

Yellow-orange light filtered into the room from the morning sun. It peeked through bent and abused blinds, casting rays of illumination into the once-fastidious space. It revealed a herculean figure in the center of the room, sprawled supine. Swollen pectorals bobbed slowly up and down like white-scaled boulders. Crimson scars marred the otherwise smooth surface with veins branching over limbs like tree roots.

A low growl thundered in the room, matching the time of the slow bobbing. It shook the walls and rattled the window, causing the streaming light to flutter with the sway of the blinds. The shark's myriad of pointed teeth flashing as his lip curled, head cocked sideways with his dorsal fin splayed across the mattress.

It had collapsed to the floor, the wooden frame crushed into splinters underneath the abused, defeated mattress. It couldn't fully fit its occupant, knees and elbows jutting over the edges with burly knuckles and heels perched on the sullied carpeting.

There were punched-out holes in the ceiling, some of it stained with dried cum. It matched the mess around him, broken and collapsed furniture also discolored with the stuff. It was like a whirlwind had gone through the hotel room, leaving it in shambles.

The bed sheets were thrown away, the shark sprawled out in the middle of a crumpled mattress. They were rumpled in the corner, absolutely soaked with spunk, their original colors undeterminable from the stainage.

Lyga shifted, eyes slowly fluttering open. Azure irises narrowed in a sea of obsidian as he scanned his surroundings, a little bubble of snot popping from a nostril as he slowly got up. "Ggnhh..." he grunted, crushing more of the poor mattress underneath boulder-like glutes. His tail thudded the floor, finned end swishing back and forth.

The previous night's events slowly came back to the sea-born behemoth. He remembered the muscular little thing he dragged back to this hotel room—*his* hotel room, the feline so generous as to donate ownership.

The little fluff ball had vacated, it would seem. No trace of him left other than soiled garments *far* too small to fit Lyga's overwhelming 10-foot-tall bulk. The walls shuddered, Lyga snickering as he thought about him.

Some spoiled kid who practically lived in the gym, taking a slew of supplements and steroids on his parent's credit card. He was barely 20, yet cocky enough to think he could take on the world.

Well, take on *Lyga*. In hindsight, it might as well have been the world for the big cat.

Like usual, the shark crashed the party, dropping into the local gym to get some reps in. Nothing inside could test his strength, much to the other goer's chagrin. It was purely about feeding his ego, watching all the envious eyes on him as he scooped up whole machines and pressed them into the air.

The dumb cat had decided to challenge him, and to be fair, he put up an impressive show—for someone who *wasn't* Lyga. However, he was humbled by the display of the shark scooping up

all of the gym equipment, twisting and squealing until the entirety of it was nothing but a ball of twisted metal.

The prize for losing their little contest was the cat's ass. A very fine one, girthy, with a bit of jiggle when slapped. Lyga was a little surprised it didn't break by the time he was done with it. The feline ended up with a sloshing gut half his size, with plenty of spunk gushing out his front end.

That's about all he could recall before passing out on the bed. He was nigh-indestructible, so there were no inherent fears or worries about simply dozing off. Besides, he always took what he wanted. And he wanted a nap.

Lyga could only imagine the humiliation as the lion tried to leave at night, avoiding everyone's eyes. Unable to get his pants up, his shirt refused to fit around his distended middle, all while staining the back of his jeans and leaving a milky-white trail behind.

This wasn't exactly a motel either. One look at him from the front staff, and there was no doubt he would be banned across the entire chain.

The bed groaned, the last vestiges of springiness giving out as the azure titan stretched. His arms shook, tendons bulging over the back of curled fists as he grunted. The luxury room the lion had purchased was about the only one that would fit the herculean shark. His head threatened to brush the detailed plasterwork of the vaulted ceiling.

Doors were still a problem.

Well, for people with less consideration than Lyga. He decided to step through the door frame, shoulders knocking out the walls on either side as chunks of plaster and drywall crumbled across the faux-marble floor.

