

The sound of glass smashing echoed through the air, followed by a wailing car alarm. Birds flew from their treetop perches in a panic as what was supposed to be another idyllic day devolved into chaos. Down the sidewalk stomped a vibrant-blue shark; a self-smug smirk pulled across his muzzle showing an array of terrifying triangular teeth.

The alarm died with a straining squeal, a massive tail having lifted and dropped onto the offending vehicle. It crunched, the cabin crushing down under the weight of the finned appendage. Metal squealed as it twisted and crumpled, glass exploding into fine shards as the interior collapsed. The airbag burst out of the steering wheel, but even then, it only had a short life before collapsing under the crashing heap.

Lyga pulled his hips back, his bulbous, powerful glutes rippling along with tree trunks for thighs. A flick of his tail found the end of it impacting the side of the car, nearly splitting it in half as he sent it flying to the opposite side of the road. The vehicle it affected fared little better, with yellow lights flashing as its alarm went off.

Footprints trailed behind the shark as powerful feet slammed into the aged sidewalk. Cracks fractured the old cement as it yielded to the 10ft tall titan. Tree limbs didn't stand a chance as the shark stepped through them; branches shattered off massive, rolling delts, wood cracking as it splintered off his unyielding scales.

It always amused him how the world bent to his existence—as if he were some anomaly that fragile existence couldn't contend with.

The casual suburban atmosphere quickly shifted to something more downtown as the shark continued to walk. Long strides that would have been several paces for even an above-average man kept him whizzing down the streets. He ignored crosswalks and lights, stepping across the roads with uncaring strides.

He didn't seem phased even as a car came barreling towards him. A simple lift of his arm was enough to deflect the vehicle as his palm pressed into the engine compartment. It compacted, nose flipping inwards as the entire frame crumpled like an accordion. The front grill tumbled off as Lyga removed his hand, the pressure from his outstretched arm the only thing that kept it in place—the entire front falling off in short order.

Flicking his fingers to shake off some stray engine oil, Lyga continued his destructive stroll. The entire reason he had ventured to this new town was a rumor floating around; it was something to do about some dragon prowling a particularly popular gym. He exhaled from his nostrils, his grin terrifyingly toothy as he thought about the challenge ahead of him.

A dragon? He could only imagine the impressive size and power behind a creature. Perhaps he would finally meet his match, even have a struggle against an opponent larger than himself! The thought made his tail lash in anticipation even as it took a chunk out of the nearby building. Brick dust flew into the air, making the few bystanders that hadn't run for cover choke and cough.

The trail of destruction continued unimpeded as Lyga strolled through the city. He had only followed vague rumors about this metropolis—having no idea where this gym was located. Like with most things, he was following his intuition.

Attempting to stop and ask for directions was even more fruitless. Leaning over to speak to the terrified citizenry usually resulted in them screaming for their lives and running in terror. As amusing as it was, even Lyga started to feel his patience running thin. The casual destruction he was causing turned from playful to annoyed, the shark taking out his mounting frustrations on a nearby bus; a single kick was enough to destroy the front axle, sending the thing wildly spinning through the first level of an office building on the opposite side of the street.

It wasn't until he saw another figure as large as himself that he finally slowed to a stop. A hulking cyan lion barely contained in a suit was walking out of one of the taller buildings, a travel cup of coffee perched between dense digits—a comical sight considering how tiny it was in comparison.

“Can I help you?” He asked, toothy lower fangs poking out further from a thick lower lip as he regarded the newcomer and the wake of destruction behind him, seemingly unphased.

“Lookin’ for a gym,” Lyga said, looking the feline up and down. He had to admit, it was tempting to tussle with this gigantic feline—wide as he was tall and nearly the same height as the shark himself. “You seen it? Huge guys; has a big dragon going to it.”

The cyan-maned lion shrugged his mammoth shoulders, the dark fabric of his suit creaking but miraculously never splitting. “I have my own personal gym,” he chuckled quietly, the sound like the thunderous rumble of an industrial engine. “Though, I have heard of a trendy gym; it’s down the road, two lefts and a right.” He gestured with a thick finger, unfurling it from his too-small cup as he pointed it back where Lyga had come from.

