

Claves was once again on the prowl, hopping from roof to roof with the greatest of ease in spite of the massive, waist thick dong that dangled down to his ankles and the accompanying beach ball sized nuts that sloshed audibly with jizz. Clad in just a flowing, dark blue cloak, lightweight, cobalt blue cloth shoes and gloves, and his trademark butterfly mask, he could feel the cool night air whipping across his exposed fur.

Claves didn't really have a goal tonight. He wasn't the type to just break into places all willy-nilly. He far preferred to plan out his heists well in advance and only strike places with great significance. He wasn't doing it for the wealth; he had accrued plenty of that. He broke into heavily fortified places for the thrill of it. Once there, he would nick an object or two just to prove that he could. Said objects tended to fetch a large sum, though. Claves did have an eye for the finer things in life, and he could spot an expensive piece from a mile away.

Tonight, though, he was only interested in getting some fresh air and maybe making a spectacle of himself. Even if he had been clothed, the appearance of a dashing thief on a windowsill or balcony high above a courtyard patrolled by guards tended to make an impression. Claves got more of his notoriety from showing up places uninvited than he did from actually stealing anything. He could still vividly remember some of his more daring stunts. His personal favorite was when he had crashed the prince's masquerade ball birthday party without even wearing a costume. Everyone was so amazed at how authentic his butterfly mask looked. They hadn't even thought to check if he really was the daring thief he was dressed as. The only thing he had stolen that night was a sweet kiss from the prince... as well as the little lord's virginity.

The fur on the back of Claves neck stood up as a chill ran down his spine. Someone or something was watching him, but he didn't know who or what. He skidded to a halt on the next rooftop he landed on. He took a defensive stance as his eyes scanned the neighboring rooftops. They all seemed empty, but he was sure it couldn't just be his imagination. Just as he was about to turn and take off running again in an attempt to flush out his pursuer, Claves spotted him.

The cloaked figure was serenely balancing atop the highest spire of a nearby cathedral. Even in the darkness of midnight Claves could make out the defining characteristics; a flowing cobalt blue cloak, blue gloves and shoes, and a very intricate and very exact copy of his own butterfly mask. The figure grinned at him and leapt off of the cathedral with the greatest of ease. He seemed to float as he crossed the entire distance to Claves's rooftop in a single bound. As the figure made his descent, the flowing cape floated up, revealing the lithe, nude body beneath.

Claves had to admit, whoever his doppelganger was had obviously done their homework. He even had the cock and ball sized almost exact. As the mostly nude boy reached Claves's location, Claves was able to pick out small differences. The most obvious was that his duplicate had light blue hair instead of pink like Claves's, and the fur that covered the mimic's body had a slightly earthy brown tone to it instead of being pure white like Claves's own was. The newcomer's dick was also slightly smaller than Claves's. The figure's cock was only slightly shorter than Claves's but was noticeably thinner, and his nuts were closer to the size of basketballs instead of the massive beach balls that Claves had swinging between his knees.

The cloud that had been semi-obscuring the moon rolled away, and bright moonlight illuminated the doppelganger's features. He was very similar to Claves in terms of height and build, but now that they

were so close together, Claves could see that he was just an inch or two shorter, had more of a slim, slight build, and the few facial features that weren't hidden behind the mask were quite a bit more delicate and refined looking.

"You trying to be my sidekick? Sorry, but I work alone." Claves quipped with a smirk.

"I'm no sidekick. I am a mirror of the truth." The figure spoke dramatically. He then did a back flip, landing flawlessly on the neighboring ridge of the roof. The double then raised one hand straight up and the other straight down. Keeping his arms outstretched he traced two semi-circles, one with each hand, and he swiftly spun his arms clockwise. As his hands simultaneously reach the opposite end of their mutually exclusive arcs, he quickly snapped into a new, and risqué pose. With his right hand on his hip and the other making a sidewise V shape across his eyes, the doppelganger lifted up his left knee and pivoted at the hip in some strange action hero pose. His cloak miraculously fluttered despite the lack of any wind in the still night. The pose might have looked dynamic and maybe even inspiring had he been clothed, but in his current, mostly nude state, the heroic stance just served to show off both his cute little butt and massive package. Claves also caught a glimpse of a small, familiar looking birthmark on the mysterious figure's inner thigh. "I'm here to make you reflect on the error of your ways, Claves." The figure announced triumphantly.

