

Moonlight, ever the one to seek out entertainment, had put himself out for mercenary work. Not only would it serve to keep him from getting bored, but he figured he could use the funds to maintain upkeep on the Pokemon gym he used as a home. He jobs usually involved destruction, “collecting”, and threatening. He didn’t work for cheap either, ensuring that only those that could afford him would give him the most entertaining jobs. He wasn’t about to waste his time with things many others could do.

His current job was to attend an exhibition a particular car collector was holding and “convince” the owner to part with specific vehicles, by any means necessary. In the event of a worst case scenario, Moonlight would still receive full payment, as his contractor would simply seize the collector’s estate afterwards.

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“What do you mean I can’t come in?” yelled Moonlight as he stood before a uniformed coyote guarding the entrance gate that stood tall and high at the end of a long driveway that led up to the luxurious compound. The gate was attached to a large brick wall that surrounded the estate miles around, guarding the large mansion and guest houses within, in addition to the massive lot where the car show was being held.

“Look sir, this isn’t a public event and you’re not on the list. If you have something to discuss with Mr. Rushfield, you can send an email or call his business number. I am very busy here and if you continue to bother me I will have to take force.” The coyote placed a hand over his holster which contained a pistol, to get his point across.

Moonlight adjusted his glasses and smiled. Just as he figured, and hoped, this wasn’t going to be a simple job. “Hang on,” said the Umbreon as he placed a hand on the guard’s shoulder, looking right into the yote’s dark eyes with his own red ones. The ring on the Umbreon’s forehead began to glow softly as he subtly began to hypnotize the guard without exerting too much force, “You’re right, I’m not on the list, but I’m a very important VIP that Mr. Rushfield is expecting.”

“Huh?” The guard blinked a few times and then nodded slowly, “Oh right! I almost didn’t recognize you. Geez, Mr. Rushfield would have had my job and maybe my head if I didn’t let you in.” The coyote stepped inside of his station and hit the button to open the gate, “You’re cleared to go in sir. Have a good time!”

“Not a problem,” said the Umbreon with a pleased smirk, walking past the gate and entering the grounds of the estate. “Quite a nice place, maybe I should relocate the gym here,” he mused himself as he made his way around to the side of the mansion where the show was happening.

As expected, the lot was filled with hundreds of rare, exotic and expensive vehicles, many that were on the list Moonlight was given. Hundreds of rich collectors, appraisers, car buffs, VIPs and other high class sorts were in attendance. The Umbreon smirked to himself as he looked about, walking through the lot as he sought out the owner of the estate, Fattissimo Rushfield; an overweight tiger anthro wearing a gaudy, expensive gold colored suit with numerous fingers decorating his chubby fingers. He was

surrounded by numerous guards and plenty of moguls talking his head off, laughing heartily and going on and on about his histories with various vehicles and how he acquired them.

“Pardon me Mr Rushfield,” said the Umbreon as he mingled himself into the crowd toward the tiger, only to be met by a small squad of canine guards, “My business isn’t with you mutts, but your employer there.”

“Easy boys,” said the tiger, turning his nose up to the Umbreon as he looked him over, “You do not look like anyone I’ve invited to this event, who are you?” He asked sternly.

“That’s not important, what is important is why I’m here.” Moonlight held up a piece of paper, “My client would like to do business with you, and he isn’t the type to take no for an answer, if you get my drift, Mr Rushfield.” He smirked as he held the paper to the tiger, whom quickly snatched it to look it over.

It didn’t take long for Rushfield to burst out into laughter, “Your client must be quite the comedian! This is all he offers for some of my most prized vehicles in my collection? How amusing, and even amusing still, what’s going to happen if I say no? If that was a threat, I’m not very intimidated by one lone creature such as yourself, nor your jokester of a client.” With having no more to say, Rushfield snapped his fingers and his security moved in to surround Moonlight. Patrons looked on with murmurs bubbling among the crowds.

Moonlight sighed and just grinned, “Well can’t say I didn’t tell you so.”

