

A lone sedan pattered down the road, rumbling softly as it slowed. Inside squinted a sabertooth tiger, the feline giving a few curious scratches to his brow - as if he wasn't entirely familiar with where he was. He gripped the wheel, spinning the thing in a few circles as he pulled off of the road and into a small parking lot. Fingers drummed over the patchy leather of the wheel as he looked at the warehouse-esq building.

According to his phone's GPS - this was it: 'Titan' Gym - or so it was called. It seemed like there was a sign out front that was made out of wrought iron metal, twisted into the shape of a generic canine flexing with what looked like a dumbbell in his hand.

"Huh..." he muttered softly, brushing a hand through his headfur, smoothing it back. It didn't help matters that the A/C in his car had been acting up the entire way there, feeling a little frazzled from alternating between cooked and frozen.

"Mmnn... Not a lot of spaces," the feline muttered under his breath, green eyes darting around to the few available spots. He took a corner one, nestling the hood of his car up to a chain link fence that bordered the parking lot's perimeter. The door popped open, Shade grunting as the semi-rusted door bonked against the brick wall of the building. A low growl of frustration escaped his throat as he tried to squeeze through the gap - to no avail.

With another grumble, the sabretooth dove over the center console, grabbing awkwardly at his duffel bag as he popped open the passenger door. His landing outside wasn't exactly graceful, but at least he didn't face-plant either, the cat dusting off the shins of his jeans as he got up. Hoisting his bag to his shoulder, he slapped the door shut, giving the car a quick lock before strolling towards the front doors.

A soft exhale blew from the tiger as he looked at the imposing looking building. It looked like a small warehouse—hell it probably was one before the current tenants renovated it. Honestly, it was part of why he was a little confused on if his GPS was taking him the right direction. Even though it wasn't far from where he lived, he certainly couldn't tell; the industrial mile reaching down the road as far as the eye could see.

Still, a friend of his had recommended the place. Might as well at least give it a shot. After all, he said something about letting people have a trial week before committing to a membership. Couldn't really beat that with a stick, or so Shade thought, recalling his less-than-savory interactions with other 'trendy' gyms in the past.

A small shiver went up his spine.

"Ugh... Crossfit," the feline muttered under his breath, closing his eyes and shaking his head. He let out a sigh, opening them back up, looking to the door in front of him. Might as well bite the bullet and go in, right? Worst case scenario, he can just turn around and head back home and try to forget anything unsavory that might sear itself onto his eyeballs.

Grabbing the handle with gusto, the cat tugged it open and stepped through. The inside was just as large as it looked on the outside with a small reception desk waiting for him on the right. Behind it was a jet-black horse, built like a brick wall with a friendly smile as he peeked up from what he was doing.

“Hey there!” He rumbled, giving a wave with a large hand, beckoning the saber toothed feline over. His grin only seemed to grow wider as the shorter cat approached, a clipboard going up into his hand along with a pen. “How’s it hangin’? You a new guy?”

“*Uhhh*,” he responded, voice catching in his throat. “Yeah! Sorta? First time.”

“Here? Or just a gym in general?” the horse asked with a chuckle, his gaze drifting up and down over the cat that stood before him. “Lookin’ a little stacked for that though. What’s got ya comin’ here?~” His voice was friendly along with his smile, Shade finding the butterflies in his stomach already starting to settle down.

“Oh, *uuhh*... Moved here about a year back. Haven’t really found a good gym,” Shade admitted with a bashful laugh, the cat reaching up, rubbing the back of his head. The horse didn’t miss the way his lat tented out the side of his shirt, an appreciative smirking forming over his broad equine muzzle.

“Well, you’ve come to the right place. Guessin’ you ended up in some of those pansy gyms, right? Y’know—”

“*Yeah*,” the tiger cut him off preemptively, rubbing the back of his head, trying to push down those awkward memories. He looked past the desk and around the corner of the cubby it was situated in. A rather large gym sprawled out across the open expanse of the warehouse, machines of all kinds and shapes scattered about. A high roof hung over them, plenty of fluorescent lights keeping the place properly illuminated. There were at least two air conditioning units attached to the opposing walls with a series of belt fans stretching the distance between them.

It was a pretty hard contrast to the heated outside, the cat feeling that was of chilled air blowing over him. He honestly would have let out a pleased sigh if he wasn’t in the middle of talking to someone.

“Well, how about you sign in for me and you can get goin’?” the horse said with another smile, holding out the clipboard for the carnivore.

Shade stared before taking it, looking at the form. It was a typical sign-in sheet: name, date, that sort of thing. He scribbled his name and the other relevant fields before handing it back. “So, uhh... I heard it’s a free week or something?”

