Hot Day at the Beach

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Magnus leaned down to duck under the door frame as he walked into the lifeguard shack. Some of the other guards were there, and a couple waved their hands in greeting, but Magnus didn't wave back. The tall, broad, powerful wolf was grumpy. He stripped out of his muscle-shirt and hooked his thumbs into his bicycle shorts, shimmying them down the thick, short-cropped fur of his meaty thighs. He crammed the shorts, his shirt and his sandals into the lock box, then sighed in relief.

"Finally." He said, grabbing a whistle from the hook and stomping past a couple dudes watching porn on an old projection TV, to check out the schedule.

"Oh, great, I'm at the point?" He scowled. "That's where the old furs like to sun bathe. That's boring as fuck. Man, why did I get set out there?"

"Hey, I got set out there too," a tiger said, materializing next to him and giving the wolf's buttock a playful squeeze. "Looks like it's me and you, parrrrdner."

"Oh. Great, hey Charn." Magnus rolled his eyes. The tiger wasn't bad or anything, he was friendly and capable, but he really seemed to get fixated on certain people. "Last I saw you, you were doing mouth-to-dick on a bull under the pier."

"Oh, um," the tiger laughed embarrassedly, glancing around the room. "Dude, um, yeah, he was uh. His dick drowned."

"Sure, sure," Magnus said. "Well, at least it's a nice day out. Should be pretty busy. Lots to look at."

"Oh, dude, I think we both know who's going to be looking at who," the tiger said. He slapped the wolf in the stomach, giving it a stroke. "You're looking even more muscled than you were last week. What's your secret?"

Magnus smirked, and grabbed the tiger's wrist, pushing it down his toned stomach. He slid Charn's wrist down his thigh, then pulled it inwards, so that his massive testicles pushed against the feline's palm. "These," he growled. He loved the face the tiger made when he did shit like that to him. Laughing, he slapped the tiger's paw away, reaching down to rub at his aching nuts.

"Damn, you know you can't do that to me," Charn groused, as the two waved goodbye to the other guards and stepped back out into the glaringly bright summer day. "Stop trying to turn me gay."

"You don't have a choice, Charn. I'm just that hot," Magnus grinned. The two guards stepped through the hot sand, the tiger's orange stripes and the wolf's gold-bleached fur tips both shining brightly in the sun. "Guys are just automatically gay around me." The towering wolf patted the felin's head like one would a puppy. "Just enjoy the feelings, you probably don't get many chances to be so close to such a stud."

Truth be told, Magnus ~was~ a stud. At nearly seven and a half feet tall, he towered over most everyone else and certainly all of the other wolves. He'd been accused of moonjuicing on more than one occasion, but people liked to make up shit when they're jealous of ya. Magnus could bench press a thousand pounds without panting, and the dense muscles of his shoulders, biceps and chest shifted easily under his handsome pelt, hinting at the reserves of strength in his body.

People noticed Magnus. Openly staring at him, pulling down their sunglasses, tripping over sun bathers as he walked by. It wasn't his long powerful legs, his charming toothy grin, or his muscled arms and torsos that they were staring at, either. Well, not wholly anyways.

Magnus was hung like a tank. The wolf's sheath swayed from side to side with each step, the thick-fuzzed holster slamming from one thigh to the other. It was roughly the length and width of a mango, with blonde fur lining the very tip, where the pink end of his dick occasionally slipped out to taste the air. It was a potent maleness, demanding to be investigated with fingers, or perhaps a tongue, but despite somehow managing to be contained in that large soft sheath, it wasn't quite as tantalizing as what hung underneath it.

Charn buzzed around Magnus, checking out peeks of the wolf's swollen grapefruits, the big round nuts ponderously swaying below that swinging sheath. Magnus barely even noticed the way the tiger eyed him up anymore, or the way he discretely took pictures of the wolf when he thought the wolf wasn't looking. What Charn didn't realize was that Magnus *always* knew when someone was ogling him. He made sure to shift his hips, rocking subtly so that as his big boulders thumped against his lower thighs with each step. The twin fruits spun loosely around, hanging low in his overtaxed scrotum, which had been stretched so thin and tight by the sheer size of his endowments, that now it gripped sheerly around them, like cling wrap around proofing bread. Every curve and bump was easily visible because Magnus took great pride in smooth shaving his prized scrotum each day before coming to work. He had to - a big furry wolf like him was not designed for the sweltering hot heat of a summer in the tropics, and his big eggs were at risk of being poached in their own juices if they had even a hint of fuzz coating them.