The shark craned his head over his shoulder, eyes barely able to peek over flanking traps that squeezed around either side of his pillar for a neck. There were still several people scrambling around in a panic. The car he had sent flying into a nearby office building had caught fire; the flames licked the insides of the building, melting and shattering glass dramatically.

He let out an *‘ugh’* under his breath, slumping his shoulders back in frustration. He didn't like redoubling back; it was less fun that way. His favorite thing was the swath of destruction that trailed behind him—like the feeling of the first catastrophic break on an eggshell. It just wasn't as gratifying.

His gaze drifted as he looked back to the hulking lion, looking him up and down. It was terribly tempting to want to wrestle with him—after all, it was rare he found other males as oversized as himself. The only thing that stopped him from moving in ‘for the kill’ was that he had other priorities right now. As much as he liked to stomp through the world willy-nilly, he had *some* level of dedication to a cause.

“You work here?” he asked, his voice a rumbling grunt.

The cyan-maned lion arched a brow. "Yeah?"

"Good. I'll be back sometime," he said with a smirk, showing off an array of sharp teeth. It was gratifying to see that the lion didn't balk; he seemed utterly unphased, taking a drink from his coffee. He turned, but not before giving his tail a whip. Almost as if expecting the swing, the feline's forearm went up, blocking the finned end of the meaty appendage. The sound of the impact was like a whip-crack through the air, the force of it enough to make the nearby glass wobble and bevel dangerously.

"Nice try," he cooed, a cool smirk splayed across his muzzle. His forearm flexed underneath his suit, bulging and resolute against the tail pressed against it.

"Worth a shot," the shark replied, throwing a charismatic wink. With a whip of his hips, he pulled his tail back, giving the feline one last look of amusement before heading down the street.

He sighed in annoyance, already hearing the wail of sirens out in the distance. He wasn't in the mood to fight with cops. Their bullets, while annoying, were utterly ineffective against his unbreakable hide. It was mostly the annoyance of being pelted that put him off.

Instead, he hunched down, squatting as he took a deep breath. His thighs exploded, teardrop-shaped quads bulging obscenely as veins raced over them and his shredded hamstrings. Tendons bulged over the tops of those feet as he launched himself from the ground with enough force to create a circular crater where he was once standing. The wind blew over his azure-scaled body as he sailed through it as easily as seawater. Levels of the nearby skyscraper raced, several figures ogling in the windows just a blur for Lyga.

The shark landed on the roof, footsteps slowing until he was perched comfortably on top. He let out a low rumble, strolling to the edge. Lyga knew better than to put even a fraction of his weight on the handrails, knowing that they would warp and crush as easily as putty under his hands.

Tracing the roads with his gaze, he found the spot the herculean lion had discussed. It wasn't far from the building he landed on, the shark taking a few steps back from the edge as he grinned and cracked his knuckles. His next jump wasn't nearly as impressive as the first. In reality, it was just a simple hop.

But, it was enough.

The shark's feet slammed through the roof's cement as he traveled straight through it like a diver breaching the water's surface. He went through the top floor, the next... and the next. His momentum was unimpeded as he continued to slam between floors. He disrupted a board meeting, cracking their table in half and taking it with him. A screaming, panicked worker signaled that he had gone diving through a cubical.

The entire building quaked, shuddering almost in fear as Lyga plummeted through the levels, gutting it as he went. It was until he landed in the lobby that his momentum finally ceased. He had landed on a knee, his fist slamming into the ground in the classic 'superhero landing' pose (an irony, considering), his entire body dusted in debris as absurdly serrated muscle flexed.

Several workers landed on their asses, hurrying away from the destructive display. General chaos and panic had taken hold as several office drones moved to flee. Lyga got up and dusted himself off, turning to the front desk, stopping just short of it as he loomed, leaning over and pressing oversized hands to the top as he smiled that terrifying smile.

“...Know where the back door is?”

A stunned front desk attendant stuttered and stammered, the tiger’s face turning sheet-white before he passed out flat onto the floor.

Lyga’s overt smile slid off his face like butter from a pan. He gave an exasperated roll of his eyes before shoving the desk roughly aside. “Guess I’ll just find it myself.” The walls yielded in the face of his shoulder’s seismic force, the shark stepping through it as simply as if it were wet cardboard.

He was on the street once more as he brushed the cement dust from his shoulders; the sirens were just a faded memory as he strolled his way downtown. It wasn’t long until he spotted what he was after: a hanging sign emblazoned with crossed dumbbells, making his destination obvious.