“You got it!” the horse said with a quick thumbs-up. “Don’t want you to have a bad time, y’know? Figure a week is about the time people need to decide.” He looked over the contents of the clipboard before giving a curt nod, as if approving what was written. “Pickin’ a new gym is a commitment. Don’t wanna do that lightly.”

The cat awkwardly shifted on his feet, laughing under his breath. “Yeaah, I guess so!” The way the horse made it sound, it was almost as if he was setting himself up for a relationship with this place.

“Anyway, lockers in the back! We got showers and a sauna in there as well—though the latter is only for payin’ members, sorry!” Shade gave him a curt nod in response followed by a reciprocated wave. He walked through the gym, following some of the open pathways that navigated around the bulk of the heavy equipment. The stuff here was industrial grade - Shade never having seen machines with such heavy settings for weights.

The occupants seemed to match, several large members already busily pumping their overblown bodies, making the already-muscled Shade feel like a scrawny twig in comparison. He passed by a lion with a cyan mane, nearly bouncing across the floor as the weight the other feline commanded came crashing down, causing the lights above to sway.

“Jesus... He’s gotta be as wide as he is tall!...” Shade muttered under his breath, feeling his cheeks warm up. He was way taller than he was as well, a veritable... He paused, biting at his lower lip, stifling a groan as the word crossed over his mind.

*Haha... ‘Titan.’*

He was starting to get how the place might have gotten its name. The cat scurried past the sparse occupants before landing in the lockers. It was fairly average, just enlarged enough to handle the larger customers that seemed to frequent the place. He found himself on a bench, tossing his clothes off, feeling the chill air wrapping around him as he shuddered. A quick switch found his snug workout shorts clinging to his thighs along with a form-fitting tank top.

While he wasn’t nearly as big as the guys out there, he at least cut a fine figure in his workout gear. Shade took the time to give himself a few flexes, having noticed a full-body mirror nearby. He smiled, brows lifting as his thick upper fangs poked out further. With checking out his reflection complete, Shade tossed his bag into a nearby locker, tossing the combination lock he brought onto it. Snatching his water bottle from the end of the bench, the cat went back into the gym.

His session was rather uneventful, the cat working up a sweat by doing a few bench presses, then jumping over and using the dumbbells for some curls. It was fairly nice; quiet, besides the grunts of other nearby males. Shade did his best to try to ignore the other writhing walls of meat, not particularly feeling like popping a boner out in the middle of a public space.

He sighed softly, curling a few more times, grunting under his breath as he tried to keep count. However, something else was messing up his rhythm, a slow shaking of the floor threatening to throw him off. He would have assumed it was some kind of construction, if lifting his gaze didn't reveal something else. A sea-blue shark had wandered into the gym; the shaking was his footsteps, every mash of his stompers into the cement causing the place to subtly shake. He was leaving *footprints* in his wake, Shade's jaw dropping, nearly letting slip the weights from his fingers as he witnessed the approaching behemoth.

The shark smirked, pushing a few other members out of the way callously, barely even hiding it as his tail whipped a nearby patron or two. His eyes seemed to be particularly stuck on the lion that Shade took notice of earlier. Even though he was a fair bit larger and wider, the feline went stumbling, almost flying as he was given a hard elbow by the shark. The feline crashed into the nearby metal wall causing it to screech and squeal, leaving a lion-shaped imprint from where the cyan-maned cat had slammed into it.

Feeling a deep shadow fall over him, Shade squeaked. Looming over him was that same shark. He was nearly twice his height, looming over him with swollen, white-scaled pectorals. He was about to say something, even a little scared he was about to get punted next, his mouth opening.

"You're in my way," the shark grunted, cutting Shade off. The sabertooth blinked in confusion, taking a few robotic steps backwards, allowing the shark to continue forward. He scooped some of the heaviest weights off of the end, just glomming them together in his hands like a bouquet of iron before he began to start lifting with abandon. Shade could hear the metal squeal under the shark's powerful vice-like grip, the hulking fish causing the handles to wrap and squeeze together as he lifted. Deep, almost erotic grunts came from the newcomer, Shade finding his face heating up, his eyes transfixed on the display as the larger male continued to lift.

The weights in his grip must have dropped at some point, because Shade found himself easily turning to watch where the newcomer went next. The shark stopped over near the bench press, grabbing the weights before stacking as much as he could on either end. He gripped at the bar, squeezing and twisting until it crunched down to the point that it resembled one of the dumbbells instead.

Shade was in awe, the front of his shorts reflexing his state of mind as he watched the hulking male flip the weights between arms, curling the obscene mass of metal. Veins webbed, branching up those limbs as they engorged, biceps splitting as they slammed into his forearms with enough force to shatter boulders.

