection. Which means it's going to be perfect for my BIRRIA recipe!"

Charn chuckled as she brought the packages over to the cutting board. He peered at the small pink cock skeptically, then smiled brightly to the camera. "Well, she's certainly made her choice... so for those of you at home, hoping that you would get "Off the Hook", better luck next time. Kordyt, it looks like your visit with us is coming to an end! And since you didn't cum, not even once, it looks like your buddy is going to be sending HIS in to take your place! Make sure to call our toll free number if you need a secondary portal to use to snag your roommate! And as for you, Bear... well... I know what Birria is, so I am not envious of how you're going to be feeling for the next hour or so! You may want a stiff drink for this next part!"

Charn turned to the dragoness, and pushed a bowl of dra'liq sauce into her hands, with a wide paintbrush's handle jutting over the side. "Riley, why don't you start basting your meat with this delicious barbecue sauce? And while you do that, I'll package up Kordyt's dragon dick for you. I mean, uh, to send him." The two shared a knowing smile to each other, as Charn slipped behind Riley with the big, flexing blue dragon shaft in his hand. The way it had gotten hard so quickly suggested that Kordyt was aware of what the tiger was planning, or was just extremely sensitive.

"Now, Kordyt, I just want to point out that until we return your cock to your hands, it is still technically our property and thus still bound to your agreement," The tiger teased, as he slipped the broad glans up the dragoness's cleft, and then up inside her. She slipped her feet further apart, slick cunny well trained at taking dragon dick. "So try not to cum. It will be your last, if you do."

Riley shuddered as inch after inch of dick slid up inside, the peculiarly fluted bulk of it stretching smoothly up inside her cunt. "You know, I used to do this a lot more frequently... it's a bit more fun, when I'm the one choosing who's dick gets put inside me." She chuckled, then moaned softly, trailing off as the tip of that shaft stretched deeply inside. "Maybe I need to practice a little more often..."

"Well, it IS a big dick, even for a dragon. Your eyes may be a little bigger than your stomach! But I need to remind you.. the cameras are rolling. Tell us about this delicious barbecue sauce."

"Oh, right! Well, yes, you see, it's really just the dra'liq, as you said.." She said. She took the paintbrush, holding it up so that the thick tarry liquor drooled off in thick gobbets, before bringing it down to her own beautiful, dark skinned package on the chopping table. The alcoholic paste tingled as she brushed it along the length of her shaft, staining the flesh a hickory brown. It made her erection throb, as she slathered herself with the cool tincture. She dipped the brush back into the bowl, and painted her balls with it, her brain tingling peculiarly as she stared at the severed equipment, and felt the tickling slickness of the bristles at the same time. "And it's um... wow... this alcohol is soaking RIGHT into my blood through the skin, ha!"

"Oh, is it?" Charn said from behind her, winking to the camera as he hilted the smooth dragon shaft up inside. "Well, I encourage drinking on this show! Maybe we should do a shot, mmm?"

"Ha, you're not a dragon, you couldn't handle it," Riley said, putting the brush back into the bowl and bracing the table. "Oh, man, that cock fits so perfectly inside... that knot is great..." She squeezed down, and the tiger stepped back, lifting his hands up into the air. "Ahhhh.... Oh, yeah, that's great. I love this. Got that dude's entire dick inside me. Oh man, and he's throbbing, too. What'd you say? IF he cums...."

"If he cums, you get to take his dick home with you. Or whatever you might want to do with it." The tiger grinned, teeth bared wickedly. "But that's for later, for now, let's cut to our second sponsorship - the Charn Co PortaGrill! Grab your dick, will ya Riley?"

"Yeah, sure!" the red headed dragon said, grasping the portal ring and using it to lift the entire package up into the air. Her cock was swollen, powerfully engorged and dripping the dark syrup she had slathered it in. Two feet swayed beneath it, shifting the heavy eggs back and forth as she staggered with it over towards a very large grill just to the side. "I... this doesn't seem very portable to ME..."