As they burst off their hinges, the front doors didn’t stand a chance. The herculean shark stepped inside, crashing through cement and metal alike due to the doorframe’s low entry and Lyga’s stubborn, unyielding pride. It seemed that his entrance didn’t go unnoticed. The clatter of heavy weights had ceased, several of the gym’s occupants having stopped what they were doing to stare at the spectacle of a ten-foot-tall shark that sauntered his way in.

A quick scan failed to reveal anyone out of the ordinary. Most of the men in the warehouse-sized gym were of average to larger builds, but nothing matched the advanced physique that Lyga sported. Frustration welled inside him as he snorted; no dragon was in sight. A low rumble churned out of him as he took a moment to think.

If he wasn’t here, perhaps he would be by later. Why not amuse himself until then?...

Metal screeched as the shark wantonly scooped up stray plates. He didn’t care what was in his grip—so long as it was heavy. Even then, that description was tenuous. A few gymgoers gasped in shock as Lyga stepped by, ripping the weights out of their hands to add them to his amalgam. Metal squealed, even starting to subtly glow from the force applied by those large hands as it was balled together.

“That’s more like it,” Lyga growled under his breath, an egotistical chuckle bubbling out of him as he started to lift and pump the iron mass. It wasn’t nearly his maximum, but enough to get a small pump going. His biceps bloomed, swelling as they stretched his hide, causing his scales to creak. Veins surfaced, webbing as they spread down his limbs, branching out like vines on a tree as they reached his rippling forearms.

His fat tail knocked over a nearby squat rack, spinning the metal frame before crashing into the nearby support pillar. It collapsed, cement cracking as the ceiling above sagged. Lyga grunted,

spreading his knees now that he had proper space for his size. His thighs bulged, teardrop-shaped quads fighting against the material of his jet-black shorts. Glutes swelled, dimpling deep as those bubbled mounds turned into shredded horseshoes that threatened to burst through straining fabric.

Musk was starting to radiate off of Lyga's body; it was pungent—earthy. Sweat trickled down the shark, trailing from his forehead and his meaty neck before beading over his swollen, white-scaled pectorals. Droplets rained from his globe-like pectorals, pooling below as his scarred hide stretched and strained.

The other gymgoers, who tried to continue working out as if nothing were out of the ordinary, had slowed their actions. Heads turned to watch the shark as he pumped himself up, muscle fighting against muscle on his already packed frame. Padded noses jumped, and a few canines whined as they started to pitch uncontrollable tents down below. A few tried to look ashamed, but more were greedily breathing in the scent gradually pervading the air.

Even Lyga wasn't immune to his hubris; the front of his shorts swelled, fabric stretching, revealing the base of his meaty shaft. The colors blended from deep azure to vivid fleshy pink. Veins crept down his cobbled abdominals, seeming to web at the bottom of his crotch as a focal point; they spread over his length, wrapping around it, feeding the growing sausage as it snapped the band of his shorts.

The display was enough to create a chorus of whines around the overwhelming aquatic. A few of the wolves scooted closer, having abandoned any pretense of working out or even being subtle as they openly stroked themselves. It wasn't until he started to feel hands over him that Lyga broke from the trance of his own workout.

Several of the gymgoers had glued themselves to his herculean body. The ones that somehow managed to resist the intoxicating pull of Lyga's natural musk had fled, doors for both the exit and entrance flapping comically in their fear-filled fleeing wake.

It only stimulated Lyga more. His crotch was already leaking copious amounts of precum, dribbling out from his shorts and down his thick thigh.

"*Haaaah, yeah...*" he growled under his breath. The feeling of myriad padded hands stroking over his body was ecstasy for the shark. Digits curled around muscled mounds, and, at one point, he felt more than one mouth wrapping around and biting down on his thighs. They would be more likely to fracture their teeth than harm Lyga's hide, but he couldn't deny the rush of power with so many muscled men submitting to him—especially without prompt.

"*Mhhhh,*" he moaned, growing distracted by the pack of wolves working his thighs, "That's right, keep worshiping me, *insects.*" The burst of needy whines was music to his ears, the rumbling timbre of his voice enough to make a few of them orgasm without warning. The warmth of the other men's involuntary submission was enough to excite Lyga to full mast; his cock swelled into the air, a glistening bead of precum forming at the helmeted head as it slapped against his jutting pec-shelf.