Magnus swung a leg up onto the lifeguard stand, smirking and shaking his head as he felt the tiger's paw cup against his scrotum. The poor tiger was left empty handed when he hauled himself up, though, twisting to sit down and taking up most of the double wide bench with his thighs splayed widely.

Charn followed him up, peeking up over the edge, coming nose to balls with the big wolf. Magnus smirked down at him, flexing his inner kegels to make his dick slap from his left thigh to his right.

"Whoops, forgot you were coming up," Magnus said.

"Dumbass, get out of the way," Charn said, just staring at the massive stones that were laid out right in front of him.

"Give them a kiss," Magnus smirked.

"I'll give them a bite, would you prefer that?" Charn said, and opened up his mouth wide. Thick, sharp, gleaming teeth bared, he teasingly moved forward, as if to take a bite out of the wolf's left nut like an apple.

Magnus laughed and grabbed the tiger's neck by the scruff and dragged him to the side. "Okay, partner, are you ever gonna get tired about joking about eating my nuts?"

Charn grumbled as he climbed up and wedged himself down beside Magnus, the feline squashed into a quarter of the bench by the big masculine lupine. "You think I'm joking, but just you wait, one of these days I'm gonna do it."

"Suuuuure you are," Magnus said. He looked out over the beach, leaning back and relaxing as the sun baked down against his dark furred torso. "Damn, there are a lot of people here today."

"Yup," Charn said. He took a swig from his water bottle, then sandwiched it down between them. The tiger's paw left the bottle, and rested on Magnus' thigh. The feline wasn't subtle. Fingers slid through thigh fur, down over that thigh, to gradually rest and cup against the bulk of the wolf's warm, soft scrotum.

"Cat, why do you always do this?" Magnus said. The feline was definitely addicted to the wolf's nuts.

"Because you let me, obviously. Also because I'm your bro and I gotta look out for you. You definitely haven't been getting off as much as you should," Charn said, as he hefted one nut with his fingers, shaking his head disapprovingly. "How's a big stud like you so backed up?"

Magnus scoffed. "Like you could even tell," He said, glancing down to his nuts, the tiger's paw seeming small in comparison to his bulky egg.

"I *can* tell," the tiger said, as he gave that ball another squeeze. He was pudging up, the feline's sheath spilling the broad cap of his dark red shaft up into the air. "You're definitely packing more than normal in here. Either you're not getting off, or you're taking that soy lecithin supplement I mentioned to ya."

"Well, admittedly, it's the former," Magnus said. His sheath was thickening up, too, fattening with the attentions of his homie. He lifted Charn's hand away, resting it on the tiger's own leg. "I've had three hookups over the last three days, and they've all bailed on me."

"Oh yeah?" Charn asked, coolly, a small hint of a smile on his lips. "Don't tell me you're using BUTCHr...?"

"Yeah," Magnus admitted. "It's really weird. I get home from our shift, and some dude contacts me, and he's got everything I'm looking for in a hook up. No strings attached, just wants to worship my body, no reciprocation needed. We swap pics, we decide to meet, and then they don't show up."

"So just jerk off...?" Charn teased, "Or ask your boyfriend Alex to help you out? Huskies LOVE being given orders."

"Bah, he's overseas." Magnus groused. He reached down, rubbing his own sack, frowning. They *did* feel heavier, plumper than usual. "And I can't imagine jerking off, not when there's hundreds of other studs who'd be willing to do all that for me."

Charn shrugs, paused, and then said in a very casual way, "Well you know, I know a glory hole, over on-"

"Hey." Came a voice from below them, down on the sand. The two lifeguards looked over the edge of the bench. There was a big fish guy down there. No, not big, and not a fish.. there was a massive, hulking tiger shark standing there. The predator smiled up at the two, leaning slightly back, his powerful pecs popping in bright sunlight. With no fur to speak of, he *gleamed* in the sunlight, the dark black stripes crossing over the bluish-gray portion of his skin. He was wearing sunglasses, and he was grinning up at the two lifeguards like he knew exactly how hot he was.

"Damn, dude. Hey," Magnus said. Charn sat back, eyes narrowed as he glanced back and forth between the shark and the wolf. Not good. The black furred wolf put an elbow on the arm rest of the bench, casually arching his back to show off the thick slabs of muscle in his chest. "What can we help you with?"

