

“You want me to do what now?” questioned a 300ft Umbreon lounging near the outskirts of a city. He laid facedown upon his stomach, head propped up by his hands, propped up by his elbows; staring down as the tiny (in comparison) suited canine proposed an idea to him.

“It’s simple,” the canine began to explain, adjusting his shades, “My boss wants to teach some rich douche of a car collector a lesson and make a nice show of it. This is where you come in, big guy. The boss doesn’t want any simple kind of vandalism, nah, no hoods with bats banging it up, no bulldozing it. What he wants is you, the local Godzilla, to make a scene.”

Moonlight’s ears twitched and flicked to the dog’s words; the Umbreon clearly thinking it over in his head, “I don’t see how me stepping on a car on camera is anything special, you can catch that kind of stuff on the news.”

“This ain’t no regular crunch job,” replied the canine, “For starters, as you are now, you’re way too big to fit into the studio we have set up. You’re going to have to tone it down to about twenty...twenty five feet or so.”

Moonlight shrugged his shoulders; he supposed at this point he was infamous enough and that his size shifting was no secret power of his, “Studio? Your boss isn’t kidding about making a show,” the Umbreon suddenly grinned, “So camera and the whole works? Televised? Video?”

“Both. And if you need the deal sweetened, you’ll be paid handsomely.”

“You got a deal,” said the Umbreon, agreeing to this exhibition.

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Moonlight groaned as he marched down the city streets at the suggested twenty five feet height; his footfalls still heavy and powerful with loud thuds and thumps in a rhythmic pace of his walking. The normal hustle and bustle took time out of their busy schedule to make way for the still large and intimidating Umbreon.

“Why’d this shoot had to be scheduled on such a hot day? And right after my workout too?” He whined to himself as he trudged along. Shirtless and sporting a pair of sneakers and some exercise worthy shorts, the umbry marched toward the location of the studio where the shoot was to be held. It was a grueling, hot summer day and he was fresh off his exercise routine for the day. His fur was matted down with sweat and he smelled like a hard day’s work, but still, the show must go on.

“This must be the place,” the Umbreon said as he arrived at the address he was given. The studio was smaller than expected, but seemed built to accommodate a giant at his current size.

“Oh you must be the model!” said a voice from down below.

Moonlight's eyes drifted downwards to a fox in standard security gear waving over to him, "Yeah that's right," replied the umbry.

"They're already set up, just head around back and go through the large doors," the fox directed.

"Hey thanks," said Moonlight while giving a polite wave and headed around to the back of the warehouse.

As expected, there were indeed two giant doors meant to accommodate his size, right up to the tips of his ears. Taking a deep breath, he pressed his hands up against the doors and pushed them open with a loud and proud, "Tiiiit's showtime!"

Once Moonlight made it to the rear entrance of the studio, he could already see camera crews and photographers all set up for him to make his appearance. In the center was a gorgeous, black Ferrari 412, in perfect condition. On the other side of a studio were some snazzily dressed folk sitting in the audience. Whether they were here to see him destroy the car, or be horrified by him destroying the car; the Umbreon didn't care. What's important was that he made a good show!

The Umbreon stepped out into the open, grinning at the audience and the cameras as he stepped up beside the vehicle. All eyes, cameras and warm lights were directly on him. He glanced down to the car, smirking in amusement, "Quite a fine looking car we have here. Would be shame if something happened to it, hmm?"

A female wolf gasped loudly from the audience, putting two and two together, "You wouldn't!" she cried out.

"Consider that an accepted challenge," said the Umbreon, "But first I need to get more...comfortable."

Any queries in response to that line were quickly answered by the Umbreon removing his shoes. He began with his right foot, slowly removing it from its sneaker. One could swear they saw raw heat escaping from the black and yellow footwear before suddenly being hit with the strong scent of sweat and musk; the assault to the sense of smell being proof of his workout and the hot day.

He exposed his foot to the crowd, stretching his toes and revealing his warm black footpads, glistening with sweat. He curled his toes in a tight flex before wiggling them and setting them down; then followed through by repeating the process with his left foot.

