

"Hey there, Kleptomaniacs!"

Heavy wooden front doors burst open with a single kick as a disheveled-looking raccoon stepped through. The phone perched at the end of his extended arm glinted, the camera focused on his face as he marched into the dark foyer. "It's ya boi Rufus, comin' to ya *live* from the inside of another heist!"

Behind the raccoon came a red fox in a teal-colored jumpsuit. "You could stand to be a little less loud." He rolled his orange-yellow eyes as he stepped over the threshold, a small layer of dust breezing across the marble floor.

"Eeeeh, that's just my co-stealer, Gents!" Rufus wrapped his lithe arm around the fox, giving him a little shake. "Don't mind him none! He's always a wet blanket!"

"I think you mean 'partner in crime,' buddy."

He noogied into the vulpine's scalp, digging in between pointed ears. "Yeah! Tha's what I said!" The raccoon cackled as Fennix managed to shake him off, amused with the disgusted look thrown his way.

"Maybe you should stop focusin' on your 'blog' and more on thievin'," Fennix deadpanned, wiping at his violet-studded shoulder pads as if Rufus had sullied them. "This cat was filthy rich, just like the rest'a them Society stooges."

"Heeey," Rufus whined, "Don't be jealous jus' cuz I got a cult following!"

The fox rolled his eyes as they stepped under the sparkling chandelier. The opulent mansion practically spread before them, a buffet of plunder.

"You take the bedrooms, and I'll hit the kitchens and dinin'," Fennix instructed, gesturing his head toward the East wing.

"Heeey!" Rufus pointed a finger, gliding it right into the fox's chest. "You just want all the snacks to yourself!"

The fox pushed the digit away indignantly. "No. I'm stoppin' *you* from eatin' until you're sick. You remember last time?"

Rufus cringed, ears folding back as he hunched into his shoulders.

"Yeah, tha's what I thought," the fox scoffed. "Practically had to drag your food-comatose-ass outta the window.

"Feh, you enjoyed man-handlin' me," he shot back with a smirk.

Fennix cocked his head disapprovingly, hands going to his hips. "We're on the clock, fellah."

He rolled his eyes, waving with his free hand at the fox. "Fine-fine! You go and enjoy his fancy cakes 'n other shit without me." He sneered, already hopping up a few steps on that grand,

sweeping staircase. "I'll be off plunderin' his shinies instead. See how you feel when I got pockets fulla gems, and you're still scroungin' up silverware!"

Rufus didn't give his companion a chance to sass back, already scampering up the stairs with a hissing snicker. He eyed suits of armor and expensive artwork. He was sure it was all worth a small fortune but far too big for him to pocket.

"See, folks," he turned his camera on an expensive painting of the owner of the mansion, Oscar hitting a double bicep pose captured in oil. "Shit like this is what rookies are instantly drawn to. They wanna grab somethin' like this' n run. Because why not? Bigger is better, innit?"

"Wrong!" he said with a cackle. "This shit won't sell anywhere. Too big, too unwieldy, too noticeable. Y'gotta snatch whatever y'can *palm*. Remember the rules! If y'can't hide it in your hands, don't lift it!"

He went along, humming under his breath as he squinted at closed doors. He gave brass knobs a few jiggles, noting that most of them were locked. Intuition told him that none of those would yield what he was after; a waste of time and picks.

"Hello~" He stopped just short of the end of the hall, bumping a potted plant over with a purposeful swing of his hips. The tacky vase shattered on impact, spilling the leafy plant and dirt.

Light from the window glinted over a slender set of rods as Rufus slipped them out of a hidden pocket in his sleeve. "Alright, folks! I'm gonna get ya set up so y'can see the magic!" He clicked the back of his phone's case, a little kickstand popping out before being placed on the floor.

He slipped a pick into the lock, the torsion wrench jiggling in. The raccoon stuck his tongue out the corner of his muzzle, eyes narrowing as he went to work. Scraping and clicking echoed quietly in the hallway as he worked his magic, releasing the first pin—then the second.

"Almoost..." His tongue looped, almost to the point of sticking through his nose ring. "Aaand, got it!~" He pulled his pick from the lock, giving it a fancy little twirl before his fingers before kissing the end. "See, folks? That's what dexterous fingers get ya. If ya wanna know more 'bout the intricac—intracac..." he paused, licking his lips, "Er, *fine* details of lock pickin', you can find it in the linked video!"

He slipped his precious picks back up his sleeve before testing the knob. It clicked satisfyingly, the door opening seamlessly as Rufus swiped his phone from the floor. He walked in like he owned the place, swiveling the camera around, an oily slick smirk plastered across his face.