Charn opened the lid, and gestured for her to lay it inside. "The PORTAL grill is designed for CharnCo portal technology specifically in mind. You don't want to overheat your CharnCo portals, right?"

Riley looked at the plain metal grill and the peculiar half-circle frame at the front of the grill. "I don't want to get my dick cooked..." She said, suspiciously.

"Of course you don't. Look, Riley, there's NO briquettes in the grill, this is JUST for demonstration purposes! And we need to get this huge package out of the way so that we can get to the REAL cooking, right? Your special recipe?"

"Oh! Right!" Riley said. She smiled embarrassedly to the camera, then carefully lifted her prized endowments up, and draped them onto the metal grill. She winced, at first, and then relaxed, carefully settling the portal ring down into the semicircle. "Heh, for some reason I really thought it was going to be hot. Sorry for not trusting you, Charn!" She said, her face flushed with the alcohol in her system.

"Of course. Now, if you'll just close the lid, we can go back over to the star attraction..." Charn's eyes glinted maliciously as the unsuspecting dragon grasped the lid and pulled it down, like she would the hood of a car. The half-hemisphere on the top of the grill locked in place perfectly around the other one, and the CharnCo brand logo on the back of the portal ring glowed as the two semicircles lit up with a peculiar blue glow. Riley moved back to the counter, pausing as she reached it and turning suddenly to point back at Charn.

"It's heating up!"

"That's right!" Charn said, enthusiastically. "The PortaGrill uses transdimensional fluctuations as its energy input, meaning that you can take it anywhere, anytime, and grill to your heart's content. All you need is one or more CharnCo portals! The energy from them fuels the grill, heating up the grill to sizzling temperatures in only seconds!

Riley groaned out in pain and frustration, grasping at her groin, but of course there was nothing there. She grasped at the portal, tugging at it, but of course it was locked in. "Oh, you mother fucker, you promised!"

"I promised that \*I\* wouldn't cook your junk! But, Riley, my dear, you were all too happy to do all of the prep work yourself! And the grill takes care of the rest! Don't worry, the grill can tell by the temperature and pressure differential on either side of the portal rings, exactly when your big, juicy balls and your long, fat, meaty cock are cooked to perfection! Mmmm, and I can smell it now. It smells great! That dra'liq is really adding a nice smokiness to your dragon meat!"

"I knew I couldn't trust you," Riley lamented, shuddering as fresh waves of heat coursed through her cock. "I knew it. Why was I So stupid?!"

"Oh, Riley, don't be hard on yourself!" Charn snapped a pair of tongs, to distract her. "Look at this - the grill leaves the hood raised a couple inches, see? So your beautiful cock head can stick out over the side of the grill." The tiger gripped and kneaded the slimy, sticky, steaming cock head, and Riley moaned again. She gasped, reaching down to catch at the blue dragon cock that began to slither out from inside her, and helpfully cupped it back up into her snatch.

"You fuckin'... I'm going to get you for this," she stated, as she tucked the knot in deep, and clenched down hard. "Oh, man, I can't help it, it hurts so bad, but..."

"But it feels good, don't it? You like knowing your prized meat is being grilled to perfection. I bet you can't wait to taste it." Charn teased, as he stuffed a finger casually up the seeping slit of that exposed glans. "Mmm, your cock's getting hotter... blood is simmering inside it. You aren't going to be feeling it for much longer. You want to cum?"

Riley DID want to cum. Her hips clenched,thighs tightening to catch the slippery blue knot that sluiced out from inside her, and she arched her back, chin to the sky as she felt cum boil inside her testicles. "FUCK!"

"We're gonna have to censor that," Charn chided her, as a scalding jet of seed pulsed against his embedded fingers. He grinned, stuffing that finger in deeper, the dragoness twisting and glaring at him as he prevented her orgasm from leaving her plump, juicy cock. The swollen urethra stretching as backed up cum pulsed into the tender, steaming flesh from her fully intact and functional groin muscles.

