

The Terror of Portal-Portal

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Keys clacked noisily on the keyboard as Nevada stared at her screen, glancing occasionally at the gray plastic ring sitting on the desk beside her.

“Agh, come on,” the shark-fox herm complained, reaching down to scratch her balls with one hand while continuing to watch the screen like a hawk and type with her other hand.

She held her breath and sat back, waiting.

“Boo-yah, I’m in!” she said, clapping her hands triumphantly and letting out a sharp breath.

She leaned forward again, watching as lines of text scrolled over her terminal screen, most of it long, cryptic strings of hexadecimal, but as she typed, her script began to suck up those strings off the main monitor and present them in much more readable format on her second monitor. She licked her teeth intently, glanced down at the plastic ring again, then back at her monitor.

“Let’s give it a try,” she said. “Doesn’t matter who the first time.”

She swallowed hard, entered a series of keystrokes, then hit enter.

A faint, shimmering, gray light appeared within the plastic ring.

“Ha!” Nevada gloated, nearly jumping out of her chair with excitement. “Okay, um, let’s do you.”

She glanced from screen to screen, typed in some characters, and hit enter again. Her eyes widened, and a broad grin stretched her toothy mouth wide.

Some fur’s penis was sticking through the portal within her little plastic ring. She stared at it in awe, reached forward to touch it, then stopped herself, entered another command, and the penis disappeared.

“That...was crazy,” she said, panting with excitement.

“Portal glory holes”, they called them, and they were all the rage. With people locked down or just really not wanting to get out, portal glory holes provided a way for people to—ahem—share parts of themselves without the need for in-person meeting. You simply connected to the Portal-Portal—Nevada was sure the company’s marketers were very proud of themselves over such a stupid name—the online meat-market of furs who had bought portals of their own. Nevada had her own, but she’d made a few modifications that the Portal backend really didn’t like...such as removing the serial number so she couldn’t be traced, among other, less benign alterations. Portal-Portal had kicked her off for violating its terms of services, to which she’d replied, “Challenge accepted.”

It had taken her a couple of hours, but she’d gotten back in easily enough and had gotten her unlocked portal in just a few hours after that. The next step—the reason she’d voided her portal’s warranty and breached the terms of service in the first place—was hacking into Portal-Portal’s backend server and gaining access to anybody she chose. The scrambled lines of text she’d been deciphering were various user ID keys—encrypted, of course—and with a little more work, she’d soon be able to retrieve any information the user had uploaded as well as the information Portal-Portal had collected on its own. Like so many other “free” so-called dating apps (well, aside from the cost of the hardware, which was *not* cheap), Portal-Portal made its money off of collecting and selling information about its users. Nothing to the point of blackmail, of course—though from what Nevada had seen so far, that *might* be a lucrative business to get into—but there was certainly plenty of information to let her do a larger Internet search to find out everything she wanted to know about someone before hacking his portal.

That all came later, though. The most important part was proving to herself that she could hack someone’s portal at all, and the dick that had been jutting up from her desk had proved it was possible.

The busty predator’s shark-tail flicked, and she rubbed her clawed hands together with anticipation.

“Big dicks,” she murmured to herself. “Show me big dicks.”

It had taken a few hours, but she’d reverse-engineered a lot of the user profile metadata and was indeed able to see the self-reported dick sizes—as well as the *actual* dick sizes the portal devices measured when worn. She’d giggled at that, but what *really* got her excited was the discovery that she could—

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undetected by the other side—see and *hear* through a hacked portal. She could tell who was alone, who had a deep voice, and even see live video of whatever the remote portal happened to be facing. In a few minutes, she'd fashioned for herself her *own* Portal-Portal, one that let her see all the public and private data about everybody in the database and—bandwidth permitting—even monitor multiple live feeds at once.

She licked her lips. It was going to be a fun day.

Taking her new app for a spin, she had it show her the biggest dicks online, and what *big* dicks they were! Her sharp tongue ran over her sharper teeth as she all but drooled on seeing shlongs five feet, six feet, even eight feet long and almost too big around to deep-throat.

"Ohh, you'll do nicely," she said, eyeing an orca's black-and-white dick through its owner's portal.

It was so big, it looked like a baby cow.

"Veal. It's what's for dinner," Nevada grinned.

She quickly crafted a message to the orca, made to look like it came from Portal-Portal's administrators saying that they thought there was a communication issue with his device and would he please put it on so they could test the fidelity?

She held her breath as she watched him read the message, then grinned as she watched him drop his pants. Her eyes bulged, her pointed ears pricking forward delightedly as his portal caught sight of his flaccid member.

"Wow," she whispered.

The view briefly shifted to look at the underside of his chin, then his ceiling, and then the space under his desk.

"Geez, dude, use a vacuum once in a decade!" Nevada muttered.

But her eyes quickly darted to her own portal. As she watched breathlessly, the tip of the orca's penis poked through, followed by at least two feet of flaccid, delicious-looking cock and a pair of black, glossy balls with a white spot on one of them.