The room was large—bigger than any bedroom Rufus had stepped foot in (welcome or otherwise.) An entire office was in the back corner, with high bookshelves crammed to the brim. There was a writing desk, papers scattered across it, all covered in the same fine layer of dust as the foyer. A four poster bed sat at the end of the room, the mattress more than big enough to host a gaggle of raccoons. A picture frame window spread for the majority of the far wall,

stretching between the office and bedroom. It provided a grand view out into the sprawling gardens.

"And t'think that tiger gave this all up." He snickered, turning his attention back to his phone. "That's right, Kleptomaniacs! The guy is still around! Left for a while, probably ta lick his wounds after all that god-kerfuffle, but still!" He laughed fully, running a hand through his green-tipped hair. "He's shack'd up at some hoity-toity tennis court, sleepin' on benches and sippin' second-hand vintage. I hear he's whinin' to people about how he can 'never go back home,' hah!"

"I also hear the weirdo is turnin' the place into some pseudo-fight club or somethin'. Guess with all the Society snobs driven outta the island by gods and then...uh, wastelanders?" He paused, scratching at his brow. "Whatevs. Point is, ain't too many people left wantin' to play tennis."

"Can't really blame 'em," he continued distractedly as he moved to the bedside, rifling through nightstand drawers. "Who would wanna play ball when there's a buncha crazy sand-people playin' demolition derby—ah!" His ears perked as he pulled out a velvet case, cracking it open. Inside were a few sparkling gems and other trinkets—all going straight into the raccoon's pockets. He stuffed them to bulging before moving to a nearby dresser. The drawers flew open, arms a blur as he stuck his head in.

"Oh hoh...? What's this?~" He pulled out a jockstrap, dark fabric unfurling, dangling in front of his nose. "Versace? Really?~" He sniffed a few times, padded nose jumping. "...Are these...used?" He laughed, a nearly hysterical cackle. "Oh, this dude is fuckin' kinky!"

It only grew more scandalous as Rufus pulled open the lower drawers. He found everything from dildos to leather harnesses, the raccoon whistling lowly. "Well, Kleptomaniacs—or, maybe I should say, *Kinksters*? I don't think any of this is, *uh*, exactly sanitary to pocket." He snickered softly, slapping the dresser shut. "Maybe the lord of the manor will be so kind as to personally introduce me to his collection sometime. Considerin' he comes back, anyway."

"Trust me folks," he continued, angling his phone for a better look at his face. "I know the call of a vagrant's life. Seems our testosterone fueled tiger got a taste of it too." Rufus tilted his head, looking at the opulence surrounding him, light twinkling in, refracted by the stained windows high above. "Shame he didn't liquidate beforehand."

"Ah, well! Y'snooze, ya lose!"

Pockets rattling with goodies—and a jockstrap sticking out—Rufus strolled out of the bedroom. He hummed to himself, looking through the other rooms casually, dipping his head around door frames.

It had been a while since he had heard from Fennix. He wasn't usually one to worry, but thoughts of danger crept into the corners of his carefree mind. Unfortunately, it was a feature of his species—always looking for danger lurking in the shadows.

"Eeehh..." he sighed, rolling his shoulders back in defeat. Rufus skipped the stairs as he went down, his pockets jingling. He turned a hard left, traveling through a sitting room and into an opulent, elongated dining room. As he might have predicted, all of the silverware was missing.

"Wonder who coulda done that," he said with a soft snicker before sauntering into the adjoining kitchen.

"Well, I was wondering when you were gonna show up," Fennix chimed. The fox was leaning against the countertop, a super-sized refrigerator hanging open. Inside was a white-frosted, multi tiered cake.

Rufus cocked his head, looking between fox and confection. "What? Is it our weddin' day or somethin'? That why you got me a cake?" He sneered toothily as he noted the subtle blush warming the insides of Fennix's ears.

"Just take a slice," the fox said. "At least it'll keep your mouth full." He eyed Rufus' phone dubiously. "Are you *still* recordin' for that channel of yours?"

Rufus glowed at the mention, ears perking up. "Ah, y'mean the *Kleptocast*? Yeah! 'Course I am! There's quality content here!" He didn't waste snatching a plate from the countertop. Conveniently, the cake had already been pre-sliced, the raccoon slipped his fingers underneath one before yanking it out.

"Savage," Fennix said with a curled lip. "There's a scoop *right* there."

"Sho?" Rufus was already in the throes of gobbling up his generous slice, picking it up from the plate like he was eating a sandwich.