Claves merely laughed at the imposters taunt. "You clearly don't get out much." He teased dismissively. "So what are you going to do? Pose me to death?"

"No! I'm going to end this in one strike!" The figure launched forward with his right fist held out before him. "Lunar Knight Str-" He didn't even manage to finish his cheesy attack name. When the doppelganger came in range, Claves reached out and effortlessly grabbed the boy's wrist and redirected his flight path. A look of shock began to creep across the double's face right as the side of Claves' handmade impact with the back of his neck. Everything went dark for him after that as his body drifted down to the streets below.

Sometime later, the blue haired duplicate finally began to stir. He groaned as his eyes fluttered open. He felt groggy and tired and couldn't remember where he was. As his vision finally came into focus he found himself staring up at the grinning, masked face of the renowned master thief. It was then that he realized that he was lying comfortably with his head resting on the thief's exposed thigh and their twin cloaks pulled over him like blankets. The double gasped and jumped to his feet with surprising speed, causing the two cloaks to fall off as he did so. Realizing his cloak had been removed, his hands instinctively shot up to his face. He let out a slight sigh of relief as he realized that his mask was still in place.

"Nice tricks you had there." Claves calmly remarked with an amiable grin. He was so pleasant and calm that his mimic found it very unnerving. "A nice set of enchantments that could make you almost able to sneak up on me; muffled movement, clouded visage, slow fall. I also like how you tried to make yourself look like me with the slightly boosted height, and my favorite part... enhanced equipment." Claves added with a smirk as he gestured towards the other guy's exposed privates. The doppelganger's cock and balls had returned to their normal size. His soft six inches dangled down over a pair of respectable ping pong balls. It wasn't just his dick that had reverted to normal but his fur and ears as well. His body was now covered in a soft layer of chestnut brown fuzz, and his previously long, white, floppy bunny ears had shrunk down to short, dark brown, but no less floppy puppy ears. The double quickly reached down to hide his shame as he realized that he was no longer playing in the

big leagues.

"You cheated!" The now slightly shorter, slimmer, and less endowed copy shouted back. "One punch was all I needed to take you on!"

"Oh, right. The torpor enchantment on your gloves. You put so much work into stacking the deck in your favor, and you call me the cheater?" Claves replied with a bemused grin.

"What was that thing you did? With the grab and the hit?" The duplicate sputtered.

"A simple counter takedown. It's one of the most basic self-defense moves out there... You didn't really think you could just show up with a couple enchantments and a bunch of cheesy lines and think that that'd be enough to beat me, did you?"

"Well... I never really wanted to beat you..." The copy said looking suddenly bashful. "I just needed to, you know... duel you to a standstill and then you'd have to recognize me as your rival, and then we'd continually clash at random intervals on moonlit nights, and our epic rivalry and tragic friendship would be remembered in song and legend for centuries to come!" The doppelganger got steadily more excited as he spoke until he was positively pumped by the end. By the time he finished his monologue he was practically bounding up and down in excitement.

"You know... It doesn't really count if you have to create the whole persona with magic. If you really want to be my rival, maybe I could teach you some basic martial arts moves." Claves replied casually as his hand slowly drifted to the satchel at his side. "And I can set it up so you'd never need to fake the dick." Claves grinned wider as he reached into his satchel.

The double's heart was beating in his chest as he watched the thief's hand slowly pull forth an ornate golden scepter. He recognized it instantly. It was the source of the outbreak of massive dongs around the city. "Keep that away from me." The mimic said as he slowly backed away; his voice faltering as he did so.

"What? You don't want what I have to offer? You certainly seemed interested in it earlier, and it looks like at least part of you wants to be big again." Claves held the scepter out in front of him and pointed it at the doppelganger's exposed, erect cock. The blue haired double's dick was so hard that it was already dribbling pre from the excitement.

"Please... I can't." He pleaded as he continued to back away. He didn't get very far before he bumped up against the brick wall of a neighboring building. The thief continued to stride towards him, swinging the scepter playfully as he did so. Claves's implacable smile sent shivers down the imposter's spine. Finally, Claves was a scant few inches from the trembling pup. The doppelganger clenched his eyes shut and waited for the spell to inevitably be placed on him. His whole body tensed in preparation, but instead of feeling the cold surface of the scepter touch him, he instead felt the thief's warm, toned arms wrap around his shoulders and pull him in close. The mimic gasped in surprise as his eyes quickly flew open.

