Hot Water

By bearmonster

Charn had him by the balls.

It didn’t really matter who he was.

This time it just so happened to be a thick burly elk, with corded arms that gripped and squeezed at the concrete lining the pool. His name happened to be Remus and his rather stunning green eyes were currently lidded as a moan escaped his lips. His tawny dusty brown pelt had just so happened to be soaking in the warm pulsating jets of the jacuzzi at the hotel when Charn had decided to come down for some fun.

What mattered, was that Charn had him by the balls.

In the luxurious heat of those bubbling waters, the tiger’s paw slowly clenched down around the elk’s bulge, claws sinking into the fabric of the jock beneath. Hot, even in the calescent pool, the elk’s manhood was striking. A virile contradiction of hardness and softness.

And it had been so… prodigious. A truly bountiful harvest.

Charn’s cheeks almost ached from the sheer grin that had seen fit to plaster itself onto his face. When he’d decided to settle for his prey in the pool, he had no idea that he would be bringing his fingers down around the sheer mass of the elk’s weighty breeders. As it stood, the tiger’s palm struggled to encompass the entire bulk.

The elk’s eyes slowly creaked open as he felt that hand leave his bulge, a slow and sleepy question struggling to form from the nebulous depths of the pleasure he’d been experiencing and then his mouth opened into a perfect O. The touch of those silken pads against his nuts was enough to make his behemoth drool as Charn’s journey through the bottom of his shorts had borne fruit.

The warm water was like a faithful companion, the tiger’s partner in crime and its task was completed expertly. Relaxed and flush with heat, the elk’s velvety nutsack hung dreamily in Charn’s hand, sleepy in its decadent torpor.

Remus’ satiny purse had long since been ridden of its wrinkles as the dense creamy avocados within quietly thrummed in the tiger’s seeking grasp. Content to let their heft settle in his palm once more, Charn’s tendons slowly undulated, fingers working in rolling waves to rustle the somnolent organs that were at once a part of the elk’s masculinity and his entire manhood. Like medicine balls, the succulent meat roiled in its gemini contention, the cervine’s groans and grunts becoming their chimes. And every slow rolling pass had his well toned thighs ethereally spreading in the weightlessness of the water’s thrall.

How willing the flesh was.

Gripped by the tiger’s paw by his baser instincts, the elk simply surrendered. There was no other word for the way the man let his guard down so completely, his turgid cock so hard and tense but given no direction, no push or thrust to ease its body paralyzing desire. Remus’ body hummed with electricity but could only sit back and let his predator in.

He was blinded by the oncoming onslaught of sensations, locked in rictus, his heart hammering in his chest by the intangible threads of evolution’s course.

In some ways, perhaps the elk’s body understood what was happening even before Remus’ mind realized it. The way that his strings tried to hoist up their pendulous cargo only to be halted by Charn’s reserved, but firm, clutch could maybe have been a sign. And while shivers could have once been a sign to the male to flee for safety, it now only served as a bellows for the elk’s rising ardor.

Dimly, Remus’ conscious mind was just thankful. It’d been a hard week in the trucking business. Long hours spent cooped up in a cab needing to keep both hands on the wheel while doing nothing but yelling and screaming at other cars did little to soothe his libido. Never enough action to be amused, never enough inaction to properly slip into boredom, it’d been a limbo of sorts that the jacuzzi had started to erode. And when he caught the tiger’s eye, of course his easy smile had brought him over.

Of course the lithe feline couldn’t help but cop a feel, a feel that the elk’s knowing smirk knew would excite the feline attached to that curious grope at his loose sack. It was only right for a stud like him to just exude the raw sexual appeal that caused an inquisitive touch to become a lingering caress and then so much more.

“Yeah… Bet you weren’t expecting to find those were ya?”

Remus’ voice rumbled with amusement as he slowly brought a hand from the edge of the pool to rest authoritatively on Charn’s nape.

“You’re lucky I think you’re cute, bitch.”  
  
 Charn’s smile fanned out into a wide toothy grin as he kneaded the elk’s balls hard, enough to make the elk gasp and cough for a moment, his eyes popping open in surprise.

“Let’s get something straight, boy.”

Charn’s voice cut through the steamy air of the jacuzzi with velvet clarity, his deep amber eyes narrowing slightly as he began to lean closer to the startled elk. The prey unconsciously knocked his knees together as he watched the tiger open up his maw. The elk shivered when he felt the scrape of those fangs against his neck.

“You are meat.”

The elk’s throat bobbed as his eyes were drawn to the blazing orange and black fur that was now suddenly uncomfortably close. Feeling distinctly alarmed now, frenzied thoughts began to blare in his mind as he realized there wasn’t anyone else around by the pool.

“And the only redeeming quality about you is the fact that you’re grass fed.”

For a few heartstopping moments, Remus saw his life pass before his eyes. His cock violently twitched and stirred in biological terror, his nuts churning violently as deep rooted instincts started to pump adrenaline while pre apprehensively filtered into the water.

“...Please don’t kill me.”

Remus’ previously confident voice trembled, his eyes shutting tightly until he realized the tiger was chuckling. Peeking an eye open, he found that the teeth at his neck were gone, his blood unspilled and his aching dick harder than it’d felt in his whole life.