"Just because we're thieves doesn't mean we're tactless," the vulpine admonished as he got his own slice, taking a bite with a fork he had procured from a pocket.

"Yeeesh," Rufus groaned, throwing his head back in exasperation. "Y'know, you live with too many rules! Th' point of doin' this stuff is to *break* rules, so live a lil!"

"Wha—" Fennix's eyes widened as his slice of cake was snatched from his plate—before being rudely shoved into his mouth. The excess icing smeared around his muzzle, chunks of cake glooping to the floor as he coughed and choked, taking a staggering step back.

The fox coughed roughly, hacking. "You dirty bitch!" he cursed, punching at his chest a few times as he got the last of the spongy chunks out of his lungs.

Rufus stayed out of range, stepping as Fennix clumsily tried to grab at him. He waited until the fox's ire settled down before asking, "So... y'find anything good in here? Y'know, besides forks' n week old cake?"

"You first," the fox said with an edge of sass.

His shoulders raised and fell in a languid shrug. "Found out th' lord of this place is an unrepentant sinner," he said with a barely suppressed snicker.

That caught Fennix's attention. "Oh?" he asked, ears perked.

"Uh-huh. Used underwear and fully stocked sex closet—and let me tell ya, he wasn't courtin' no ladies."

"Oohhh," Fennix practically purred, stroking his chin fur thoughtfully. "Sounds like blackmail material..."

Rufus snorted with a short laugh. "I thought it sounded like a good time. I'd love t'have a big tiger nose-deep in my crotch."

"Eugh," the fox groaned, crossing his arms over his chest. "Keep your fantasies to yourself, sicko."

Rufus shrugged unapologetically as he sauntered around the room, occasionally pulling open cabinets and peering inside.

"As for your question, I *did* find somethin' interestin'." A latch clicked loudly, the fox's slender fingers having found a depression in the countertop. "Though, be thankful I didn't decide to jus' come back for it later without ya."

"Aw, Co-Stealer," Rufus cooed, watching seams forming in the tile as a section of the floor popped up. "Y'shouldn't have..." He lifted its edges and found a secret trap door with wooden stairs leading down.

Rufus was led into a dark cellar, dusty cobwebs stretching from the gloomy rafters. He found a light switch, hand groping in the dark against the wall. Overhead lights turned on, flickering to life as fluorescent bulbs buzzed. Wine racks hugged stone walls with several casks piled together. Crates were also strewn through the sizable underground, nails fit to fall out of dilapidated wood.

It looked as if the place had been cut out of a natural underground cavern. The stairs creaked lightly as Fennix followed, the fox's bushy tail sweeping some of the accumulated dust from the steps. "Seems our alley cat had a secret stash."

The contents of a green glass bottle sloshed as Rufus tenderly pulled it from its perch. "Woah..." he whispered reverently. "How much y'think all of this is worth?" Judging by the date on the bottle, each one might be worth a small fortune, though he couldn't be sure. Fennix was always his go-to guy for impromptu appraisals.

Fennix's exposed pads slapped softly over the cold stone as he approached. He tenderly slipped the bottle into his hands, spinning it around, a finger slipping curiously around the lightly faded label. "Mmh," he mumbled thoughtfully. "Yeah. This is the expensive stuff—like, the kind richies get 'off menu' at those suit 'n tie places." He let out a noise of surprise as it was snatched from his grip.

"Awshit? Really? Sounds like a taste test is in order!" He used his pointed nail to jab into the cork, twisting it until it came loose from the neck with a deep, satisfying pop.

Fennix opened his mouth to shout, but it was far too late. The bottom of the bottle already pointed skyward, the ruby-red contents pouring right into the raccoon's open maw. He was forced to watch as the striped idiot drained half a bottle of prime vintage, hundreds of dollars vanishing down his throat.

A laugh bubbled out of Rufus as Fennix grabbed at him, the raccoon splashing some of that crimson over his chin as the bottle was ripped out of his hand. Fennix hissed under his breath, throwing his partner a glare before sniffing at the edge. To Rufus' amusement, the vulpine took the last few drags from it.

"*What?*" he asked sharply, noticing his companion's look. "Can't exactly sell it now!" He licked his lips, wiping away the ruddy liquid. "Hm... Heady."

"Huh, didn't take you for a snob," Rufus said flippantly, sauntering past several boxes toward the back wall. Something was decidedly off. Everything was natural in this cellar, with smooth stone borders on every side—except this one. It was carved slate...

"How'd you figure out the trick with the door?" Rufus asked, turning his head over his shoulder.