The gym shuddered as the iron ball Lyga had been hefting came crashing down, tossed casually aside by the azure-scaled titan as it shattered and cratered the floor. The sound was followed by a gasp from one of the wolves. Brown furred and pitching an achingly hard tent in his dark gym shorts, he was hefted up by a single hand by the massive shark. Like the other men around Lyga, he was little better than half the shark's height.

His whining and moaning abruptly ceased as the shark plugged his mouth with his tongue. Saliva dribbled from the corners of the canine's maw as he was forcibly kissed. The appendage bulged his throat, making him roll his eyes back as he thrust his crotch against the cobbled abdominals his hips were forced against.

Lyga's other arm scooped up a rust-red wolf, hefting him up by his rear. His face went straight up into his pit, forced into it by the curling limb that held him aloft. The wolf whined, sweat-soaked pit wrapping around the end of his sensitive snout.

One of the titan's thick feet lifted, stepping up high. One of the more petite guys, a red fox, was pushed down to the ground underneath the stomper, thick, supple soles wrapping around him. He whined and writhed, blowing his load several times in his sweats as Lyga's heel ground over his sensitive endowment. Whether he knew it or not, he was lucky not to be popped like a grape under the shark's heel.

While his worshippers meant next-to-nothing to him, he wasn't in the business of killing off those willing to lavish him. After all, as tantalizing as fear was, he preferred to have at least a *few* willing devotees.

The rest of the wolves down below were busying themselves with worshiping the massive male's shaft. Their arms wrapped around it, their biceps grinding tantalizingly against his sensitive flesh as precum rained over them. Swinging thrusts from Lyga's hips made it difficult for them to stay even-footed; the pooled sweat didn't help, either, slicking their footpads.

Tears beaded in the corners of the brown wolf's eyes as he was force-fed more of Lyga's tongue. He turned his head, deepening it as he thrust the appendage in and out of him. The brown-furred wolf shoved into his pit wasn't faring much better; he whined, eyes stinging with the salty sweat soaking and staining his fur.

It was getting hard to hold himself back; the stimulation caused the shark to teeter over the edge. Glue-like gobs of precum dribbled onto the ground, soaking his myriad worshippers, infusing his potent, intoxicating musk into their fur.

Lyga flexed his thighs, clamping them around a wayward canine. The writhing between his diamond-like mounds was enough to send shocks of pleasure up his spine. He could feel the furred figure wiggling, pressing up against his hefty balls, only adding to the building ecstasy churning in his loins.

It wasn't long until he blew his load. Rope after rope of cum gushed from the titan's cock as his urethra swelled like a straining balloon. A torrent of cum blasted from his vein-webbed cannon; gallons of sticky shark spunk soared through the air like a broken fire hydrant. The sheer

pressure behind the impact fractured the cement and stone; waves of cum sent gym equipment flying as one of the gym's back walls collapsed into a sticky heap. Metal twisted, squealing as the pressure caused support beams to warp and ultimately fail.

Even after his first orgasm petered out, his cock remained flagged in the air, thick dollops of spunk dribbling from the reddened head. Even then, he was still leaking, his libido seemingly unsatisfied as his cock jumped and twitched in time with his heartbeat.

It wasn't until he heard the slap of heavy footsteps that Lyga finally decided to pull his tongue out of the whining wolf perched against his chest. The canine was dazed, eyes rolled back in his head, the fur around his muzzle matted with Lyga's saliva even as the shark's orgasm came to a petering stop.

Stepping out of the harsh glare of the sunlight was the outline of a dragon: a thick mane and horns that jutted from his head like tree branches. His face wasn't a full muzzle. Instead, he had a wide, padded nose and bestial features. A mane of dark crimson hair wrapped around his head and shoulders, wild locks trailing down to his sternum. He was clad in nothing but a simple gray tank top and a matching pair of darker gym shorts.

...Disappointingly, he wasn't nearly as large as Lyga had pictured. He stood little better than half his height—diminutive in comparison, yet still head and shoulders above the other whining wolves surrounding the shark.

