

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. "CCCCCCCCOOOOOOOOOOPPPPPPEEEEEERRRRRR!!!" 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. Sly and Murray watched curiously as Bentley gently and expertly pried one of the sapphires from the band. The small jewel twinkled softly.

“I told you Bentley, it’s on the level” Sly pressed as he nicked the ring from the Turtle. “And I’d rather like it to be kept in one piece.”

“I know, it’s just, this ring doesn’t seem on the level however. I think I want to run some tests on it” the Turtle explained in a distracted tone as he continued to stare at the small jewel.

“Well, do what you want, 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.

He snorted loudly at that thought he plucked the ring off, returning to rolling it in his fingers. He just kept rolling it back and forth, back and forth as he kept looking at the pretty band. It, actually give him a sort of, kinky idea. Being as silent as the grave, he peered out into the apartment: The lights were out, save for the glow coming from Bentley's bedroom/lab. Nodding thoughtfully, Sly locked the door behind him as he stood by the foot of his bed. Chuckling cheekily, he pulled his bright yellow boxer briefs away, revealing his liquorice stick to the world. Sly was never embarrassed of his size of only five inches, or its meagre girth. Who was he trying to impress anyways? No one, really he concluded as his black cock stood upright, standing to attention like a soldier while his small balls hung beneath it. Rolling his tongue around in his cheek, Sly sucked at his bottom lip as he held the ring an inch above the head. The band was just the right size for it too. Without hesitation he slid it down, shuddering quietly as the cold metal slid down his length to the base.

It looked right at home sitting at the base of his cock, made it look downright decorative. Sly chuckled to himself as the band started to warm up nicely. Grinning smugly, he posed before his mirror again, eyes locked on the ring around his cock. "Oh my, what a beautiful god-like tool" Sly said in falsetto, mimicking the stance of a fawning woman. "Oh lordy yes, that there's a mighty fine thing you great divine beast" Sly continued, being *incredibly* racist with his accent.

He laughed loudly, not even noticing as the ring was getting a little too warm. "Oh Sly, I... I've always wanted to say," Sly continued, mimicking Carmelita, "that I have always loved you. You are such a wonderful fantastic thief, and I was just too stubborn to admit that I'm not good enough to catch you."

"No no," Sly said, waving his hands as he returned to his normal voice, "you are a fantastic cop Carmelita. I'm just too good to be caught by anyone really" he said modestly.

"Oh Sly, I... I just want to hug you, kiss you, and never let you go!" falsetto Sly purred.

"Ditto babe" Sly declared as he wrapped his arms around himself, emulating kissing noises. His bizarre little act served an adequate distraction as the golden band around his cock sunk into the flesh, becoming a decorative gold tattoo as Sly kept sucking face with himself. He moaned loudly as he ringed 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 commented as he reached down to the base of his cock.

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. Stumbling back onto the bed, Sly’s flat ass sank into the mattress as he grasped at the base of his cock, his fingers gliding along smooth flesh as the ring was just..., gone. The gold and jewels evaporated, leaving a fancy looking tattoo in its wake. “Well, this isn’t good” Sly grimaced as his cock throbbed in his grip.

It had taken a bit of doing, but despite the onset panicking Sly slept peacefully, his gentle breathing muffled under a pile of pillows as sun shone through the skylight. Sly woke slowly, yawning loudly as his bare chest rose from the pile. He smacked his lips drowsily as he looked down, a happy friend staring up from beneath the sheets. Sly chuckled to himself as he threw away the sheets, revealing Lil’ Sly standing happy and tall. The Raccoon grimaced at the tattoo still around the base, and the fact that he’ll probably have to explain what happened to the ring. He leaned against the headboard as he rubbed his chin, trying to think of a convincing lie.

As he kept mulling different scenarios over, there was something niggling at the back of his mind. No, not niggling, more like, gnawing at him. His eyes slowly drifted back down to his dick and, he couldn’t help feel as if something was off- Correction, *more* off, tattoo notwithstanding. Lowering his brow, he gave his dick a questioning look as he ran a hand up the shaft, his body tingling from the touch. Maybe it was just his imagination, but, he couldn’t help but feel as if it was bigger. A crazy (and hopeful) thought, but, dicks don’t magically grow an inch overnight. At least, not until Bentley finally managed to perfect the Bigginator. Sly shook his head, clearly he was just imagining things.