"Do not worry, sweet prince." Claves whispered sensually in the pup's ear. "I would never do anything you did not want me to."

"You... You knew!?" The prince gasped in shock; his voice breaking into a squeak as he did so.

"Did you think a haircut and a few extra inches would fool me?" Claves asked with a smug grin. "And even if I hadn't figured it out almost instantly..." He leaned in closer and whispered into the prince's ear as he slid a hand down and tenderly rubbed the boy's inner thigh. "I'm the only person outside of the royal family that know about your little birth mark, aren't I?" Claves could feel the prince's body tremble from his soft touch and seductive tone.

The prince silently turned his face away from the dashing thief, but even though he hadn't said a word and the mask covered most of the rosy tint of his blushing cheeks, the slight curl of his lips gave him away. Claves continued beaming as he guided the pup's chin back around so that the prince was once again gazing into his eyes. They held each other's gaze for a moment before Claves moved in. There was a soft click of the twin masks bumping softly together as their lips met.

"I've missed you." The prince muttered breathlessly as their lips parted. "Why haven't you at least come to visit?"

"Even for me, breaking into the royal palace is no small feat." Claves responded with a wry grin. "And people might talk if I made a habit of showing up in the presence of the royal family on a regular basis."

"Let them talk. I could always have you knighted or something to keep you close by." The prince huffed.

"It's not the nobles I am worried about, and I am not the type to be kept around like some pet. No, mon Scherrie. We both know it's better like this." Claves said tenderly as he ran a hand through the prince's blue hair.

"Stop calling me that." The blue haired teen stammered as he once again turned his face away from the thief to hide his blushing.

"Ah, would you prefer it to be more formal?" Claves said playfully as he dramatically backed away and struck a dynamic pose. He dropped to one knee and extended his arms like a Shakespearean actor about to deliver a heartfelt sonnet. "O, my dear lord Scherzo."

"That's even worse!" Prince Scherzo shouted indignantly as he stamped his foot. It was clear that he wasn't at all upset, though. The blush had spread through much of his face so that even with the mask on, it was blatantly obvious, and the lack of clothing made it so that he couldn't hide his still rigid, dribbling cock even if he wanted to.

Claves's massive cock had been steadily chubbing up as he teased the prince. It was already approaching half-mast before his little pose, but seeing how much he was getting the blue haired lord all

worked up, was all that Claves needed to send him over the edge. "That's right. We're far beyond formalities now, aren't we, Scherrie?" Claves asked lasciviously as he strode forward, slowly stroking his hardening cock.

Scher had been painfully aware of the enormous dick swinging between his paramour's legs this entire time, but now that it was almost rock hard he couldn't take his eyes off of it. Even though his was an imitation, a cheap illusion that he had conjured up for his little charade, he had enjoyed the feeling of his own massive dick swinging heavily between his shins as he hopped and dashed. He found himself wishing that he had a wondrous cock like the one that towered before him, but he was a prince and next in line to be king. He couldn't give in to his base desires... or at least not do so in such a way that it would be obvious to everyone in the court. He had to maintain his aura of poise and dignity, and that aura did not include several feet of dick.

As Claves slowly strode forward, still stroking his now pre-oozing cock, Scher slowly backed away from him until he was once again with his back to the wall. Claves steadily bridged the gap until he was so close that the tip of his erect cock was pressed against the prince's chest. Claves continued to move in closer and closer; the head of his cock slowly moving up the pup's chest, leaving a trail of slick pre along his soft, brown fur as it did so. Claves placed a hand against the wall on either side of the prince's head. As he leaned in, the head of his cock pressed up against the pup's chin.

With the giant shaft propping his head up, Scher couldn't look away even if he had wanted to. The scent of Claves's pre flooded his nostrils as the stream of clear liquid flowed from the head of the massive cock even faster than before. Their masks clinked softly as Claves leaned in and pressed his forehead against the prince's. Their eyes were now but scant inches apart. Scher's entire view was flooded with the eyes of the elusive thief. Claves's irises were the same shade of pale pink as his flowing hair, and in that moment, Scher couldn't imagine anything more beautiful.