His padded nose twitched, Shade groaning softly as he picked up on a distinctly masculine scent wafting around - radiating off of the sweating giant. Time seemed to fast-forward for the tiger as he watched the shark move from corner to corner of the gym, sowing chaos wherever he went. The horse from the front desk tried to talk some sense into him, only to get punted

through a nearby wall. He wasn't exactly moving afterwards, but at least his chest was bobbing up and down... So, alive?

The poor cat's brain was completely shorted out at this point, hooked on the musk that was quickly flooding the place. The other patrons seemed to dislike their new company, finishing up what they were doing before skedaddling out of the gym, leaving just the two of them behind.

...Well, three, if you counted the unconscious desk jockey.

The shark continued his rampage, loading up some of the machines with as much weight as possible before just lifting the entirety of it up off of the ground, pressing it over his head, even doing some squats. His thighs bulged, swelling out his shorts, giving him a pump to the point where it looked like those teardrop shaped heads were about to shred right out from the black lycra.

And just as quickly as it had started, the typhoon had ceased. The shark was thudding to the back, pushing his way through the doors with enough force to bust the hinges, leaving them lopsided as he vanished from view. Shade found himself stumbling forward, following his nose as he chased after the addicting scent of the sweat-soaked behemoth. Before he even got into the lockers, he could already hear a series of deep grunts echoing off of the tile walls, the acoustics of the locker room doing nothing to muffle what the shark was doing.

Moving into the lockers and peering around the corners, he spotted the shark leaning against a nearby wall, meaty shaft in hand, jerking it up and down. Thick dollops of precum were already dripping from the reddened head of that meaty member as it was tugged.

Shade could barely believe what he was seeing, his jaw dropping. The shark had tossed his shorts, his stringer tank draped over them as they dangled from the end of a nearby bench. The beast leaning against the wall grunted, digging his heels in, tearing up tile as the wall yielded to his back, cratering in as it molded to his heavily muscled body.

It seemed that Shade wasn't the only one ogling the show. A thin looking fox was staring at the obscene scene, his jaw working up and down, as if he was trying to say something. It seemed like he wanted to use the showers, however, a monstrously masculine shark was quite in the way. That or he was just too intimidated to try to use them anyway.

Shade couldn't blame him, he wasn't about to walk into the showers at the same time - not after what the tiger saw him do to guys several times his size. The shark didn't show any signs of stopping, his right arm obscenely flexing as he continued to pump his engorged member, growling and huffing under his breath as he did. Tile continued to break as one of his feet slid forward, toes curling. The fat tail behind him twitched, sweeping back and forth, tearing up the ceramic tiles on the walls as well, the fat appendage half-curling as he let out a deep groan.

Biting at his lower lip, Shade couldn't take his eyes off of the shark - not when it looked like he was already teetering on the edge of blowing. The room was already like a sauna, sweat coming off of the shark, turning into an aerosol that hung in the air, hazing around like a musky fog. Just like earlier, it obliterated Shade's brain, thoughts coming to a screeching halt as the front of his shorts bulged and twitched with his endowment.

The fox didn't fare much better, the smaller guy whining as he shifted, shamelessly feeling himself up down below, slipping his fingers under the band of his loose sweatpants. Shade would have had half a mind to join him if one last thread of humility somehow didn't kept him tied down. The lil guy whined, spurts of cum gushing through the dark fabric of his sweats as his knees nearly buckled, the orange-furred vulpine clinging to the nearby wall's edge.

A deep moan of a growl came from the shark as he threw his head back, screwing his eyes shut. His balls bounced between his thighs, urethra swelling up as the first few jets of cum went sailing across the room. "NNGGHRrrrr-!" he snarled, clenching his jaw, lips curling to show off the array of sharp teeth lining his maw. The shark bucked his hips, balls swinging like heavy pendulums between his sweat-slicked trunks for thighs.

Ropes of spunk flew into the air, hitting the ceiling, dislodging tiles, causing them to go spilling onto the floor, landing with a wet splat. The spray hit the nearby shower heads, causing them to squeak as they swiveled out of their usual alignment from the force.

Shade's face burned, some of that spunk even flying onto his chest, staining his dark tank top with that creamy white. The musk was intense, the scent *radiating* from the impact zone, the feline fighting the urge to grab the fabric and shove his nose into it. He honestly had to wonder when the shark was going to stop. It's like his orgasm was going forever, spunk dripping down the walls before clogging the overburdened drains.