"Ohh, you can do better than two feet," Nevada breathed. "Cute balls, though."

Swallowing hard, she clicked a lock button on her app next to the orca's profile picture.

"Now to find out if that lock actually works," she said.

Holding her breath, she took one of her sharper claws, poised it over the tip of the orca's penis, then jabbed it sharply into his urethra.

From her speakers, she heard him yelp, and from her screen, she could see him trying to take the portal off. His penis bobbed and jerked, but it couldn't retreat.

A cruel smile twisted her face. She pouted, picked up the portal, and sat it on her lap with the trapped penis facing her.

"Aww, now, now," she said, "Was that sharp thing mean to you? Here, let me make it better."

She slipped her long, pointed tongue down along the underside of the penis. She heard an uncertain gasp from her speakers, and the penis stretched out towards her.

"Mm, ya like that?" she asked, rubbing one of the warts on her tongue along the penis's sensitive frenulum.

The penis bucked and grew longer. Now over four feet long, it was so big that she had to put it on the floor.

Moving her mouth over the tip, she let one of her cold sores graze over the sensitive flesh and grinned to herself as the orca's malehood grew right into her mouth, hit the back of her throat, and then began to throb and twitch as she sucked and slurped at it until it was rock-hard.

"Now it's showtime."

She reached over and grabbed a leather cock ring, and without warning, pulled it very tightly around the base of the orca's cock. A surprised grunt from the orca accompanied by shivering of his rod, still in her mouth, signaled his futile attempt to escape.

"Tsk, tsk, tsk," Nevada said, pulling his cock out of her mouth, "It's too late for you now."

She kissed the tip of the orca's prick and let her tongue slip into his urethra, eliciting a groan of pleasure. Pulling her tongue out, she slipped the tip of his penis up into her mouth, ran her teeth lightly over the sensitive flesh...

And bit down.

A scream nearly deafened her, and she hastily turned down her speakers; she'd heard everything she needed to from this person anyway. The trauma to the tip of his dick had instantly killed the orca's erection, but the tight band around the base of his malehood meant he couldn't help but stay hard.

Nevada savored the taste, noting that it was a bit fishy but also a little musky and deciding that on the whole, whale would be worth having again someday.

After she finished her current meal, that was.

With the orca's penis still quivering and bleeding in her hand, she took another bite, her sharp teeth sinking through the spongy tissue like a savory Three Musketeers bar. She pulled the bite off and moved it between her back teeth, lightly squeezing it and chuckling at the squishing sounds it made before swallowing it.

"Mm, that *is* pretty tasty," she said.

She took another bite, this one a little bigger, and blood blasted into her mouth, spraying down her throat. The orca's penis went flaccid as all the blood drained from it into Nevada's greedy maw, leaving a fleshy, empty tube sock flopped over her palm.

"Aww, it was so impressive when it was full of hot blood," she pouted. "Oh, well. Still tastes good."

She tore off another piece, and the visual on the screen showed that the orca had moved into a garage of sorts and was probably trying to take his portal off with tools.

"Good luck," Nevada chuckled, gulping down the bite she'd taken and then using her teeth to cut the orca's urethra out from the rest of his penis.

She liked urethras the best. First, they had a really weird texture and consistency unlike anything else she'd ever eaten, and second, they usually had a faint taste of piss and, if she was lucky, cum.

"Too bad *you'll* never be cumming out of this thing again," Nevada lamented, biting off another chunk of the flaccid member, chewing, and swallowing.

Beginning to tire of the flavor, she made short work of the rest of the shaft, bite-by-bite, until all that was left was the orca's balls and a tiny stub of urethra.

"What do you think, guy? Those aren't gonna be any use to you now, not without a nice dick to shoot through," she said, running her tongue up under the orca's sack and caressing it.

The orca's testes retreated but couldn't make it past the portal.

"10 out of 10 stars on *that* hack," Nevada gloated. "I've got you both *right* where I want you."

Her tongue curled around one of the tennis ball-sized orbs, teasing and taunting it ruthlessly as it tried in vain to escape.

"Now, now, that won't do," she said, reaching down to pinch the base of the orca's scrotum, forcing his testes down towards her waiting mouth.

Using one of her teeth, she deftly sliced the orca's scrotum open, then slipped her tongue up inside to invade his private place and pull his straining testicle out. Her tongue wrapped around the tendon that

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held it in place, pulled it up against her razor-sharp teeth, and snapped it in two. The orca's testicle popped into her mouth. She spat it back out and rolled it over in her hands, examining it minutely as if verifying the authenticity of a collector's baseball. Grinning and satisfied, she held it up to her mouth and bit into it like an apple. It squished more like a cooked squash, the myriad tubules unfurling and bursting into her mouth, their half-formed sperm in varying stages of completion as they went down her throat.

"Mm! Savory and so filling!" Nevada gloated.

She polished off what was left and then went back to her portal. She made a face.

"Well, we *can't* let you go looking like *that*, now can we?" she said, shaking her head. "Nope, it's got to be all or nothing!"

