

Sly Cooper & The Ring of the Gods

Ah faire Paris, the City of Lights, I think. Hang on, lemme just go check this out. Okay, yeah, Paris, the City of Lights. A radiant gem in the crown of Europe, well, not radiant. I mean London is probably shinier and all, but, it's like one of those side gems that are pretty, but not as much as the main gem in the front. Bah, I'm getting distracted. Tis a beautiful evening out tonight and- "GET BACK HERE COOPER!"

Oh god damn it woman, I was narrating y'know? Ugh, well, somehow the plot has decided to progress without narration, the bloody cheek. Fine, just gonna have to go with it huh? No love for the narrator? Pfft, that'd be bloody right. Anywho, as a certain world renowned master criminal was leaping across the buildings of Paris, an enraged Vixen was in hot pursuit, hanging off the side of a helicopter as she stared daggers at her prey. She was rapid firing stun shots as soon as she could load them, firing ballistically at him, and only chipping off pieces of the buildings. She should really learn to aim, to be perfectly frank. The dashing master criminal (in more ways than one) laughed loudly, finding it too easy to dodge her incredibly sloppy marksmanship. "Come on Carmelita! You should at least *try* to hit me" he teased, jabbing the blunt end of his cane into the ground, vaulting over to the next rooftop.

"Then stand still and *let* me hit you Cooper!" Carmelita shouted furiously, firing several more rounds and still continuing to miss.

Now that there's a free moment in the action, perhaps we should jump back, to put this chase into better context....

...An hour ago.

It was after midnight at one of Paris' top museums. Not the best one, just, kinda up there, and at the same time kinda in the middle. It's the sort of one you go on field trips too, as the other museums are too nice for screaming brats. Not a soul stirred save for a security guard dozing at his console, keeping a sleepy eye on the monitors. It was the perfect combination of apathy and laziness that would allow the perfect heist to go off. Though the rooms were large, a gentle thumping echoed in the vents as a master criminal was sneaking through them. His bushy tail brushed from side to side as he crept through the vents, finally reaching his destination. With a handy miniature drill at his disposal, he undid the bolts on a vent cover. With a light slap it fell to the ground, allowing the intruder to enter the major room.

Sly Cooper's smug grin was cast alight in the moonlight that shone down through the skylight as he crept over to the wall, keeping a careful eye on the security camera that was above him. "Bentley, you there?" he whispered to the device on his wrist.

"Loud and clear Sly. The cameras are already stuck on a loop, so security will be nonethewiser. Are you in the correct room?" a nasally voice replied.

Looking up from his wrist, Sly stared straight ahead at the enormous banner hanging from the roof that read "The Ring of the Gods", which was certainly quite the eminent tip-off. "Yeah, I'm pretty sure I am" Sly said sarcastically as he strut through the now blinded room, cane slung over his shoulder as he stood before the exhibit.

It was called "The Ring of the Gods", a beautiful golden ring inlaid with rubies, sapphires, and emeralds. Supposedly, to wear it was to grant you the might of a god; of course, that was all just a legend. Obviously a ring couldn't grant you the power of a god. Though, what was rather interesting was the murals the ring was found with. All of them consisted of an ancient stone carving of people throughout the ages with enormous hands. And all of them were wearing the ring. It should be added that the ring only grants the might of a god to the area around where the ring is being worn, and is thus completely useless as it only makes a part of you bigger, not all of you. "Who'd want to be a god anyways?" Sly scoffed dismissively as he brought out a suction cup protractor and blade.

Placing it gently on the glass, Sly's device cut cleanly through the glass as he circled around it, removing the entire circle. Sly tutted at the pitifully trim glass. "Not even an inch wide, it's as if they *wanted* the ring to be stolen" he tutted as he reached in and jacked the ring right off the cushion it was resting on, replacing it with his famous calling card.

The master thief held the ring up to the moonlight, the many jewels shining in the moonlight. It was quite the alluring little gem, actually. The gold looked completely pure, and those gems were pretty high quality. Sly was actually starting to question how a tacky museum like this could have even afforded to host the exhibit. The sudden cocking noise behind him answered his question. "I've got you now Cooper" a feminine voice hissed behind him.

Slowly turning around, Sly grinned as he stood face-to-face with Interpol Inspector Carmelita Fox, a woman with a “few” screws loose, and an obsession for justice. “Ah, Carmelita, of course. That explains everything” Sly commented dryly, still grinning at her.

Carmelita sneered as she pointed her Stun Gun right in Sly’s face. “Just as well you realized it was a trap a few seconds too late Cooper, I’m bringing you in this time” she said firmly.

“Yeah, I suppose it was a little *too* easy. No laser wires, one inept guard, glass that wasn’t two inches thick. It has *all* the hallmarks of a Carmelita Fox master trap” Sly remarked affably, not exactly feeling threatened by the situation.

“Indeed Ringtail, though, this isn’t much like you. I thought your morals had you only stealing from crooks that are somehow more wretched than you are” Carmelita noted.

“And you, Carmelita, mustn’t forget stealing from you. That chocolate bar was delicious, by the way” Sly laughed, fondly remembering the sweet flavour of the world’s most expensive chocolate on his tongue. “But, I would be lying if I said that a “Ring of the Gods” wasn’t an alluring prize, and, I hoped to appropriate it before some other lowlife gets any funny ideas about trying to become a god. I’m balancing thievery with good intentions here Carm.”

“Good intentions? Thievery is wrong Cooper, you have anything BUT good intentions if it involves taking what isn’t yours. However, you are taking this ambush a little *too* well” Carmelita seethed.

Sly shrugged nonchalantly, idly waltzing over to another glass case to peer into it. He frowned as he scratched at a small speck of dirt. “Well, we’ve just done this so many times now, I suppose after a while our little meetings just lose their magic. Maybe we should start seeing other people. Know any other obsessive cops in Interpol I could tango with?” Sly questioned with a sly grin.

Carmelita growled loudly as her trigger finger was twitching violently. “I wouldn’t do that” Sly tutted out, actually looking at the Fox. “That thing packs a punch, I mean, you use it to blow up cars. Wouldn’t want to hit any of those fancy exhibits. After all, Interpol is probably still paying for your *LAST* temper tantrum” he laughed.