A soft squeak brought Shade out of his musk-induced stupor. He watched as the fox from nearby got snatched with a massive hand, used like a sweat rag as the heavily muscled behemoth worked him over his body and crotch. Tossing him aside, the fox landed in the mess of cum and ceiling tiles, letting out a low moan of a groan as he wallowed.

Shade nearly jumped, noticing those eyes were firmly fixed on him now, Aqua irises sitting on a sea of black pitch. It was intimidating, enough to cause him to completely freeze as the shark approached him. The floor shook, rattling until he stopped just short of stepping on him. The shadow he cast was enough to nearly engulf Shade, the saber-toothed tiger feeling as if he was sinking into it, the shark looming over him like an azure-scaled mountain.

"Like the show?"

The simple question stopped Shade's primal brain from bolting, the tiger staring up at the shark, the larger male leaning to peer over his pecs. The shark's hands wrapped around him, lifting him up off of the ground as if he weighed nothing, bringing him up until he was eye-level with the

heavily muscled titan. “Looks like you need a *god* to worship, lil guy...” his voice growled right into Shade’s ear, causing a whine to shoot through him.

“You’re not as scared as the other guys, are you?” his voice continued to purr, rumbling in Shade’s ear, the tiger feeling like his face was burning. “Yeah... That fox was just an appetizer. I want someone who can properly worship me without pissin’ themselves...” he continued to speak, leaning forward, nuzzling the feline’s neck, sending a spark of instinctual panic through the cat as he started to squirm - to no avail. “Name’s Lyga,” he said with an attractive rumble. “Why don’t we take this back to your place, *cutie*?”

Shade nearly short-circuited from the moniker. However, he didn’t dare reject the shark’s offer - a little too terrified of what might happen to him if he did. Lyga smirked, terrifying rows of teeth showing, seemingly picking up on exactly what the tiger was feeling. He dropped him down to his feet, Shade’s knees buckling before dropping to his ass. “Why don’t you get dressed? We can go back to your place for some...” The shark paused, his smirk widening. “*Fun~*”

He didn’t question it; hell, he hadn’t been laid in a long time. Everything about Lyga was off the scale when it came to attractive features. Despite how rough he handled everyone else, there was some level of restraint when he touched him, knowing full-well how easily the shark could have broken him like a twig. He scrambled to his things, quickly getting changed before taking off and back to the parking lot.

A pang of guilt hit the tiger, seeing the horse still passed out in the rubble. He tried his best to suppress it as he paced in the lot, the sun already starting to hang a little lower in the sky. It wasn’t long until he noticed that his car was completely wedged in, a rusted looking truck having parked right up against the passenger door. The tiger let out a low, frustrated groan as he gripped his head, his adrenaline already running high from earlier.

Shaking footsteps caught his attention, however. The doors burst open, Lyga not even bothering to pretend to have etiquette as he stepped through it—regardless of the destruction he caused. He was wearing the same pair of lycra shorts and tank top again, the earlier musk radiating off of the shark’s sweaty body. His gaze drifted between the tiger and the car he was looking at. “...That one yours?” he asked, a growling rumble to his voice.

“Uhh...” Shade looked to where the shark was gazing, confirming that he was indeed fixated on his car - even if he wasn’t entirely sure that was a good thing. “Yeah?” His padded nose jumped, picking up on that heady musk still radiating from the shark, his brow cocking curiously. Before he even knew what he was doing, his mouth was already moving. “Did...you not take a shower?”

Lyga cackled, an intimidating sound that made the saber-tooth’s ears fold back. “Nah. Figured I got a date for tonight. Might as well smell my best.” He turned his gaze back to the cars, his eyes flicking between them. He figured out the problem quickly, his dense brows furrowing as he glared at the shoddy looking truck. “Can’t pull out?” he asked, a simple, blunt question.

Shade shook his head, biting at his lower lip. "I mean... I could walk home but—" He let out a noise of surprise as Lyga stepped forward. The truck was up in the air in an instant, the shark's limbs bulging as he hefted it up over his head. Not even bothering to aim, the shark hucked the vehicle, the rusted car going flying through the air and completely out of sight. The only sign that it had returned from its trip in the heavens was a muted thud of a crash off in the far distance.

"I..." Shade blinked, looking between the tiger and the space where the truck once was in disbelief. "Th-Thank you..?"

Lyga snickered, the meek words of thanks causing him to sneer in amusement. The tiger rubbed the back of his head, looking between the hulking 10ft shark and his small sedan, the obvious becoming apparent rather quickly.

"Uhh... Well, I guess I could walk back home? It's not too far, and, uh, I don't think you'll—"

"Oh, I can fit," the shark said with a dangerously toothy grin - one that made Shade start waving his arms around frantically, the tiger sliding between him and the car defensively.