The clock read it as early morning, and that was good enough for him as he cast aside his sheets. Donning one of his endless pairs of yellow briefs, Sly felt a great deal of discomfort as he packed his package in, feeling things a lot less roomy than usual. Granted, that was probably because of his throbbing erection, but, it still didn’t feel right. There just seemed to be less room. Hmph, they must’ve shrunk in the wash. That was the rational explanation, anyways. It satisfied Sly enough as he cupped his font, repositioning himself until he was comfortable. Nodding approvingly, he waltzed out of his room and down the stairs, Murray 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, the unsilence being broken by Bentley wheeling out of his room as fast as his wheels could take him. “Whoa, where’s the fire Bentley?” Murray chortled at the concerned look on the Turtle’s face.

“There’s no fire Murray. I’ve spent much of last night investigating that jewel, and I detected a faint power source from that sapphire. I think there might be something inherently magical to the ring, but I’d need the full ring to make sure. Sly, where did you put it?” Bentley questioned.

“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-EEEEEEEE” Sly winced, a painful feeling running along his groin as his knees locked together.

“Are you okay?” Bentley gasped.

“Yeah, I’m fine” Sly whimpered as he rubbed at his junk, discreetly massaging it. *“What was that?”*

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

“I need to... bathroom” Sly excused himself, rushing from the table and slamming the bathroom door loudly.

“I told him not to go with the chilli” Murray remarked, shaking his head.

Sly was breathing heavily as he sat on top of the toilet seat as he was trying to process what has just happened. Murray said something nice, and now, his groin hurt and underwear felt tighter. Surely they weren’t connected? I mean, gods don’t exist. And yet Sly’s eyes couldn’t help but follow down to the rather prominent bulge sticking out of his yellow briefs. “Couldn’t be...” Sly muttered as he stripped his underwear away.

His cock was still standing bolt upright, and, as strange as it sounded, it looked even bigger than before. Wrapping his fingers around the shaft, Sly narrowed his eyes as he was certain he was grasping more of himself. “No, it can’t be” he rebuffed, releasing his grip. “Dicks don’t just get magically bigger” he tried to convince himself. *“But it did feel funny after Murray praised me. And the ring did vanish while I was acting like an idiot. Could the ring respond to praise as, well, worship? Same thing almost, and gods are worshipped....”*

Casting a wary look at his meat, he just, had to be sure. Gripping the shaft tightly, he opened his mouth. "I am the most magnificent beast in all of Paris" he declared.

Waiting patiently, nothing happened. "Hmm, maybe a different voice?" he considered. "Oh I do declare young master Sly, you are truly the most amazing thief in the wor-ERLD!" he groaned as he felt his cock slowly swell in his grip. Releasing it, it wasn't much taller, but it was now a fair bit fatter as the flaring head leaked a small bead of pre.

Sly recoiled in shock, his heart beating rapidly as he looked at himself. It had gotten bigger. It had gotten BIGGER! And, now that he noticed it, his balls looked a bit heftier too. Like a pair of golf balls in that fuzzy grey sack. *"It... it actually works. Praise empowers it. My... my dick is actually... godlike!"* Sly realized, leaning back against the cistern.

This raised so many questions; so many, hard to answer questions. Namely, how big was it going to get? The murals had hands the size of people; was, was he going to get that big downstairs? He blushed at that very notion, imagining himself on beanbag sized balls, with a small harem of women (led by Carmelita) pampering him and his godlike tool. He shook that thought away as he hitched his underwear up, his bulge even more prominent on the front. *"Okay. Okay..., this, this is new and exceptionally weird. But, if I don't panic, nothing can go wrong. I, I just have to go my entire life without positive reinforcement. I can do that"* he thought to himself, a false grin on his face as he flushed the toilet, despite never having used it.