Picking the portal up and bringing it to her lips, she felt her lips graze over the orca's half-emptied scrotum. She slid it up in between her teeth and slowly closed them. On the screen, the orca's shadow was screaming, his hands gripping the portal for dear life, his body bent and contorted with pain. Nevada smiled sadistically to herself, and continuing to watch the screen, rotated the portal this way and that, slowly grinding down the orca's flesh from the outside like a lathe carving a banister, until nothing remained but a flush, red gash on the orca's black-and-white groin.

Turning up the volume on the speakers, Nevada grinned with satisfaction as she kicked back, picked the scrotum and testicle from her teeth, and listened to the orca moan in pain.

"Just wait; the best is yet to come!" Nevada said gleefully. "You want me to turn you loose? Okay, here you go!"

She clicked the lock symbol next to the orca's picture, and the portal's contents immediately vanished. A horrified scream erupted through the speakers. The orca dropped his portal, and the screen rolled a few times before flipping over to look up at him. His face was stained with tears and etched with grief and pain.

"Good luck learning how to piss out of that!" Nevada chuckled, dismissing the orca's window and sighing contentedly. "That was fun," she said, getting up and glancing at the clock. "Whoa, shit; I did it again," she gasped, shaking her head. "Three days without sleep again. Tch, I better hit the hay for today; I'm too full to play with another guy anyway."

She stripped down to reveal an uncut penis, a Prince Albert nearly as big as her fist going through the tip and led up to by over half a dozen rungs of ladder piercings along the underside. Flopping on the bed, she stroked herself a few times, reminiscing on her first victim and how she was going to make the next one even *better*.

Nevada improved her technique in more ways than one over the next several weeks. Most users had a linked cell phone, and she found that by hacking the camera, microphone, and even speaker of her prey's phone, she could enable two-way communication. She'd also discovered a way to cover her tracks, having her tools automatically connect her to her victim when he would have been connecting to someone else. Unlike her first prey, who could only claim someone in technical support had tricked him, her victims going forward would all point to someone else: whomever they were connecting with. But, Nevada had not stopped there. She'd also set up a voice modulator so she could imitate anybody she wanted to (she'd opted, of course, for a clueless-sounding ditz, the perfect lure for the macho types she loved to seduce).

And she had had *fun*! Hacking was fun, of course, but hacking someone's dick off with her teeth was even *more* fun, and it wasn't just males at risk: she had a taste for herms, too. No species was spared: if the guy or herm had a big dick, he was fair game. There was the raccoon, whose club-shaped dick she'd eaten the little knobs off of before biting through his baculum, taking it out, and using it to skewer his balls so she could pretend they were shish kebabs. There was the manatee whose truly *massive* penis had left her so full that she'd gone a day without eating afterwards. There was the shrew she'd mistaken for a bear when she saw the size of his phallus. It turned out shrews and other rodents were *nicely* endowed for their size, a factoid Nevada made sure to file away for later. There was the gorilla herm she'd mistaken for a rodent based on her penis size. She'd wanted a light snack, but herm or not, gorillas were just

embarrassingly lacking in endowment. There was also the rhinoceros whose backwards-bent penis confused her at first but soon received the same treatment as the others. And, not least of all was the lion, whose penis proved to bite back—or, rather, the barbs on it did—which both surprised and delighted Nevada. She'd taken extra care to use his penis as a toothbrush first, raking his sensitive but barbed flesh over her razor-sharp teeth and slowly shredding the tip before getting down to the business of eating it.

Nor were her escapades limited solely to eating her victims' malehoods. Once she'd gotten two-way communication going, she'd delighted in toying with them, getting them excited and hard, only to take a sharp bite out of their malehoods and kill their erections. Despite their pain, she'd lick their dicks until they stood at feeble attention again and then bite them off shorter still. She'd also discovered that a surprising number of her victims were fastidious in their sexually transmitted disease precautions, and the most squeamish among them proved the greatest entertainment as she rubbed her warts and cold sores against their captive members, squeezed the pus out of her abscesses and used it as lube, or drove her syphilitic tongue as far up their urethras as she could as a parting gift after she'd nullified them.

But, there was one thing she'd been wanting to do that she hadn't been able to do, yet, because none of her victims had the right kind of penis. What she needed was a great big dick with lot of flexibility, and while she'd certainly swallowed a number of big dicks, none of them really fit the bill.

Until the zebra, that is.

Horses were too stereotypical, so Nevada had deliberately avoided them, but when her tool revealed that *his* massive tool and the asymmetric pattern of his stripes, she knew she had to have him. His profile made it even better: he had dedicated no less than a thousand words to how he was DDF and wanted to stay that way, listing diseases Nevada didn't even know existed as well as his most recent test dates (year, month, day, and even *hour* of collection) for each. Nevada had cackled wickedly to herself, thinking that someone *that* neurotic would be great fun to harass. But, she was going to take it a step further. She hadn't done this before, but she was really eager to try screwing him over emotionally as well as physically. It was going to take work, but it was going to be *totally* worth it!