Carmelita's eye was violently twitching as her shaking arms forced her stun gun down. "I am getting tired of your games Cooper. I have been hunting you for TOO MANY YEARS! I am putting you behind bars tonight" she vowed.

"Really?" Sly questioned, tilting his head curiously as he gave one of the large windows a quick look. "Umm, not for nothing Carmelita, but, that's probably not going to happen" he pointed out.

"And what makes you say that?" Carmelita demanded, taking aim again.

"Because of that" Sly explained as a small metallic ball smashed through the window.

Carmelita stared at it fixedly as Sly put on a pair of sunglasses, still grinning as he leaned on his cane. The ball exploded violently, unleashing a flash bang that blinded the semi-psychotic Vixen. She staggered about in a daze as Sly trotted out of the room, well, trotted out after leaving her a little surprise. Once her vision cleared, Carmelita found one of Sly's cards tucked neatly into her cleavage. Tearing it out of her bosom, she crushed it in her hand. "CCCCCCCCOOOOOOOOOPPPPPPEEEEEERRRRRR!!!" she screamed.

And this brings us back to the chase, as the now incredibly incensed Carmelita is attempting to blow up half of Paris if it means catching her man. She aimed her sights, firing one bot that only barely missed Sly as he hooked his cane onto a gutter, sliding down the building as the Cooper Van waited in the alley below. Sly ducked in the open back as the getaway driver put his foot down, the van zooming through the empty streets as the chase continued. "Do *NOT* lose that van" Carmelita screeched to her pilot, who nodded to the mad Vixen as the chase was on.

Sly meanwhile was chuckling to himself as he hung on tightly in the back of the van, his hand clinging tightly to a support strap as he stood beside Bentley, whose chair had been locked into place. "So, how was the mission?" Bentley questioned conversationally, as Sly rocked from a sharp turn.

"Oh, same old Bentley. Snagged the ring, avoided another failed attempt to ambush me. Honestly Carmelita is getting a little too obvious now," Sly replied in the same conversational tone.

“Yes, that’s what I had already figured out Sly” Bentley smirked, his brilliant intellect having deduced it was a trap the moment they had heard about the ring.

“I have to tell Murray that his timing with the flash bang was spot on” Sly remarked.

“That’s because you forgot to turn your communicator off, we heard everything. So I had Murray ready with the shot while you were talking with her. She sounded moderately irritated” Bentley commented.

“Only a little. She didn’t like that I took the ring, can’t understand why” Sly shrugged.

“Yeah, you got me there too” Bentley nodded as he looked back to his monitors.

“Oh, by the way, I need some more cards made. I only have four now” Sly remembered.

“You had six when you started, what else did you take?” Bentley questioned curiously.

“Carmelita’s dignity” Sly grinned at that fond little ten minute old memory.

“That’s not exactly valuable or hard to steal” Bentley snidely remarked.

“It has sentimental value” Sly contended as he braced himself for another sharp turn.

The chase continued until the Cooper Van took a sharp turn into an alleyway. Carmelita seethed as she shouted to the pilot. “Follow them to the next street, don’t let them get away!” The helicopter flew over the buildings in hot pursuit as the Cooper Van silently backed out of the alleyway, and drove down the road unimpeded at a more responsible speed.

While usually preferring more discrete safe houses, a mutual friend of the Cooper Gang owed them a favour or two, and they were happily set up in a studio apartment on the south side of Paris. With it being pretty much off the grid, and with only sunlights as windows it made itself a perfectly safe and luxurious home for the Cooper Gang. The kitchen and living room were one open area, with three separate bedrooms and one bathroom. That last point was always a point of contention between the gang. But, with the van stowed away carefully, the trio of thieves were laughing to themselves as they entered their luxurious pad. "You seriously left a card in her cleavage?" Murray chuckled, wiping a tear from his eye.

"Yeah, it was a bit mean, but, I had the opportunity, why not take it? It pretty much takes our relationship to second base" Sly joked as he stowed his cane on a wall-mounted rack.

"Oh my, you two have such a delightfully dysfunctional relationship" Bentley chuckled as his chair wheeled itself over to the planning table. "Well, with all that done, Sly, could you pass me the ring please. I wish to inspect it" he requested, staring at the Raccoon through his mirrored specks.

"Sure," Sly answered as he removed the gold band from his pocket, "catch" he called as he flicked it over to the Turtle, whose chair caught it with expert ease. "I inspected it myself Bentley, the gold and the jewels are one hundred percent legit."

"That's not what I'm curious about. Rather, it's the supposed "Blessing of the Gods" stigmata tied to it" Bentley explained as he rolled the ring in his fingers.

"Pfft, do you honestly believe a ring could make you a god Bentley? I mean, I know why *you'd* want to be one, but, come on now. We've seen a lot of weird stuff in our days, but gods ain't one of them" Sly scoffed as he took a seat beside Bentley.

"Well, obviously Sly. I am a man of reason after all. I'm just curious though" Bentley murmured as he slid the ring onto his finger.

Despite his scepticism, Sly still braced himself for giant hand the moment Bentley had slid on the ring. But, turns out he might have been a bit premature, as absolutely nothing happened. "As I thought" Bentley sighed as he slid the ring off, depositing it on the table.

“Well, what did you expect to happen?” Sly questioned as Murray snagged the ring from the table.

“Well, nothing. I was just moderately curious to see if something did happen. No surprises nothing happened an- Oh come now Murray, your finger is far too big for the band” Bentley chided as the Hippo slid it onto his finger.

“The Murray doesn’t think so” the Murray bragged as he revealed the ring to be a perfect fit for his sausage-y fingers. He waved it in the Turtle’s face repeatedly before yanking it off and returning it to the table.

“Huh” the Turtle coughed as he picked the ring up, inspecting it closely. It was far too small to fit on Murray’s fingers. If anything it was more of a perfect fit for his own fingers than the Hippo’s. “Curious, very curious” Bentley muttered as he rubbed his chin.

“What is?” Sly questioned, having been reading a magazine.

“Nothing” Bentley said absently as he inspected the ring. He was frowning at the innocent looking thing as he reached for his tools, retrieving a pair of fine tweezers. As he reached for the ring, it was snatched from his hands by Sly. “Heyhey now Bentley, I didn’t go through the trouble of snagging this thing just for you to take it apart y’know?” he declared, clenching the ring tightly in his fist.