Fennix shrugged lazily. "Intuition, mostly."

"Maybe you can inuit this for me, eh?"

The fox stared at the wall, eyeing it up and down with those yellow-on-orange eyes. He clicked his tongue, already sliding his gloved fingers along the rough contours of the wall. "The same trick twice? This guy really needs to fire his contractors..."

Fennix's fingers found the seam, one of the carved portions of the wall not quite sitting flush with the rest. It groaned and crackled as it pushed inward, the sound of stone grinding against stone. The wall shuddered as it slid open, hidden mechanisms revealing a secret room beyond.

"*Sweet.*" Rufus sauntered in, bushy striped tail caressing the retreating faux wall. Inside were a few casks lining the walls, but what caught his attention was the display pedestal in the back. Almost as if it were a trophy, a single bottle of Flowberry Fiz sat upon it, perched on an ornate wooden rack.

A subtle azure glow radiated from the contents within, an ethereal light that ungulated and illuminated the walls. The color reflected in Rufus' golden eyes, locked onto the latest object of his desire.

Fennix hummed under his breath, the fox seemingly fixated on the mechanism for the hidden wall. He tested the seams, slipping a gloved finger into the groove. "Huhh... Shitty mechanism, but excellent craftsmanship fer the door. ...Th' hell kinda guy hires different people for a job like this?" He lifted his head. "Why don't ya talk about that in your thievin' blog—"

The tell-tale sound of a bottle being shaken, followed by a cock popping echoed in the cellar, stealing Fennix's words. His jaw unhinged for a second time that day as he saw the contents of

what should have been the crown jewel of their heist, being sprayed into the air and all over the raccoon.

"What the *FUCK* are you doin'?!" Fennix barked, finally finding his voice.

"*Huuhn?*" Rufus asked, slightly slurred, tongue hanging out of his open mouth as he tried to catch the luminescent fluid raining down over him. "Ain't this how everyone does it?" he asked innocently, the churning, fizzy contents still spraying from the bottle as foam went flying.

An infuriated Fennix couldn't even formulate a proper reprimand, tripping on the beginnings of a sentence before starting another. He Threw up an arm as some of the spray hit him, soaking the front of his jumpsuit.

"You idiot!" the vulpine snapped, "Don't fuckin' waste it!"

Rufus' eyes widened in realization, impulsivity having taken over good sense. It seemed the latter was still on vacation as the raccoon opened his mouth wide.

The glowing fizz dumped straight down his throat as he gulped repeatedly, Adam's apple jumping. His stomach started to swell subtly, the front of his shirt tenting a tad at first. But, as the seconds went on, that small bump turned into a straining sphere. The sides of his tan jacket pulled back as he spread his stance, leaning back as his shirt hiked up, revealing creamy white stomach fur.

The bottle finally drained, leaving stained glass behind as the last few dollops of glowing liquid splashed over the raccoon's tongue. He heaved, stumbling a step back, his distended stomach shaking like an overfilled water balloon. Surprisingly, the glass didn't shatter when it dropped from his hands; it clinked onto the ground, rolling off into a dark corner just in time for the raccoon to let out a room-shaking belch.

Fennix looked beside himself with disgust, a lip curling as he put a gloved hand in front of his nose, waving at the air. Rufus' stomach glowed an eerie blue light, the stuff seeping through his short fur as he clutched at his middle.

"*Hooughh...uuuRRP-!*" he groaned, as his stomach sloshed, stumbling back a step, his back colliding with a shelf of wine bottles. They rattled and clanked, only one of them slipping from their rest to shatter crimson across the floor. "Y-Ya told me not ta waste it...!" His sentence was interrupted by another carbonated burp.

"That didn't mean drink it!" Fennix stormed forward, some of the Fizz still dripping from his soaked front. He pushed a hand over Rufus' furred middle, his rage melting as his dark-gloved fingers massaged into the supple expanse.

"*Heh,*" Fennix snickered. "You look fuckin' pregnant."

"Shits got enough of an—*UuuUURp*—kick..." He huffed, starting to sweat as he clutched at his stomach, fingers sinking into the underside as he lifted. "I...I think there was somethin' wrong with this stuff."

"Well, it *did* look radioactive," Fennix said with a sharp sigh, "*Idiot*." The spent bottle clattered as it was picked up from the ground, the vulpine turning his back on his bloated companion. He'd seen plenty of Flowberry Fizz in the past, but not like this. Ordinary bottles didn't incandesce like the one down here. And why was it just sitting on a pedestal?