With her next target in her sights, she set to work making herself look like the perfect match. From the zebra's chat history, she knew that he really had a thing for mares, particularly palomino quarter horses. Digging around in the taking over the profile of just such a palomino mare who hadn't been on in about a year, changed her most recent log-on date to a couple of days before, altered her profile text a bit to make her more the zebra's type, and then had that profile send him a message, tailored to the types of things Nevada had seen him talk about in his other messages.

"Hey. Um, I heard from mareteaz513 that you were really into gaming. She said I oughtta hit you up."

Nevada watched the zebra's expression on his phone as he read the text, then grinned when he looked genuinely delighted.

"Hey. Really? I didn't think she was all that into me. But yeah, big gaming nerd here, lol."

Nevada smirked, but before she could reply, he sent another message.

"I'm Chris."

I know, Nevada thought, *But as far as I'm concerned, you're Dick-with-Stripes.*

"I'm Casey," she replied. "So, um, I'll show you my setup if you show me your dick."

Chris nearly fell out of his chair, but then, just as Nevada had expected, his face clouded.

"I dunno if mareteaz513 told you, but I'm really a stickler about STDs. You got a test you can show me? Nothing personal, just...met some dishonest people, is all."

Nevada grinned.

"Well, you passed the test," she replied, attaching some doctored STD test results. "I know exactly what you mean about people not being honest. It is so nice to meet someone else on here who actually takes STDs seriously. Here are mine. Lemme see yours."

Chris replied with his test results and a three-page treatise on STDs that Nevada recognized from his messages with other people.

"Wow, he actually types all this out from memory; it's not just copy-paste," Nevada murmured as she skimmed it. "Dude, STDs are gonna be the *least* of your worries by the time I get done with you...they'll definitely be a worry, but you'll have bigger things to worry about," she said, grinning wickedly.

"I *totally* agree," she replied. "You know, I feel really comfortable with someone who says what he does and does what he says."

"Me, too," Chris replied. Nevada watched his chest heave with anticipation. "You still want to...you know, show me your setup if I show you my dick?"

Nevada flashed a toothy grin.

"Definitely! Only...why don't you send yourself over here? You know, so I can feel it. Way better than just a picture."

She watched the zebra wrestle with the idea, pick up his portal, put it back down, start typing, stop typing, pick up his portal again, hesitate, put it down, continue typing, pick it up again and put it on his dick, clear his message and type a new message, send the message, and then turn on his portal.

"This...seems really fast," he replied, "But I feel like I can trust you. My portal's on."

"Gotcha," Nevada grinned, licking her lips as she picked up her own portal and marveled at the equine's stout, throbbing member. "Mm, yes," she murmured, "You're gonna be a *lot* of fun."

"Very impressive," she typed back. "You want to voice-chat?"

Chris nearly fell over again. "Yeah, sure!" he replied.

Nevada quickly turned on her voice modulator and switched it over to the "dumb bimbo" setting.

"Um, hi," she said.

"Oh, uh, hey," Chris replied, his voice deep but distinctly nerdy.

"This is an awfully nice piece of meat you've got here," Nevada said, grazing her fingertips along the underside of his prick.

"Oo-*ooh*," Chris gasped. "You think so?"

"Mm, yeah."

She breathed hot, moist air onto his prick, then slipped her tongue down his length as she reached over and hit the lock icon next to his portrait. She had him right where she wanted him, and she didn't want him going anywhere. She pressed her lips down around his black member and practically swallowed it whole. Chris let out an ecstatic moan, and Nevada grinned wickedly as his eyes half-closed.

"Mm, are you gonna cum for me?" she asked, the voice modulator making her sound like a whore desperate for zebra semen.

"I am if you keep doing that," Chris answered shakily.

"I'd *really* like that," Nevada replied. "But, there's something I want to ask you."

"Mm, yeah?"

"Yeah. What would you do if I told you I lied about my STD results?"

Chris's eyes snapped open, then he relaxed a bit. "Aww, that's not very nice," he said. "Get me all excited and then fake me out like that?"

"What if I'm not faking?" Nevada pressed. Rubbing one of her cold sores roughly against his urethra, she said, "You feel that? That's a cold sore."

The zebra gasped and looked upset. "Dude, that's not cool!" he protested. "What about liking guys who do what they say and say what they do?"

"Oh, yeah," Nevada said, slathering her syphilitic tongue over his rod and drooling directly into his piss-slit, "I lied about that, too. What I *really* like is relieving guys of their malehood."

Chris's finger hovered over the disconnection button.

"Look, I'm really not into this kind of mind-fuck role-play," he said. "I was having a good time, but if this is how you want to be... Besides, don't you mean 'relieving guys' malehoods' or something like that? It sounds like you wanna cut my dick off or something."

"Oh, *no!* I don't wanna *cut* it off," Nevada replied ominously, letting her razor-sharp teeth graze his flesh.

"Ow, hey, that hurts!" Chris yelped.