That got him a little excited. Nothing like reminding yourself that you're just a god strolling through a field of mice and popsicle stick houses. His endowment twitched between his legs, already flagging up into the air as he let out a low huff.

The wall-length mirror showed him in all of his glory. A little cum-stained, but he was still impressively muscular. Broad split delts capped his shoulders with swollen biceps and jutting triceps sharing space over those limbs. Abs ladder down his torso from underneath his boulder-like pecs, stopping just short of the base of that enormous endowment.

"Fuck yeah," he grunted under his breath, bracing his back against the wall. His fin jammed into it like a knife, cutting through the material like it was putty. Lyga watched his reflection, particularly entranced with his bouncing pecs. They clapped together, banding as muscle feathered. Veins branched, crawling over those dimpled spheres as they warped and clenched.

He snatched his shaft up in both hands, jerking it, using copious precum like lube as he licked over his lips. Nearly two-and-a-half feet in length, there was no shortage of sensitive flesh to squeeze.

How many people had seen his cock only to bail out at the last second? Wide eyes, practically reflecting his twitching length in their dark depths. Finding people who wouldn't snap like a rubber band around him was a struggle. He often didn't bother with them, losing interest quickly with toys he couldn't effectively play with.

He pictured those past flings, mentally juxtaposing them with the mirror image. His arm alone was bigger than most men, and that's before he flexed. Dipping into indulgence, he flexed his right arm, peak pushing up his forearm and threatening to crash against his curled fist.

"Hhrrfff..." he growled breathily. "I'm a fuckin' monster..." The wet noise of him stroking himself filled the bathroom, rhythmic slaps echoing.

"More muscle in one arm than those wimps," he mumbled salaciously to himself as his stroking sped up. Ropes of precum shot across the room, hitting the glass before smearing down the glinting surface. It blurred his reflection as Lyga growled and huffed.

The shark pulled one of his hands from his cock, exploring over his chest, squeezing a sizable pectoral. He was already working up a sweat, masculine musk radiating from his rippling form as he threw his hips forward.

"Fffuuck!" He gasped, eyes shooting wide, revealing the dark ocean of surrounding sclera. He grit his jaw, muscle bulging as teeth clenched. He arched his back, chin burying into his chest as his enormous body flexed on end. His dark blue balls jumped, churning between his trunk-like thighs.

Ropes of cum shot out of his twitching canon, hitting the mirror with enough force to crack it. The second volley shattered the glass, shards raining onto the cut stone countertop in a glittering mess. The stream lifted with a powerful twitch of his shaft, sending waves of white crashing into the ceiling. Tiles collapsed, dropping to the floor in a sodden mess as the shark's body rippled and jerked.

Cabinets broke, wood busting inward before cracking off of hinges as the trajectory shifted. Thick gobs of cum filled the broken cabinet, smashing into the wall behind it, revealing the inner workings of piping and wires. The white glopped out of the cubby, splattering across the floor in a viscous mess.

And that was just from a little bit of jerking off. One could only imagine the destruction if the shark was truly turned on.

Lyga heaved, chest bobbing up against his chin. Cum dripped from the ruined mirror, trickling along the sink. Some of it spiraled down the drain, the rest dribbling onto the floor in a growing pool of spunk.

Much like its sticky counterpart, beads of sweat rolled down the curves and contours of Lyga's massive body. He reveled in the earthy scent that radiated from him and the salty tang of his explosive deluge.

The wall crumbled as Lyga extracted himself from a shark-shaped crater. The floor cracked under his powerful feet as he ambled towards the shower in the back.

Lyga looked over it, unimpressed with the *supposed* king-sized proportion. He stepped in, the tile cracking and fracturing under his leather-like soles. The door busted off of its track, exploding beautifully into harmless jibbles of safety glass.

Not that actual glass shards could have harmed Lyga. The water came on with a hiss...and then a pop as the handle broke off. He went to adjust the shower head but found the flimsy end snapping from the neck as well. The gentle rinse turned into a spray of hot water that would have scalded most.