Claves could actually feel the prince quivering in anticipation under his immense dick. The enormous shaft was pressed against the pup's torso so that the prince's entire chest and abdomen were wedged up against it. Claves could feel every shudder, every muscle twitch in the teen's upper body against his gigantic, rock hard shaft. "It's been ages since I've fucked you hasn't it?" Claves asked with a bit of a guttural chuckle. His voice had taken on a deep and raspy quality that he knew drove the prince wild. "Feel like going again?"

Scher tried to focus and remember his duties and his position. He also knew that it was impossible for him to take a cock that was thicker than his slender waist, but his hormone addled mind was too busy thinking about his amazing it must feel to be spread open so wide that his hips had to actually shift to take the cock. "You're too big." He managed to gasp breathlessly. "It'll never work."

Claves chuckled again and then responded. "What do you actually know of the enchantment placed on the scepter? What if I told you that it allows those affected to stretch to accept any size cock they could dream of?"

Scher's mouth hung open as he tried to process what he had just been told. If he accepted the curse, he would be able to actually ride that glorious cock. "I... I can't" He managed to stammer. He immediately began beating himself up for rejecting the gift yet again, but he had his position to think of.

"That's too bad." Claves responded with mock resignation. "I suppose that's all there is to it then." He let out a long, comically overdone sigh. He flashed the prince one last sly grin before he turned and swaggered off down the empty street; his cute, round, bubble butt and small pink cottontail swishing as he went. His now beanbag chair sized nuts grazed the pavement with each pendulous swing, and his huge cock bobbed and dribbled with every step.

Claves reach the end of the alleyway and turned back to call out one last bit of information before he left. "Although, I suppose I should mention that the changes aren't permanent unless you climax. Not that that would really help you. I mean, I do know a spell that would make it impossible for you to cum, but why would you want me to do something like that?" He said with mock confusion.

Scher's jaw fell open. He was so stunned by this revelation that he didn't even notice Claves strolling casually out of the alleyway and down the major thoroughfare. When Scher snapped to his senses he ran down the alley after the thief. By the time he skidded onto the main road, Claves was already well down the street. "Claves! Stop!" He shouted after the pink haired thief. Claves pretended he hadn't heard and continued his leisurely stroll down the road. "As crown prince of Sonata, I demand that you halt!"

At this, Claves casually spun around; a smug grin clearly visible on his face as he continued to walk backwards. "I see no princes here. Just a couple of rival thieves meeting in the dead of night."

Scher looked around. The few people who were out and about this late at night seemed to be glaring at him intently, and it wasn't just because he was out and about with next to no clothes on. Scher was suddenly glad he still had his mask on. At least he could try and play off his outburst and keep his identity a secret. "Well, maybe there aren't any lords here, but it got your attention didn't it?" Scher replied with as much bravado as he could muster. "Now go on. Use the spell. I dare you!"

Claves's grin spread into a beaming smile. Sparks erupted from his hand as he snapped his fingers together. Scher didn't even have to wonder what had just happened. Almost instantly he could feel his cock get even harder as the pre that was trying to dribble out suddenly found itself trapped. He rubbed his thumb against the now dry tip of his cock in bemused fascination. He was still as horny as he had ever been in his life, but he couldn't seem to get anything out of his dick. He was so fixated on his cock that he hadn't even noticed Claves quickly closing the gap. Scher jumped a bit as he heard Claves's voice speaking to him from mere feet away.

"Now here's the rules." Claves explained intensely as he extended a finger to correspond with each rule. "Rule one. If you cum during the effects of the scepter all changes will become permanent. Rule two. You will be physically unable to cum for as long as I keep the enchantment on you. Rule three. I will under no circumstances remove the enchantment unless you beg me. Literally get down, on your honor, and plead for release. Are we clear?"

"Oh, yes. Please." Scher gasped.

"Very well." Claves replied with a contented grin. Claves slid around behind the prince and pulled forth the scepter. Scher's whole body tensed as he waited for the changes to begin. Claves held aloft the scepter and pressed the thicker, bejeweled end of the scepter against the prince's cute little butt. Scher could feel the magic take affect almost instantly. His cock and balls swelled and swelled. The sensation

was magnificent. He felt like he could cum at any second just from the intense arousal caused by the warm, tingly, pulsing through his loins. He was so fixated on his growing cock and balls that he didn't even register his ass spreading to accept the football sized mass of gems atop the scepter.