The sound of popping fabric made the fox's ear twitch, but he didn't immediately turn. "Hm... I heard some rumors they were doin' some weird shit in this place. Somethin' about some sorta forbidden—"

A loud *rip* stole his attention, making him crane his head over his shoulder. Rufus was outright panting, his tongue dangling between his thin lower fangs. He clutched at his stomach, the thing having nearly doubled in size. His shirt had torn, shredding open to allow more of that fuzzy sphere to expand.

"...That ain't normal."

Another belch forced its way out of a panicking Rufus. "Wh-What's happenin' to me...?!" His stomach had stretched to the point of becoming a burgeoning sphere. It was as large as his torso, his arms wrapped around it, sinking partly into the soft confines as it continued to churn and gurgle ominously.

It was like someone put an air hose into the raccoon. Fennix watched in morbid curiosity as his "co-stealer" struggled with his new girth.

As more gas escaped him, Rufus moaned, "S-Somethin' weird is goin' on..."

"Besides swellin' up like a blueberry?" However, the tail end of his words died out as Fennix took a step back. Veins rose from under the raccoon's pelt, spreading from that distended stomach. They glowed subtly, a faint blue light traveling along the vasculature as it branched into Rufus' chest and crotch.

It seemed that airhose had changed targets. The tattered remains of Rufus' shirt suddenly stretched, being forced away from his chest as it expanded. Pecs swelled as small mounds pushed into sizable spheres, nestling above that bloated belly.

Fabric ripped, tearing down the middle as a hirsute chest spilled out. Rufus' eyes threatened to roll back in his head as engorged pink nipples ground and grazed against his sizable stomach. Silver loops glinted in the low light of the cellar now that his chest was freed.

Down below, his crotch ballooned, his pants pulling tight as a distinct outline became visible. Fennix was at a loss for words, the insides of his ears turning pink as he watched that crotch outline balloon into a sizable sausage.

Rufus' belt broke, snapping open along with the front of his pants. The silverware he kept as lucky charms went clattering to the floor, scattering. Every gasp was followed by an unsteady eructation from Rufus as he stumbled back into a wall.

The raccoon's thighs ballooned, ass plumping, filling out the back of his pants. Tan fabric stretched to the limit to contain the suddenly growing raccoon. His jacket was fighting a similar battle as those veins crawled from his chest and over his shoulders. Delts blew out the shoulders of his coat, tearing the material as his biceps ballooned. His ill-gotten treasure trove of gems and other baubles went spilling onto the floor, clattering around the expanding procyon.

Rufus gasped as traps rose around his neck, his swelling chest grazing and brushing his chin. It must have been a pleasurable experience because he was outright moaning, eyes rolling around in his skull as he grabbed at his fat chest, pulling and tugging mindlessly on the rings attached to them.

Fennix stepped back, face flush, as the front of Rufus' pants tore open. A leviathan for a cock forced its way out, tattered, stained, white underwear stretching around it like a wrapper. It was already leaking precum, creating a pool of translucent liquid as the endowment as thick as the fox's thigh throbbed.

Good sense yelled at Fennix to run, for his opportunistic nature to save himself. But he found his breath hitching.

Worse than that, it felt like his chest was on fire. Fennix looked down at himself, anxiously pulling at the front of his stained and soaked jumpsuit.

Had the stuff affected him too? But he didn't drink any—

The thought was interrupted by a sudden surge, like a bound coil suddenly unwinding. Fennix gasped as he clutched at his chest. It ballooned in his hands, pulling the front of his jumpsuit violently taut. Fat nips were outlined by the cerulean fabric. The zipper pulled open from the strain, and creamy white fur spilled out from the gap.

Rufus continued to expand, packing on pounds of muscle and rounding fat as his body expanded, limbs turning to tree trunks. His clothes were tattered, still clinging to his growing body. His stomach was a little less lopsided now, with swollen pecs, giant glutes, and powerful thighs balancing him out.

Make no mistake, it was still a primary feature, a sizable sphere commanding attention. The raccoon's shoes popped and tore open, the front bulging with the outline of his toes before giving out. He went up several sizes, tendons twitching and swelling as his feet widened. The soles crushed under the padded undersides of newly minted stompers. Scraps of clothing rained down from the herculean raccoon's body as if to celebrate.

Fennix's situation was less dire but no less intense. His jumpsuit looked like a second skin over him. Rock-hard muscle flexed, the fox looked several sizes larger than he had only minutes ago. The zipper to his suit continued to pull south, revealing more of his white-furred torso. Cobbled, cut abs that would make a diamond jealous peeked out, followed by the base of the vulpine's rapidly thickening dark shaft.