The guards moved in to restraint the umbry, but he was already in the air, leaping high over the group to land on the hood of a silver looking car that crunched and crinkled lightly under his feet. “Oh what’s this?” Moon queried, looking down at the vehicle underneath him.

The tiger’s eyes went wild with fury, as he shook a fist at the Umbreon, “You’re denting the hood!” He roared out, “Get off right now! You’re going to pay me for that!”

“Oh this is that car made out of aluminum isn’t it? The Mercedes 300SL,” Moonlight said with a smirk as he hopped in place, the hood crinkling loudly underneath his feet as he bent it in further, “Expensive isn’t it? But it makes such a fun sound, hey I have an idea.” He stepped up onto the hood and smiled to all the onlookers, “I’ll show you a personal favorite trick of mine...” He chuckled darkly, the rings that decorated his body glowing as his form began to rumble and the Umbreon swelled up in size, his body growing larger as he stood upon the vehicle. His jeans split at the seams as his legs grew thicker, stronger and longer; those expanding hips pushing away at the tightening waistband until it snapped, his pants ripping right off from him, exposing his boxers, the only article of clothing besides his trademark shorts that withstood his growth. His rapidly increasing weight began to wear down on the car as he rose up from his normal 6’2” to the double of his height of 12’4”. Unfortunately for the poor vehicle, his weight didn’t just double; it multiplied eight fold, putting the Umbreon at nearly a ton.

Over the course of his growth, the roof caved in, and Moonlight saw fit to trample all over the rest of the car to prove a point as he delighted in those sweet crunching and crinkling sounds as he marched all

over the car, from trunk to hood until the vehicle resembled something that looked like a monster truck ran over it. He leapt to the ground with a light thud and posed, "Tada!" He sang before putting his hands on his hips and grinned down to the tiger and crew.

Rushfield, his guards and all the patrons alike all set their eyes upon the taller Umbreon with a mixture of fear, awe, surprise, enjoyment, while Rushfield alone was angry; fat fingers curled into ham sized fists, "Why are you all standing around?!" He yelled, "Just because he's bigger doesn't mean a thing! Get him!" He ordered his security while pointing angrily at the Umbreon whom were all rather apprehensive to carry out that order; still, they drew their small arms and started advancing towards Moonlight.

"Tsk tsk. Those are very dangerous toys to have, boys." The Umbreon snickered and turned around to grab hold of the crushed Mercedes, sinking his fingers into its aluminum interior and effortlessly hefted it over his head and hurled the heap at the advancing guards. They group dove out of the way as the car crashed down on where they stood, landing with a sound that was similar to a soda can being crushed.

Moonlight laughed as his body started to rumble once again and ran off further into the lot, jumping down on top of various cars as his body grew in size once more. *Crunch* *Crunch* *Crunch*. The sounds of metal and plastic being crushed under the ever increasing weight of the Umbreon as he made his mark on the vehicles in the form of Umbreon feet prints indented over the trunks, roofs and hoods of the expensive luxury vehicles, much to the tiger's chagrin.

Trampling one vehicle after another and now as tall as a t-rex, Moonlight approached a group of rather hefty looking vehicles, smirking to himself, "Oh wow, a small collection of Lamborghini LM002's. I heard there were only a couple hundred of these made." He bent down slightly over one, shaking his rump playfully as he ran his fingers over the roof, "These must be worth a bit, aren't they?"

The tiger's blood reached boiling levels as he watched the giant Umbreon lift up the vehicle and held it up over his head. It was enough to cause an aneurysm the way his prized possessions were being handled and destroyed with little effort; he gave in, flailing his arms, "Alright! Alright! Your client wins! Stop wrecking my stuff, please!"

"Hmm?" The Umbreon looked over with a smile before spinning with some momentum and tossing the large vehicle into another, which then collided into the other, forming a domino chain reaction down the row as one vehicle slammed into another, "Wow, guess I don't know my own strength," He grinned back to the tiger, "And it's too late for that. I'm already having too much fun, which my client cleared me to do. Either way, I get paid, sucks for you huh?"