The newcomer stopped short of the gym floor, his vivid violet gaze lifting to see the spectacle that was going on. "What the hell?" he asked, a dangerous growl to his voice, a puff of flame licking from his lips as he spoke. He had Lyga's full attention, the shark observing as he approached. The dragon's attention drifted, spotting the flood of cum that had coated some of his favorite gym equipment. The wall was a mess, stray bricks floating in bubbling seed, the hole revealing the insides of the lockers beyond.

Lyga snorted, clearly unimpressed. "Are you the dragon I've been hearin' about? Ghart?"

"Yeah? What if I am?" the smaller dragon shot back fiercely, his lips curling to reveal pointed fangs.

The shark let out a dangerous laugh, tossing aside his worshippers and stepping over the fox who had already cummed himself. He closed the gap between them with terrifying speed, one thick leg sliding over the other as thighs fought for space. Ghart leaned back, his defiant expression showing cracks as Lyga's cum-dribbling shaft stopped just short of smacking into his nose.

The dragon swung, smacking the shark's shaft out of his face. However, Lyga twisted his hips, redoubling his enormous endowment in Ghart's direction. He barely avoided being cock-slapped, ducking out of the way at the last second, a smattering of cum splattering his cheek—much to his disgust.

“What do you want??” He asked, snarling his words as he wiped the worst mess from his dark scales.

“I *wanted* a challenge,” the shark said sharply. “But I suppose I’ll just have to settle for a pipsqueak.”

“*Pipsqueak?!?*” the dragon growled, embers flaring from the corners of his barred maw. “You want a challenge, you oversized sushi?!”

The insult caught Lyga’s attention as he watched the dragon step around him defiantly. He threw his gym bag to the side, the duffel skittering along the sweat and cum-slicked floor. Just as he dropped into the seat of a lat-pulldown machine, a sharp, room-echoing cackle interrupted him.

“You’re going to challenge me with *that?*” he asked, pointing a dense digit at the dragon and the machine he was straddling. “I could lift both of you simultaneously, *runt.*”

The hotheaded dragon grew flustered as he got up from the bench. As a defiant show of strength, he kicked the machine; much to Lyga’s surprise, it actually moved, sailing into the nearby wall before falling over, the weights tumbling off it as cords snapped. The smaller male stomped out of the gym, trailed by the looming Lyga as they stepped outside.

The sound of squeaking shocks could be heard as Ghart hunched over. The dragon strained, grunting as his traps swelled around either side of his neck. His thighs rippled, spreading his stance broader as he squatted. Slowly but surely, the blue pickup rose as tires lifted from the ground.

Thrumming growls shook through Ghart, a few veins webbing along his meaty neck and over his forehead as he strained. The truck lifted higher, the back end going up into the air as crimson brake-lights glinted in the light of the overhead sun.

“*Hah...! Hahah-!*” Ghart gasped, struggling to laugh with his meaty arms wrapped around the front of the pickup. “You see this?! This is what strength—” But, he was cut off. A looming shadow had cast over him, being thrown into the depths of what seemed like an eclipse.

In reality, it wasn’t a celestial object casting the shadow, but rather the entire gym that he was inside only minutes ago. It was held aloft by Lyga, the shark having yanked it clean out of the ground, a large chunk of earth still clinging to the bottom of the building. Dirt crumbled, dusting the parking lot as the shark slowly walked forward. The ground cracked, shattering under the weight it was forced to bear as the shark strolled.

Ghart’s pointed ears folded back, jaw dropping as his pupils shrank. The truck absentmindedly slipped from his grip, crashing to the ground with enough force to break the frame as it bounced and rolled away. He couldn’t form coherent words, stuttering sounds coming out of him as his jaw tried to assist his failing annunciation.

Underneath the looming object was Lyga. The shark had a grin wide enough to split his entire face, those pointed triangular teeth meshing together as he watched his prey with unbridled, terrifying enthusiasm. His arms rippled with unrestrained brawn, body seeming to have pumped



up to twice its usual size as he held the building aloft above him; veins webbed nearly every inch of him, feeding his overblown musculature.

The men that were inside had jumped out, fleeing in abject terror as their very world had become uprooted by the aquatic usurper.

“You are *nothing*,” Lyga said, his voice ringing with finality, pointedly aimed at Ghart as it shattered what was left of his tattered pride. The building went sailing as he threw it aside; the nearby office building collapsed as both collided, crumbling into a mess of man-made debris.