"No-no! That's okay! Really! I'd like to go for a walk!" he said, his voice cracking, the panic bleeding from his words.

Lyga watched with amusement, practically drinking in the cat's reaction. "Suit yourself, *Kitten*."

A shudder went through Shade's spine as he heard the demeaning term. He should have been offended, and, in any other circumstance, he would have. However, coming from this hulking wall of shark, he couldn't find it in himself to hate it. If anything, it sent a forbidden tingle through him, almost wanting to hear more from Lyga - to have that deep, rumbling growl addressing him like he's some small and insignificant creature.

The two set out from the gym, Shade leading the way with Lyga hot on his heels. The ground shook subtly, the tiger feeling it through his sneakers. He turned his head over his shoulders, taking a quick look at the shark behind him, gulping at what he saw. Even with his bare feet, Lyga was cracking the cement as he walked, leaving behind perfectly preserved footprints in his wake.

"So, uhh... How strong exactly *are* you?" Shade found the question slipping from him, filling the idle silence. Lyga seemed to roll the question over in his mind, his thumbs looped into the pockets of his overburdened lycra shorts.

"Strong enough to capsize tankers," the shark said with an amusing chuckle, a nostalgic sound taking over his voice. "Lifting entire buildings up, even stoppin' a train dead in its tracks."

"...Seriously? A...train?"



The disbelief seemed to fuel the shark, a low rumble coming from his chest, almost as if he was purring. "Mmhm... Shoulda seen how the cars buckled, *Bug*."

A soft groan came from the tiger, visibly shivering as he stuffed his hands deep into his pockets. Yet another demeaning nickname... He tried not to focus on the feeling of the swelling tent pushing out the front of his jeans. The thudding behind him seemed to change direction, the shark veering off towards a nearby building, causing Shade to stop in confusion. "What are you...?"

Before the feline could finish the question, he saw what Lyga was doing. The shark was standing on the far wall, putting his hands on it with a wide grin. He turned his gaze, locking eyes with the bewildered cat before giving a shove. The abandoned building toppled, the multi-storey brick structure toppling like a domino. It crashed into the one next to it, sending it toppling as well - and then into the next. Cement dust rose from the collapsed rubble, forming a haze that flooded across the street like a gritty fog.

Lyga smirked, stomping his way from the wreckage, leaving those predictable footprints behind him in solid cement. He adjusted the front of his shorts, the obscenely bulging package jutting out a little further than the feline remembered. "Figured I'd give you a little demonstration, Kitten. What I did in the gym? Even that guy's truck?" He smirked wide. "Child's play. Ain't nothin' for a stud like me."

Shade found himself swooning, tugging on the collar of his shirt as he groaned under his breath. If he didn't have a boner before, he certainly had one now... He let out a noise of surprise as he was scooped up by Lyga, the shark carrying him tucked against his side, pinned by a meaty arm as the shark set off. "H-Hey!" he stammered meekly, trying to get his attention.

"You walk too slow. It's gonna take forever with your twiggy lil legs," he grunted matter-of-factly, his pace increasing, cars and trees zipping by. The entire block shook, a few car alarms going off as the shark passed by, his footsteps cracking and shattering cement as he jogged. The saber-tooth tiger leaned back in his meaty hammock, taking a few experimental nuzzles against the thick pectoral he was pressed against. Everything on this behemoth was solid, like he was snuggling an immovable wall of flesh-wrapped diamond.

At least the surroundings were growing more familiar. Shade recognized a few shops that passed by, several other people stepping out of the way of the scale-bound behemoth as he trudged through cement. One of them caught his eyes in general, a small corner shop he had frequented before. "Oh, wait!" the feline called out, catching Lyga's attention, the shark giving him a confused side-look.

"Oh, uuhh... I just need to stop inside for something."

"...Really?" he grunted, sounding mildly annoyed. "Can't wait?"

“I mean...no? I was gonna stop by on my way back, but uhhh...” He chuckled nervously, rubbing the back of his head. The shark lowered him down to his feet with an annoyed grunt of his own, finned tail giving a few lashing flicks behind him. A car scooted across the street, having been clipped by the end of it, the casual flick nearly causing it to flip completely over.

The feline stopped just short of the door. He zoned out for a moment, his mind blanking until his expression suddenly screwed up. Slapping a hand to his face, he let out a long groan - long enough for Lyga to even become *slightly* concerned. “I...forgot my wallet with my bag...back at the gym...”

Shade cocked a heavy brow. “...Seriously? That’s it? Y’forgot your stuff?” He scoffed, blowing some air through his nostrils. “Go in and get whatever shit you need. I’ll be right back.”

