

Armor clattered noisily as three armed soldiers charged up the stairs. They were all clad in identical uniforms consisting of heavy iron gauntlets, boots, and helmets with green tabards emblazoned with a fierce lion's head covering their breastplates. The one leading the charge had a golden sash to denote his elevated rank and status. His warthog snout and tusks protruded out from the front of his fitted helmet giving him an even more menacing and fierce appearance. The soldiers slammed through the doorway at the top of the stairs and spilled out onto the rooftop of the sprawling manse. On the far end of the roof stood a lithe figure clad in stylish blue tunic and slacks and a brown traveling cloak slung over his shoulders. The young white rabbit's bright pink hair was easily noticeable even in the darkness of midnight. He slowly turned to greet his pursuers. A smug smile was easily visible on his lips, but his eyes were hidden behind a black butterfly shaped mask.

"Good of you to join me, Captain." The bunny laughed. "I was beginning to get worried I would have to leave without anyone to witness my daring escape." He continued with a feigned pout. His big bunny ears drooped dramatically to accentuate his comedic moping.

"Claves! You've got nowhere to run!" The burly warthog shouted back.

"Nowhere to run? Now where have I heard that before?" The shady figure mused sarcastically as he rested his chin on one of his white furry paws in a comedic gesture of feigned contemplation. "Oh! I know. That's the exact same thing you said last time I gave you the slip."

"Fan out! Try and cover his exits!" The captain commanded his two soldiers and then turned his attention back to Claves. "Where can you go from here? It's one hundred feet down on all sides." He sneered at the overly smug thief.

Claves let out a whistle as he pretended to be impressed. "One hundred feet? I would hate to fall from here alright." He mused in his casual melodic voice. "Do you think I could just jump down and skip the whole painful landing part?" He asked with a sly grin.

"What are you planning?" The captain asked apprehensively.

"It's so much more fun if you try to guess first." Claves responded, his smug grin never once leaving his lips.

"My guess is you're going to jail." The captain shot back as he gave the order for his men to engage.

"No, sorry, that is incorrect." Claves replied casually as he took a step back and plummeted off the side of the building into the darkness below. The two officers looked over the ledge, but they could see no sign of the elusive thief.

"Shit..." growled the warthog. "Spread out. He couldn't have gotten far!"

Claves waited for the sounds of the soldier's heavy iron footfalls to fade away before he pulled himself back up onto the roof. "Oh, baby. You are so talented." He praised himself as he wiped the dust off his shirt and his soft, white fur. "And they are so dumb."

Claves knew his pursuers would be scouring the grounds below, and so he took his time silently lobbing his grappling hook to the top of the neighboring guard tower and rappelling his way up. Thanks to his little stunt, the captain's office was completely unguarded... as were the keys to every room in the house. Claves smiled broadly as he

used the captain's own key to unlock the desk drawer and pull out the single ornate key that was stored therein.

Several hours later, the guards had given up their search. It fell on the captain to once again deliver the bad news. He slowly approached the heavy set old lion who was seated at a large ornate desk which was covered in stacks of paper.

The captain bowed his head and delivered his report. "Lord Doyle... I regret to inform you that we have been robbed... again."

The baron seemed surprisingly nonplussed at the news of the break in. "Did he take anything of value?" The lion asked lazily.

"Just the scepter, sir. It seems he knew what he was after." The captain remarked sullenly.

"Well of course he did." The baron relied with a chuckle. "I put him up to it."

"Sir?" The captain replied in astonishment.

The baron grinned knowingly as he explained. "I commissioned him to steal the scepter for me. I used a fake name, of course, but he probably saw through it instantly."

"So it was a trap?" The captain asked. The baron nodded in reply. The captain mulled it over for a minute before continuing. "...If he knew it was a trap, why did he do it? Surely he knows that you wouldn't make good on your offer to pay for whatever he stole."

"He did it out of pride. Simple as that." Doyle responded with a bored tone in his voice as he waved a thick paw dismissively.

"If you intended for him to steal it, why didn't you let us in on it?" The captain continued to question.

"Authenticity." The lord replied flippantly, but then a dark grin spread across his face. "I didn't want him to leave out of boredom. Not before he took the bait anyway."

High above the city, Claves was hopping from rooftop to rooftop with the greatest of ease. He had always felt at home on the rooftops of the busy city. It was the only place that he felt truly free. The buildings were all packed so closely together that he got to feel a little claustrophobic when down on the streets. He skidded to a halt on one of the higher rooftops and took a seat on the ledge. This was his favorite spot to sit and think. He could see the entire city sprawling beneath him. The lights spread out for miles making the ground below look much like the heavens above.