Ghart, humbled and defeated, shuddered in terror as Lyga strolled up to him; the shark stopped just short of his cock-head pushing against the dragon’s furred pecs. He didn’t have time to react as Lyga’s meaty mitt grabbed him by the back of his head, fingers gripping into his generously furred mane tightly. His mouth was forced around the head of his conqueror’s cock—forced to swallow it down inch by veiny inch. His jaw popped, opening wider than should have been possible as his throat stretched, his dragon heritage being the only thing saving him.

“*MMhh...* I came here for a worthy challenge...but I’ll settle for a cum dump,” Lyga growled, mainly speaking to himself as he licked over his lips. His hips rolled, abdominals flexing as they rippled in waves, the shark churning his cock forward, sinking it further into the half-sized dragon below. He was disappointed that his cock would only fit halfway into his newly minted fleshlight, but he didn’t feel like irreversibly breaking him just for a few more inches.

Wet slurping filled the parking lot as Ghart forcibly swallowed the bigger male’s shaft. Being at face-level with his crotch was a small blessing, leaving the worst of his worries with gulping such a hefty endowment.

Lyga growled, huffing under his breath as he continued to thrust his hips, picking up the pace as he redoubled the grip in Ghart’s mane. His balls churned, flexing between his thighs as the hefty melons bounced. The dragon’s tear-streaked eyes opened wide as he felt the first deluge of cum gush down his throat. His stomach stretched as it was forced to take gallons of shark seed; his abdominals warped, being pulled into a taut keg of a dome that ballooned away from the rest of his torso.

“Look up at me,” Lyga said, his voice coming out as a commanding growl. Ghart didn’t respond at first, keeping his head low, his mouth still wrapped around Lyga’s length. “I said, *look up*.” His voice deepened, taking on a threatening edge that made Ghart shiver in fear.

The dragon slowly unscrewed his eyes, swiveling his head back just enough to look up at the shark’s smirking face. “That’s better... Good boy,” Lyga offered in mock-praise. “Feels good to submit, doesn’t it? To do what you’re told?” Even with a mouth full of cock, Ghart still managed to look flustered, his bravado having wilted as his cheeks flushed.

Lyga wasn’t done with his prize yet. Pulling his cock out of his mouth, he substituted it with the sweat-soaked void of his pit as he hefted the dragon up. A dazed and confused Ghart moaned, his eyes rolling around in his head as he was forced to worship his antagonist. Even unplugged, Lyga’s cock continued to gush—such was the shark’s insatiable libido. Copious

amounts of precum stained the dragon's clothes as it washed over him, marking him with the shark's potent aroma.

"Get in there and clean it up, *slut*," the shark growled, flexing a bicep around his head with enough force to crack the skulls of most men. Ghart had no choice, his tongue rolling out of his mouth as he tasted the sweaty tang. Another reluctant groan slipped out of him as his face was squeezed between those mounded pecs before being dropped between the shark's thighs.

"Yeah, you like that don't you, weakling," Lyga growled, his voice breathy and lustful. "*Yeah*, get in there and lick up my sweat..." He stroked himself with his free hand, flexing his other arm around the dragon; precum continued to fly, his urethra thrumming and rolling in waves as sticky opaque seed splattered across the parking lot.

The Dragon's degradation didn't stop even as he was dropped to the ground. One of those thick feet pushed over his face, turning it sideways as dense shark soles wrapped around his head.

"Go on," Lyga spoke, his toes curling around Ghart's horns. "Admit defeat, *worm*." The overwhelming musk coming off of the shark's stomper caused the dragon's eyes to roll up in his head, his muscled body writhing.

The dragon growled, sputters of smoke coming from the corners of his maw, once proud fire doused by Lyga's sticky cum. "I...I admit..." he stammered, slurring his words, the pressure from that foot causing his vision to blur.

"What? Say *it*. Tell me how pathetic you are," Lyga spoke, sadistic pleasure dripping from every word.

The last of Ghart's resistance flared as a muted growl underneath the shark's stomper. "...*'M pathetic...*" he muttered. "*C-Cum dump...*"

Rome wasn't built in a day, nor were Lyga's expectations. Breaking a will like Ghart's was amusing enough for the shark. He scooped his latest plaything from the ground, hefting him up into the air.