Still sporting his quirky grin, he found Bentley and Murray with a pile of papers and plans on the table. "Ah, good you're back Sly. I know we just finished a heist last night, 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.

"Ehhhh, I don't think I'm up for this one" Sly grimaced, his little friend pushing against his briefs as it yearned for attention.

"Really? Maybe you'll be more motivated to know that the museum boasts they'd even keep the great Sly Cooper, Master Thief out of their museum with their state of the art security systems?" Bentley smirked.

Sly winced gently as his underwear just got a little tighter, but even his growing dick quickly gave way to his competitive spirit. "Well, I guess I'll just have to prove them wrong then," he declared boldly, *"steadily growing dick or not."*

"Attaboy Sly. Now then, perhaps you'd like to hear the plan?" Bentley smirked as Sly joined them at the table.

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, making things harder for him (no pun intended) as every kind word caused his cock to snake about in his underwear, the swollen head curling around his hip. Despite all the growth his boxer briefs were hanging on, though, thanks to a miracle Bentley and Murray didn't even notice the rather prominent bulge Sly was now sporting. It stuck out a good three inches from his groin, and all of it was pure Raccoon beef. *"Why did I put that stupid ring on again?"* Sly grumbled to himself as his bulge constantly bumped against the building as he hoisted himself up onto the roof.

Like before, the ventilation system would be used to sneak about the building, however, according to the building plans none of them even went 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 the extra height he gained as his bulge grinded against the cold metal. Sly had to bite his lip to suppress his whimpering shudders as his much more sensitive bulge was teased by every ridge in the vent. *"FOCUS!"* he told himself, while his libido was telling him *"TOUCH IT!"*

Duty was thankfully winning out 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 no issue for him. With his meticulous acrobatic skills, Sly ducked and weaved between, around, and over the beams, his bulge bouncing with every articulate movement. Until he came to a waist high beam with another running underneath it. Without any other option he tip-toed over it as gently as he could, his groin mere millimetres from the beam. And naturally, 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 as his legs went weak, his bulge growing larger as it cut the wire, sending alarms blaring. *"Damn you Murray"* Sly seethed as he raced through the exhibit, only having mere minutes before the authorities arrived.

Sadly, for him, an authority was already there, as a large Rhino 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 Rhino 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 Rhino 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 Rhino begged.

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

"Thank you!" the Rhino 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 Rhino 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” the guard quavered as he pulled down Sly’s underwear.

The Raccoon was relieved to feel his flag flying, and what an impressive flag it was. There was ten inches of shlong hanging from his hips, standing on parade for its fan as his apple sized balls hung from the tightened constraints of his sack. “Magnificent” the guard praised as he ran his hand along it, Sly moaning from the sensual touch of the beast.

Gripping the Raccoon by his thighs, the Rhino pressed Sly to the nearest available wall, his pair ass pressed against it as his tall cock stood level with the guard’s mouth as Sly was lifted higher. “For your glory” the Rhino said as he wrapped his lips around Sly’s cock, softly kissing the sensitive, glistening head as he plunged the thick rod into his mouth.

Sly moaned loudly as he felt the Rhino’s lips go right to the base, his gag reflex nonexistent as his cock curled down the guard’s throat. His long tongue curled and slathered as much of Sly as it could, greedily suckling at the massive cock. Sly’s body was alight with sensation, his body tightening and relaxing simultaneously as he experienced the joy of his first blowjob. His keeper was really getting into it as he levered Sly up and down, the saliva soaked beast of a cock sliding in and out of those pert, soft lips. The Rhino would rise for five inches, before plunging down again, slurping and sucking as hard as he could as the Raccoon kept moaning from how alive he felt. The Rhino’s impressively long maw sucked and slathered hard as every inch of Sly’s enormous cock was steadily extracted from his mouth, till only the head remained. Sly quivered from the teasing sensation as the Rhino’s tongue teased itself around the fat head, reaching into every corner of the shaven haven as Sly squirted a small jet of pre.