The tiger roared out and looked to his security guards, "What am I paying you goons for? Take him down!"

"I'd advise against that actually," said Moonlight as he started to grow in size once again, hands on his hips as he swelled up to 60ft and taking one large step toward the group, one thick, black heavy paw crashing down in front of them. "I can't guarantee your safety if I'm forced to defend myself, understand?" He winked.

That was enough to get the guards to quadruple guess themselves, looking to their boss and announcing they were all quitting, simultaneously and like with many others, fled from the sight of the giant car crunching Umbreon, leaving the tiger and the remaining bystanders as observers of the playful macro. Rushfield could only helplessly watch as the Umbreon toyed with one prized possession after another in various ways.

Moonlight made it a point trample the cars he didn't particularly find interesting, those big, thick, heavy paws crashing down carelessly on various Porsche brand vehicles, walking upon them like they were merely bumps in the road and stomping down on them, purring delightfully as he crunched them flat into the tarmac, compressed tightly into Umbreon footprints.

The more rarer and exotic vehicles however, he took more care in having fun with.

He approached a pair of station wagon-style vehicles, long in body with a forward tilted hood. He tilted his head, looking them over curiously, "Well now, I've never see anything like these before."

"Y-you leave those alone!" The tiger yelled, "There's only been twelve of those Aston Martins ever produced! It's really expensive and extremely rare, please, PLEASE leave those alone."

Moonlight scratched under his muzzle in thought, positioning his feet behind both vehicles, wiggling his toes rather anxiously, "Hmm, do you think they would fit?"

"Do I think what would fit?" The tiger asked.

Moonlight smirked, sliding a foot forward and pressing his toes in against the back of the vehicle, forcing it to cave in and break apart as he slipped his foot into it, worming his toes around as he bent, pushed and crushed about the insides of the car as he made it into a bit of a makeshift slipper, which didn't last long as once he lifted his foot, the remains of the vehicle fell apart from it. He did the same with the other foot and giggled, amused by his own antics; antics that reduced the tiger to a sputtering mess, the feline so furious that he couldn't form proper words.

In just the span of a few minutes, hundreds of millions of dollars were gone in a simple instance. Giant paws stepping on them, Moonlight's shapely rear crashing down on them, wiggling and bouncing them into a butt grooved crater, many kicked aside like they were nothing, others were tossed carelessly, some were mangled up in his hands in feats of strength. As the seconds passed, the car exhibition was looking much more like a fancy junk yard than anything else. The tiger was utterly defeated, almost wishing he could have gone the way of one of those cars instead of having to see fortunes go down the drain from all this destruction.

"Oooh, what's are these?" the Umbreon inquired as he looked over a group of four older looking vehicles, long in shape and rather fancy, similar to that of old expensive 1940 cars. His toes leaned up and wrapped about one of them, nigh phallic in shape, "These wouldn't happen to be Bugatti Royales would they? The most expensive vehicles ever?" He looked back to the slumped down tiger with his question, grinning deviously.

Rushfield slowly looked up in horror, staring at the thick Umbreon digits wrapped around the length of the vehicle, "Oh no no, please no." The tiger rose up to his feet and ran over to the car and grabbed into one of the Umbreon's toes, tugging at the fur in an attempt to release it from the car. "Let go of it now! These cost over 20 million! Look I'll forgive you for the rest but please don't wreck these cars—oof!"

Moonlight flicked his toe up, knocking the tiger back and sending him tumbling head over heels. "That much?" He looked down with a rather unimpressed look on his face, "I say you were ripped off." And with those words came a quick twitch of his toes, curling sharply and crushing the extended length into the soft, leather main pad of his foot with a satisfying *crunch*. The tiger felt woozy upon hearing that sound and flopped onto his back, fainted.

"Aww, looks like he checked out early," The Umbreon said with a chuckle, bending down to pick up one of the three remaining Bugattis, looking over its shape with a smirk. "Well now, I wonder how big you are in comparison." Moonlight chuckled darkly while patting over his groin with his freehand, a strong, huge noticeable bulge, pulsating behind that fabric; a typical case for the Umbreon who always gets riled up when he's having fun.