He was like a warped mirror of the raccoon, his body bleeding off any excess body fat as sinew sharpened. His hips pulled in slightly, waist tightening to a finely tuned pillar of twitching muscle. Yet, despite the changes, he wasn't packing on much height.

Rufus loomed over the fox, a good two feet having added to his mammoth frame, ears threatening to brush the buzzing fluorescent lights above. It was borne out of necessity, his swollen body requiring the extra height to expand. He was just as tall as wide, with monstrous delts and thick triceps, making him look like a living wall.

Lats hung nearly down to his glutes, and even though Fennix was still in the throes of his own changes, he could only imagine how monstrous that back would look.

Rufus moaned obscenely, twitching as those veins crawled up his neck, fattening the short pillar. Popping, his jawline swelled, cracking as it squared out, growing blocky. His chin balled, pushing forward as testosterone practically poisoned his once-slimline features. It didn't stop until he had a lantern for a jawline, a good twice as wide as the top of his skull. Brows thickened, pushing forward even as the prickles of stubble started to coat his face.

Almost like wildfire, it spread across the raccoon's meaty mug, forming a thick beard that wrapped around the lower half of Rufus' face. The same could be said for the rest of his body, dark brown strands erupting over his chest, forearms, shoulders, stomach, thighs—just about everywhere, thick forests forming over the hirsute raccoon.

"*Hhuughh...—Uurrrp!*" a distinctly deepened voice groaned. It sounded like a foghorn as Rufus' golden-orange eyes unfurled from the back of his skull. Meaty mitts curiously stroked along the raccoon's monstrous midsection. Fat fingers, easily as thick as Rufus' old thighs, audibly scratched into a field of chocolate-colored body hair. Thick tendons danced to the movements, rolling and twitching over the back of those powerful palms.

His thick endowment swayed, a pink, hooded canon pushed up under his belly, fat veins webbing along that length. Much like his nipples, a silver ring glinted from that head, glistening thanks to a layer of translucent precum. Rufus' bloated balls hung between his thighs, a bloated beachball that demanded space between fat tree trunks. It continued to dribble copious amounts of precum, displacing the wayward remains of splattered Fizz.

The debilitating throes of his transformation finally faded, Rufus' eyes clearing as he looked down. ...Or as much as he could. A swollen set of pectorals blocked most of his view, his mammoth shoulders doing the same for his peripherals. He found himself having to tilt his torso just to see beyond himself.

He caught the final touches to Fennix's transformation. The fox had bloomed out of his suit, spiked shoulder pads having fallen to the floor along with a lot of those aqua colored scraps. He heaved, muscle feathering over his taut body. He was barely half of Rufus' size—yet still an impossibly massive bodybuilder by anyone else's standards.

There was a distinct lack of body hair, the fox's crimson pelt still pristine. His muzzle was still surprisingly slim, maintaining the fox's svelte charm. While Fennix's body had expanded, his

hands and feet hadn't kept up. Not like Rufus' enormous endcaps. The raccoon looked like he could rip a car door clean off—maybe even crush the car between those mammoth mitts if he were to flex.

With the symphony of tearing fabric at its end, both herculean men were left with the sound of their own heavy breathing, heartbeats banging in their ears. They eyed each other hungrily through their mental fog, swollen cocks twitching, bobbing between them like lazily fencing swords.

"Fuck," Fennix was the first to say. His voice was relatively unchanged, still having that oily edge to it. He looked down at himself and the banded boulders beneath his chin. Bringing his arms up, he flexed hard. Biceps swelled, rising to his fists as twin heads dented inward, the vulpine practically looking dehydrated from how extreme his serrated muscle feathered.

Fennix had become a walking anatomy chart, vasculature webbing down his body like roadmaps. He nearly jumped in surprise as a deep shadow fell over him. A humongous hand engulfed his bicep, fat, powerful fingers squeezing around that muscular mountain.

"Cute," Rufus' said with a thunderous rumble. His smirk parted that green-streaked beard that handsomely matched the crop of hair between his round ears. Before he could get too far in handling his vulpine companion, a series of chimes went off. Down in the slop of Fizz and precum was the raccoon's phone. It was buzzing, screen flashing as it surfed on the almost gelatinous wave.

Bending down was a challenge for the monstrously massive Rufus. His pecs pressed into his gut, the bend to his sizable nipples and the tug of those rings sending a wave of almost disorienting euphoria through him. The ground shook as he dropped to a knee, the bottles of wine quivering in their rack as he scooped the phone up. It was like a mote in his meaty mitt, settling into his thickly padded palm's rising and falling curves. He brought it to his face, bloated biceps fighting with the rise and fall of his semi-soft pecs, denting the humongous sphere inward.