Ghart howled as Lyga's cum-slathered cock slid into him; the shark had torn his clothes off, throwing the destroyed fabric aside. His stomach bulged, swelling and stretching out as more of Lyga's length barreled into him. The constant ooze of pre hadn't stopped flowing, the stuff slicking Ghart's insides, slowly filling him up even with the first few thrusts of the shark's hips.

Cars crushed, metal screeching as Lyga couldn't decide where he wanted to pin his latest conquest. Cement cracked as Lyga smashed Ghart into the wall of a nearby building—one of the few that were remaining standing. Stone shattered, fissure-like cracks spidering from the crater forming as the dragon slammed into the wall with Lyga's earth-shattering thrusts.

"**FUCK YEAH-!**" he boomed, leaning back to piston his hips faster. "*Haaa...yeah!* Useless lil dragon makes a good sex toy at least! Y'should be proud you can take me! Most other guys break like condoms when they try!"

An errant smack of Lyga's finned tail sent another car in the lot flying, smashing into a nearby one. As if that wasn't dramatic enough, it set off the second in a fireball of an explosion, smoke rising from the wreckage as searing heat harmlessly licked Lyga's scaled skin.

Ghart couldn't speak, his jaws clamped shut, trying to keep the deluge of cum from gushing up his stretching, swelling throat. Lyga had no problem, however, the shark laughing cruelly as he continued rambling, "You feel it, *shrimp*? I'm gonna fill you up until you burst! You're gonna be a balloon by the time I'm through with you. Nobody else is gonna question who this gym's alpha is." He huffed, chest heaving, bobbing as sweat rolled down them like rain. "

Despite squirming, Ghart couldn't stop his eyes from rolling into the back of his head. The sheer amount of cum he was forced to take was starting to gush from the corners of his maw. His stomach had reached maximum capacity, hanging far enough away from the rest of him to be its own independent sphere; even his naval had flipped inside out. The dragon tried to protest—to say something. However, the only thing that came out of his mouth when he opened it was a deluge of the shark's sticky seed.

And it was only the beginning.

Lyga hit home with one last thrust, finally managing to hilt the dragon. Taking a step back and pulling him from the crater in the wall—only to slam him back through it as they both stepped into the shuddering frame of the failing building. The shark gripped around the Ghart's side like he was a living flashlight; tugging him down and pushing him back up, he thrust the bloated dragon over his cock with reckless abandon.

Lyga's eyes rolled in his head, pure ecstasy threatening to overtake him. He let go of his prize, bringing his arms up to flex, his nose pushing against one of his biceps as he gave it a shameless lick. The shark went back and forth, worshiping his own rippling musculature.

Ghart balanced over Lyga's cock, dangling in the air, speared over the massive male's manhood. He felt it coming, the sudden ramping of pressure between his glutes as the first deluge filled him. His eyes rolled, his head being forced back, neck snapping straight as a fountain of cum went blasting from his maw.

Lyga roared as he threw his head back against his hefty traps. His voice boomed with enough power to shatter windows, glass fracturing before raining down from nearby buildings.

The building that the dragon had once been perched against had enough. The floods of cum gushing into the already compromised foundation caused it to crumble dramatically. Metal screeched as the entire block shook, the office building collapsing in on itself like an avalanche. After the dust clouds cleared, the only thing left was rubble and broken, gushing pipes—much like Ghart with sticky white still gushing from his open maw.

In the middle of it stood Lyga, proud and strong, the debris that had fallen down over them having harmlessly rolled off of his broad back like water to his scales.

Lyga pulled his living condom off his cock, letting him drop to the ground with a lewd, wet splat. A torrent of cum gushed from both ends of the used and abused dragon as he slowly deflated; it was only seconds until he was laying in a pool of jizz, the stuff having soaked his body—permeated every strand of his lush, crimson fur. With a self-satisfied smirk, the shark slapped his cock against those reddened cheeks to shake off the worst of the accumulated spunk.

“Big fish in a small pond,” he said, a rumbling chuckle following his words as he shook his head dismissively, turning his broad back on the defeated Ghart. A stray kick knocked another vehicle out of his way, the sedan flipping from nose to end before falling flat on its top.

It seemed the rumors had led him to a dead end. However, he couldn't help but recall the suit-bound titan of a lion he had met previously.

Perhaps traveling to this city wouldn't be a bust after all...