Bentley sighed irritably, rubbing his temples at his friend’s somewhat childish behaviour. “I just wanted to run a few tests on the gems, just to satisfy my curiosity. But, I guess you’re right Sly. It’s too late to be running tests, though I *will* be wanting to run some tests tomorrow, if you’d be willing to part with it” he sneered.

“I’ll think about. Though for now, I’m going to bed” Sly yawned as he marched out, walking up the stairs of the apartment to his room, the only second story room. Course, with Bentley a cripple and Murray being a one tonne Hippo that’s no real shock.

Sly shut his bedroom door loudly as he exhaled loudly, flinging his cap perfectly onto the stand as he tussled his hair. He wasn’t exactly tired, but, after his little face-off with Carmelita, he was feeling especially exhausted. Truly he did feel guilty about toying with the woman like that, but that was just the consequence of them being on different sides of the

law. Realizing he was still carrying the ring, he dumped it on the side table standing beside his king-sized bed as he peeled his clothes away, his boots and gloves flying to the ground alongside his leg mounted satchel, the cards inside spilling out of it as he sat on the foot of his bed. He undid his belt as he stared intently ahead, his reflection staring back at him from the full-length mirror he was in front of. Being a bit narcissistic, Sly did always enjoy posing for that mirror on occasions.

But this evening he just looked tired, and slightly frazzled. This wasn't like him, not at all. Dropping his belt to the floor, he pulled his shirt off, revealing his well-sculpted physique to his world of one. His fur was a lot less scruffy on his chest than the rest of his body, as to show off his chiselled pectorals and light six-pack. Being a thief he didn't need much muscle, as that was what Murray was for. But, it always helped to be able to support yourself on those hazardous climbs. Sly smirked at his own reflection as he stood up, flexing for it. He tried, and sadly, failed to make his pecs bounce like those professional bodybuilders do, but, hey, who was he trying to impress? Well, that picture of Carmelita taped to the corner of his mirror was certainly one suggestion.

Satisfied with the upper, it was time for the lower as Sly removed his Raccoon fur pants, revealing his bright yellow boxer briefs. The furry pants were discarded like the rest of his clothes as he stood in his boxers, posing to the mirror. He chuckled to himself as to how ridiculous he was acting, snagging the picture of Carmelita. He chuckled again, a grey finger silently running over the Fox's printed face. He sighed wearily as he looked into those fiery and stern features. "Maybe after we've danced enough, I'll finally bring myself in, make ya happy, y'know? Not now, of course, but, later, like, when I'm old and forty. Hopefully you won't be sagging by then.... Nah, even with a little age you'd still be dynamite. I'd ensure you'd be getting the proper workout by chasing after me" he chuckled as he stuck the photo back on the frame.

Holding his arms out, Sly leapt gracefully onto his bed, his body sinking into the mattress as his near-naked form coiled itself in the sheets. It was great to finally enjoy a proper bed, rather than whatever was available in the other safe houses. He never minded them, it's just, a little luxury goes a long way sometimes. Speaking of luxury Sly thought as he looked at the ring on the stand. Combat crawling down his sheets, he grabbed the ring, rolling it between his fingers as he lay on his back, holding it up to the light. It was quite a pretty ring; inarguably the nicest he's ever stolen in his humble opinion. And yet, there was just something about it. Sliding it onto his finger, Sly held it up to the light. The bright golden ring making the rest of his body look rather tacky, as if it was just too nice for him to be wearing it.

Staring intently at the inlaid gems, Sly could truly appreciate the sequence of Ruby-Sapphire-Emerald that evenly ran the entire length of the band. It must have taken a master craftsman to ensure they were evenly spaced and equal in volume. Sly grunted appreciatively as he pulled it from his hand, balancing it in the palm of his hand. And, as he stared at it, dirty thoughts started circulating through his mind. A coy brow raised as he grinned lecherously, a *very* dirty thought surfacing as he clasped the ring in his palm as he pulled his boxer briefs free. Standing nude before the mirror, Sly grinned as he stared into the ring. Each jewel glittered brightly, especially those sapphires. They were so very alluring. A blue sheen coated his pupils as he spun around, presenting his fluffy tail and flat behind to the mirror. He giggled lecherously as he slowly spread his cheeks, revealing his virginal black pucker. With expert ease he tweezed the ring between his fingers as he went round the back. A chill ran along his spine as he pressed the golden ring to it, pressing gently as the small bring pressed itself into it with ease.

Sly moaned pleurably as the ring fit perfectly in his hole. Staring over his shoulder at his reflection, he released his cheeks, his flat ass pointed at the mirror. "Like it Carm?" he said to the photo, giving himself a firm slap. It was a loud, perfectly aimed strike to his behind, burning the cheek.

But Sly didn't care as he tongue poked itself out between his teeth. "Oh yes Sly, you must do a hundred squats a day to maintain such a firm posterior" he said in falsetto, obviously pretending to be Carmelita.

He chuckled to himself as he straightened himself up, still grinning at that picture. "Well, nah, I just keep myself fit during our fun little chases Carm. Gotta keep those gluts in shape so I can outrun ya" he winked to the photo.

"Oh yes Sly, but, I always do enjoy our chases. Because, I know, one day I will finally catch you, and hold you in my arms and never let you go" falsetto Sly purred.

"Why wait?" Sly said in a debonair tone as he wrapped his arms around himself, emulating kissing noises. His bizarre little act served an adequate distraction as the golden needle in his ass started to widen, merging with his asshole as Sly kept sucking face with himself. He moaned loudly as he wringed himself, shuddering softly as he paused once he caught himself in the mirror. He shuddered in disgust as he uncoiled himself, brushing off something unseen and disgusting. "Ugh," he shuddered, his tongue hanging out in disgust, "where did *that* come from?" he grimaced as he gave the photo of Carmelita a guilty look. "I think I might have some unresolved sexual tension issues" Sly considered as he spread his cheeks to retrieve the ring.