The Rhino guzzled up the small offering, it tasted so sweet. Desiring more the guard’s tongue plunged into the slit, plunging down deeper as the stretchy head allowed it. Sly howled loudly as he felt that coy tongue inside his cock, the black beast throbbing as more

pre squirted onto the Rhino's tongue, only making him want more as he kept going, licking and stroking at the inside of Sly's magnificent rock hard cock. Sly's entire body rocked with pleasure as the Rhino squeezed his thighs tightly, pushing Sly as far into him as he could. Sly's balls gurgled and sloshed loudly, godly seed churning within them as they swelled, filling his sack up with their enormousness. **"I'm gonna... I'm gonna..."** Sly panted, too hot and lustful to finish his sentence. Sensing his god's godly orgasm inbound, the probing tongue retracted, the magnificent beast of a shlong once more parked in the back of his throat as Sly's hips bucked wildly. **"SWEET MERCY!"** Sly screamed as he came.

His cock throbbed violently as he came, cum surging out of him like a hose by the litre. The Rhino guzzled it all down as the thick gooey seed slid down his throat, pooling in his stomach on top of the foot-long sandwich he had had for a snack. Sly's tongue hung like a panting dog as his hips kept bucking under their own lustful energy as he just kept coming. Gallons of cum surged down the Rhino's throat without any let up, the guard still taking it all as his stomach began to feel tighter and tighter as he was filled to the brim with Raccoon seed. The Rhino grunted loudly, shifting Sly to one hand so he could place a hand to his full belly, feeling it swell beneath his fingers, deep grooves forming around him as he filled up with cum. His already strained white shirt was being pulled tighter as his grey flesh swelled beneath it. With a satisfied sigh, Sly's orgasm petered out, his longfellow going limp in the Rhino's maw as he was finally finished. Finally able to pull away, the Rhino's lips dripped with seed as Sly's cock flopped along his arm, the tired beast as satisfied as its master. "That was incredible, Great One" the Rhino praised.

"Thanks" Sly sighed, resting against the wall as he scratched his empty balls, now a much more respectable size.

Helping Sly down, the Raccoon discretely tucked his deflated cock and balls back into his underwear, a hard feat as his cock kept curling back out the top. Giving up in annoyance, Sly pushed the ungainly thing down his left leg, his leg satchel readjusted to keep it in place. The Rhino gazed lovingly at Sly as he cupped his bloated belly, the contents sloshing about loudly, his belly jiggling slightly as the tides ebbed and flowed. "You showed me much favour, Great One. I am truly honoured" the Rhino said sincerely, jiggling his belly left and right.

"You're welcome" Sly said awkwardly, staring at the bloated navel poking out through the shirt. *"Did I seriously make all that? I mean, he was fat to begin with, but that felt like it lasted forever."*

Coughing awkwardly, Sly looked around the museum, trying to ignore his fawning subject. "Hey, mind doing something for me?" Sly questioned.

"Anything."

"Great, uhhhh, mind unlocking the Golden Flute's case for me?" Sly requested politely.

"Gladly" the Rhino bowed.

In (requested) silence the guard lead Sly over to the case, where the flute lay. With a quick flick of the keys the case was unlocked, and the Golden Flute liberated. Tapping the priceless item in the palm of his hand, Sly's thoughts were constantly disrupted by the admiring looks of his abhorrent admirer. "Mind taking me to the security desk?" Sly questioned.

Nodding excitedly, Sly was lead to the security station, where the past hour of video had been blanked. Then, the guard was quite happy to show Sly out the backdoor. "Thank you for visiting the museum, Great One" the Rhino said as a farewell.

"Thanks for having me. Now, if anyone asks, you know what to do, right?" Sly inquired.

"We had a glitch in the system" the Rhino repeated, having gone over the plan many times.

"Good" Sly nodded as he trotted off, Flute in hand as he returned to the Van, which was nearby.

Getting into the back, he was met by a piercing look from Bentley, who was staring at Sly's left leg. "We need to... talk" the Turtle announced, finally noticing Sly's "little" problem.

"Remarkable, truly remarkable!"

Ever since they had gotten home, Sly had been forced to strip and present his Rod of Godly Might to Bentley and Murray. It was now a foot long, and two inches wide as it lay on the table, Sly looking rather irritable as Bentley was repeatedly going over it with a scanner. "Look, I got the message Bentley. You were right about the ring, and I was wrong. Does that make you happy?" Sly snapped.