"Oh, well," The shark said, as he stepped a little closer, resting his hands on his hips, on the shiny blue swimming trunks he was wearing. "I was just curious... is this, like, a *nude* beach? Because all of the guys around here are naked."

Magnus grinned REAL wide, and scooted forward. "Hmm, now that you mention it, I noticed that myself." He scooted a bit further, making it seem casual, but Charn's eyes narrowed further as those massive wolf nuts slid slowly over the edge of the bench and down to hang in the open. "Oh. Oops."

"Damn," the shark said, eyes locking onto the wolf's dangling orbs. "I guess it IS a nude beach, huh?' He pushed the shorts down, then, making sure that Magnus watched as he did so. The cool gray of his belly turned into a soft pink, as one of the thickest dicks Magnus or Charn had ever seen was revealed. It filled the space between the shark's thighs, hanging down limp and externally like a wrist-wide bit of hose. Magnus gawked at it, and the shark stepped out of his shorts, smiling facetiously up at the two. "So, does that mean people can just, like..." He reached up, stroking his fingers along the back of the wolf's sweaty, gleaming black skinned sack.

"Have sex?" Magnus shook his head, making no move to push the shark away. His sheath plumped out, lolling out from his inner thigh to flop over the neck of his sack, the very tip of his cock pushing out into the open, jutting out over the two dangling nuts. "Naw, it's not that kind of beach. In fact, it's illegal to be touching me like this."

"Illegal," Charn reiterated, his arms folding as he stared jealously at the shark handling the big dangling wolf cods. "So get your filthy fins off of them."

Magnus chuckled, slapping Charn on the back, but the shark didn't let go, appraising the meaty nugs in their low dangling sack. "Don't worry, we're not gonna turn you in, and your cool fingers feel real nice on such a hot day," the lupine assured the shark. "Charn here's just... protective."

"Ahh, I understand." The shark said, breaking his eye lock with those plump eggs to gaze up at the tiger. The two glared at each other, the shark slowly smiling in a knowing grin. "Well, I wouldn't want to interrupt your, uh, shift... So I will be on my way." He gave the two nuts a squeeze, grunting in impressed admiration, then pulled his hand back. "See ya around, beefcake," he said.

"See ya around. My break is in twenty minutes, and I like to take a walk around the back of the sand dune, where it's real private. You know, to collect my thoughts," Magnus said, thumbing to a tall, lonely pile of sand off to the right.

"Maybe I'll see ya there," the shark said, smirking.

"I think you will," Magnus said. The shark walked away, and Charn waited until the shark was out of earshot before finally letting out a held breath.

"Garbage muncher," he muttered, watching the shark as he strode into the water.

"Dude!" Magnus laughed, reaching down to rub his sheath. He was almost half hard, just from the shark handling him like that, and it was hard for him to think of anything other than getting the rest of the way hard, once he was half hard. "He was pretty hot though, right?"

"Nah. He's just a fish," Charn said. "But I can tell he's exactly your type. Big, masculine, confident, well hung. Checks all the boxes."

"Yup, I guess I have a type," Magnus said. "Oh, shit, he left his shorts." Before the feline could protest, the lupine had hopped down from the bench, scooping up the shorts. He stood upright, stretching his limbs and casually sniffing at the blue shorts. "Damn. Hey, Charn, you hold down the fort, you know how much I hate littering. I'm gonna go find that guy and return these to him."

He didn't wait for a response. What was getting up the tiger's butt about a shark, anyways?

He strolled down the beach, swirling the shorts around on one finger. It was a pleasant day. Some days people were angry, ramped up, overly excited, or just burned out, but today, everyone was super chill and having a nice time. It was hot enough to get sun toasted but a cool breeze and the occasional cloud kept things from getting sweltering.

He strolled up to some seals that were having a barbecue. He knew these guys - they came here weekly, a group of older mustached fellas who always positioned them in a place that gave them a good view of the lifeguard chair. "Gentlemen."

The fellas greeted him, gesturing to a big plate of squashed meat patties on a plate. The oldest of the group, with a chest full of gray curly hairs and a handlebar moustache that made him more walruslike, greeted him with a hug. Magnus ignored the way the seal's hand remained on his buttock, stroking it as he gestured to the others.

"Come, eat with us! A growing boy like you needs as much protein as he can, to bed all the *pretty ladies,* eh?" He chortled.