His brows raised as he couldn't feel the ring anymore. "Wha?" he gasped as he looked into the mirror, seeing the band was gone. Trying to stop his weak knees from knocking him to the ground, Sly felt at his hole, feeling no sign of the ring having even been there. The gold and jewels evaporated, leaving a fancy looking tattoo in its wake. "Well, this isn't good" Sly grimaced as he released his cheeks.

Despite the panic brought about by the sheer fact that a ring merged with his asshole, Sly slept relatively peacefully. Well, barring that strange dream where he was a car, and Carmelita kept packing more and more stuff into his trunk. That..., that was a weird one. Yawning loudly, he rose from the piles of pillows around him, blinking into the morning sunlight radiating down from the sunlight above. Stretching with a loud, tension relieving grunt, he kicked his sheets away, revealing he had slept nude. His black cock hung limply between his legs as he rolled off his bed.

He yawned loudly as he scratched his head, relieving an itch behind his ear as he gazed at his reflection in the mirror. He winked cockily at it as he addressed his underwear drawer. As he grabbed one of his seemingly infinite banana yellow boxer briefs, he couldn't help notice something out of the corner of his eye. Backing up carefully, he stood side on to the mirror. It was strange, but he couldn't help but feel his ass looked a bit... fuller, than usual. Gliding his hands over it, he did indeed feel a bit softer than usual. His fingers lightly sank into it, but only a millimetre or two. Sly frowned to himself. "This is what I get for taking the last slice of pizza huh?" he mused as he shifted his underwear on. It cupped perfectly around his slightly bloated derriere, squeezing those cheeks tightly, cutting a slight crease in the fabric.

It felt less roomy in his underwear, but, they were a lot more comfortable this way. Honestly he could have used more padding back there Sly mused as he left his room, tromping down the steps in his underwear. Murray was already at the table eating breakfast in his heart pattern boxer shorts, reading one of his comic books as he shovelled cereal into his mouth. "Morning Murray" Sly greeted as he went for the kitchen.

"Morninf Sfly" Murray waved, cereal flying everywhere.

Sly chuckled to himself as he fixed himself so breakfast, joining Murray at the table. They ate in silence relative to how loud Murray could eat. Their unsilence was broken by Bentley wheeling out of his room, a determined look on his face as he stared at Sly through his

mirrored specks. “Whoa, what’s with that look Bentley?” Sly questioned as he dumped his spoon in the bowl.

“I want to see the ring” Bentley said quite seriously, his frown unmoved by Sly chuckling loudly.

“Bentley, seriously now. We all tried on the ring, nothing happened. There’s nothing magical about it” Sly said dismissively, hiding his terrified realization that he forgot to come up with a convincing excuse for why he **can’t** give it to Bentley.

“I just want a look at it Sly, where did you put it?” the Turtle demanded irritably.

“Uhhh, put it?” Sly repeated, knowing *exactly* where he put it. “I put it somewhere safe, *very*, safe. Somewhere no one but me ever treads” he said fantastically.

“Well, it can’t be your underwear draw, as Murray is the one who puts those gaudy yellow things away. Are you starting to develop hoarding tendencies Sly?” Bentley questioned, not at all impressed.

“We all have hoarding tendencies Bentley. The ring is in a safe place, and, even *if* the ring was magical, I doubt it’d have godlike powers. That sort of thing just doesn’t happen” Sly contended, shaking his head.

“Well, once you’re done imitating a certain famous movie franchises’ creepiest... second, creepiest character, I would like the ring for testing. There is more to it than I first thought there was” Bentley conceded.

“I’ll be sure to do that” Sly answered as he prodded at what remained of his breakfast, the cereal now soggy and lifeless.

As he ate, for some strange reason, Murray just felt compelled to look at Sly. There was just something about him this morning, he just seemed..., a lot more awesome than usual. “Hey Sly?” Murray vocalized.

“Yeah?” Sly said between mouthfuls.

“Just want to say, you did an awesome job with the heist last night. A really awesome job” Murray praised.

Sly smiled appreciatively. “Gee, thanks Murray. That means a lot to me-**OOOOOO**” Sly moaned pleasurably, his tongue hanging out of his mouth as an intense warmth filled his posterior, his tail wagging happily.

Quickly coming back to his senses, Sly stared into the questioning looks his friends were giving him. “Are you okay Sly? You’re acting as if you’ve never received positive reinforcement before” Bentley remarked, his brow raised at the blushing Raccoon.

“Yeah, I’m fine” Sly uttered as his hand stealthily reached around the back, feeling at his plump behind. “*What was that?*”

“You are acting very strange today Sly” Bentley sighed, bemused by the antics of his comrade.

“I’m, a bit tired, is all” Sly answered slowly, not really sure as to what was going on with him.

“Well, hopefully not too tired for tonight’s heist. Now I know it’s normally out of our moral jurisdiction, and I know we just made off with the ring, but, with Carmelita’s plan having failed, she’ll be too chewed out by her superiors to stop us from retrieving another shiny little trinket. They call it the Golden Flute, a pricey little artifact made in Great Britain. Despite our heist of the Ring of the Gods, the officials of the museum still insist on going ahead with the display, which they will present tomorrow” Bentley explained.

“Intriguing, do go on Bentley” Sly nodded apathetically, his seat now somehow a lot more comfortable.

“Apparently, word is on the grapevine that Le Pussè is looking to acquire the flute. I say, we beat him to it, then, I don’t know” Bentley shrugged.

“The Murray has wanted to try his hand at an instrument” Murray suggested.

“Okay, we’ll get the flute to begin Murray’s musical career” Bentley conceded.

“Sounds like a plan, now, let’s get down to business” Sly grinned as Bentley unrolled the floor plan of the museum.

It was late night, and Sly was feeling a little less confident in his abilities as he scaled the side of the building. Every suggestion he had made during the planning session was wrapped with constant praise, causing that constant warmth to emanate from his behind. His boxer briefs had grown rather tight over their little meeting, and Sly could almost swear that his tail was longer. It was a lot softer than usual, and seemed to swish about a fair bit more as he hauled himself up onto the top of the building.

Like before, the ventilation system would be used to sneak about the building, however, none of them even got near the Golden Flute. A clever ploy on the curator’s behalf, but, as if that would stop Sly Cooper. His lithe body made it perfect to snake through the shafts, minus his bushier tail getting snagged every so often in the minute gaps between each segment of vent. Sly had to bite his lip to suppress his pained grunts from all the hair pulling. It was unusually hard work moving through those vents, as there seemed to be more weight in his backside pushing him down.