"Yes, yes it does Sly. However, this still doesn't change the fact as to how amazing this is. The ring has not only bonded with you physically, but reacts to praise to empower it. It seems those murals weren't purely decorative after all, as praise equals power, much like an actual god. I just wonder what would have happened had I not taken that sapphire out" Bentley remarked.

"Does the growing hurt?" Murray questioned, crudely poking Sly's cock.

"No, but the poking does, let's stop that" Sly grunted lividly, out of reach to slap Murray's hand away.

"So, you said that the Rhino just started worshipping you on the spot, right?" Bentley questioned as he read the scans on his device.

"Yeah, it was weird. He took one look at me, and suddenly became my biggest fan" Sly explained.

Bentley rubbed his chin as he mulled it over. "The ring must have hypnotic powers, as in, it forces people to praise the wearer. That way, it ensures whoever wears it is praised as the god they supposedly are" Bentley hypothesized.

"So why aren't we affected by it?" Murray questioned curiously.

"I suppose because we wore the ring ourselves, and weren't considered worthy I guess. But, because we were around it when it wasn't being worn, we might have a tolerance to its effects. My other hypothesis is because we're friends with Sly, we praise each other in general, and don't need mind control to force us to worship each other" Bentley theorized.

“Probably the latter Bentley. I don’t think the ring would care whether or not you’ve worn it to melt your minds” Sly contended.

“The Murray does feel like worshipping you” Murray admitted, now unusually fixated on Sly’s cock.

“Yeah, I do feel a pull as well, to be honest. It’s not strong, and pretty easy to ignore though” Bentley conceded.

“Well, just as well you two aren’t asking for my favour like the security guard did. I have no idea why I even let him do it. It was just, for that brief moment, it felt like the best idea I had heard all day” Sly explained, confusion and concern on his face.

“The ring must be conditioning you to “act the part”, as it were. A god must show favour to his devoted servants” Bentley explained.

“He sucked me off, and I filled him up with... stuff. How exactly does that show favour?” Sly demanded indignantly.

“You must be a fertility god” Bentley answered with a grin.

“Not funny Bentley” Sly said.

“Really? Because, as of right now, this is actually pretty hilarious. It is *the* absolute karmic backlash on you dismissing the ring’s power” Bentley grinned.

“I really don’t think it’s that funn- Murray, what are you doing?” Sly questioned of his Hippo friend, who was crouching down to be level with Sly’s dick.

“You say it gets bigger with praise, right?” Murray questioned.

“Yeah” Sly answered.

“So, how many people you think would it take for you to burst out of a room?” Murray queried.

“What are you getting at Murray?” Sly questioned, not liking where this is going.

“Ah, I see what he’s getting at. One person praising you has already put you above the curve on terms of penile averages. Think about what an entire room of people would do to you Sly” Bentley explained.

“W-well they would..., oh, great. I’m going to have to avoid people for the rest of my life, aren’t I?” Sly realized.

“Pretty much, and, if I’m right about this, I think you just went up another inch” Bentley noticed.

Sly grunted loudly, pulling himself off the table. It swung heavily between his legs like a pendulum, having already bypassed his knees. His balls were swelling again, having returned back to their apple size as they hung three inches from his groin. “Well, so much for being a god” Sly sighed sadly.

Sly had been cooped up in his room for two weeks now, and the lack of activity was getting to him. His room was absolutely covered with used tissues, as, with a godlike shlong, there is also a godlike libido. Sly’s cock was now a foot and a half long, and three inches wide. He needed both hands to get to work, as it would keep arising to the beck and call of his unnecessarily large balls. Every time he played with himself, his eyes would glaze over as he eagerly got into things, pleasure rocking his body until climax. And then afterwards, an unsatisfying wait.

Sly sighed despondently as his cock slowly lowered onto the bed, the tender object nestled in his silken sheets, a pile of tissues surrounding him. The Raccoon lay back in his bed, staring up at the skylight as he tossed away another wad of tissues. It was around dusk, and he was being driven spare. “AHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!” he screamed furiously, his impotence (or over-potence) finally breaking him.