Magnus grabbed a patty, munching on it with a shrug, "Oh you know I have no problem with that," He said, trying not to grimace at the over salted tuna meat. It was cooked way too long, but the empty bottles of beer laying all around the picnic table suggested that that their priorities were elsewise. "Just remember not to litter... I found a six pack buried in the sand last week."

"Oh," the seal said, apologetically, "Well that would have been Tomas, he is always hiding things away, *so* forgetful!" The seal's fingers slid up into the crack of the wolf's rear, and Magnus sighed, turning and stepping away.

"You're bad." He teased the older seal. "I don't care who's leaving them, just make sure you take all containers with you when you leave." At that moment, a whistle blew from up on the lifeguard chair. Magnus smirked. Charn always had his back.

"Sorry guys... gotta go!" He said, giving them a salute and turning, jogging back to the guard tower. He heard the whistles as they watched his beefy buttocks, shaking his head as he got back to it. "What's up Charn? Emergency back at the shack? Shucks, I guess I'll have to-"

"Nah, someone's drowning," Charn said. He said it kind of quietly, though, as if he was unsure, or skeptical. Peering out through the binoculars. "Seeing splashing and arm waving, about a hundred yards from shore. Weird, though, because I didn't see anyone swimming out there-"

"I'm on it," Magnus interrupted. "Make sure to get a slow mo of me running into the water, I want to put it on my Only Fans." He grabbed the lifeboard and bolted. His big feet slammed into the soft sand, toes curling downwards for traction, and obviously he was carrying the board under the arm that faced away from the sun - he wanted his ass cheeks to be perfectly viewable from the tiger's high vantage point as he bolted towards the water.

The ocean was refreshingly cool, as he splashed into it, passing two fox chicks, and then some guys doing the chicken war. Both groups pausing to ogle as he steamed by, a wake of water behind him. Then it was too deep for running, and he jumped forward, cutting through the water with short powerful kicks and broad strokes over head. He had seen the splashing arms so he knew where to swim, and he prided himself on being the fastest swimmer of the guard group. He would be there before the drowning dumbass had any idea what was happening.

He realized, at about the time he got to the area where the drowner had been, that the salt water was tingling against his naked dick. Had he been erect? He had been half hard on the bench, when had he gotten fully hard?

Magnus stopped swimming, surfacing and kicking his legs to twist himself around in the water. His balls slapped up against his erection, as he spun. Dammit, where were they? Now there was nothing in the water. No swimmer, no drowner, nothing.

The wolf dived down, peering into the murky water. It couldn't have been more than twelve or so feet deep, but the big wolf could barely see past his own feet as he kicked. There was no rip tide to speak of - this was the calmest time of the day for currents, in fact - so they couldn't have been swept out. He dived down, inverting and kicking his legs to propel himself to the sand at the bottom of the water.

Nothing, except for one angry looking crab, clacking it's claws menacingly at him. Magnus peered around, seeing nothing. NOTHING. What the hell? He twisted back upright, kicking against the sand to propel himself upwards in a plume of silt and dust.

He broke the surface, and turned back to the beach, giving a quick double-puff on his whistle to indicate that there was nobody here. What could have happened, though?

Something pressed against the back of his thighs. At first, Magnus had the instinct to bolt away from it - in case it was some kind of predator, a hungry fish or whatnot, or netting that could get him tangled in from one of the fishing boats further out. This was hands, though. The brush turned to a cupping squeeze, along the underside of his thighs, cool and smooth and firm as they kneaded his thighs.

The hands slid down, nudging his legs apart, and Magnus began to smile again. He waved to Charn, giving him a thumbs up. This was fine. There was nobody drowning here. Well, not yet. There may be a shy shark stud who is gonna be drowning in wolf cum in a few minutes, though.

Magnus' chest was too muscular and thick to really see past it, not when he was in the water like this, and he couldn't quite crane his head over his shoulder enough to see who was in the murky water behind him. He could feel them, though. Hands slid between his thighs, elbows nudging and forcing them wider apart, and Magnus grabbed the lifeboard, holding onto it in front of his chest.

"I guess I *was* chumming the water, a bit," he mused to himself. Indeed, he was a prolific oozer, and his precum had flavored the water just a bit before he had been accosted so boldly, but Magnus was fairly certain this whole situation had been carefully set up by a horny, closeted shark who didn't want to be seen chugging down wolf meat in public. Or, he couldn't wait until the wolf's break.