"Looks like you're ready." Claves said triumphantly as he easily slid the scepter back out of the prince's now extra pliable hole. "Now for the real fun." Claves slipped the scepter back into his sack and looked up. It was then that he realized that Scher's cock was still growing.

Scher's nuts had already gotten so large that they rested on the pavement, and his cock was so big that it was thicker than even Claves's waist and towered well over either of their heads. Claves stared in awe at the almost seven feet of rigid cock that towered over the street.

"What happened?" Scher asked as he stared up and up at the immense dick that was bigger than his whole body.

"The final size is based on the magical power within the user." Claves said as flatly as he could. He was trying to hide his awe, but it was near impossible to not feel complete amazed by the magnificent sight before him.

The royal family all descended from Mage King Allegretto, the man for whom the Arcanum was named. A sorcerer so powerful that they say he single handedly crushed the feuding principalities and united the entire kingdom. Since that time, the royal family has always been populated by immensely powerful sorcerers, but even among the nobility the rumors had spread that the young prince could surpass them all. Judging by what he could now see towering before him, Claves had no reason to doubt the sheer size of the slim teen's aptitude.

The growth of the prince's cock gradually tapered off leaving him with a towering spire just over ten feet tall. Scher placed a hand tentatively against his own giant shaft. The colossal cock bucked and twitched as if it was ready to cum, but nothing came out. Claves could feel the jizz churning in his own enlarged nuts as his arousal reached new heights. Claves knew he would have to get his dick into his slender friend soon or he would blow his load just from standing in the presence of such a phenomenal cock.

Claves placed one hand on either of his huge balls and uttered one last incantation. He had learned a few new spells from Tim, and he had discovered new and erotic ways of using them. His current spell allowed him to ramp up his production of cum even more. He could see and feel his balls swelling as his supercharged cum factories started working at far above normal speeds. "It's time, my prince." Claves said breathlessly as he lined up his cock with the pup's eager hole.

Scher was still too enthralled by his own growth to say anything. He ran his hand tenderly across his massive shaft, feeling how small and insignificant his touch was compared to the spire of cock that stretched out before him. It wasn't until he actually felt Claves's cock pressing against his butt that he snapped back to reality. He let out a loud moan of sheer bliss as his hole stretched to new and unheard of extremes. He looked down and he could actually see his hips spreading wider as his body stretched to accept the immense shaft. He could see every vein in Claves's enormous dick bulging out as his body wrapped tightly over the intruding member like a second skin. Scher could even make out the folds of Claves's foreskin through his own incredibly taut skin. The sensation was far beyond anything he had

ever imagined. He could feel every twitch and shudder of Claves's cock as if it was part of his own body. He could feel the steady stream of pre flowing into him. He could even feel the pressure welling up deep down inside of Claves's huge dick as the thief struggled to hold back the tidal wave of jizz. It almost felt to Scher as if he had actually become one with the thief's enormous cock. His whole body shuddered with orgasmic pleasure in tandem with Claves's cock as the thief struggled to hold back his spunk.

Scher wished he could cum. He had never dreamed he could need to get off this badly. The sensation of needing it so bad was painful and maddening. His nuts felt so pleasantly full as they continued to swell and swell as a result of his intense arousal. Scher shuddered and his toes curled and uncurled as the maddening waves of pleasure buffeted against his mind. His entire body screamed for release and yet he was not physically able to do so.

Claves's huge cock continued to ream him mercilessly. The behemoth rammed in and out of him causing his stomach to bulge out farther with each pass. Scher's normally flat belly was already showing signs of distending as more and more of Claves's pre seeped into him. With each thrust, Scher's brain called out for release. With each plunge, his body became more and more sensitive. With each mercilessly reaming, Scher found himself wishing that he could dump the contents of his painfully swollen sacks of jizz all over the city. "please... cum..." He managed to whimper.

Claves was all too happy to oblige. He gave one last, deep, powerful thrust and held it in as he unloaded the contents of his now sofa sized nuts. Gallons upon gallons flooded into the prince every second. Scher gave one last violent shudder before the flash flood of spoooge crashed into him.