"Weell...lookie here!" he laughed, his explosive voice shaking some of the dust from the chamber walls. He carefully pinched the device between his fingers, swollen tendons rising as he brought the device between his hirsute tits. He perched it so the camera peered at his masculine mug, the raccoon cocking his head, bearded jawline grazing and grinding against his swollen shelf of a chest.

"Heh. Looks like our Kleptomaniacs enjoy the lil change!" the hirsute wall of raccoon said with a growling chuckle. "Don'tcha think so, *Co-Stealer?*~"

Fennix grunted in surprise as he was suddenly pulled forward, one of those meaty hands wrapping around his waist. Those fat digits nearly touched, squeezing up just under his set of banded pectorals. He was forced against that swollen gut, the rounded contour's soft edges molding inward like memory foam as his harder muscle pressed into it.

Disgust rose in him, but it was quickly overtaken by a building sense of desire. Fennix's sensitive nose jumped, picking up on the masculine odor that was radiating from the looming, big-bellied behemoth. It was overpowering enough to knock complicated thoughts out of his mind, the fox's golden-yellow eyes threatening to roll back into his head as his face was forced into the middle of that burgeoning dome.

"*Oohh*, looks like someone's gettin' a *rise* outta this!" Rufus guffawed, his massive mitt pressing down over the muscled expanse of Fennix's overgrown back. The raccoon rocked his hips, grinding his fat cannon against the more slender, longer erection that dented the underside of his stomach. He licked over his plump lower lip, lustfully as his phone continued to ping—the delicious sound of donations pouring in.

Oh, and the whining moans from Fennix were satisfying as well.

The poor fox was practically addicted to the hirsute wall's scent, sniffing and burying his face into what he could reach as he thrust his hips against that gigantic globe. He crawled upward, straddling that stomach as he pushed into view. The head of Fennix's cock pushed between the raccoon's globes for pecs, the reddened head looming just over the top of his phone.

"Gettin' a better seat for the show, eh? Good thing I got both cameras recordin'," he said with a growling chuckle. He took a step back, shattering the wine rack and turning glass and wood into pulverized pieces. Even the supporting wall cracked, fissures forming around the car-wide raccoon as he rested his considerable weight against it.

Rufus laughed as Fennix forced his arm up, surprised by the sheer power behind that rippling, muscled limb. "Oop, looks like our kit wants into the pit!" He hiked his arm up fully, folding it behind his head, revealing that fat wing of a lat. Brown curls of forested fur unfurled from the deep void underneath his arm, a space quickly filled by Fennix's face.

"Hope all ya Kleptomaniacs can see what's goin' on! Ain't got a better camera angle this time thanks to my fat tits, but if y'tune in later, I'm sure we'll have a brand new setup~" He was surprised how well he was falling into this new role of a sexually charged idol. It was to the point where he didn't even notice his hand moving, meaty digits having pried those powerful glutes apart, slipping under Fennix's tail to tease at his hole.

That fat finger pushed into him with a pop, Fennix's head dislodging from Rufus' pit to wail out a delicious moan. The raccoon's ears perked as he heard a small influx of chimes from his phone. "Damn, sounds like our fans like it!" He leaned down, biting at his fattened lower lip as he tried to ignore the delicious grind between his sensitive chest and bloated belly. "Why don't you give 'em a lil more noise to play with?"

Strings of saliva snapped as Fennix's mouth opened wide. His pink tongue unfurled, draping out between pointed lower fangs as he unleashed a needy, breathy cry. That finger slid all the way to the third knuckle, wiggling inside of him as it slapped his prostate.

"Hoo-yeah! Buck just like that! Lift those hips so they can see ya!" Rufus ground against the underside of his rotund stomach, the hooded head of his cock smearing through the dark heavy bush that crept up from underneath.

Rufus' brow arched, a sly grin splitting his heavy beard as he squinted at his phone. "Awshit, they're startin' to call me 'Papa Raccy!' Has a ring to it, don'tcha think, Boy?"

"*HUUUhhghh-*!" Fennix moaned, throwing his head back as he sat on his companion's enormous digit.

The hulking procyon leaned, the wall cratering, cracking inwards in the shape of his monstrosly thick back. He got comfortable, spreading those wide feet as he bucked his hips, grinding against himself.

"Y'know..." he purred, licking over his lips as he plunged that digit in and out between banded croissants. "I bet ya'd look good with a gut just like mine..."