"Now what's so special about this stick that the baron would try and trick me into stealing it from him?" Claves asked out loud as he reached into his satchel and pulled forth the golden rod. The scepter was pretty standard as far as overpriced gem sticks go. It was just a solid gold handle with emeralds and blue diamonds encrusted on the top. It seemed harmless enough. He flipped it over a few times as he inspected every inch of it. Nothing looked out of the ordinary. He cautiously sniffed it in an effort to detect any toxins that may have been used on the surface; he knew the local lord well enough to know that the trap wouldn't be lethal in nature, but it never hurt to check.

Seeing no discernable danger in the scepter, Claves took off his gloves and ran his fingers over his prize. The craftsmanship was remarkable. He couldn't find any blemishes or scuffs on the surface. This stick would fetch him a fair price if he ever decided to sell it, but part of him was keen on keeping it displayed above his bed at all times as a sort of trophy.

He slid the scepter back into his satchel, but no sooner had he let go of the rod than he started feeling a strange sensation in his pants. It felt really good, as if he was in the throes of powerful arousal, although the rest of his body felt really good too. His dick didn't even feel hard at all, but it was straining against the fabric of his pants. Claves watched the expanding bulge with bemused fascination. This definitely seemed like the baron's style of trickery. He slowly got to his feet, aware of the weight of his steadily expanding endowment. It was so cramped in his pants that it was actually starting to hurt, but he knew that wouldn't last long; the stitches in his crotch were already popping. It wasn't long before the fabric gave out completely and his now massively enhanced member spilled out.

Claves was pleasantly surprised by the size of it. The tip of his soft cock almost reached the floor, and his now enormous beach ball sized nuts hung down to his knees. The beast was just a little narrower than his own waist. Just staring at his new and improved cock was getting him worked up. He watched in awe as the gigantic shaft steadily hardened and rose up. Before he knew it, he was face to face with the head of his own enormous cock. The tip of it reached right up to his lips. It was the absolute perfect size for him to lick and kiss it.

Claves wasn't about to let this turn of events go to waste. He wrapped his lips around the tip as best he could. It was far too large to ever take the thing in his mouth, but he was able to lock lips with the oozing slit. The bittersweet pre flowed into his mouth and down his throat as he stroked the giant shaft with both hands. He could barely think about anything other than how amazing his three feet of cock felt. The intense pleasure consumed all of his senses and all he wanted was more.

Despite the pure, unbridled euphoria he was experiencing, Claves felt strangely empty inside... literally. He reached into his pouch and pulled forth the only thing he had to use, the golden scepter. He pressed the handle against his eager hole and moaned in ecstasy as it easily slid into him. The ornate golden stick was almost two feet long and easily thicker than a baseball bat, and yet, it still felt too small to satisfy him. Claves looked around at his surroundings to see if there was anything else he could use. His eyes lit up as he noticed the small shapes on the corners of the roof. The small statues were very modern looking in their design. They consisted of three large spheres stacked one on top of the other; each one large than the last like some avant-garde snowman.

Claves walked over to the nearest one and sat down atop it. The top sphere was no larger than a grapefruit and went in extremely easily. Claves slid down the sculpture and began to take the second sphere. This one was slightly bigger yet still only the size of a soccer ball. He could feel his ass stretch ever so slightly to take the new, larger object. It felt amazing. He had never been filled quite so full before, but there was plenty of room left inside of him, and he was sure he could go further.

The third and final orb was almost as wide as his hips. He could feel his ass stretch out impossibly wide as he slowly sank farther and farther down. His breathing became shorter and more labored as he was overcome by arousal and desire to cum, but still he held off. He was determined to reach the bottom before blowing his load. He strained as he reached the widest point of the ball. It was a tight fit, but he slowly and deliberately managed to get it into him. His ass made impact with the concrete as he let out a long, sensual moan of relief. Thick ropes of cum fired from his enlarged shaft and rained down upon the darkness of the city streets. He could hear some gasps of shock

from a few night owls who were wandering the streets at this late hour. He figured some of them had probably even been hit by the hail of spooage, but he didn't care. He felt so amazing right now that all he wanted to do was cum and cum and cum some more.