"Aww, does it?" Nevada asked, giggling and making the voice modulator sound like a total airhead.

"Okay, it's been fun, but I'm outta here," Chris said, pressing the disconnection button and breathing a sigh of relief.

It wasn't until Nevada's teeth nipped his glans that he realized he'd been premature in sighing. His eyes bulged, and he pressed the disconnect button again, watching closely this time to see that he had definitely disconnected.

"Oh, shit!" he gasped, frantically pounding the disconnect button.

Nevada cackled, the voice modulator bubbling with amusement. "Oh, sweetie," it said, "You can't get away; you're mine to play with for as long as I want."

"Noo, what the fuck?!" Chris yelped, feeling her teeth nipping mercilessly at the tip of his glans as he fumbled with his phone, trying to close the app.

"That's not gonna do you any good, either," Nevada said. "Your portal's hacked, and there's nothing left to do but hang on for the ride."

With that, she bit off a chunk of the crown on his glans. It wasn't a big bite, but the little morsel was spongy, rubbery, and chewy, and as Nevada knew well, the inner flesh tasted a lot more savory than the mildly musky but otherwise bland exterior. The zebra screamed and fell over backwards in his chair, thrashing on the ground and grasping desperately at the portal, trying to pull it off of himself. But, thanks to the hack job Nevada had done, there was no getting it off.

Nevada gave a toothy grin, her teeth dripping with the zebra's blood. Now all that was left was her favorite part: the hack job she was gonna do to his malehood! With Chris trapped, she could afford to take her time, to savor not only the taste of her prey but also his reactions. She considered her next bite, licked her lips, and then ran her tongue down the underside of the zebra's shaft. A bewildering mixture of terror and arousal made the penis bounce even as he yelled in protest. Nevada grinned wickedly, let her tongue circle one of the zebra's eggs, as yet still safe in its sac, and then gently sucked it into her mouth. Chris began to hyperventilate in terror, alternately begging and cursing her as she slowly sank her teeth into the delicate flesh. His voice went silent, his mouth opening wide and his eyes squeezing closed in anguish as her razor-sharp teeth pierced his scrotum and bisected one of his testicles. A rewarding splash of blood and immature sperm gushed into her mouth, the strange texture of coiled tubules unravelling over her tongue and spreading out to fill her mouth providing a surprisingly titillating and sensual experience. She savored the moment, rolling the long, hollow noodles around in her mouth to appreciate their texture before swallowing them.

Then she went back to finish what she'd started, effortlessly slicing through the tendon that held the last vestiges of the zebra's ruined testicle. Any lesser creature would have had trouble biting through the tough, unyielding sinew, but it sliced as cleanly as scissors through paper against her teeth. The zebra's epididymis proved an intriguing variation, somewhat gelatinous but just as flavorful as his testicle. Nevada smiled contentedly as she squashed it between her tongue and palate, releasing its flavors into her mouth.

As rich as the zebra's oyster had been, the delicacy should have filled her, but all it did was whet her appetite. With the rich taste and metallic notes of blood fresh on her tongue, she seized the zebra's prick in her hand, guided it into her mouth, and pushed it down her throat until her teeth bumped against the

portal. But as she considered biting it all off at once and swallowing it whole, she couldn't help but pout at the spoiled opportunity. Seized by a devious idea, she bit down only enough to sink her teeth into the zebra's flesh, then pulled back, cutting deep gouges that ran from the base of his cock all the way to what remained of his tip. Anguished cries flooded the room over Nevada's speakers, yet she found the flavor rather bland. Reaching over to her desk, she picked up a salt shaker and generously applied it to the open wounds. Chris's scream became a shrill shriek, and somewhere in the back of her mind, Nevada was impressed that such a well-endowed male could make such high-pitched noises.

Thus appropriately seasoned, the zebra's penis proved much more to Nevada's liking. She wasted no time, removing his entire glans in a single bite. Like playing with a Life Saver, Nevada grinned and poked her tongue through the hole in the bit of flesh she'd removed, and trapping his glans between her teeth, managed to turn it inside-out, exposing the tough, smooth texture of his urethra and picking up residual hints of the fluid that had passed through it.

"You should drink more water," she murmured, not *really* talking to Chris but more just giving vent to the thought that spontaneously popped into her head.

She chewed the rubbery donut a few times, then swallowed it and bit off another cross-section of Chris's shaft. Without the increased girth of the zebra's glans, consuming the rest of his penis proved to be a rather repetitive albeit tasty exercise: chambers of spongy flesh surrounded the sinewy tube that would never again carry piss or cum. These chambers deflated and gushed blood when squeezed, much to Nevada's amusement, but although she did enjoy playing with her food, she made short work of consuming it.

At last, nothing remained but a bit of withered scrotum and the zebra's one intact testicle. Exhausted and hoarse from endless screaming, thrashing, and tensing, Chris could do little more than flinch as he felt Nevada's teeth move in for the final attack, and with an agonizing sting, he felt himself completely emasculated. Nevada savored his testicle as she swallowed it down—the testicles really were the best part, she decided—and then turned her attention back to the zebra's naked groin.