The tiger turned to the camera, as he fished a large, steel plug from inside his apron pocket. He always came prepared. "So you see, faithful gremlins, that the key to cooking with living flesh is to make sure to add pleasure to the pain. I know this seems rather chaotic, but," and with this he deftly removed his fingers from the bloated, darkening cockhead, and immediately replaced it with the flanged cock, "I am keeping Riley stimulated - the cock up her ass, the alchoholic glaze to both relax her inhibitions AND to take the edge off of the intense heat, and the finger fucking, all of these things kept Riley just on 'this' side of wanting to cave my face in with her fists. At this point, that glaze is caramelizing, and if she had aaany nerves left in her dick, she'd be screeching as sugar boiled on her delicious roasted skin. Isn't that right, Riley?"

Riley groaned, slumping slowly forward, and flames bellowed out from her maw, a row of glass jars of spices crackling and melting from the dragon fire as the dragoness came. Between her legs, a massive gush of white forced the twitching, spurting dragon shaft from inside her. The dick landed portal first on the ground, jutting upwards, and hot spurts of Kordyt's pent up cream splashed in comical arcs above the island, glazing Riley's naked breasts, festooning her belly and even under her chin with the poor trapped dragon's long needed release. She managed to give a shaky middle finger to the tiger, who chuckled.

"Well," He said, as he used his thongs to stuff the cock head back into the smoking grill. "I guess this is the right time to reveal that the PortaGrill also lets you twist and rotate the meat, flipping it as needed without even needing to open the grill!" He took the blue medallion in his hand, twisting it 180 degrees, and there was a series of sizzling thumps and whumps from inside the grill. "Oh I wish you could smell this, this truly is some delicious meat we're grilling in here. But this isn't ALL we're cooking. While this finishes off, and rests, let's get back to your special recipe, Riley! Are you going to be okay to continue?"

Riley mumbled something, eyes lidded with exhaustion and release. "Fuck'n'ell..." She stood upright, wiping at her eyes and smiling brightly to the camera. "That was definitely intense... but...." And she glanced at Charn, eyes narrowing in an "I'm gonna get you later" look, before holding up an unlabelled jar, filled with a chunky red paste. "Not as intense, OR as hot, as this pepper mash!"

She grasped the other package, the small canine cock twitching as it was lifted up in the air and swung around. "This poor FUCKER is about to wish he'd never been BORN! Let's get him cleaned up!"

Riley turned and hoop-shot the canine package through the air, landing into the sink with a WHUMP. "Oh. Oops. I thought there was water in there. My bad." She walked over, and turned on the faucet. The cock and balls swung loosely, softening slightly at the heavy whack it had just received, but she dunked it under the freezing cold water and began to scour it with the potato scrubber regardless. "So the most important thing is, of course, that we want a clean dick. No smegma, no crusties, no piercings. This little guy's barely been used, so no worries about diseases or anything like that, but if you have any blisters or stuff like that, you are gonna wanna deal with all of those first. Don't cook rotten meat!"

Charn cleared his throat, watching as Riley vigorously scrubbed the scrotum of the chosen package. She grasped a testicle in one hand and bristled the surface layers of skin off, along with the downy fur that coated it. "Well, I mean, lots of people have herpes, it doesn't mean their cocks are ~rotten~."

"If you're going to eat someone's dick, like MINE, you better make sure it's in peak condition, right?" She hosed off the testicle, which was a bright blushing pink, and then moved onto the other. "Tattoo ink can be poisonous, and a broken baculum can leave bone splinters in your intestinal tract. Always demand the best! If the cock you're going to eat is sub par, feed it to the pigs! You deserve the best!"

Charn glanced at the camera, smiling nervously as Riley took the reddened, twitching shaft back to the chopping board. She slapped it down on the wood that was still warm from where her own cock had been laying, and twisted the lid off of the jar.

"I am using the best peppers from my garden for this mash," Riley said, as she vigorously dumped the jar into a mixing bowl. A hot, slimy mash of raw fermented chilis flopped out, oozing pure capsaicin. "Dragon bells, houndrockets, and magma bubbles, in fact."

"I thought magma bubbles were extinct?!" Charn said, fear in his eyes as she casually stirred a finger through the mass, and then licked it off.