Tucking a thumb into the waistband of his underwear, he pulled down his boxers and revealed that onyx monolith, fully erect and pulsating powerfully. With his free hand, he curled his fingers around its impressive girth; that member as long as his forearm and nearly as thick, and pressed the car up gently against it, measuring from base to tip compared with the car, from trunk to grill. The car lost out, in size by a relative inch or two, which only served to further amuse the Umbreon.

"Well it looks like you lose," Moonlight purred, pressing the car up against his meaty dick, effortlessly crushing it along the curve of his shaft, licking his lips. He tossed the heap aside and smirked, taking one step forward and stomping his paw down upon the second to last multi-million dollar car. "Well it looks like the show is over, but I think I should leave a parting gift." He grinned as a heavy, copious amount of Umbreon precum dripped free from the tip of his member and onto the last car; the weighted drop crashing down on the hood and pressing it in as the hot, musky, sticky white stuff splattered all over the vehicle and its surrounding area.

Stroking himself, Moonlight's body began growing once again, those telltale rumbles of his body causing the ground to shake as he swelled rapidly in size, growing and growing and growing until he hit his often seen size of 300ft. "Mmm, now that's the stuff," He murred, looking over the lot with a sharp toothed grin and a glint in his eyes. Save for a few stragglers and a fainted tiger, the lot had been emptied of its goers, leaving the giant umbry and his preseed dribbling cock to their own devices.

"How about we stop you from making too much of a mess for a little bit, hmm?" Moonlight giggled as he pet the tip of his member, bringing the finger to his lips to sample his own flavor. He looked to some sporty shaped Jaguar vehicles and smirked, figuring those will do nicely.

Not bothering to bend over to pick them up, the ring on his forehead began to glow as he telekinetically lifted one off the ground and plucked it out of the air. Upon further inspection, he noticed there was a well dressed fox in the vehicle, staring into the Umbreon's gigantic red eyes in horror.

“Oh you poor thing,” Moonlight teased, “You just couldn’t escape in time could you? Well don’t worry, you’ll be going somewhere nice and warm. It might be a little cramped though, so I hope you’re not claustrophobic!”

Gripping his cock firmly, Moonlight lined up the vehicle with the cum coated slit of his member and bit down on his lower lip before pushing the car in; his slit opening slightly like a mouth to accommodate the vehicle as he slowly pushed it in; the frame of the car groaning and creaking as it bent to the tight fit, swallowing up the vehicle and it’s passenger into it’s hot, sticky depths, slowly being crushed by its insides.

Moonlight resumed stroking himself while closing his eyes, murring deeply while leaning his head back, digging his powerful toes into the ground as he could feel that car being smashed up within; a sensation against those super sensitive nerve endings that just sent powerful shocks through his spine. He spent many long minutes pleasuring himself, dropping to his knees while cupping and kneading those large, heavy, cum filled testicles of his; twitching intensely before the moments leading up to his climax.

With an earth shaking groan, Moonlight came, releasing an intense deluge of white, hot, sticky, musky, sweet flavored goo in ridiculous, bucket amounts that even one his size shouldn’t produce with a powerful force. In an instant the car lot was covered in globs of the stuff; sports field long ropes half as wide shooting about, splattering all over the estate. He flooded the lot effortlessly with his seed, with still plenty to fire off. Wasting no time, he went for the mansion, bending down and thrusting his dick right into the roof with a massive crash, firing off the remaining loads into the building. Maids, butlers and expensive furnishings engulfed and buried in the sticky goo.

He fired off load after load until there was absolutely nothing left, Moonlight sighing happily afterwards while wagging his tail like an excited pup. “Mmm...now that was good...” He purred, slowly rising back to his feet to observe his handiwork.

“Maybe I over did it...” He giggled, “My client is going to have a hell of a time cleaning this up...and it’s going to smell like me for days.” He brought his arms up behind him to stretch with a yawn and smiled, “Oh well, just all in a days work~.”