His effort paid off as Sly undid the covering on a vent, breaking into the hallway that was adjacent to the display room. Laser security was everywhere, a glowing red web to catch any unsuspecting fly that dared enter it. Sly scoffed silently, this sort of thing being absolutely no issue for him. With his meticulous acrobatic skills, Sly ducked and weaved between, around, and over the beams, his tail waving about yet still expertly avoiding the wires. He was doing a great job, until he came to a complicated mesh of wires. One false move would break the entire web. Contorting as best he could around it, his tail was a literal hair away from hitting a beam. And that was when the worst possible thing could have happened. *“You’re doing great Sly. Those acrobatics were awesome”* Murray cheered over the communicator.

Sly shuddered from the sheer pleasure as his ass felt like it was being massaged by a hundred little pixies, and his tail went on ends, breaking a wire. The alarms were blaring

loudly, and Sly cursed the misfortune of Murray calling him at the exact wrong time. Without any choice, Sly raced down the hallway to the exhibit.

Sadly, for him, an authority was already there, as a large Gorilla guard had been patrolling the display, already having been put on high alert for the Raccoon. His flashlight shone brightly in Sly's face as he heard the thief's less than silent approach. "Sly Cooper you...! You..." the guard trailed off over the sound of alarms, his furious expression turning to a strangely euphoric, glazed over look as he silently lumbered towards Sly.

The Raccoon prepared for battle, only to find the Gorilla moving over to a security terminal, where he punched in a quick code, terminating the alarm. Swivelling on the spot, the guard stared at Sly with adoration in his eyes. "I apologize for those crass noises Great One. I have terminated them so they would irritate your ears no more" he declared courteously, taking a knee to the Raccoon.

"What?" Sly frowned, this whole ordeal being rather new to him.

"Please forgive my earlier abrasiveness. I did not wish to offend you, O Divine One" the Gorilla continued, shuffling towards Sly.

"Umm, that's okay" Sly answered.

The guard's face was washed with relief he got off his knees, his height proving to be twice that of Sly's as he towered over the thief. "You are too kind Great One. But, I am not worthy of such kindness. Please, allow me to show you my worth, so that I may receive your favour" the Gorilla begged.

"Okay?" Sly said, not really sure what was going on anymore.

"Thank you!" the guard cheered as his enormous hands went right for Sly's waistband, pulling his pants clean down.

"Heyhey! What are you doing?!" Sly demanded as he struggled to pull his pants back up.

"You said you would allow me to prove myself. What better way to receive your generous favour than proving myself by pleasuring my god?" the Gorilla insisted, slap fighting with Sly for the waistband of his underwear.

"Why would you even think I'd want tha-?" Sly protested as his eyes slowly shrunk, a strange look on his face. **"Your god would like that very much, actually"** he conceded, his tone so very distant and far away.

"Thank you, Great One" the Gorilla quavered as he pulled down Sly's underwear. With his flag flying, Sly happily removed his pants and underwear, the Gorilla standing to attention.

Sly giggled to himself as he teased his new friend, tickling the Gorilla's nose with his tail as he turned around. Sly's ass had filled out beautifully, making it nice and plump like perfect risen bread rolls. The Raccoon naughtily slapped at it, a firm ripple running along the cheek as he coaxed the guard over to the wall. **"Show your worth, by filling my ass!"** Sly declared seductively, his arms pressed against the wall with his ass in the air.

"Yes, Great One" the Gorilla said without question, practically tearing his pants off to reveal a banana yellow jockstrap that was quite under pressure.

"Don't keep me waiting" Sly called to his friend, who was contentedly cupping his strained jockstrap.

"Apologies, Great One" the guard said, ripping away his jockstrap, letting his eight inch cock fly.

Sly whistled in appreciation as the Gorilla took no effort in getting there, as just the mere sight of Sly's bulbous behind was enough to get him as hard as steel. His orange sized balls gurgled loudly, as if they hungered for Sly's ass. They swelled with anticipation, filling every inch of sack with themselves. **"Show your worth!"** Sly commanded.

Sly howled like a wild beast as the Gorilla penetrated him, his ass easily taking every hard inch of Gorilla shlong as the gold tattoo stretched to take it. Sly's insides were like a pleasure filled cavern, greedily consuming the firm pink rod all the way it could go, the Gorilla's hips crashing against Sly's fine ass with vigour. The Raccoon howled again as he felt his ass stretched like the neck of a balloon, happily taking every inch of Gorilla boner. The squished

golden tattoo was sending shocks up Sly's spine as his body contorted in pleasure. He couldn't even feel the cock inside his seemingly infinite behind, but the pleasure was all the same for him. The Gorilla was the same, as the vacuous emptiness of Sly's ass still sent coy tingles down his cock as it was embraced by a euphoric sensation, as if a million hands were rubbing that shaft. The Gorilla was moaning loudly as he squeezed whatever part of Sly's ass he could reach, the plump cheek soft to the touch as his fingers sank into the flesh.

The Gorilla sighed in heavenly bliss as he gently thrust in and out of Sly, the Raccoon moaning in sweet pleasure as his ring was constantly stretched in and out, in and out. That pucker was taking punishment like a champion as the Gorilla's climax built up inside him. Sly's own cock was rock hard from pleasure, the lustful Raccoon stroking it with his gloved fingers. He grit his teeth as he furiously beat at his cock, his gloves ten times more stimulating than they had ever been as they stroked his black meat. Sly's hips bucked with the motion of his simian friend and from his own oncoming orgasm. In a duet of pleasure the two cried out, as the Gorilla's cock pounded his insides, cum squirting into his seemingly infinite depths. Sly grit his teeth hard as he slid down the wall an inch, his own climax failing. **"I want you, inside me"** he growled through grit teeth.

"I am already inside you" the Gorilla panted as his orgasm waned.

"ALL of you" Sly moaned, a deep dissatisfaction gnawing at his heart as he squeezed the head of his leaking cock tightly.

"As you command, Great One" the Gorilla said, pulling out of Sly.