"They are. Except mine." She winked to the camera, and then casually plunged the unsuspecting, freshly scoured canine shaft into the hell paste.

"Dear god," Charn said, glancing at Max. The folf did the sign of the cross across his chest, his eyes wide with terror.

"This is a mash, which means, I've let the natural compounds ferment in a jar. This breaks down some of the fibers, and ferments some of the sugars, eliminating the sweetness," Riley said, as she lazily jerked off the twitching cock with her fingers. The sweet pink flesh was stained red by the condiment, but the camera could easily pick up how the tissues were already swelling and inflamed. "In effect, I'm breaking down everything except the heat. Which magnifies the flavor. And magma bubbles, as I am sure you know..."

"They aren't spicy, themselves, but they completely break down any kind of tolerance your body has to heat," Charn murmured, "magnifying the intensity of any flavors in a dish to euphoric, zenlike levels. "He probably... feels like his dick is melting in acid right now."

"Close! Acid would actually destroy the pain receptors. This is activating them. All of them." She lifted the package up, and it looked chubbier, swollen and puffy with an angry dark red glow to it. "That's just the outside though. To really kick this up a notch? We're going to have to go DOWN the urethra."

Max whimpered. Charn glanced at the camera, smiling, but even he looked shook. "Riley, are you sure-"

"You just tricked me into cooking my own dick, on the internet, Charn, so you're going to let me cook this TRADITIONAL DRACONIC COMFORT FOOD, because if you don't, *I will get angry, and me getting angry means that you and your assistant are set on fire with dragon fire, and dragon fire can't be put out with a kitchen fire extinguisher*." Flames bubbled and licked from the corners of her mouth, scorching the air itself. She paused, the flames reducing to smoke. "Right. Yeah. We're on the same page? Good. So glad we had this talk. Now, get those saline bags over there."

Charn scurried over to the dragon's tray of ingredients she had prepared, picking up the chilled bags. He brought them over, standing on the far side of the island from her, avoiding the molten slag from the melted spice jars. "Here you go! Um, so, I couldn't help but notice that these are a dark red, which isn't usually what salin looks like, what do you- oh."

She had grasped the two dangling saline tubes that hung under the bags, and used a thumb tip to uncap the IV needles that they ended in. Fiddling them between her fingers, she jammed one needle into the middle of one testicle with a soft PRCHT sound, and then the other into the other nut. "I need you to hold those up high, and squeeze slowly and surely."

"There's no way that this whole bag-"

"Slowly... and surely. Let the chef worry about what can and can't be achieved in her kitchen, mmm?" She said, and Charn nodded.

"Good. Now, that's more of the mash, of course, just the juice concentrate. That's completely sterilizing him, obviously."

"Obviously," Charn repeated, watching swirls of color sliding down those tubes and into the swelling testicles.

"LIke, he could recover from this, maybe, but the inside of his balls are going to get so swollen that his nuts are effectively sterilizing themselves. There's just no way the tissue can recover." Riley winked to the camera. "Sorry, little guy!"

Charn squeezed slowly, and surely against the bags, as Riley reached over and pulled a small steel bowl with a dozen or so slender thai chilis in it closer to herself. The wrinkled peppers were green and red, and she picked one up in her free hand. Her thumb claw pressed into the top, pinching the tiny stem off, and she dipped it into the mash, filling it with the juices.

"Now, this is an important part. While you can insert these dry, I find that a bit of moisture, of any sort, helps lubricate it. These raw peppers can be quite scratchy, after all." She brought the pepper to the tip of the inflamed shaft, and pressed the narrow tip into the puffy piss slit. "This one is already lubed enough for one to go in, of course."

"Of course," Charn repeated, watching in horror. Behind him, the PortaGrill dinged pleasantly, indicating that it had moved from 'cook' to 'rest' settings.

Riley stuffed the pepper down into the cock, sheathing the firm dried pepper inside the stretchy urethra. The small amount of liquid mash that was at the time was used to lubricate it, just enough to let her tuck the pepper down in with her finger tip. The flexing, spasming dick wiggled like a fish in her hand, and the pepper began to slide back out - but Riley was prepared. A second pepper was pushed into the open cap of it, tucking it back down inside.