He twisted the shampoo bottles' necks, breaking the pumps free before dumping the viscous stuff over his chest and head. Working his hands over his body never got old; washing himself was just an excuse to grope from head to toe.

Lyga's shoulders slammed into the walls as he twisted, tail carving through fake stone as surely as he would the real thing. Before the clutter could entirely clog the drain, Lyga stepped out of the wrecked enclosure. He went through a bevy of towels, the stuff sopping up with water before tearing as he worked it around his body, tossing the ruined scraps aside.

Stepping out into the bedroom, he smirked at the passive destruction, pointed teeth flashing. He scooped up his clothes, slipping on his over-stretched tank top and his shorts. It took a fair bit of shifting, considering they were skin-tight.

Lyga's nose jumped, taking a few huffs of air. Cheap hotel shampoos were no match for the herculean shark's masculine musk. The earthy aroma was already reestablishing itself as it hazed around the musclebound beast.

He didn't bother opening the door, opting to step through it. It exploded, wooden shards splintering, some sticking into the opposing wall like stakes from the sheer force. The shark strolled past the wreckage and down the hall. He eyed the elevator's golden doors, contemplating for a moment.

Getting up there had been a task. He had to get on his hands and knees and wrap himself up to fit inside. Even then, they were probably over the safe operating weight with the fidgety lion in the middle.

Not that he cared about that. It was mostly his personal discomfort that Lyga despised.

So, instead, he took the stairs this time.

The door snapped open, bursting off its hinges as it cratered into the cement walls. The explosive sound bounced down the shaft, echoing nicely to Lyga's ears. He peered over the edge of the railing, noting that they were on the top floor. The cement stairs spiraled down seemingly forever, the open shaft in the middle seeming to pull inward from his angled perspective—like a black hole.

While most people would have felt the pull of vertigo, Lyga only felt exhilaration. Stepping over the railing only crushed it, squealing as red paint flecked from the twisting metal. He dropped over the edge like a lead weight, stagnant air whipping around him. Like a dropped needle, he plummeted perfectly into the center, several floors zipping past.

Lyga's landing was nothing short of earth-shaking. The solid cement floor rippled in a wave, almost transformed into a liquid for a brief instant. Before it fractured and exploded, a bowl-like crater forming. The walls crumpled, stairs collapsing as the Jenga tower tumbled. Slabs of cement perforated with twisted, broken rebar dropped onto Lyga's head and shoulders. It crumbled to dust, breaking on impact without so much as a flinch.

The explosive landing had destabilized the building's structure. The walls lurched, sloughing outward before dropping away. Sunlight poured in through the growing fissures as the walls partly collapsed.

Lyga stepped through the crumbling walls as if they were tissue paper, brushing some of the rubble from his shoulders, tail flicking behind him. Shocked and panicked hotel staff rushed around him, several stopping to stare wide-eyed at the stomping behemoth. They were like ants, barely over half of his height.

"W-Woah, he's *huge*!" one of them shouted, a bellboy behind a desk. The fox's eyes were wide, a delicious mix of apprehension and admiration sparking behind them.

"Is he what caused that explosion?" a patron asked, a grizzled wolf subtly shuddering from Lyga's lobby-shaking steps. "He's big enough to be a living wrecking ball!"

Lyga's pace slowed, amused by the rabble's chatter. There was a commotion on the street, a few sirens off in the distance. It was a familiar enough sound, considering his usual antics. Through the doors stumbled an officer, the husky panting, the muscular man looking fit to burst from his uniform.

He opened his mouth to shout something—perhaps a word of warning—but froze mid-sentence. The man's jaw hung low, sky-blue eyes practically bugging out.

"Y-You!" he stuttered, pointing a finger, keeping a hand perched on his belt. "Y-You're under arrest!"