Shade opened his mouth either to protest or clarify, but the shark was already on the move, thudding through the street, smacking an oncoming car out of the way with a backhanded slap of one of those massive arms. The feline stood there, watching the casual chaos that was created by Lyga, wondering for just a moment if maybe this entire enterprise was a wise move... Shaking away his doubts, the cat turned back to the store, heading inside.

The bell jingled as the metal and glass door swung open. Inside was a rather quaint shop. Odds and ends, mostly pharmacy things with an old, bored looking lynx positioned behind a nearby counter. Shade exchanged a quick wave before looking through the aisles, trying to spot what he was after. It was a little embarrassing, but finding some medication for his nose was something rather important. After all, it’s not particularly fun to have a weekend with burning sinuses.

Finding what he was looking for on the shelf, the cat let out a sigh of relief, beginning to trot to the front desk—at least, until he heard a commotion going on from outside. Heading over to a nearby window, he spotted exactly what was going on. Lyga, out in the streets, was strutting down the sidewalk. On his shoulder looked like...an entire building?

Shade’s jaw dropped as he stared, a few innocents tumbling out of the doors from the still in-tact building. It felt like his brain was failing to process the fact that the shark had an entire structure balancing over his shoulder. It wasn’t until Lyga spoke that he finally snapped out of his ogling from the window.

“You said you needed money? Well, got plenty of it here,” the shark said with a toothy sneer. He bounced the bank over his shoulder, a few more people screaming as they tumbled out. Money started to pour out of the broken windows and open doors, the shark having apparently managed to loosen some change from within.

Shade was left paralyzed, staring at the entire scene. There was *no* way that he wasn’t going to get in trouble for this...

“Well?” Lyga grunted in annoyance, the tapping of his foot cratering the ground with every impatient slam. Even though he just met him, Shade had a feeling it wasn’t a good idea to keep him waiting. The feline scrambled outside, doorbell jingling as he went. A single \$20 was enough to do the job, not wanting to get into any hotter water than he was already in as he went back into the store.

The shopkeep was nowhere in sight, Shade looking around in confusion. ...Maybe they were freaked out by the display of a massive shark carrying a bank on his shoulder? Either way, he tossed the money onto the counter and took the box of medication, pocketing it. Going back outside showed Lyga having fun, the shark giving the building a toss now that it was free of people within. It smashed into the nearby wall of buildings, sending everything crumbling. He smirked as he watched the destruction, meanwhile Shade’s jaw was completely unhinged.

Was he just goofing around in the gym? Was it like baby weights to him? If he had the power to juggle entire buildings, then why was he just playing around earlier?

Either way, he found himself hurrying along the street, waving for Lyga to follow. Just in time too, he could hear the sounds of sirens going off in the far distance as they hurried along away from the shark’s wake of destruction.

They approached a single storey building, heading up to the steps, stopping just short of the door. Lyga’s brow arched, having to hunch over to fit on the patio, avoiding clipping his head on the overhanging awning. “You forgot your keys too?” he asked, his rumbling voice blunt.

“Well, yeah, but I got a spare—”

He didn’t get to finish his sentence. Lyga ripped the door right off the hinges, pulling it off as easily as one would twist a tab from a can of soda.

“Wait, you’re—”

Lyga stepped straight through the open door frame, even though it wasn’t designed for someone his size. Shade gripped at his headfur, tugging on the hairs as his companion left a shark-shaped hole through the front wall. He followed in through the rubble, a whine to his voice, wondering if bringing the behemoth back home was a good idea - if there was going to be a home left by the time they were done together...

Predictably, just his presence was enough to start demolishing Shade’s belongings. A kitchen table turned to splinters, a sofa being overturned just by being grazed by the shark’s thick tail and heavily muscled thighs. He was sniffing around - as if looking for something. The shark plowed into a back hallway, shoulders slamming into either side from how wide he was—not that it was going to stop him. Plaster churned, tearing away as swollen, split delts carved through it as if it were icing on a cake.

It didn't take long to find the bedroom, the hulking shark smashing past walls as he peered from room-to-room. Eventually he spotted his prize, smashing through the doorframe like it didn't even exist, ambling his way over to the bed before dropping back into it. His landing shook the entire house, nearby cracks forming in the windows as knickknacks fell off of a nearby shelf. The bed he landed on completely compacted, legs breaking as the box springs were crushed under the weight of the 10ft shark lazing on it.

"C'mere."

Shade shuffled slowly, almost feeling like he was an uninvited guest in his own room. That large hand grabbed his wrist, pulling him forward, causing him to stumble and trip until he landed on the shark's chest. Before he knew what was happening, Lyga was kissing him. It was rough, passionate, possessive; the shark's lips wrapped around his own, thick tongue snaking into his mouth and even down his throat, making it bulge.