"The genius," she said, indulgently, as she carefully sheathed the second pepper down inside, pushing the first one deeper and deeper. "Is that the mash that I fill these with doesn't leak out until they get tucked into by the second one... and that lubricates the second one just enough!"

She picked up a third, holding the sleek canine cock by the root. "Zoom in here, these peppers are not the biggest but you can actually see the bulge they make as they slide down the urethra. That's the biggest issue you'll deal with, if you put too much mash juice in, it may get pushed all the way up, into the urethra. Obviously, you don't want that. The intensity of the capsaicin could scorch the inner lining of the bladder, causing them to feel like they're pissing lava, for years afterwards." She chuckled. "Well, I Should clarify. He may not want it, but *I want it*. I'm putting all twelve of these fuckers in there."

Max crossed his legs in sympathy as she pushed the fourth down inside, and a small bulge nuzzled down between the twin bulbs of the male's knot. Riley cupped a handful of mash and smeared it along the length, making it spasm as she drooled it into the well-stretched urethra, and stroked the pulp against the taut length.

She continued the torture with an additional six peppers, each one seeming to slide in just as easily as the one before. Charn was blanching under his fur, imagining a long 'conga line' of peppers reaching from his dick tip all the way to his bladder, and he realized that the reason it wasn't getting any harder was because after a certain point, the peppers are just dislodging inside the bladder and floating around in there, the spiciest bladder stones that the tiger could imagine someone having.

"This bad boy is going to cum, even if he's suffering too much to appreciate it. We better move on to the next part." Riley said, and pushed the mash to the side. She roughly grasped the plunged needles from each testicle and yanked them out, a spurt of tabasco squirting out of the over-swollen testes as she did so. The scrotum was completely taut around the swollen eggs, which had swollen from the size of small limes to the size of avocados. They looked painfully tight in the sack, compressed and deformed against each other.

The cock wasn't doing any better; the flesh had absorbed the salty juices, leaving a drying residue of pure hot pepper pulp, and the tip was seeping pinkish fluid which was probably more blood than juice.

Riley picked up the cock, by the knot. IT had nearly swollen in size, but not in any way that anyone could find sexually appealing. It looked bloated, puffy and infected, the skin taut and discolored from the suffering it had gone through. "Now, of course, we're going to deep fry it. Whoa!" She laughed, as it jerked in her hand, the balls trying to contract, though of course they were both too heavy and too tightly compacted together to do much more than twitch. "I felt that! He must be watching at home. Yup, sorry buddy but this is the end for your package. Now, Charn, you might THINK that you should batter a piece of meat like this, to protect the juices from frying out of it, blah blah blah, right?"

"Uh, sure," Charn said, as she pulled the lid off of the deep fryer, revealing the golden oil roiling inside. "It seals in the juices."

"Right. Well this time, we don't want to do this. You're thinking steak, but what this recipe makes is BACON." And with that, she dropped the entire package into the frying oil.

"Well, for those worried at home - no, not even boiling oil is going to break a CharnCo brand portal ring," Charn recited, watching as the reddened cock and balls bobbed in the foaming, boiling oil. The skin immediately darkened into a bright, shiny crispiness, the scrotum splitting apart where the needles had punctured it.

Hot white cream, like funnel cake dough, streamed out of the injection points, as the cooking testicles extruded themselves through the only 'exit' that they could. The scrotum further retracted as the gleaming gray eggs turned pale white, frying oil filling the retracted scrotum to cook and sizzle the naked testicles themselves.

The cock bucked in the oil as well, as a single pepper shot out of the tip. Steam bubbled and boiled from the tip, sending the dick spinning slowly through the oil like a little tug boat as water boiled its way out of the ruptured urethra.

"Thank goodness he can't feel that," Riley said, folding her arms and watching. Charn just glanced to the camera, mouthing *'I'm SORRY*' to the poor critter whose testicles were even now rupturing and exploding, the greasy meaty insides popping into two patties, two big doughy fritters in the shimmering oil.