Lyga spread his arms palms out in faux appeasement. His torso rippled, the fabric of his skin-tight tank barely hanging on as he spoke. "Yeah? And what's a little guy like you gonna do about it?"

The husky visibly shook as Lyga strode closer, draping him with his shadow. His nose twitched, the black padded end jumping. The insides of the officer's ears turned pink, the color creeping up from the base. He visibly bounced as Lyga stopped just short of him, the ground shaking.

"You were saying?" Lyga asked, smug energy radiating from his herculean frame. His hand dipped behind the husky's head, pulling him forward.

"*Mmph!*" The dog's yelp was muffled as the end of his sensitive snout went into Lyga's crotch. He got a deep whiff of heady musk. Whatever resistance he harbored crumbled as he slumped forward.

"That's a good pup," Lyga cooed with a sarcastic tinge to keep things from getting too familiar. "Weaklings like you know their place, huh?" he asked with a low growl.

The husky nodded his head slowly, eyes dilated, as if he were in a trance. His fingers slid up Lyga's abs, reverently stroking over the blocky muscle.

"You make up for it by wearin' a uniform and waving a gun around," he said with an almost pitying snicker, grabbing the dog by the ass before hiking him up his side. The husky's face slotted right into his pit, Lyga's bloated bicep coming down like a trap.

"Doesn't much for ya when a real man shows up, huh, *pipsqueak*?" He snickered, flexing just a little, squeezing a baleful little moan out of the squirming canine. There was no need for a response; the fact the dog was eagerly licking under his arm with that warm, wet, paddled tongue told him all he needed.

The rest of Lyga's audience had either fled or were enraptured, pants tented by the dominating display. The ones left behind were certainly afforded a show. They watched as the shark stripped the officer's pants off as he handled him. He put the husky in his place, shoving his face into both pits—then between his pecs—then his thighs. A teardrop-shaped muscle flexed, rippling and feathering as it squeezed the dog's skull.

It took a special amount of care not to accidentally pop the pup. Luckily, after a lifetime of living with god-like strength, Lyga knew better than to break his toys.

The officer whined, his tail wagging, worshiping over what he could reach. His mind was a complete blank, overwhelmed by the almost hypnotic masculine odor that radiated from the shark nearly twice his height.

And when his thrall was ready, he slid right into him. Fishing his shaft out of his shorts, the precum-slicked cock sank readily into the husky's taut rear. The husky moaned, pinned between a wall made of cement and one of muscle.

He was nice and stretchy like most of those puny pipsqueaks were. He was eager, that much was certain. Despite getting lost in the throes of growling lust, he noticed the husky was bouncing back against him, the canine trying his best to provide resistance to Lyga's savage thrusts.

Lyga already felt the warmth of the man's jizz staining his tank as the officer howled, throwing his head back, ears flattening against the wall. Already worked up from the unabashed idolatry, Lyga found his own orgasm quickly approaching.

The shark's nuts jumped, visibly clenching as they unloaded. Waves of cum flooded the officer, the buttons of his shirt popping off like machine gun fire as his belly bloated. He clenched his

jaw, fighting back the surge as his neck swelled subtly, a few veins crawling underneath the tightening surface.

The husky's stomach bloated to the size of a beach ball, his navel popping out as the sphere turned pink-red between the short fur. The deluge blasted from his mouth as his eyes rolled back in his head. A sodden mess, he dropped onto the ground, slumping against the wall as more of that viscous seed seeped out of him.

Cum continued to erupt from the titan. His urethra bulged like a balloon as pressure from his churning balls forced out a condensed stream of seed. It smashed the wall behind the officer, sending plaster and bricks flying. Within only seconds, it punched outside, sending nearby pedestrians scrambling for cover.

It only took a few seconds for Lyga to bounce back, the shark shaking himself out of his stupor with a toothy smile.

Lyga hooked a thumb under the hem of his tank, tenting it out just enough to examine the stain. The shark's lip curled slightly; he wouldn't have minded if it was his own mess. The idea of another odor interfering with his was mildly insulting.