His cock was at half-mast, still leaking cum as the Gorilla stared into his god's ass. The perfectly pristine golden pucker was waiting there, calling for him like a siren. Nodding firmly, he took a running start. Pushing his arms forward, he dived for that ass, Sly's voice reaching a pitch he had never reached since he was young as his ass spread impossibly wide, the Gorilla's arms halfway in as he twisted and turned. Sly beat at the wall as he furiously wanked himself off as the enormous Gorilla forced his arms in all the way, his head joining them. **"YES!"** Sly screamed loudly as the Gorilla corkscrewed himself into his ass.

Thick beads of pre ran down his cock as the bulky torso stretched Sly's ass to a size that was sheerly impossible, but he managed it all the same as the golden ringer greedily ate up the enormous simian. The Gorilla's trim waist twisted this way and that, sending pure pleasure to Sly's brain as his feet came off the ground, flailing and kicking as Sly's powerful sphincter sucked the Gorilla up, the guard's cock slapping against Sly's gooch for good measure as it

was pulled in, those short stumpy legs still flailing as the massive golden hole consumed him, those hand-like toes being the last things to grace the night as Sly's ass pulled around them, and the Gorilla was gone, leaving Sly and his still perfectly pristine asshole. Sly screamed Sweet Susan as he finally came, thick ropes of cum spraying against the wall as he found his sweet relief.

The Raccoon panted heavily, sweat soaking his fur as he steadily came to his senses as he unsteadily pushed himself away from the wall. He sighed loudly as he passed by a large window, and he stopped in his tracks. His ass and hips were positively gigantic; together they looked like he had stashed a pair of watermelons beneath his own flesh. His hips were one and a half times his own chest's width, and his ass jiggled and bounced with thick, luxurious fat. His mouth hung open aghast as he squeezed at his unrepentant flesh, his fingers digging deeply into the thick mounds of booty. Shaking his head in dismay, he tried to shift his underwear back on. Try as he might, the waistline could not stretch beyond the halfway mark, the yellow band digging deeply into his ass as Sly just gave up trying to hitch his boxer briefs up any further. He was utterly speechless as he pulled his pants up, the stretchy fabric managing to cover his voluptuous figure as he silently crossed over to the Flute's case, and retrieved it, not even bothering to leave a card behind.

He found the security station after a few missed turns to blank the last hour of footage, and then, he left through the front door. His hips kept swinging with each step he took, his long bushy tail flickering with a mind of its own as Sly stared at the back doors of the Cooper Van. Gulping hard, he pulled the doors open, a distressed look on his face as he stared at Bentley. "We have a problem" he declared.

"Remarkable, truly remarkable!"

Ever since they had gotten home, Sly had been bent over the table as Bentley was continuously shining a flashlight around his magnificently bodacious posterior. A scanner was pressed tightly around Sly's ring as Murray couldn't help but give Sly's rear a firm pinch. Being bound to the table so as not to struggle (or hit anyone), Sly fumed in silence as Bentley muttered to himself. "The Murray still doesn't get it. Why did you stick the ring in your ass?" Murray questioned amusedly.

"I don't know, okay? I just looked at the ring, and for some reason it seemed like a good idea" Sly grumbled.

"I think I might" Bentley announced as he had finished with Sly's exam. "The ring is obviously magical in nature. And, you told us that the guard was effectively putty in your hands. My theory is that the ring possesses three special abilities, to tie in with the three types of gems present on the band" he explained.

"Get on with it Bentley, my legs are starting to cramp" Sly complained irritably.

"As you wish "O Great One"" Bentley smirked. Sly moaned with pleasure as the warmth invaded his ass, his bountiful ass swelling from the sarcastic praise. "Now then, one of the jewels must cause these sporadic growth spurts. And, if that exhibition was any indication, it must be caused by praise. Gods receive worship, so praise must be considered worship in the eyes of the ring, which can't tell the difference between sincere praise and sarcasm. Given basic gemmology, rubies are associated with vigour and prosperity. As such, as you prosper, so should your, snrk, "Godlike Behind"" Bentley snickered, a hand over his mouth to suppress his giggle fit.

"I see, and emeralds and sapphires?" Sly grumbled, wishing he had his cane on him.

"Well, from what I read, the emerald stands for unconditional love and the heart. As such, it is probably what causes everyone around you to simply want to worship you, whether they want to or not" Bentley explained.

"So why doesn't it make you get on your knees and sing my praises?" Sly questioned.

"Probably because we're friends and a makeshift family. We don't need to have our brains melted to like you Sly" Bentley smiled warmly.

"Okay, and, sapphires?" Sly pressed.

"They stand for order and self-discipline in some cases. If I could take an educated guess, the sapphire is the stone that has been messing with your head. It has been conditioning you to be the sort of god you were meant to be. Which, if I could take a guess, is a god of love, fertility, or quite possibly just intercourse" Bentley shrugged. "It probably found you to be someone worthy of wearing it."

“Okay, so, the next question is, and, I’m really trying *not* to panic here, but... HOW DID A GORILLA CLIMB UP MY ASS?!” Sly screamed hysterically.

“I’m getting to that” Bentley sighed, readjusting his glasses as he pulled a mobile whiteboard around to Sly’s front. Pulling a marker out, Bentley drew a crude representation of the intestinal tract. “Okay, so, here’s a normal person’s gastrointestinal tract” he explained, tapping his drawing.

“Right” Sly nodded, his hand swivelling to prompt the Turtle to move on.

“And here’s yours” Bentley said, tapping empty space.

“Bentley, I know you are the most intelligent person here, but, even I feel safe in my own intelligence to tell you that there’s **nothing there**” Sly growled through his grit teeth.

“Of course nothing is there Sly, your own innards wouldn’t even fit on fifty of these boards” Bentley exclaimed.

“What?” Sly uttered.

“It’s simple. Your posterior now possesses its own unique dimensions, a, “pocket assmension” if you will. Essentially, it’s bigger on the inside than it is on the outside. On the outside, you look like you just have a fat bottom and Hartman Hips. But on the inside Sly, your innards could be hundreds, if not thousands of metres wide” Bentley declared dramatically.

“Holy...” Sly uttered, looking both amazed and horrified.