Eventually even his massive nuts had managed to be fully drained. He had literally came gallons of jizz upon the streets below. The immense volume of spunk was far larger than what even his enormous nuts should have been capable of holding. Claves ran his hands contentedly over the bulges in his gut. He was so thoroughly filled by the statue that his body had distorted to take it all in. He could actually see the outline of the figure as it pressed hard against the inside of his abs.

Claves let out a long moan of euphoria as he slowly lifted back off of the new age retro snowman. He had to bite his lip to stifle a loud cry of ecstasy as he felt his ass once again stretch out to pass over the extra large center of the largest sphere. Part of him wondered why he had bothered. He was so used to being stealthy that it had just came as a reflex, but by this time most of the citizens on the street knew he was up there, if for no reason other than the cum shower he had given them all.

His pants were in tatters and his shirt was soaked clear through with jizz. There was no salvaging any of his clothes. Claves shrugged and discarded his sordid rags on the rooftop and returned to hopping from roof to roof. He was pleasantly surprised to find that his new enhancements didn't seem to slow him down at all. On the contrary, he felt much more alive and vigorous than he had before. He was definitely more virile sexually than he had been; his hefty nuts were already sloshing with pent up cum even just a few minutes after having dumped that previous immense load.

He landed with a dull thump as he dove through the open window of his friend's apartment. Leo was almost as big a night owl as he was, so Claves doubted he'd be asleep. Sure enough, he found the blue haired feline hard at work filling out papers by lamplight. Claves was sneaky, but not nearly sneaky enough to get the drop on the slender cat at the desk.

Leo slowly turned around in his chair, allowing the lamp light to illuminate his handsome features. Despite being very similar in age, he looked much more mature than his roguish compatriot. His long, blue hair was pulled back into a stylish ponytail, and his slim, elegant features of his grey furred face were accentuated by a pair of wire thin, golden spectacles. His large, yellow eyes quickly darted down to Claves's enormous cock. "That must be the baron's newest trap." He commented with a sigh.

"Yeah." Claves responded, strangely casually given his condition. "What can you tell me about it?"

Leo shrugged and slipped on a pair of gloves. "I assume it is linked to an item? Most likely the scepter you were asked to steal by none other than the baron himself? The one that was obviously a trap?" Leo said with a bit of good natured "I told you so" snark.

"Here you go." Claves responded cheerfully as he tossed the scepter to Leo. Leo again was a little surprised by just how well his friend was taking this. He shrugged it off and pulled a small crystal pendant from the front of his shirt. A few minutes and several incantations later, all of which caused the pendant to change various colors, Leo had managed to scry the nature of the curse.

"Well the good news is it is reversible." Leo said matter-of-factly. "It will actually go away on its own. All you have to do is not climax until the spell runs its course otherwise it will become permanent."

“Oh. That is good news!” Claves responded happily. His contented grin made Leo a little uneasy.

“No way... you didn’t...” Leo murmured as he started to piece it together.

“Yeah. Isn’t it great?” Claves said as he stood up and posed seductively. Leo had to admit, Claves had always been hot; his lean, toned body was just the right level of muscular to really accentuate his boyish good looks. Now that Claves had ditched the mask, his cute face was openly on display. His large, bright eyes, cute, pink bunny nose, and deceptively sweet grin belied his true age.

“This is not great.” Leo replied with a sigh. He was trying to divert his eyes away from his friend’s now permanently massive wang. As much as he hated to admit it, it was extremely hot, especially on Claves’s cute body. “You’ve officially blown your cover. Don’t you see? This was his game all along. Now whenever you go out in public, people will be able to see that you are the midnight marauder.”

Claves chuckled a bit at the nickname that the local papers had given him. He was sure that his new nickname would be so much better. “Don’t worry about that. I already have a plan.” Claves said with a sly grin as he took the scepter back from Leo. Leo gave him a confused look, but a look of understanding slowly spread across his face as he caught on. It was too late for him, though. Claves had already given a playful pat on the cheek with the bejeweled end of the fancy rod.

Leo moaned sensually as he felt the rush of hormones and pleasure that accompanied the rapid growth of his loins. His baggy pajama bottoms provided only the most meager of resistance before shredding under the weight of his massive equipment. He looked down upon his new cock and balls in wonder. He didn’t want to admit it out loud, but it looked amazing and felt even better. He sighed and resigned himself to his new enhancements. He already knew that it was going to be permanent anyways.