Well, nothing a quick swim wouldn't clear up.

The building's front facade collapsed as he stepped outside, metal twisting as a symphony of glass shattered. He didn't bother to stop even as he stepped onto the hood of the patrol car waiting outside. It crunched, metal squealing as Lyga's heel went through the engine block. The frame slammed to the ground, twisting from the pressure as tires popped.

The cabin collapsed even more easily. Glass disintegrated as the windshield collapsed, the car roof crumpling into the seats with another step. The wailing siren went out with an off-key warble, the spinning lights cutting out as the bar broke clean in half.

A final step shoved the jutting trunk into the ground, smashing the last of the frame into a metal pancake. The only way you could tell it was a police cruiser was from the vaguely white and blue-painted wreck.

Fingers pointed, voices raised in Lyga's direction. They were like the buzz of insects around Lyga as the shark walked down the middle of the street. No need for sidewalks when cars desperately parted for you.

The shark enjoyed the late morning sun over his body, glimmering light radiating off of the glass-bound skyscrapers around him. He bounced his pecs for his own amusement, timing them with his footsteps.

A bus lurched as Lyga's delt smacked into it. The simple impact from his leisurely pace was enough to throw it off the road. It skipped over the sidewalk before taking out the front of a local shop, wedging into the front facade. The men that tumbled out of the doors were instantly hit by the shark's masculine aroma as it trailed on the wind. The weaker-willed ones moaned, the front of their pants twitching as dark stains bloomed.

The sounds of their salacious supplication were like music to Lyga's ears, the front of his shorts already starting to plump up. The fact he could drop men to their knees merely from mere existence never got old to the herculean shark.

He picked up his pace, skyscrapers passing by. Lyga took the time to kick a few cars out of the way—the few insolent ones that dared to remain in his way, at least. After seeing what happened to their fellow drivers, none of them had the audacity to honk at the ground-shaking behemoth.

Lyga found himself traipsing through a construction site, the glistening waters of the ocean just several blocks beyond. Several of the workers had already scattered as the behemoth busted through the chain link fence that barred entry.

The bear behind the controls of an excavator hastily jumped from the cabin, getting a dose of dirt as he face planted. Lyga hooked a finger into the bucket, pulling the machine from the ground with a single yank of one of those mighty arms. His bicep bulged, the peak's split deepening as veins webbed along that limb. The industrial vehicle twirled like a ribbon, over 10 tons of steel spinning through the air with rocks and dirt spraying from those twirling treads.

All it took was a tilt from Lyga's wrist for that centrifugal force to be set loose. The machine went flying ass-end first into a half-constructed office building. Ruddy steel pylons flew like matchsticks as the heavy machinery sailed through it like a convoluted cannonball.

It was like a Rube Goldberg machine of chaos as the building collapsed. Lyga huffed lustfully, stroking himself even as the dust billowed into the air, obscuring the worst of the destruction. With the budding building nothing but a collapsed pile of ruined materials, the shark went over the edge once again, adding his sticky spunk to the mess. Gobs of the stuff splattered over the site, catching and roping over construction equipment.

He leaned back, face screwing up as his cock throbbed, swelling larger as his balls twitched. Another powerful jerk found a deluge of seed pumping from his bloated balls. It had enough force behind it to create a small sonic boom, shaking the ground around him. As he opened his eyes, he caught sight of a low hanging cloud parting, cleaved by the sheer flying force of his ejaculate.

Lyga growled contentedly, his gaze slowly lowering to more earthly matters. It would take an entire hazmat team to take care of the mess. Anything less would find a cleaning crew too sexually frustrated to focus.

Spattered with his own dribbling mess, Lyga headed to the glittering waters beyond the construction site. As he stepped off the streets and onto a sandy beach, the azure waves beckoned. The waters breached as he dove into them, having no choice but to part around the massive man.