"Whew! That's some mighty strong stuff huh?" Moonlight teased as he undid his shorts next, playfully turning his back to the audience and camera while he bent over and pulled them down, revealing his handsome rear. He flicked his tail up and swished it back and forth while he wiggled his rump, lowering his shorts and stepping out of them; kicking them aside. He then faced the viewing eyes once more, letting them gaze upon his fabulous naked figure; that toned athletic body, that unique fur pattern, that girthy dick swinging between those thighs and those

heavy balls that lie underneath. Not to forget those cute, thick paws of his that he already showed off. He struck a pose and allowed the cameras to snap numerous pictures of him before turning his focus to his co-star; the expensive Ferrari next to him.

He placed his hands on his hips while looking the vehicle over with a smirk, tilting his head back and forth; as if wondering where to start. “You know what I like about classics like these?” He asked while raising his right foot, giving a teasing wiggle of those toes, “The way they feel,” He brought his foot down upon the hood of the car, perking his ears up at how cool the hood felt under his warm paw. He pushed forward with his weight; the loud groaning and creaking of the material echoing throughout the studio mixed in with the gasps and protests of the audience as the hood slowly caved in under Moonlight’s foot, “Wonderful sounds too. Not like newer cars. Cheaper material, easy to crunch, not a satisfying sound,” He said with a chuckle.

“Yes indeed...I’m a fan of this ’un already,” Moonlight purred, draping his large form over the helpless vehicle as he took a firm grip of the rear of the car. He brought his hips down upon the hood and laid his bits over the hood and roof of the car.

He made sure to put on a good show for the viewers, moaning loudly amongst the crunching and groans of the vehicle as he ground and bucked his hips against it. His ears twitched as his girthy member hardened; all the while putting serious dents on the surface of the car. “Oooh yeah now that’s the stuff,” he rumbled, leaning back and straddling the front of the car as he playfully lifted his heavy, thick meat and dropped it directly upon the hood; causing a nice, phallus shaped dent across the top of it while the windows and windshield became spider webbed with cracks.

With a playful moan he rose up from the car, standing back to his feet. His fur was matted with sweat, credit mostly to the hot studio lights, and numerous musky scents emanated from his damp form which wafted about the studio. “Well, doesn’t look like anyone will be driving this poor thing anymore,” he said while prodding the front of the car with his toe, “Best send this one off to the scrap heap.”

Numerous gasps and panicky murmuring reached his twitching ears. Some of the audience members had actually fainted from shock due to the display. How could someone do such a thing to such a rare, expensive and collectable vehicle?!

“Better keep watching! Don’t wanna miss a moment of this!” announced the Umbreon as he brought his foot upon the hood of the car once again but this time applying full weight as he moved walk upon the car. The hood caved in heavily with a loud, satisfying crunch along with the front tires bursting with a loud explosive *pop*. The glass of the windshield and windows shattered the moment he stepped up upon the roof with his other foot, bringing the roof down into the interior of the car in the process; the hood unable to withstand the weight and crushing force. His next step took out the back window and mashed down upon the trunk, and he repeatedly this process in reverse; walking back and forth upon the car, delighting in all the popping, denting and crunching under his warm, moist and musky feet.

He continued to stomp all over the vehicle, stroking himself with hot passion; it felt FAR too good to feel this expensive car crunch beneath his mighty soles, in addition to the shock value from those hoity toity types being horrified at such a precious thing being destroyed. Oh they just couldn't stand it, and that turned him on further. Mmm, so many people were watching, and even more still once the pictures and recordings were revealed. Oh how the thought of it all turned him on so.

As he closed his eyes and listened to the crunchy symphony echoing in his ears as he marched upon the car, he subconsciously started stroking himself with vigorous lust. It only took a few more minutes before he fired off an impressive, thick rope of umbry spunk right into the audience; a special treat for the attendees in show, much to their chagrin.

“Whoops,” the Umbreon purred, having opened his eyes and viewing the coated crowd, “I guess that’s two things I made a mess of today.”

Which a chuckle he finally stepped off the remains the car, still idly touching himself and dripping breeseed all over the studio floor as he bent down towards the crushed heap. He took a light sniff and grinned, flicking his tail back and forth, “Whew, smells like a worn old shoe doesn’t it? Hope the owner has insurance.”

And with that, the director called for a cut and print.

Moonlight was quite eager to do a sequel.