Saliva trickled down the corners of the Saber-toothed tiger's mouth, a few sharp whining moans coming from him as he felt a dense hand squeezing at his ass, tugging at his short tail with surprising gentleness - considering what Lyga was capable of. He was pulled off of his mouth with a wet pop, roughly gripped by the back of the head. Lyga chuckled deeply, a possessive, lustful tone to it as he brought the tiger around to one of his pits.

Lifting his elbow up, his lat swelled out, forcing the feline's face into that sweaty void. Shade squirmed and moaned as he was hit full-force with that mind-melting musk, feeling his face grow damp from the sweat-slicked abyss it was forced into. The shark gripped the front of his tank, tearing it off, tossing the scraps aside. Shade squeaked as those hands grabbed at him as well, tearing fabric as if it were just tissue paper wrapping the feline.

The smell of the shark's musk was intense - and only growing thanks to the small, enclosed space.

Shade let out a noise of surprise as he was yanked out of those pits, forced to straddle around the shark's waist before his face was buried between those pecs. Lyga let out a low, pleased growl from deep in the back of his throat. "*MMmyeah...* That's good... You like being dominated, *Scrawny?*" He brought up his arms for emphasis, clenching his fists. Tendons bulged over the backs of those powerful hands, biceps bloating up, slamming into his forearms with enough force to create miniature shockwaves that rattled the nearby windows.

Before Shade could give a proper reply in his musk-addled stupor, he found himself being brought down between the shark's legs. Lyga's powerful trunks wrapped around him, keeping him securely in place as one of those hands guided his head down, shoving his padded nose right into the obscenely bulging front of the shark's shorts. He was forced to nuzzle against it, taking in more of that scent as the trapped shaft flexed even harder. It was too much for the

shorts to handle, the lycra tearing, ripping open as his fat shaft popped out into the air, grazing Shade's cheek.

Lyga growled dominantly, taking the base of his shaft, giving it a purposeful smack across Shade's cheek. The motion sent a long string of precum flying, splattering onto the wall behind the tiger. "I-It's... So huge... H-How is it going to fit?" the saber-tooth asked under his breath, staring at the head in awe before giving it a slow, experimental lick.

"Don't worry your pretty head," the shark growled teasingly, laying back in the remains of the feline's bed. "I'll get it to work..."

The tiger blushed hard, turning his head to nuzzle the length of that mammoth member, straddling around the shark's hips as he gave it a few more licks. The sheer amount of pre that was pumping out of the shark was equivalent to most men's orgasms - and even then, he wasn't showing any signs of slowing down any time soon. "We'll just go slow," the shark continued, reaching down, stroking around the cat's ears slowly, maneuvering his head around in the process.

Shade let out a slow moan as his mouth wrapped around the helmeted head of that cock, the glans filling the entirety of his maw as he was forced to swallow it down. Even though the shark's cock felt as thick as his leg, the feline felt it sliding down his throat, the flesh squeezing in, forcing itself to fit down his throat as it bulged. He could feel tears forming in the corners of his squeezed-shut eye as the shark started to buck his hips.

"MMfffuck... Yeah, that's a good lil hole..." Lyga said breathily, licking over his lips, peeking over his swollen pectorals to watch the show of his little worshiper down below. He loved the feeling of those padded hands wandering his body, feeling over his clenched abs and down over his meaty thighs. He would have pulled him off of his cock to have him handle the rest of his body if he wasn't already so pent up.

Shade moaned, salty precum gushing down his throat, some of it bubbling up, dripping from the edge of his padded nostrils as he groaned. Those hands gripped over him possessively, locking him in place as the shark started to thrust his hips, properly face-fucking him. He was completely at the mercy of that shark as several inches, eventually landing in over a foot shoved down his throat, forcing his neck to bulge like a rubber band around that pulsating meat.

The room was slowly coming down around them, Lyga stretching out, not caring that his arms were cleaving through nearby nightstands and bookshelves. Honestly, it got him more riled up, if anything.

The feline's arms flailed around, trying to signal that he was taking more than he could handle, but Lyga didn't seem to care - not when he was already so close. He gripped the back of the cat's head, forcing him down further, getting a good halfway into the cat before finding the feline's limit. He bucked his hips, working forward and back, veins visibly bulging the feline's

neck as he fucked him hard. Sweat dripped from his heavily muscled body, soaking the bed and the carpet around him as the shark groaned and growled.