"Wh-what...?" Fennix asked between breathy gasps. He shuddered as that finger pulled out of him with a pop, his glutes flexing and squeezing together defensively against the cool air. But it was quickly replaced as the precum-soaked head of Rufus' shaft slid between them. The glistening piercing pushed against his prostate, making the fox see stars as he wailed.

The chimes continued to play, the numbers racking up in the corner of the phone's screen. Subtle cracks formed along the edge of the glass, those hirsute pecs threatening to swallow the poor device up—and promptly pulverize it.

"*Hooohhh...yeah! Fuck!* You're so tight, Buddy!" The moans coming from Rufus were like the growl of an industrial engine, his swollen pecs lifting as he arched his back, forested chest hair blending with his generous beard.

The sly, sassy fox was finally at a loss for words. His stomach stretched, abs warping and doming out, just as he reached the halfway point of that vein-webbed endowment. The only noises out of him were a slurring assortment of vaguely expletive-shaped words—between moaning, needy shouts. Precum practically sloshed out of those banded glutes, globes of muscle rolling and clenching together in waves that matched the raccoon's savage thrusts. A lesser fox would have been torn in half.

Deep, bordering on bestial, grunts mingled with higher-pitched wails and gasps. It created a symphony of ecstasy as the two ground their oversized bodies together, heedless of mingling sweat and sticky precum. Rufus' broad back banging against the wall caused the other wine racks to topple over as waves of crashing glass added to the growing thunder.

"*Huufuuck...* Yeah, you like that, *Kit?*" Rufus asked between heavy breaths, his fur-lined pectorals caressing around his brutish chin. The phone between his pecs started to crack, pixels bleeding as those hairline cracks turned to screen-warbling fractures. Sweat trickled down his herculean form, the secret hideaway room a little claustrophobic now that the pair of men were

the size of small construction vehicles. Rufus' shoulders threatened to grind against either side of the room as Fennix bounced over his lap.

The raccoon's breath hitched, eyes opening wide. He seized up as Fennix grabbed his chest, fingers gripping the silver loops attached to his sensitive nips. Like a lightning rod of pleasure, electrical arcs of ecstasy jolted from stretched areola, shooting straight into the raccoon's testosterone-addled brain. His bloated balls flexed, pulling up from their perch between the hirsute brute's knees, several veins webbing over those swollen orbs.

The pinging from Rufus' phone reached a fevered pitch, clipping each other short as the device vibrated. And then it fractured, cracking and shattering as the aluminum frame bent and crushed between those heavily furred pectorals as they slammed together like tectonic plates. Fennix wailed, eyes rolling back into his head far enough to show whites. The fox's stomach dramatically swelled even as blasting cum backwashed out of him.

The growing roid gut pushed him away from Rufus' more supple stomach. It bulged under his banded pecs, forcing its way out from the rest of that torso as the cock he speared on continued to pump and pulsate.

"*Awfuck!*" Rufus huffed as the head of Fennix's cock popped loose from his pecs, jutting through it like a fleshy lance. It throbbed, ropes of cum splashing up over the ceiling, raining down over them as the raccoon flinched and grimaced.

With a wet pop, Rufus' slowly softening anaconda slipped from Fennix's ass. A torrent of sticky white dumped out of him, yet miraculously, enough remained to give him a straining, domed roid gut.

"*Fuck,*" Rufus said with a lamenting rumble. It took some twisting and turning, but he managed to tug the sparking fragments of his phone out of his pecs, pinching it between two fat fingers. "Welp, guess it's a good thing we got all that money, eh, *Kit?*"

The sprawled supine fox on the sticky floor could only gurgle in response, eyes still rolling back in his skull.

"Heh," Rufus rumbled, scratching thick fingers into his lush beard as pec and bicep fought for space. "Guess we got a whole new line of work openin' up for us now! If people're willin' to pay for these tits, I can only imagine how much dough we're gonna make, eh, Co-Stealer?"

Hearing another wet gurgle, the raccoon guffawed hard enough to make his gut shake and wobble. "Yeah! That's th' spirit!~ We're gonna make out like fuckin' bandits!" He paused before laughing again, "And jus' plain make out, eh?~"

Vague sounds and cum still oozing out of the vulpine was enough of an answer for Rufus as the raccoon slung his partner over his enormous shoulder. If he was still lucid, he could imagine the rant that Fennix would go on—about how they can't steal anything when they're each the size of a van.

Well, too bad. Vans are good at smashin' and grabbin'. It just opens up a new avenue for their work~

Fennix'll see that.

Just as soon as he wakes up...