Those questing hands found the wolf's testicles. He could feel the cool, smooth, thick fingers wrap around both of his nuts at once. Most guys' balls would float in water like this, floating up and down casually, but Magnus' nuts hung straight down. They were just denser, meatier, more solid than most guys. What could he say? Magnus was just built different.

He idly kicked his feet, letting the board do all the flotationg for him as the shark investigated his massive orbs. His cock throbbed in the water, but the shark hadn't started playing with it, yet. That was okay. A foot and a half was a lot of dick, and Magnus was used to guys not being able to play with all of it. It made hookups frustrating, when the bottom was only able to take ten or so inches, leaving his big knot achingly alone. This felt different, though. This shark knew exactly what he was doing.

He sighed as the fingers tugged against his nuts, stretching them even lower in the cool water. His cords ached at the forced tension, the pleasant roll of dull pressure up into his belly that made him want to close his legs, but the shark's bulky, muscular body prevented that.

Nah, Magnus was, perhaps for the first time, 'helpless' but to enjoy the pleasure and attention that the shark was giving him. He deserved this. Big wolf studs rarely received such dedicated attention, and best of all, neither of them had to say anything. Magnus and the shark both knew exactly what this was about - worshipping the wolf's big, needy cock.

So why wasn't he getting to it yet? The beefy fishman was still playing with his nards. Magnus didn't mind, of course, he loved the way those palms were grinding his nuts against each other, like they were trying to mash them together into one solid blob. Rough. Good. Magnus was a big stud, he could handle a little firm manhandling. Magnus began to grind his hips, thrusting into the water, feeling the cool currents caressing along his straining, steaming erection. More precum gushed in soft clouds into the salt water, which helped to remind the tiger shark about what Magnus was expecting from him. It worked.

Both hands left his loose, low hanging balls, and he growled in pleasure as they wrapped around his dick, just above the knot. The shark wasn't stroking him - Magnus was appreciative of that, since salt water was the opposite of slick. Instead, he would squeeze, let go and grip further down, and squeeze again, then release and grip again. It was like a peculiar massage, but one that felt good. There was plenty of dick for those hands to grip and grope against, after all.

Something wrapped around his scrotum, then. It felt like a plump, muscular eel. Cool and slippery, it trussed around the whole neck of his scrotum, squeezing tightly in time with those hands. His ball *ached* with the sensation of being pushed down by the action, which made Magnus' cock bounce and twitch harder in the water.

"Fuck, yeah, what *is* that?" He muttered, as the gripping thing reeled his nuts backwards between his legs. He felt smooth, sharp, pointed things rub softly along, scraping against the outermost bulges of his massive grapefruits, feeling them slide past those rows of *teeth* and into the shark's mouth.

Nobody had ever sucked on his balls before. Magnus loved it. The way the cool, squishy mouth 'chomped' down, compressing his nuts between jaws that didn't have bones on them, it was like having his nuts sandwiched between two firm pieces of jello. Like a gum job. Teeth teased at the neck of his scrotum, but not hard, it didn't distract from the pleasant pressure of that mouth sucking and lapping at his prized eggs.

Oh, fuck, his nuts were so full, they were going to burst. He tried to thrust into the hands that squeezed and played with his cock. This was so hot - and he couldn't even see what was happening. It was purely tactile, entirely in someone else's control. Whoever this shark was, he needed his phone number. Not needing to come up to breath meant that it was all continuously uninterrupted, all Magnus could do was relax and enjoy the experience.

The only thing he wished the shark would do, is grab his knot. He needed that to cum, as good as it felt to have his dick played with, it was the pressure of being compressed hard around his knot that was going to get him off.

Should he reach down and grab the shark's hand, move it to his knot? That would ruin it, honestly. The shark had to know he needed to knot something, he was just drawing out the enjoyment of being able to play with a big stud like Magnus.

The shark swallowed. The action compressed around his balls, and Magnus wheezed at the pressure as he felt that folding pressure direct his balls down, pushing them as taut as possible, to the very bottom of his stretchy sack. His cock surged as the shark's *throat* wrapped around them. Fuck, his nuts were in this guy's THROAT. He grunted as the shark began to swallow, again and again, and each time that throat crushed hard against his balls, grinding them into each other.