A few flicks of Lyga's tail propelled the beast through the churning water. The half-vestigial gills pulled in some of the salty sea as he zipped along the shoreline like a torpedo.

It was less elegant swimming through and more about forcefully shoving the water out of his way. The wake behind him was violent, waters churning white as he circled around a nearby marina. Busy beachfront stretched out beyond, people soaking up rays with an outdoor gym cresting the corner.

Lyga swirled underneath the glittering waters, slipping underneath the sun's rays as he flitted between the shadows cast by moored yachts. Nothing seemed particularly amiss from above the surface except a few churning waves.

And then the first boat bumped into the air. It launched above the water, pitching forward before dropping back into the surf. It burbled, air rushing out of the little yacht as it sank beneath the waves.

Lyga snickered underwater, enjoying his little game of whack-a-yacht. He spun underneath the waters, using his tail like a bat as it collided with the underside of their hulls. The weight and pressure of the water had nothing on him, moving just as smoothly as he would above.

Multi-million dollar missiles went flying, water spraying from the airborne boats. It formed arching rainbows, the only part of the unusual event worth celebrating to bystanders. One of the expensive ships dropped into the boathouse like a tack dropped by a god. Another one went sailing through the air, arching high before coming back down.

It landed in the sand like a thrown knife, the bow buried underneath as sunbathers scattered and screamed. Lyga continued his assault, jumping from ship to ship, slapping them with his tail, or outright throwing a punch or a kick. Half of them disintegrated on contact, hulls cracking in half as splintered wood sprayed out of them like blood from a wound.

Exhausting his fun little game, Lyga finally surfaced. He walked onto the beach like a beast from the deep, sand churning under his feet as he trudged through the gritty flotsam. What tranquility was left was shattered as people fled, calls of "Shark!" behind pointed fingers nearly making the behemoth laugh.

At least the stains in his clothes were gone, even if they were sopping wet. Nothing that some time in the sun couldn't fix though.

Colorful umbrellas collapsed as coolers were stomped into the sand as Lyga passed. The engine of destruction plowed heedlessly through the beach to his next target. Much like their more skimpy counterparts, the men at the gym scattered as Lyga hopped into the plaza-like space. The hard asphalt cracked under his feet, leaving behind subtle footprints as he perused the weights.

There were whispers and mutterings as the muscular men huddled at the end of the gym, watching wide-eyed as Lyga scooped up the near-entirety of the weight rack in his hands. And proceeded to lift.

And lift...

His upper body pumped, pecs swelling, veins webbing across those banded mounds as sweat started to bead. The sheen of sweat glistened as the shark grunted, his cock already swelling back up again as he mentally lavished himself with praise. He flicked his eyes up every so often, watching meaty men who were only half his size starting to touch themselves, noses of all kinds jumping as his scent wafted on the salt-slicked wind.

"Hey!" a particularly dissenting voice barked. Lyga turned, his tail casually catching on a bench press machine, sending it tumbling into a broken heap.

A lone tiger glared up at him with light green eyes. He wore a stringer tank and a pair of white-striped green shorts that hugged his beefy body. The feline's fur was like a toasted marshmallow, white undercoat with lighter shades of golden orange. His darker stripes faded into that fur, almost like someone had lightly brushed them in.

"Can you fucking *not*?" he asked sharply, the single printed word "bro" stretching across his chest as he puffed it out. "Some of us are trying to enjoy a workout."

While the bratty little cat might have been the king of his corner of the world, he was nothing compared to the shark that sauntered closer. His conviction wavered as his head tilted back, forced to look up at that sweaty chest and that sneering, masculine mug.

His green cap popped off as Lyga snatched him by the shorthairs. The tiger made a surprised sound as his face was shoved into the hunched shark's swollen pecs. He tried to fight at first, wiggling left and right as his cheeks slicked with sweat from those turgid mounds.

"Sounds like kitty needs a little lesson," Lyga playfully growled. "How about we put that big mouth to use, huh?" He flexed his pecs, practically sucking in the big cat's head as he put pressure around his skull.