Scher had been trying to plead for Claves to release him from the spell when he muttered his last few words, but instead the thief had interpreted it as an open invitation to cum inside the young noble. Scher's whole body was wracked to its core with pure, intense, unfettered bliss. It was as if every cell in his body orgasmed in unison. He could no longer focus his eyes or stop his screams as everything he had been feeling a minute ago became amplified tenfold. The small bump in his gut that had been forming quickly ballooned outwards. In a matter of seconds, it had gone from a small basketball sized paunch to a full scale blimp of cum. Scher could no longer even wrap his arms around his enormous, jiggling belly. The cum sloshed audibly inside of him as the pink haired thief continued to unload his impossible huge load. Scher was barely even capable of breathing as the waves of pleasure coursed through him and overloaded his brain.

His rapidly expanding gut spilled over the sides of his colossal cock and showed no signs of stopping. In a matter of moments his belly was so huge that it blocked his vision. Everywhere he looked was a solid wall of quivering flesh. His entire body sloshed with pent up cum. Every orgasmic shudder caused the jizz stored inside of him to churn audibly within. He could feel his toes leave the ground as his belly got so large that it lifted him upwards. Claves gripped him tight and never let even an inch of his cock slip out.

The two continued to rise as they rode the steadily expanding swell of the prince's gigantic cum-gut. Scher felt his cock, which had at first been pinned under the expanse of jizz-laden belly, slowly spring free as his upward climb steadily caused his body to shift into a more horizontal position. Before he knew it, he was suspended above the city street atop an absolutely monolithic reservoir of jizz. His eleven foot cock angled downward and pressed against the pavement like a kickstand to stabilize the titanic spoooge blimp that he was resting on top of. Scher could do nothing but cry in pure ecstasy. By the time Claves finally stopped cumming, Scher's gut was so huge that his immense cock could no longer touch the



ground.

"So. How was it?" Claves asked with a self-satisfied tone. Scher could not even muster the will to speak. Every swell and roil of the sea of cum sloshing around inside of him caused his brain to overload all over again. He wished with every fiber of his being to be able to cum.

"please." He managed to utter almost inaudibly. "release me."

"What was that?" Claves asked playfully.

"release me... I command..." Scher managed to say slightly more forcibly.

"You command? You are in no position to command." Claves taunted mercilessly as he ran a hand through the pup's silky smooth blue hair.

The slender teen continued to try to mouth words, but only a few actually formed. "I am... your prince commands."

"Remember our agreement." Claves teased as he dug his fingers into the skin of the prince's colossal cum-flooded gut causing the vast reserve of spunk stored within to slosh about even more wildly. The prince cried out even louder as the sensations became even more intense. Claves placed his thumb and middle finger together and held his hand before the prince's eyes. "Just say the magic words."

"I'm... please... I'm... begging you." Scher choked out.

"Bingo." Clave responded triumphantly as he snapped his fingers. The second the snap rang out Scher came with such force that his mind completely blacked out. He couldn't even scream or moan anymore. His tongue lolled out the side of his mouth and a blank stare spread across his face as he twitched and convulsed from the sheer, mind-breaking euphoria of his titanic cumshot.

Each of Scher's now gargantuan nuts held enough spunk to fill a water tower and then some, and every last ounce of that pent up jizz was now flooding out onto the city streets. He fired rope after thick, massive rope of spunk onto the streets below, each jet seemingly bigger than the last. He must have been cumming for at least ten minutes straight by the time his stream finally started to diminish. By the time he was done, the streets below looked like a winter wonderland of spunk. Entire blocks were overflowing with the thick, sticky load.

Claves looked out over his handiwork. The prince was suspended atop a giant blimp of jizz that was so large it would take the prince several hours, maybe even days to fully process it all. In the meantime, the young prince would be stuck there, blocking traffic in a busy part of town, openly on display for all of his adoring subjects to gawk at for hours on end, his colossal cock and balls dangling down above the crowded city streets.

Claves leaned in closer and brushed away the hair from the side of the slender teen's beautiful cheek. He gave the pup one last gentle kiss on the cheek, right below the edge of the mask and whispered into his ear. "Of course you know... this means it's permanent." A slight smile crept across the prince's lips as he was rocked to sleep by the steady sloshing of the spoooge roiling around inside gigantic, comfy belly.