Getting up from his bed, his cock swung left and right as he stormed out of his room, he stood proud atop the staircase, looking down at Bentley and Murray. "WE DO A CAPER TONIGHT! I CAN'T SIT IN THAT ROOM FOR ANOTHER DAY!" he roared loudly.

"But, what about your "third leg"?" Bentley snickered.

"I'll tape it around my waist if I have to. I'm not spending any more time locked up here. Bentley, find something for me to steal, Murray, get the van ready" Sly commanded.

"And what will you do?" Bentley questioned.

"I'm going to rub one out!" Sly snapped, retreating back into his room to do just that.

Word on the grapevine had it that the leader of the Corgi Syndicate, Le Pussè was having a party to show off some random something or other. Sly hadn't been paying too much attention as he was too busy rubbing himself during the briefing. He had managed to tape himself down, but, the sticky tape and the roughness of the constantly peeling and re-sticking was so invigorating to him. His pants were starting to feel a little moist from the pre leaking out of him. He was barely keeping it together during the drive to Le Pussè's mansion, and Bentley's droning wasn't helping. "So, what am I stealing again?" Sly questioned apathetically.

"It's called the Tear of the Desert, said to be the world's most beautiful sapphire. Le Pussè has got it sealed tight in one of his safes until its presentation to the party. You're going in to snag it before he has the chance" Bentley explained to a disinterested Sly. "Sly!" Bentley snapped in annoyance. "If you keep rubbing it, you're just going to make it worse" the Turtle chided.

"I can't help it" Sly whined. "It's just, gotten a lot more sensitive and tender. Every little touch just sets me off."

"Well, try to contain yourself. We can't afford to let your Rod of Lordly Might muck up this heist" Bentley sighed, rubbing his temples gently.

“Trust me, Sly Cooper *always* gets the job done” Sly boasted, rubbing his groin 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 the tape starting to give out beneath his beltline. "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 tape falling apart. 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.

That did it. Sly howled loudly as the tape gave way, his cock uncoiling itself and unfurling out the top of his pants. It moved like a snake as it surged to four feet of pure Raccoon meat. His pants tightened immensely as his swelling balls filled every inch of them, his pant legs digging tightly into his own legs as his growing bulge pressed against the front. With a loud tear the front of his pants tore apart, revealing his bright yellow boxer briefs. They were filled to the brim with heavy Raccoon balls, the spheres spilling over the top as their bases stuck out the bottom of his underpant. Sly rubbed the base of his cock lustfully as his underwear gave out, exploding into confetti to allow his watermelon sized balls swing free. Sly's legs went weak at the knees as he fell onto them, his pupils shrunken to pinpricks as his mind was focused intently on pleasuring himself. And the people kept cheering him loudly, his attributes swelling further. His immense balls swelled between his legs, spreading them as far apart as they could as they churned loudly with an ocean of cum within them. Sly's giant cock kept growing at it snaked forward, now the length of the Cooper Van, and it was even fatter than Murray.

His head flared as pre drooled from his head in large dollops, giving it a slippery surface to glide on as Sly kept rubbing whatever he could reach as he sat atop his burgeoning balls. They were swelling at an exponential rate, knocking away tables and some (less than fortunate) guests as he gained immense stature. Already his cock resembled an enormous

black bullet train as it reached the end of the room, his spongy head pressing against the glass, buckling it all the way as the impressive fortification kept him contained. And Sly just sat there atop his monstrous balls, watching the show as his impressively thick shaft buckled against glass, pressing against it and being pressed back, his balls grinding along the carpet until he crashed against the wall, cracks running along it from the impact with the bus-sized balls. Sly seethed with irresolute delight as he felt the pressure build on his head as it continued to grind against that glass, widening still until, with a magnificent crash, his cock head took out the wall. The masonry and glass fell harmlessly off his god-like tool as his cock and balls were steadily outgrowing the ballroom, with Sly howling the entire way.