Lyga didn't particularly care at this point, the shark huffing and puffing, blowing through his nostrils as pleasure flooded his oversized body. It took a lot of restraint to keep from breaking his kitten, having to measure his thrusts to make sure he didn't split the feline right in half. His entire body shook, sweat rolling down the curvature of his bulging muscles as veins webbed over his limbs. Lyga could feel himself building up, his balls churning down below like the rumblings of a volcano about to blow. Gripping the back of Shade's head, he pushed him down, locking him in place before letting out a single, building-shaking roar of pure pleasure.

It wasn't long before he blew his load, torrents of cum blasting down Shade's throat. The cat grabbed at his middle, clutching it as he felt his taut abdominals starting to distend, swelling out further and further with every second he was plugged by Lyga's cock. Just as quickly as it started, it ended. The shark's seed-soaked cock pulled out of Shade's mouth with a wet pop, causing the cat to gasp, landing on his ass as he cradled his cum-bloated belly. A few more jets of cum shot across the room, Lyga's cock jumping as it painted the far wall, utterly soaking the carpet with his musky stench.

"G-GuuHHHhh..." Shade moaned, the front of his chest and chin a mess of saliva and seed, looking like he was only seconds away from passing out. His fur was sticky, practically reeking of Lyga's testosterone-infused musk - properly marked.

"Uh-uh," Lyga grunted, shaking his head, a toothy, almost malicious smirk having spread across his masculine mug. "You ain't passin' out yet. Still got another round in me!"

The cat found himself being turned around, grabbed around the waist by a massive pair of hands. He could feel that slicked cock head sliding between his cheeks, spreading them as the head kissed at his taut hole. A wail of a moan came from him as he felt the shark sinking into him, stretching him absurdly wide - just as he did his mouth. He was being used like a living flashlight, his legs going up, padded toes splaying before curling hard.

"A-Ahh..! L-Lyga...!" he wailed, throwing his head back, tongue lolling out of his mouth as he allowed himself to be used. Shade's entire body bounced, being suspended up in the air for a brief moment before being yanked back down. He felt like a cocksleeve, that enormous shaft spreading him absurdly wide, his insides contorting and stretching around that meaty log in a way he didn't even know was possible.

"Mmyyeah, that's it! Yell my name, *Runt-!*" he bellowed, the sheer depth and volume of his voice shaking the entire house to the foundation, the windows shattering as a bookshelf toppled over completely, spilling its contents across the cum-soaked floor. He licked over his lips, reveling in the spreading destruction as he continued to buck his hips. Lyga leaned into it, gripping Shade tightly as he held him in place, plowing his cock in and out of him as kept the cat suspended in place.

Shade continued to wail his name, gasping it out as if it were a mantra. His feet wrapped around the base of the shark's cock, squeezing it, feeling the branch-like webbing of all of those angry, pulsating veins along the length. Precum gushed back out of his ass, making a mess between his furred cheeks as he was held tight by that meaty hand, being pumped up and down, suspended in the air by that one absurdly strong limb. His cum-filled stomach sloshed, bouncing up and down like a taut ball as he was jerked by the shark.

The shark's second orgasm was fast approaching, Shade's voice hitching as he growled, bouncing his hips - every slam causing the whole house to shudder, the foundation beginning to crumble as walls toppled around them. Lyga's strong arm reached out, acting as a barrier to shield the worst of it, the shark hunching over to protect his dutiful worshiper as the ceiling came crashing down over his broad back. Predictably, it was the structure that broke rather than the shark—and just in time too.

Lyga roared, throwing his head back as he came a second time. His urethra bulged, swelling up from the pressure of Shade's clenching ass. Even then, it still bloated the cat, Shade wailing and gurgling as his stomach ballooned to almost half of his size, redded skin showing between his dark brown fur as his navel popped outwards from the pressure.

The entire house collapsed, the afternoon air blowing away the dust as the last scraps went tumbling away, batted by the rumbling shark. Even though Shade wanted to cry out, to mourn the loss of his house, or even be shocked about the situation, his brain was far too overloaded. He gurgled, clutching at his distended middle, feeling it churning, full of the shark's hot seed.

A smirk reformed over Lyga's muzzle as he felt the saber-toothed tiger slump over his thick fingers, having passed out from the ordeal. With more care than he would have shown anyone else, he pulled the cat off of his cock, cradling him up against his chest as he leaned back into the rubble like a makeshift bed.

"Heh... Guess we better go back and collect the rest of that money later..." he said quietly, his voice coming out as a rumbling purr. "Gonna need to get you a new house, *Runt~*"

Content with blowing his load and the destruction at hand, Lyga closed his eyes as well. He nestled in before following suit, allowing himself to drift asleep, fully content.