"I bet you thought that was the worst thing that could happen to you," she said, her voice menacing.

Chris started, then sagged hopelessly. "Why are you doing this?" he whimpered.

"Well, it seems only fair," Nevada replied as she lined the tip of her massive, uncut, barbell-studded cock up with the zebra's urethra. "You gave me such a delicious meal, and I wanted to give you something, too: all my STDs!"

She pressed forward, her Prince Albert forcing its way into the zebra and paving the way for the rest of her to follow. Waves of agony shot through Chris's body like getting a white-hot knife shoved up his dick while simultaneously getting punched in the gut. He opened his mouth to scream, but nothing came out, and he endured the onslaught in miserable silence as one-by-one, Nevada's barbells caught on his urethra, tore it, and forced their way inside.

Finally balls-deep inside the zebra's ruined urethra, her PA threatening to puncture the far wall of his bladder, Nevada groaned lewdly, savoring the feeling of his tattered urethra around her. Then she began thrusting in earnest, delighting in the feel of her foreskin rubbing over her sensitive flesh and the way Chris's innards tugged on her piercings.

"This thrust," she grunted, "Is for HIV. And this one is for the clap."

Altering her speed to get herself to and keep herself on the edge of climax, she rattled off over a dozen STDs, some of which even *Chris* had never heard of. The helpless zebra relived the agonizing experience of having his urethra stretched and torn with each thrust, so much so that he barely even noticed what she was saying.

Yet all of that paled in comparison with the pain of feeling her cum into his bladder. The overwhelming urge to piss instantly went from zero to about-to-explode, and the foreign liquid forced into him burned deep into his core. But, with the hybrid's massive cock blocking its egress, the fluid had no way to escape, and Chris found himself paralyzed with pain, unable to make it go away but hardly able to endure it.

“Aww, is that a bit uncomfortable?” Nevada cackled. “You haven’t felt *anything*, yet!”

With that, she unleashed a stream of burning, stinging piss. Chris screamed, finally breaking his silence as his bladder stretched far beyond anything that should have been possible. Nevada’s eyes rolled back in her head with relief, and once she’d finished, she clicked a button on the app and simultaneously yanked herself out. Blood, piss, and cum streamed out of Chris’s ruined hole all over his floor. On his screen, the app vanished, leaving no sign that he’d ever even talked to Nevada.

Sitting back in her chair and feeling sated in bladder, balls, and belly, Nevada sighed contentedly.

“That was fun,” she murmured, “But it would be even *more* fun in person!”

It was several weeks after her encounter with the zebra before Nevada got up the courage to actually follow through. She was a master of hacking—there was no question of that—and there was safety in being able to hide behind her computer screen, her face, voice, and even IP address concealed through numerous layers of technology. But, she was also a master planner, and if there was anything she was good at, it was identifying the characteristics she needed in her prey to give her the advantage while also having fun. Once she hit on what she was looking for, the rest was just searching, and after a day or so of thorough research, she finally found the perfect candidate, a particularly well-endowed mouse, and lured him to an alleyway about 30 minutes from her house, a location chosen for its seclusion, ambiance, and the opportunity to install some scream-canceling speakers she’d developed for the occasion. She had decided in advance that this wasn’t the opportunity to linger and take her time like she had with Chris; the longer she stayed, the more the chance she’d get caught, so she had resolved to make it a quickie. If this one went well, she might take her time on the next one. There were, she reasoned, plenty horny, well-endowed guys in the city, and she could afford to take baby steps. She’d planned everything perfectly, had covered her tracks, and had made sure that there was no way to trace her.

That was why getting caught was so shocking.

She’d disarmed the mouse with some flirtatious small talk and a peek at her well-endowed breasts, and then she’d used those same breasts to pin him to the wall—he might be well-endowed, but as a mouse only two-thirds her size, he was easily overpowered. He’d thought it was hot at first, but that ceased the moment she relieved him of his penis in one, big bite. As he opened his mouth, deafening silence filled the alley as her suppression system drowned him out, and Nevada grinned wickedly to herself: *that* was certainly encouraging!

But there was a sound among the silence that made the hybrid’s hackles rise. Instinctively looking over her shoulder, she gasped to see a black-and-purple dragon blocking the exit to the alley and glaring at her.

“Why don’t you pick on someone your own size?” he growled, advancing.

Damn it! Nevada thought. Grunting in frustration, she considered her options, and decided that since she’d already started, she might as well finish with the mouse. Quickly ripping off his scrotum all at once, she let him go, got to her feet, and turned to face the interloper as she swallowed the mouse’s delicacies. The mouse fell to the ground, too stunned with pain and disbelief to move.

“Who the hell are *you*?” she demanded, doing a double-take on seeing that the dragon was nearly twice as tall as she was. “Th—this isn’t what it looks like,” she managed, turning her head upward as the dragon towered over her.

“No?” he asked, smirking. “You’ve got a little something on your mouth.”