"Perfect!" Riley said, as she used the basket to scoop the spitting, hissing, crackling meat out of the basket. "When the testicles explode, then the dick is fully cooked as well. The balls are a little more dense, so it always takes them a BIT longer to fully cook. The breakdown of the outer wall only happens when the insides have sufficiently built up steam - in this case, a hot capsaicin steam - inside the testicles. Perfection."

She scooped out the brown, twisted, deep fried cock and balls and dumped them onto a cloth towel. "And voila! You have a fantastically spicy, crispy, delicious treat. You can eat it straight up, or crunch it up and use it like bacon bits. Personally, I keep it in a bag in my vest pocket, to season up bland meals while I'm on the road."

"It looks... really spicy!" Charn said, as he sidled away from the dragoness, and to the PortaGrill. "CharnCo, and myself especially, would love to thank you for being a good sport in the neverending quest to promote CharnCo Quality kitchen and entertainment products." He pulled up the hood. "Please don't set me on fire, Riley... Bon Appetit!"

Inside, the dragoness's cock was grilled to perfection. The huge dick was somewhat flattened on the top and bottom - this was from the natural effect of the spongy tissue cooking, the blood expanding the tissues and then solidifying into a solid plug. The balls had split open the scrotum, steaming pleasantly in the air. Dark grill marks criss crossed both cock and balls, and the broad darkened head had partially extruded the steel plug. The urethra had seared crispy around the metal, and semen had crusted over, similar to a parmesan crust. All in all, it looked... really damned good. Riley's belly growled as she looked at it.

Charn stabbed into the left testicle with cooking tines, and pressed the back of a knife through the just-tender flesh, peeling a hunk of nut away with absolutely no resistance. "Oh, Riley, this looks really good... come on, I know you're mad but... won't you at least give yourself a taste? This barbecue sauce... it's something else."

"I suppose... I would be remiss if I didn't endorse my own products," Riley said. She broke off the left testicle patty from the deep fried package, and took the testicle 'steak' from the tiger. Crushing the patty over it, the reddish flakes clung to the steaming, moist, tender ball meat. "After you, of course."

Charn eyed the flakes on top of the nut. "Oh, I'll cut myself my own serving, you don't have to-"

"I. Insist." Riley smiled. Charn nodded, ears folding back to his head and his tail tucked between his legs slightly.

"Of course, of course..." He leaned up, the tall dragoness holding the steak just above his eyes, and delicately, tenderly bit off a mouthful. He chewed it, grimacing in anxiety at what was coming.

Then, he paused.

He chewed again.

"Hey, you know..." he paused, chewing again. "Wow. This is really... really REALLY good! I-" A lick of flame shot from his mouth, and he clapped his hands over his lips, eyes wide with shock.

"Yeah, it takes a bit to kick in!" Riley laughed, as she stuffed the entire remainder of the nut into her mouth. Mashing and crunching at it, she nodded her head approvingly. Charn kept the hands clamped over his mouth, eyes watering profusely. He seemed to be hiccuping.

"Oh, yeah, this really IS Great. I mean, seriously, Charn, fuck you for tricking me like that..." Riley said, slapping the tiger on the back. "But if anyone's gonna cook my dick and balls... I'm glad it was you. You really honored the ingredients. This is fantastic."

Charn nodded, turning and running for the fridge. A quart of milk was upended, the tiger glugging and coughing as he drank the entire thing.

Riley peered at him, then back to the camera. "Well, it looks like Charn won't be going on Hot Ones any time soon, so I'll sign off for him. This is Riley, owner and proprietor of theBlackwood Distillery and Tavern in Alytia. Come on down and try out ales, our stouts, our Dra'liq, and... coming soon... our hot wings!"

Riley held up the big blue dragon cock that she had so recently had inside her, waving it goodbye to the stream. "Come by tonight if you want the... house special!" She said, giving a wink.

Behind her, a striped hand waved furiously goodbye from behind the refrigerator door.

And with that, the stream ended.