“You really thought I was going to kill you didn’t you?”

Instead of feeling his life slip away, he found himself looking at a very amused tiger. Rather hesitantly, Remus nervously laughed back, a broken and frayed smile on his own lips.

“Y..Yeah.. You uh… Really had me going there…”

Even as Charn smirked back, his hands were already pulling the soft skin of the cervine’s ballsack taut. Under the water, the elk’s cords were clearly outlined in tawny, supple brown silk like violin strings ready to be plucked. Once more the needy calf makers pooled in the tiger’s paw while Charn began to pet over the densely packed orbs with his thumb.

“Too much paperwork.”

Charn’s gaze held the elk’s eyes in thrall as the tiger laughed easily, the feline’s tongue already a little wet with saliva while his claws sprang loose on his other paw.

“No no, I just needed to run down to grab some groceries.”

Remus’ head tilted unconsciously, confusion causing his fear to take a backseat to the baffling statement.

“So you decided to hop in the jacuzzi?”

The elk wasn’t sure whether to laugh or worry while Charn nodded with knowing smugness.

The tiger purred as he pressed his razor sharp claw tip to the very edge of the elk’s vulnerable manhood. Like a spring being coiled tight, Charn felt the tension in his claw as he prepared to make his cut and the sensation sent a shiver down his spine.

“I really ought to thank you. I was planning on hitting a couple stores, but it’s so convenient to only have to make one stop.”

Below his claw, Remus’ heavy fruit throbbed as the first bite of Charn’s claw dug into the thin bottleneck of his soon to be severed virility. Honed to a keen edge, the claw easily and cleanly pricked the flesh causing a couple wisps of faint blood to spiral through the water like smoke. The tiger got to feel every unconscious twitch and shudder as he pruned the elk of his future.

Balanced upon knifepoint, he had the elk by the balls as he felt that inevitable slack in the grip of his palm as the ballbag was severed little by little until his scythe pressed up against the first of the elk’s cords.

Remus’ brain was suddenly flooded with endorphins and his mouth slowly sagged open as his doomed nuts tried to send one last panicked warning up to their irresponsible owner. Lightning jolted up through his cock as his voice croaked out an incomprehensible groan and the elk felt a tightness in his chest, like his stomach was spinning, his heart pumping impossibly fast. His head pounded and his breath caught in his throat.

Charn’s finger waited against that cord, savoring the look on the elk’s face.

Charn’s tongue glided over his chops, hunger written so clearly on his striped features.

And then with a flick so casually deliberate, Charn curled his finger in a beckoning gesture that sawed through the cord with the greatest of ease. Like a pied piper, the tiger called and the flesh followed. The severed string shook but there was no response, no reassuring weight to heed its command. Instead, the plucked fruit nestled deeper into the tiger’s palm, nuzzling its surface as if welcoming its new home.

The tiger grinned as he teasingly squeezed the last remaining vestige of the elk’s pride. Remus moaned like a bitch in heat as his composure completely shattered, sending his muscles into total spasm as amplified pleasure rippled through his body. Somehow, being halfway culled only intensified the remaining testicle’s sensitivity, a final desperate last plea to the elk, appealing to the only base instincts that would listen. As if to remind the elk of what it would lose.

But the pleasure only served to further immobilize the elk even further as that claw continued to glide through the remaining skin that now dangled, desperately clinging to its last grounding source. Pressure thundered in the elk’s head as the claw pared away at the remaining distance.

Charn was patient. He could feel his prey trying to escape, the single remaining nut finally making its move. As the elk shifted uncomfortably, it tensed his cord and had his fist sized ball tucking up, trying to escape its fate. The tiger merely chuckled as the attempt to run played right into his claw, the sudden heft only causing the ballsack’s motion to sever itself against the waiting edge.

Severed from their host, the tender meat almost began to float towards the surface of the pool before Charn’s fingers curled down around the fat prize. Even in the water, their dense weight lolled reassuringly in his hand.

The castration consummated, Charn deftly crimped the wound shut as the elk’s cock awaited release. The sheer overload of sensations had left the elk panting as his purposeless tool vehemently demanded attention but there was nothing for it as the tiger sighed happily and began to get up out of the water.

Remus’ brows creased in confusion as he watched Charn get up to leave and slurred through a haze of adrenaline and mixed emotions.

“Where.. What? I… I didn’t get off…”

Charn shrugged as his tail flicked itself to send a couple droplets of water splashing against the elk’s face as he stared dumbfoundedly.

"I think you’ll find you did..”

The tiger grinned as he turned around and waggled the suddenly all too familiar sight of the male’s own sack from his paw.

“So thank you, but I need to go home now. The whole point of getting fresh ingredients is for the flavor and I really can’t afford to waste any more time. There’s no point in cutting off your balls if I just let them go to waste.”  
  
 With sudden clarity, Remus blinked and looked down at what should’ve been his balls but was instead a smooth patch of emptiness and a weightlessness he’d never expected to experience.

When he looked back up, he mouthed wordlessly as Charn was already exiting the enclosure, unaware that his entire seduction had been rooted in the careless whim of a tiger’s midnight snack.

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