Claves got down on his knees and lifted the head of Leo’s cock with both hands and held it to his mouth. He slowly and passionately locked lips with the beast. He kissed and licked and sucked every inch of the spongy tip, all the while, Leo shuddered and moaned in unbridled ecstasy. As Leo’s cock got steadily harder and began to lift up off the ground, Claves stood up to keep pace with it. Before long he was standing up with their two massive cocks sandwiched between them and staring directly into Leo’s eyes as he continued to make love to his friend’s enormous cock. Leo was too far gone to fight back. He let out a low moan as he fell back into his chair.

Claves grinned victoriously as he slowly climbed up on top of the blue haired feline. He lowered himself down, slowly and sensually, on his friend’s mighty shaft. It felt so much better than that statue he had used earlier. His friend’s cock was warm and soft and yet still firm and alive. His whole body wanted to scream in ecstasy from the feeling of being pumped completely full of giant cock.

Leo stared on in awe as Claves slowly mounted his gigantic cock. It didn’t seem physically possible, but Claves was slowly taking his cock inch by inch. He could actually see the outline of his cock in his friend’s body as the bunny’s gut bulged outward to accommodate the massive dick. It was such a bizarre sight and yet somehow, it was completely erotic as well.

Leo shuddered as he felt Claves’s muscles and body move and shift around his enormous cock. He could feel it as every inch of his pink haired bud’s body quivered and shifted around his massive dick as if his friend had been reduced to little more than a

living, breathing, flesh jack. Leo never imagined anything could feel so good. He didn't care that he was going to be stuck with a giant cock for the rest of his life, if anything he was actually excited by the prospect now, especially if it meant he could feel like this on a regular basis.

Leo moaned loudly as he unloaded his spunk into his friend's ass. The sheer volume of spooge he was pumping out blew his mind. There had to be gallons and gallons of the stuff. It seemed impossible even with the massively enlarged size of his nuts.

Leo's eyes wanted to roll back into his head as his brain fogged over from pleasure overload, but he refused to allow it. He didn't want to miss a second of what was happening before him. With nowhere else to go, Leo's massive load began collecting in Claves's stomach, causing the pink haired beauty's once flat, toned tummy to swell up and inflate like a water balloon. Seeing the bizarre spectacle before him somehow just made him cum harder.

It didn't take Claves long to reach climax once Leo's torrent of cum was unleashed within him. He could feel his gut getting larger by the second and it felt amazing. The very lining of his stomach ached orgasmically as it was forced to expand ever outward by the onslaught of jizz. This skin of his once lean tummy was warm and tingly to the touch. His entire white furred torso was now an erogenous zone. He could do nothing but moan happily and cum like a fire hose and he stroked his erotically bloated, fuzzy gut.

Claves's geyser of spunk fired hard into the air, causing his load to splatter against the ceiling and rain back down upon both of them, but as his stomach expanded, his gut pushed his cock steadily forward so that before long he was firing his load directly into Leo's face.

Leo lapped up the tidal wave of cum joyously. He had longed to get this close with the thief that had stolen his heart for what seemed like ages now, but he had never in his wildest dreams imagined it would be like this. Now that they were both going to be hyper hung sex freaks, this crazy sex might even turn out to be the norm.

Eventually, both lovers finally reached their limit. It had felt like it lasted hours, and yet it felt like it had not lasted nearly long enough. Claves slowly stood up, letting Leo's enormous, soft cock slide out of him with a sticky plop. He could feel warm jizz seeping out of his blown out hole. He never wanted the afterglow to fade. He felt as if his entire body had been fucked into jelly. Every inch of his skin was tingly and sensitive to the touch, but nowhere more so than his enormously distended belly. He wrapped his arms lovingly around it, but he couldn't even get his fingers to touch of the other end. His entire furry gut jiggled like a water balloon as all of Leo's spooge sloshed and churned within. He felt so wonderful and content that he would have been happy to stay there forever just basking in the afterglow and stroking his engorged tummy, but he had other matters to attend to still.

"Just great." Leo moaned sassily. "Now everyone will know that you're the butterfly bandit and I'm your cohort." Despite his grumbling, Leo sounded just as pleased as Claves felt. It was obvious that Leo had wanted it as badly as Claves had, maybe even more so.

Claves climbed into the windowsill and looked back at Leo with a smug grin as he replaced his mask. Somehow, Claves still managed to look suave and debonair even in

spite of his enormous, jiggly belly, his obscenely large cock and balls, and the steady stream of cum flowing from his ravaged ass. “No need to worry about that. By this time next week, half the city will look like us.” Claves tapped the scepter to his forehead as a farewell salute and vanished into the night air clad in just his black mask.