“If that’s the case, then the Murray has a brilliant idea. Why don’t we just move all the tech inside Sly, so he could be our mobile command center” the Hippo joked, sniggering.

Bentley sniggered too, much to Sly’s chagrin. “I’m sorry, but this is really serious! Why are you both taking this so lightly?” the Raccoon demanded indignantly.

“Why did you stick a ring up your butt? Mystery of the universe Sly” Bentley shrugged apathetically as he cleaned the whiteboard off. “But, having us on your person all the time would make things easier for you, what with immediate deployment of Murray and tools you need at any time” he considered.

“No, we’re not doing that” Sly decreed flatly.

“I didn’t figure. Either way, you have labyrinthine innards now Sly, which is why a full-grown Gorilla is now occupying them” Bentley explained.

“You’re taking that fact *way* too well” Sly noticed.

“Eh,” Bentley shrugged, “we’ve seen a lot of strange, bizarre, and downright terrifying things in our day. This is just par for the course in our lives. Plus I’m a lot less squeamish after Murray’s tapeworm removal anyways” he said, shuddering slightly from that memory.

“The Murray still appreciates that” Murray declared, squeezing Sly’s butt. “Your butt is amazing Sly. It’s so soft, it’s like a female Hippo’s butt, with plenty of space to spare” he grinned lecherously.

“One: Never compare my ass to that of a Hippo’s. And two: STOP SQUEEZING IT!” Sly shrieked, struggling with the bands that tied him to the table.

“Let him alone Murray, we don’t need to be agitating his holiness any further” Bentley jeered as he started to undo Sly’s straps, the Raccoon repressing the urge to wring the Turtle’s neck as soon as his arms were free.

“Bout time” Sly complained as he glared at Bentley. “Mind getting me a chair?” he demanded.

Murray nodded, parking a stool behind Sly. The Raccoon grumbled incoherently as he sat down, crashing right to the floor. His flabby ass rippled from the impact, but at least it

cushioned his fall. "Oh ha ha Murray, very funny. Pulling the chair out from under me, *very* mature" he sneered as he picked himself up, his back doubled over for some reason.

"Sly," Murray quivered, eyes wide as he stared behind the Raccoon, "I didn't pull the chair out" he revealed.

"My word!" Bentley exclaimed loudly.

"What the f-" Sly uttered as he craned his head as far back as it could.

The four legs of the stool were sticking right out of his ass, the voluptuous grey beast having devoured it the moment he had sat down. With a sudden grunt from Sly, the stool was pulled all the way in. "Now, what did that?" Murray remarked curiously.

"Sly's new tenant, I'd imagine" Bentley answered, a coy grin on his face.

"Why the heck would he want a chair?" Sly demanded.

"Well, it can't be nice sitting in your bowels all day Sly. He probably wanted something not moist to sit on" Bentley answered, grinning again as he packed away his things.

"Man this is wrong on so many levels" Sly moaned, rubbing the back of his neck irritably.

"Better get used to it Sly" Murray remarked.

"Yeah, with your new godlike charm, everyone will want a piece of you. They would probably crawl through hot coals just to kiss your ass" Bentley continued.

"And if they do, it gets bigger" Sly finished grimly. "So, to avoid having a butt that would rival Mz. Ruby's, I just have to avoid all human contact. Well, that sounds..." he sighed, looking off distantly, "freaking fantastic."

Sly had been cooped up in his room for two weeks now, and the lack of activity was getting to him. His ass hadn't grown much bigger, but his lodger tended to be a bit grabby when it came to the food. But, that wasn't the worst problem as his tail had started growing. The bushy monster was now as big as he was, and had an obnoxious habit of hitting him in the face for some reason. It was useful for amusing himself, at least. He's only pretended to be the Birth of Venus six times now, possibly a seventh if he was bored enough. Though he was plenty bored now, as he stared up at the skylight. His eye was twitching violently, a fake grin plastered to his face. His lips started twitching like his eyes, as his fragile patience finally snapped. "AAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!!!" he screamed loudly, flailing about on his bed.

Forcing himself off his bed, he stormed out of the room, his tail billowing behind him as he stared down at the slightly bemused friends of his. "WE DO A CAPER TONIGHT! I CAN'T SIT IN THAT ROOM FOR ANOTHER DAY!" he declared loudly.

"But what about your 'little problem'?" Bentley questioned curiously.

"Don't care, my fat ass needs the exercise. I can't take being cooped up in this building any longer. Find something for me to steal, I don't care what" Sly declared, throwing his hands up in the air as he returned to his room, the door slamming behind him.

"He seems in high spirits" Bentley mused as he logged into ThiefNet.

Word on the grapevine had it that the leader of the Corgi Syndicate, Le Pussè was having a party to show off a sapphire called the Tear of the Desert. Apparently he had managed to nick it during Sly's two week break, and was now having a party to show it off to his more personal clients. "Okay, so according to the intel, the Tear of the Desert is in one of Le Pussè's safes right?" Sly questioned.

"Indeed, in one of the basement level safes of Pussè Manor" Bentley reaffirmed.

"Okay, quick in and out, no need to see anyone at all. Sounds easy enough" Sly remarked, hitching his pants back up as his swelling ass kept poking out the top of them.

“Yeah, well, don’t let your boulder buddies muck up this heist” Bentley warned seriously.

“Trust me, Sly Cooper *always* gets the job done” Sly boasted, hitching his pants up again as the van parked itself on the outskirts of the Pussè Estate. Sly slipped out of the van, and went to work.

As good as Le Pussè’s security was, they were still nothing compared to Sly Cooper, Master Thief and blossoming god. In fact, it had been a little too easy for him as he bypassed every defence in Pussè Manor. The guards were also very easily distracted as well as Sly used the simplest of tricks to lure them away. Something was definitely up now, especially as Sly was standing in the catacombs of the manor, staring off with the Tear of the Desert. “This is a trap” Sly said flatly as he stared at the jewel.

Looking around blankly, Sly reached out with his cane and bumped the jewel off of its pillow, the thing shattering on impact with the ground. “Cheap trap, too” Sly scoffed as he turned around, walking off.

Le Pussè probably thought to trap him as he grabbed the gem, or something like that. It actually made him have to wonder if he himself was starting to become obvious. “*I think I might need a new modus operandi*” he considered as he walked through a pair of double doors.