God he wished the shark was doing that with his knot! Magnus whimpered, tossing his head back, unable to do more than hunch wildly as he felt his nuts being gulped and crushed together. Vaguely, he heard the lifeguard whistle being blown, but it wasn't his.

"Fuck, not now, Charn!" He whined, as the shark gulped, and held it. "FUUUUUUCK!"

That was all it took to make Magnus cum. His untouched knot swelled out as he revelled in the pain and pleasure of his balls being 'tied' like that, and as the shark gripped and squeezed with one hand over another along the length of his shaft, the tip spurted a pearlescent white jet of pure, backed up sperm a foot or so deep into the water. The big, thick pink cock twitched, spurting again and again, emptying out the load that had been backed up deep in the wolf's loins. It felt wonderful.

Until it didn't. The shark was clamped down on nuts, crushing them side to side against each other in his throat, and it had gotten him off but now that he was cumming, it just *hurt*. He could cum for minutes, uninterrupted, but the pain was harshing his buzz. He harriedly reached down, past his dick, to grasp at his nut-sack. His fingers stroked against the mouth of the shark that was latched on to his nut-sack, feeling the teeth that were poised against the neck of his scrotum, and he reached in between those jaws to grasp at the neck of his nut-sack.

His cock spurted, as he tugged at those nuts, feeling the shark's resistance to let them out of his throat. "Yeah, dude, they're huge. Biggest you ever sucked, I'm sure," Magnus groaned, getting irritated now as he tugged again. His dick throbbed in the shark's hands, as he managed to pull his hand back out of the shark's maw, past the teeth, the massive eggs trailing a couple inches behind them.

Something happened, then. The nuts disgorged from the shark's throat, and he felt them bump up against something - the back of the shark's teeth, probably. Then, just a weird bumping sensation, like something hit the front and back of his balls together, like someone had clapped with the neck of his scrotum between them. He tugged at them, but the scrotum was stuck, and he pulled again, and peeled it free. Something was wrong, though. It didn't have the ... the momentum that it should have had. It felt like a fish that had slipped the line. Magnus slid his fingers down the neck of his scrotum, feeling the smooth flesh sliding between his fingers, until the fingers just slid off the edge and into the water.

No balls. Not even and scrotum. His nut-sack just ended in a ragged line.

Magnus gasped, as the hands on his dick disappeared, and a moment later, the grinning shark surfaced next to him. His lips were pulled back, showing off every one of his triangular teeth, and between those teeth, the wolf could see the hints of dark skin. *His* dark skin.

The shark rested one burly, muscular arm on the life board, and turned his head to the side. He craned his neck back, watching Magnus with one eye, and brought his other hand to his jaws. He opened it just enough to reach inside with two fingers. Magnus began to shake his head. No, he didn't want to see this, he didn't want to know what was in the shark's mouth, but now his groin was starting to sting as salt water rubbed against the open wound where his scrotum was supposed to be.

The shark lifted up, revealing the teardrop-shaped scrotum of Magnus, black and glossy and grossly swollen with the massive grapefruits that had, up until now, fueled Magnus powerful masculine body.

Magnus whimpered, as he heard the whistle blowing, three times. *'That meant shark attack,'* Magnus thought to himself, as he stared at his huge balls, just dangling from the other stud's hand.

"Please," He whispered, reaching up for the balls. He almost reached them, before the shark dropped them. "NO!"

But it was too late. The shark seemed to be smiling extra smugly as his jaws clamped together. Magnus could see all three rows of teeth, slamming and locking together, with his prized testicles between them, He saw how the enamel pierced into the soft flesh, not just in one or two places, but in dozens of places above and below. His massive, prized, stone-like testicles couldn't resist so much power. They exploded. He knew they exploded because he could hear the sound of it, as flesh popped and splattered inside the shark's maw. Some of it shot out, in a spray of grisly, soft pink tissue and semen.

"Nice nuts, bro," The shark said, chewing with his mouth open. Magnus couldn't look away, as what used to be his was churned into mush, into hamburger. The shark gulped, but it had all been pulped so efficiently that it just flowed down the shark's gullet. Just meat.

Then arms wrapped around him, and he was being tugged backwards.

"I got ya, don't worry!" The tiger said, pulling Magnus back to shore, and away from the grinning, waving shark.

"No! My balls! The shark ate my baaaaaaallls!" Magnus wailed.

"That asshole," Charn said, and days later, Magnus had to wonder if he actually heard the next part. *"I totally had dibs on those."*