

The sun was high over the beach, the noonday heat at its peak, but it was perfect for the beachgoers. This beach however was somewhat different from the family retreats that lined the coasts. This beach was a secluded half-moon of white sand hidden in the 'cup' of a rocky cliff. The water was warm, and deep blue, tropical. To reach this beach, one would have to take a boat around the island and dock on the sands themselves. And only those trusted with its location could find it. There was a pier jutting out into the water, where several boats, upwards of a dozen, were docked already, and one more small speedboat coasted in, its single passenger steering it with precision.

This passenger climbed out, bringing with him a line that he moored his small boat with. Marcus stood on the weather-beaten boards, his large lupine paws resting on the waistband of his red bermuda shorts, which had white lei-flowers silk-screened onto them. He took a deep breath of the salty air, the big black wolf letting out a sigh of contentment. The air here wasn't salty just because of the briny sea, but because the shape of the cliffs curved the wind along the beach itself, allowing the breeze to pick up the scents of several dozen naked males. That was what made this beach different. You had to be male, you had to be a stud, and you had to be naked to be invited here.

Marcus slipped his shorts down, grinning to himself in a toothy manner as he kicked them back into his boat, the wolf's thick fuzzy black sheath and low-hangers happy to be freed from the material. The heat of the sun had worked its magic on the boat-ride, the big wolf's furry body beginning to sweat, and as he warmed, his scrotum loosened, until it rode low between his strong thighs, a pair of lemon sized orbs stretching it down in the heat.

The big lupine strolled along the pier, his furry sheath flip-flop-flip-flopping between his legs, like a marching-master's baton, its jutting plumpness leading the way down the pier like a treasure hunter's dowsing rod. Marcus stepped off of the creaking pier onto the hot white sand, growling as it heated his paw pads and relaxed his huge furry feet, leaving paw prints as big as dinner plates in the soft glittering sand. The wolf had a bundle on his back, held by a single nylon strap. He glanced around, seeing the gallery on display that was better than ANY museum Marcus had ever been to. Bulls, tigers, lions, panthers, other wolves, foxes, a wolverine and a few badgers, sprinkled throughout for spice. All of them were sprawled on the sand, or galavanting about completely naked, their cocks flopping, balls jostling for space between their thighs. Some big, some not so much so, but all naked, and all worth a look. Perhaps it was more like a petting zoo, than a museum or gallery.

Marcus watched a bear jog by, his short fuzzy sheath being battered by a pair of balls that appeared to be doing their best to knock his furry dick back into his groin, flopping up and down as he ran. The big wolf licked his lips and grabbed for his bundle, unrolling a brightly colored beach blanket across an empty space on the sand and sprawling out, his legs spread wide to put his own 'exhibit' on display, as the black wolf stared around at all the other delicious males.

Marcus however was not the only owner of a pair of appreciative eyes, taking in everything that unique, rare beach had to offer. Marcus had walked right past a fur crouched at the end of that pier. But then so had everyone else that day. The bushy muzzled sea otter had been crouched at the end of that pier all day, watching this strange display. Never had Abalone seen so many

naked males, and certainly not so many in his own tribe, in the island a few miles south of this beach. Abalone had been coming to this beach for many days, and no one had ever noticed him. Which was odd, considering a naked otter with a harpoon, wearing a necklace of shells and seaweed would normally have brought many strange glances down on his head. But Abalone had something that none of those males possessed. A scale from a mermaid. Like the Easter Bunny and Santa Claus, mermaids were something that normal furs just never saw properly. They saw driftwood, or a clump of seaweed instead. So Abalone was able to spy on the strange grouping of naked male furs without fear. But the more he watched, the more interested he became.

Now, you might be wondering just why a little tribal sea otter would be interested in a bunch of testosterone laden guys cavorting about on a beach. Well Abalone's tribe was going through somewhat of a famine. His village had grown far larger than their oyster farms and seaweed beds could support. So Abalone and other young strong hunters of his tribe had been sent out to find alternative sources of food, that could be sustained without the danger of fishing in the open sea.

Abalone knew that none of the hunters had found any such food source, and the young otter was beginning to get a glimmer of an idea. For the first time, Abalone stepped out of the shallows of the water beside the pier and onto the hot sand, walking up along the beach, but leaving his harpoon stuck into the sand just above the water-line. He moved among all of the sunbathing dudes, glancing between their legs. A badger was sprawled on his belly, his legs parted just enough that Abalone could see the fat, short 'purse' of his testicles between them.