The feline groaned, twitching and writhing in Lyga's grasp. His shorts stretched, cock jerking, the fleshy-white base visible from the distended waistband. Every breath caused his overt resistance to wane. He pounded at Lyga's pectorals futility, causing the sinewy spheres to ripple before hardening to diamond with a flex.

He gasped for air, facial fur a mottled mess before he was yanked down to his knees. A glistening cock head brushed his cheek, pre smearing across his lower lip. "Mpph!" He grunted as he was shoved forward, the end of that cock pushing into his maw and down his throat. He swallowed an entire foot of that length like a champ, getting stuck somewhere halfway down the vascular, pulsating length.

He was unable to stand, Lyga's hands clamped around his meaty shoulders as the shark used him like a toy. With the toasty tiger's eyes rolling back in his head, it was obvious he was succumbing to the shark's natural seductive charm.

Wet slurping echoed in the open-air gym, throaty noises acting as an accompanying chorus. Satisfied with his thrall's submissive turn, Lyga lifted a hand from his shoulder. Fingers curled as

he hit a bicep pose, admiring the sweaty peak that lifted. He slathered his tongue along it, licking into the crevice between battling heads.

Satisfied with the attention to his shaft, he pulled out of the tiger's maw, reeling inch after inch out of his bulging throat. The feline gasped, eyes pulling from the back of his head as he blinked. Eyes dilated, he dropped back onto his feet, reeling from the assault to his senses.

The world spun around the big cat, chest dropping onto a bench as his ass hiked into the air. His shorts tore off like wrapping paper as Lyga opened his present. Licking his lips, the shark slipped his saliva-slipped crotch between those muscled glutes.

He had to admire the plump spheres. His latest conquest was one of his better-looking ones—certainly larger. The cat's rear end certainly took more than the front. Lyga's hips clapped against his ass as the feline's belly bulged, abdominals warping from the size of his twitching sausage. The outline didn't last long, oozing precum smoothing out the details of that swelling stomach.

The legs buckled, squealing under the pressure of Lyga's savage thrusts. The beast scooped up the nearby weights, swaying left and right, balancing his bulk on the balls of his feet. The leverage forced more of him into his little thrall, the big cat yowling and moaning, tongue hanging out of his maw, eyes retreated into their sockets.

Twisted destruction wasn't enough for the shark, teetering as close to the edge as he was. He grabbed the back of his thrall's head, Pulling it into one of his pits. The feline was forced to take in a deep whiff of the source of Lyga's overwhelming scent.

The big cat's crotch twitched, unloading all over himself with a pitiful little wail. It was like music to Lyga's ears as the shark scooped him up like a fleshlight. Using just one hand, he kept pumping the squirming tiger over his shaft.

Everything crushed under Lyga's soles as he walked, cement cracking as equipment crunched. He stopped just short of the shoreline, grunting and huffing like a beast as his movements grew shaky. "*Hooofuck, yeah,*" he gasped, his bassy voice booming even as it quavered. "**Take it!**"

The shark's balls jumped, pumping obscene amounts of seed into the writhing feline. Every jerk pushed a few more gallons into the swollen feline. He barely made a few noises before his stomach swelled into a turgid beachball. He gulped and choked, his cheeks bulging before it also blew out his mouth. It bubbled and flooded out of the tiger's open maw, spilling over his pecs as some of it bubbled out of his padded nose. Lyga released him, letting the cat balance on his twitching, jumping crotch as he hit a double bicep pose.

He didn't even notice as the cat shot off of his cock like a bottle rocket, another sonic boom preceding the explosive launch as seed sprayed like a broken water line. Cum fired in a trail as the big cat sailed through the air, blown away by the pressure. The only thing that caught the titan's attention was a wet "sploosh" and an indignant cry from in the far distance.

Lyga snickered, licking over his lips as the last of his orgasm petered out.

"...Whoops."