It was two days later now, two days of being a true god. Sly's cock was several miles long, the leviathan head lost in the distance as Sly sat in the indent between his cock and balls, each mountainous sphere taller than the Eiffel Tower, and filled to the brim with cum. They had destroyed a good deal of Paris in their growth, and not a single person honestly minded. In fact, most of Sly's worshippers were now camping around his titanic balls, singing unheard praises to the Raccoon due to his lofty height. Sly was absolutely livid as he sat atop the enormous things, the wind blowing in his face as he sat cross-legged before a small table Murray had set up along the ridge of his cock. The Raccoon was so sour in the face, despite the fact that he was surrounded by piles of treasure. There was mountains of gold coins and jewels all around him, and he was still pissed off. Bentley sighed contentedly as he swallowed his tea, Sly's cup completely untouched. "I don't see why you're so unhappy about this Sly" he remarked snidely. "With your new status as god of the planet Earth, people are practically giving us treasure."

"It's not the same" Sly sighed petulantly, lying as far as he could on the table. "There was a certain thrill about taking it for myself, sneaking it out from under people's noses and outwitting them. There's nothing to gain by just being handed a treasure with a pat on the head. And, how am I unhappy about this? Maybe because I can't move Bentley. Maybe because each of my balls gives the moon a run for its money, and that my dick is slowly moving towards the ocean! Maybe, just maybe, that's making me a little bit cranky" he snapped.

"Well, it's the little things Sly" Bentley shrugged as he slurped at his tea.

"If the Murray prodded you, would you feel it?" Murray questioned curiously.

"Yes, I still feel everything. I can feel all those excited sheeple down there rubbing up against me every chance they get. I can feel this table pressing down, and I can FEEL IT WHEN YOU KEEP PRODDING ME! SO STOP PRODDING ME!" Sly screamed loudly at the Hippo.

"That's not fair Sly. Don't snap at him, he's not the one who put on a magical ring" Bentley chided the Raccoon.

"I know" Sly sighed guiltily as he still lay on the table. "It's just, I'm getting a real sense of cabin fever now by being stuck up here all the time. I can't go anywhere, and people keep giving me free stuff. I feel like those lowlifes I used to steal from. I can't even feel like I deserve any of this" Sly moaned, holding his arm up to the treasure.

"Well, no, you didn't, but, this is how things are now Sly. But if you want a plus side, your semen has started seeping into the ocean. And reports say that populations of previously extinct creatures has exploded. So, you're doing some good for the world" Bentley said supportively.

"Whoop dee doo Bentley" Sly said sarcastically as he hung back on his balls.

"The women all love you" Murray commented.

"Yeah, big help that is when I can't even do anything with them *even* if I wanted to" Sly grumbled.

"Yeah, well, at least you have the love of... the love of.... Sly, is Carmelita nibbling on your ear?" Bentley questioned, the obsessed Vixen somehow appearing out of nowhere to do just that.

"Yep" Sly answered despondently, the Fox in question hooking her arms around his neck and swirling around, looking absolutely giddy as she lay on Sly's lap. The Raccoon was grimacing as he supported her back, the Vixen smiling intently without saying a word.

"Why isn't she saying anything?" Bentley questioned.

"I made her take a vow of silence" Sly explained.

"Why?" Bentley inquired.

"Vow of silence off" Sly declared.

"I can't believe we like the same music and art! Also my parents will be visiting Paris next week so put on something nice for when you meet them. Then we can get married and I can be your queen forever and ever and ever and ever an-"

"Vow of silence on" Sly declared, and Carmelita went silence, still grinning like a giggly schoolgirl.

"Yikes" Bentley grimaced, Murray also sharing that sentiment as he moved away from the motor mouth Fox.

"Yeah. Turns out, if you remove all dignity, motivation, drive, work ethic, sense of justice, and everything else that makes her a good person, you end up with my world's biggest fan girl" Sly sighed sadly.

"And I thought she was terrifying as a cop" Bentley gulped.

"Yeah, I did too" Sly sighed as Carmelita started kissing his cheek. "I did too."

The wind blew again as Sly had to wonder if the sky really was the limit.