Nevada’s tongue flicked to the corner of her mouth and tasted blood. She swallowed nervously.

“I’ve got a dick for you,” the dragon said, reaching down and grabbing her by the neck. “But, it’s not going in *there*,” he growled, gesturing to her face.

He reached down, grabbed his shorts, and ripped them off to reveal two enormous penises, each twice as large as Nevada’s. Forgetting herself for a moment, the hybrid gasped and looked at them hungrily,

but then gasped again on seeing how scabbed-over they were, oozing pus and bits of crusted blood out the tip and myriad open sores along their length.

"I've heard about what you've been doing on Portal-Portal," the dragon hissed, lifting and pinning Nevada against the wall and bringing his penises up underneath her. "We guys don't take too kindly to having our dicks bitten off!"

Without warning, he dropped her and shoved her downward, impaling her pussy and ass on his twin rods. The hybrid's eyes and mouth went wide as her holes were forced open much wider than they'd ever been before. To make matters worse, the dragon had even *more* piercings than she did. A rough-textured chain from his PA to a permanently welded band around the base of his scrotum cut and sawed at her anus, making her bleed as the dragon forced her down even further. The barbells in his dick did to her ass what her barbells had done to the zebra's urethra, forcing themselves inside and tearing any flesh that resisted. Her pussy fared no better. Countless scabs on the invading rod cut and scraped her, rubbing blood, pus, and reeking smegma against newly formed abrasions inside her.

"Did you think you had *all* the STDs?" the dragon smirked, deliberately rubbing the biggest and sharpest of his scabs against a sore that had opened up inside Nevada's passage. "Don't worry; you won't have them much longer. Well," he clarified, pausing to consider, "You will, but it won't matter."

Nevada's face contorted into a pained grimace. Somewhere in the back of her mind, she had told herself she'd survive this, that once it was over, she was going to get this guy back, no matter what it took. Between sharp jabs that took her breath away and the near-constant scraping and cutting of her pussy and ass, it took all the concentration she could muster to focus on her revenge. But hearing the dragon's words and feeling herself forced deeper and deeper onto his pricks, her resolve began to waver. One of his PAs hit her cervix, and when her inner sanctum resisted, he shoved her down hard enough to rip the proverbial door off its hinges. Burning, ripping pain punched her in the gut, then quickly degenerated into repeated sharp, stabbing pains that burned their way indelibly into Nevada's mind.

She had resolved to tough it out, not to give the interloper the satisfaction of watching her break, but this was too much. Her mouth opened, and a shrill, piercing scream erupted from her lips.

"*There* it is," the dragon sneered. "If you thought *that* hurt, just wait."

He pulled her off his dicks, lined her streaming uterus up with the prick that had penetrated her bowels, and let her blood cover it completely.

"There's no lube better than blood," the dragon purred. Scoffing at seeing her looking at him incredulously, he added, "Oh, no, it's not for *your* pleasure; it's just to make it slide in easier."

Lining her back up, he jerked her downward. His dicks, both covered in blood—her blood—effortlessly slid into her stretched, torn holes, and as slick as they were, even her tight insides could do nothing to hold them back. One dick bottomed out in her uterus and began to stretch it into her abdomen while the other straightened out her intestines, rolled them up into a sock, and shot out her mouth, pushing a spray of shit and stomach acid ahead of it.

Nevada would have gagged, but she couldn't, would have screamed, but she couldn't. In fact, she couldn't breathe, either. The vile taste of her intestinal contents coated her mouth and intermingled with the taste of pus and blood, but the dragon's thick, wart-covered member gave those foul fluids no place to go. The rigidity of his member forced Nevada's head backward; even if she hadn't been exhausted from the cruel fucking, she couldn't have bitten down if she'd tried.

"Oh, ha, looks like I *did* go in your mouth, after all!" the dragon chuckled as Nevada's lungs began to burn from lack of oxygen. "Well, don't get too excited; it won't stay there long enough for you to do anything with it."

He flicked the very tip of her penis for emphasis, eliciting a gurgling hiss around his dick as an involuntary scream left her lungs completely devoid of air. Her head pounded, and her vision began to go dark. Her body twitched and spasmed in protest against the slow, painful execution. The darkness closed in on her, and she felt a twinge of desire to surrender to it, to quit fighting to stay alive and just let death take her.

A sharp slap to the face yanked her back into consciousness. She would have gasped, but the dragon's malehood still had her lungs completely closed off, and the attempt sent a wave of burning nausea coursing through her chest, and the pain in her gut and head had only intensified. But as the darkness rushed to smother her again, she suddenly felt herself lifted, felt the dragon's enormous member moving, and suddenly felt her lungs flood with air. She alternated between coughing and gasping, the fetid fluids choking her in her desperation to breathe. This continued long enough that she suddenly became aware that the dragon had been holding her at eye level and glaring at her for quite some time.

"Finished?" he asked perfunctorily. "I want your full attention for the next part."

How can there be a next part? What more can he do to me?