In his own muddled thoughts, Sly had walked into the ballroom of Pussè Manor. “Oh, crap” he uttered, seeing all the people in the room turn to stare at him.

In a wave their eyes all glazed over as they stared at him, halting their every action so they could take a knee to him. “Great One” a deep voice rumbled by his side.

Sly jumped away from the voice, realizing it to be one of the random faced Gorilla guards used everywhere. With Sly out of the way, the Gorilla had parked himself in front of the door, barring the Raccoon’s escape. “Great One!” a noble voice purred, something yanking at Sly’s hand.

It was Le Pussè, the obnoxious Siamese leader of the Corgi Syndicate. It was an irony thing, as they were all cats, y'see. The tan and brown Cat was kissing Sly's glove gleefully, almost tongue bathing it as his green eyes looked adoringly at Sly. "I am so terribly honoured to have you at my party" Le Pussè purred.

Sly shuddered as he felt his waistline grow even tighter. "That's great, now, could you kindly call off your guards. I need to go now" Sly explained as he tried to yank his hand out of Pussè's grip.

The Siamese Cat looked absolutely mortified at the very notion of that. "But you cannot leave just yet, there is still so much party to enjoy. Especially now that that magnificent Sly Cooper has graced us with his presence" Le Pussè cheered, the rest of his guests cheering with him.

Sly's face twisted up in pleasure as he felt the elastic digging into his widening hips. If they kept going like this, he was going to burst out of his pants. "In fact," Le Pussè continued, "let us all cheer for your very presence here. Hip hip...!"

"Oh. Fuck!" Sly whimpered.

"HURRAY!" the crowd cheered.

Sly's pupils were microscopic black dots. That was the last straw. Sly moaned loudly as he felt his ass burning with intense pleasure, both cheeks swelling within his pants as his hips and thighs burgeoned with swelling girth. Sly's back buckled on itself as his face was twisted in rapture, his tongue hanging out as he gripped his swelling ass. Each firm grasp was lost in the growing, bloating expanse of his behind. The fabric of his pants were giving out as his massive ass forced its weight against it, half of it hanging over the fabric as his tail wagged enthusiastically. Sly howled again as loud tears ran along his pants, his ass forcing itself out through every hole they could find as the legs burst, his swelling thighs gaining strength as the tear ran up the inseam, reaching the groin. With a fatal creak, his pants gave out, exploding into fluffy shreds. His enormous ass hung naked in the air as it had previously grown too big for underwear. Each fatal step from the Raccoon sent intense ripples running through his engorged glutes. The growth soon started surging towards Sly's front, the base of his groin puffing out with bulk as the lumbering Raccoon became a perfect pear shape.

With so much weight bringing him down, Sly crashed onto his ass, the swelling increasing at an alarming rate as he sat atop a pair of plush grey trash cans. And he just stood there, still trapped in the pleasure of his growth as hips kept widening, keeping steady pace with his ass as his belly churned and bloated. Sly placed an addled hand to his belly, feeling it fill with fat to compensate for his lower body. His ass was now the size of a pair of dumpsters as cracks formed in the ground from the sheer weight and density of his godlike ass. Civilians everywhere had already evacuated from the growing Raccoon, watching in awe as his growing behind knocked aside tables in its wake and need to gain as much ground as it possibly could. Sly's entire lower body was ten feet across, with his tiny feet helplessly hanging in the air as he kept rising, the glass ceiling growing closer every second. His belt dug deeply into him, the strap struggling as hard as it could before it snapped, flying off into the distance as Sly continued to swell. His twenty foot long tail wagged anxiously as Sly neared the glass, the sheer gravity of his carriage shattering the roof as Sly exceeded the enormously tall Pussè Ballroom.

It was two days later now, two days of being a true god. Sly's ass had demolished roughly a quarter of Paris, and he had not seen his feet ever since Pussè Manor. Each cheek was easily half a mile wide, making one full mile of enormous, fat, plump, Raccoon ass. His tail was now also a mile long, the massive fluffy beast hanging over the sky, shading the greater part of Paris as it stood as its protector. Sly's body was an enormous engorged pear, his mile wide hips slowly giving way to several hundred meters of belly, before reaching the trim crown, where Sly would sit, pouting with his arms folded irritably. Murray and Bentley had come to visit him, the Turtle's wheelchair keeping him afloat as an anti-gravity belt was tied firmly to Murray's waist. "Well, this is nice" Bentley mused in a relaxed tone.

"HOW?!" Sly snapped, all patience lost at this point.

"Well, right now people have been constantly leaving donations at the base of you. They're practically giving us their treasure" Bentley declared happily.

"It's not the same" Sly sighed, leaning back as far as he could to see his sun-blocking tail. "It's not the same at all. There's no thrill being handed valuable things. AND THERE'S NOTHING GOOD ABOUT BEING A MILE HIGH COLOSSUS THAT CAN'T MOVE!" Sly shrieked, pounding his sides petulantly.

"Well, at least you're providing a home for the people of Paris after you destroyed them. So, good with the bad here Sly" Bentley remarked.

“Oh yes, because there’s a million good things about people colonizing my ass. You know I can feel everything they’re doing, right?” Sly snapped, his eye twitching erratically.

“Apparently so. They’re building a temple to you, by the way” Bentley recalled idly.

“Just what I need, huh?” Sly scoffed as he reclined back again.

“Can you still feel your feet?” Murray questioned curiously.

“Yes, I can feel *everything* Murray. And while I have no idea where my feet, or hell, my genitals are, that doesn’t stop people from trying to pleasure me” Sly grimaced.

“Well, at least you’re getting the attention you deserve” Bentley shrugged.

“I preferred notoriety to *all* of this. I’ve already had to kick a few perverts off of my feet, heaven forbid if someone finally decided to make the climb to find wherever the hell my dick is” Sly moaned irritably.

“Well, at least you’re outside like you wanted” Murray offered helpfully.

“Yeah yeah” Sly muttered as he went back to fuming silently, his arms folded in front of his chest as he stared off into the distance, his monumental tail flickering idly, the wind blowing in his face as he let out a huffy sigh. “My butt itches” he grumbled irritably.