The otter knelt down, reaching up between those thick thighs. The badger just kept on dozing as the otter cupped his fat round testicles, tugging down on that sweat-moistened and heat loosened ballsack. He pulled them up, stretching them up until the loose sac 'flossed' up between the cheeks of that muscular butt, the balls themselves pulled to taut discomfort, but the badger never felt anything, the mermaid's scale negating his body's tactile responses. Abalone squeezed them, making those balls bulge just that little bit tighter, so that the skin of the sac became shiny under the pressure. Then he just let go. The nuts jerked out of his fist, and pulled back to the safety between the badger's thighs. "Hmm..." Abalone grunted, rubbing his paws together.

he moved on, glancing over the forms of a large rottie, and a slender wolfhound, the wolfhound's narrow prick lying between the hills of his abs, hard from the heat of the sun. The rottie was looking at it like he was staring at a plate of his favorite food. He was so focused, that even if Abalone wasn't invisible to him, the otter doubted he would have felt it as the otter reached down and grabbed the rottie's balls, possessively taking hold of that dog's fat velvety sack. His nuts were ovular, broad in size, about the size of the rottie's own palm, when spread flat. The nuts seemed to be too big for their pouch, stretching the sides and bottom of his purse around his orbs like a skin of plastic wrap. Abalone nodded and let them drop, his slender, soft paws reaching up and taking hold of the rottie's large sheath, squeezing it. It plumped, and Abalone squeezed again, starting to stroke along it, jerk jerk jerking until the rottie's fat red prick tip poked out. He leaned down, and gave it a lick once the red cap was exposed, and made a face. It was like salt-water, but sticky like fish slime.

Abalone let that fat, half hard sheath flop over and stood up, wiping the back of his paw

across his mouth. He wrinkled his nose, the musky tang of the rottie's pungent dick still coating his tongue. It was as though the rottie's dick had been marinating in his sheath for far too long. Abalone kept walking, passing a lion who smelled faintly of onions, a large black bear whose scent was spicy and pungent like curry. Abalone's nose was sensitive, and every male that didn't please his nose, was ignored, no matter how their oysters sagged, or how their cocks flopped. After about an hour of searching, grabbing balls, sniffing musk, Abalone was about ready to give up and slip back into the sea. Too many of these males smelled like meat on the grill, seasoned, roasting under the sun, their meat giving off smells and scents of a restaurant. Abalone didn't like land meat. he was used to the soft, delicate flavors of fish, oysters and clams.

And then, almost by accident, Abalone tripped over Marcus's enormous footpaws. The otter looked down at the big black wolf who was sleeping on his back on the sand, his legs still spread wide. he sniffed, expecting to smell beef, or marinated pork. Instead, he smelled something sweet, something woody. Intrigued, he knelt down beside the wolf, and pressed his nose between Marcus's legs. And breathed deep. It was spicy, it was woody, it was cloying. It was cinnamon.

Abalone smiled, reaching into the small ray-skin bag he had on a sea-weed strap around his shoulder, and pulled out a single crescent shaped abalone shell. The lustrous purple opal inside gleamed, belying the razor sharp edge. It was a ceremonial blade, handed down through the generations - a tribute to a more dangerous time, the last famine, when Abalone's forefathers had been forced to hunt the wild, deep, dark oceans for larger fish. Abalone had never found a use for this blade.. Until now..

He reached between Marcus's legs and started to simply fondle the wolf's balls. He rolled them, he squeezed them. they had a nice weight, a sensible heft. They would do. Abalone began to stroke his fingers over each round testicle, pulling down on the sac. The blade pressed into the sleeping wolf's scrotum, peeling it away from his groin. The wolf did not rouse from his nap. Why would he? Was there any reason to think that he was in any danger? There was not. Mermaids, after all, were imaginary.

Abalone pulled that scrotum off, tucking it into his pouch. It could be cured, seasoned - a new handy pocket for his belt. Meanwhile, there were now two naked pale orbs sitting on the blanket between the slumbering wolf's legs. They looked like oysters! Abalone leaned down and gave the naked, warm, slimy testicles a sniff. They smelled like oysters, mixed with that soft sweet woody smell. Like a magician performing a trick with a flourish, Abalone made Marcus's oysters vanish, the curved blade casually melting through his cords like butter and taking up those fat round orbs.

Abalone took out his last artifact from his pack; a rubbery, gelatinous pearly egg from a fish the otter's family farmed. He rubbed it against the wolf's groin, popping the pearl into a soft mush that soaked into the space between the wolf's legs where his open sac lay. After a moment of stroking with that glove, there was no remnant of the wolf's balls at all, as though he had been born without them, just a pale pink scar beneath his sheath.

Abalone wrapped the testicles in kelp leaves, and slipped them into his water-proof bag, running and grabbing his harpoon, diving into the ocean. He swam back to his island, and showed his tribe the pearls he had swiped from the beach, and that night the elders feasted on the pair of round 'land oysters'. And they deemed it delicious!

Thus the beach where all the males came to cavort, play and have fun, became the new oyster farm for Abalone's tribe. Sometime's they would hunt with their mermaid scales, and sometimes, the more adventurous ones would attempt to claim a night's meal without one. It became a tradition, a rite of passage, for each new fisherman to successfully capture a delicious pair of land oysters, naked and with nothing but his teeth and paws.

The otters were happy. The males were (more or less) happy. Tourism thrived. All was well.

The end!