The dragon smirked, opened his maw to reveal that it wasn't only his dick that was diseased, and moved Nevada's head inside. His rancid breath made it hard to breathe even as starved for air as she was, and warts on his tongue and the insides of his cheeks stared menacingly at her. Rotten meat clung to the space between the dragon's teeth—much of it had turned green with age—and its odor made Nevada dry-heave even as the realization hit her that *this* was how she was going to die.

"I'd ask if you have any last words," the dragon's voice reverberated in his mouth around her, "But frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn."

His teeth came down, and Nevada felt them stab sharply against her flesh. But at the last minute, the dragon yanked her head out of his mouth, chomped down, and bit her ears off. She let out a blood-curdling scream, but before she could recover, he bit down again, biting off part of her cheek. Her scream became a shriek, but the dragon didn't relent, biting once more down on the bridge of her nose and taking her teeth and jaw away.

"You wanna suck my dick *now*, bitch?!" the dragon roared at her, yanking his dick out of her, inverting her, and impaling her toothless, jawless face on his shit-covered cock, leaving her body there long enough for her lungs to begin to burn again.

Just as she was about to pass out, the dragon ripped her off his dick, turned her right side up, and glared icily at her half-eaten face.

"My name is Jason. I'm the creator of Portal-Portal." He let that sink in, and as the realization dawned on Nevada, he sneered, "Don't. *Hack*. My. App."

With that, he pulled her head forward, bit down, and cut her neck clean in two, but before the life could drain from her head, he made sure to give it a few good chomps. The last thing that went through Nevada's mind was one of his molars accompanied by impossible pain, and then she expired.

Jason swallowed the hybrid's mangled head and brought her neck-hole to the cock that had invaded her pussy. Shoving himself into her lifeless body, he groaned lewdly as his malehood reamed her digestive tract out and squirted her intestines' contents—including the mouse's partially-digested penis—out her ass to splatter to the ground. On seeing it, the dragon did a double-take and glanced down at the mouse.

"Tch, sorry," Jason said, reaching down to grab the terrified rodent, "But I can't have any witnesses, and you're not gonna live through this anyway, so..."

Leaving Nevada's corpse skewered on his dick, he used the claws on his free hand to force the mouse's tiny urethra open while holding him firmly in the other hand. The mouse squealed, and fear- and pain-induced urine sprayed out of his stretched hole.

"Damn, do you *want* this?" the dragon asked, shaking his head. "Couldn't have made it easier if I'd asked."

Without hesitation, he shoved his prick into the mouse's piss-hole. The mouse screamed, but it did little good. Jason's PA and the shit-covered chain attached to it forced themselves into his urethra, caught, and began cutting and tearing it from the inside. Blood, piss, and feces intermingled in the mouse's bladder, feeling like getting kicked in his now-absent balls and burning like fire at the same time as the dragon used him and Nevada's corpse as twin jack-off toys, one for each of his dicks.

The Terror of Portal-Portal

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After a few minutes, Jason pulled Nevada's body off of him, flipped her around, and began hollowing out her uterus. At the same time, he pulled out of the mouse's well-reamed piss-hole, flipped him around, and began fucking his ass. The pain was too great for the mouse to even scream; his body went limp, and he endured the dragon's onslaught unconscious.

That is, until Jason flipped him around and began fucking his face.

The sudden lack of air jolted the mouse back into reality, and the vile reek and taste of the dragon's cock and the aching burn as it forced its way down the mouse's throat were too much to sleep through. Tears and snot streamed down his face as his final moment approached. The dragon's thrusts had grown more forceful and insistent over time—he was getting close. He yanked the mouse off, but before he could flip the mouse over, the mouse said something Jason didn't hear.

"Huh?" the dragon demanded, irritated at the interruption.

"Kill me," the mouse begged.

Jason felt a twinge in his balls.

"*That* was just what I needed!" he gasped.

With a deft flick of the wrist and neck, he bit off the mouse's head and then fluidly moved the fresh corpse's neck-hole down to his quivering penis.

"Oh-fuck, oh-fuck, oh-fuck!" Jason gasped, gritting his teeth but avoiding biting the mouse's head until the latter had fully died.

He stroked himself a few more times with both hands, then cried out through still-gritted teeth, his cum shooting thorough the lifeless bodies and plastering the walls with it. Snarling as he rode out his orgasm, the dragon felt the corpses inflate slightly around his throbbing dick. He shuddered in satisfaction.

Coming to several seconds later, he probed the dead head in his mouth with his tongue, then swallowed it whole, pulled the mouse's mangled body off his dick, and popped it into his maw. Chewing vigorously, he swallowed the hollowed-out corpse bite by bite until there was nothing left and then pulled Nevada's *thoroughly* destroyed corpse off his other dick, scowled at it, and then threw it onto the ground with a sickening *splat*. Sneering, he stomped on it, then stomped on it again and ground it under his heel for good measure. Turning, the dragon left the way he'd come, leaving nothing but the tattered, bloody remains of what used to be known as the Terror of Portal-Portal.